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THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

Literature and National Policy.



VOL. III.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1863.

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THE
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VOL. III.—JANUARY, 1863.—No. I.

THE HUGUENOTS OF NEW ROCHELLE.

It is worthy of record that Westchester County, New York, was settled by emigrants from New England and France, and both seeking homes from religious persecutions. As early as 1642, John Throcmorton, with thirty-five associates, made the first settlement in this section, with the approbation of the Dutch authorities. With Roger Williams, driven away from New England by the violence of Hugh Peters, they came here, and called the region *Viedeland* or *Land of Peace*—a beautiful name for the region of those seeking rest of conscience from wicked and violent men. But even here the Puritan did not find the desired quiet and safety; for several of his band perished in the Indian massacre that sorely visited New Netherland on the 6th of October, 1643.

The next settlement of Westchester was commenced in the year 1654, also by some Puritans from Connecticut, who adopted its present name, and the Rev. Ezekiel Fogge was their first 'independent minister;' and in 1684 a Mr. Warham Mather was called 'for one whole year, and that he shall have sixty pounds, in country produce, at money price, for his salary, and that he shall be paid every quarter.' Governor

Fletcher, however, declined inducting the Presbyterian into that living, 'as it was altogether impossible,' he said, 'it being wholly repugnant to the laws of England to compel the subject to pay for the maintenance of any minister who was not of the national Church.' The Episcopal Governor, however, proposes 'a medium in that matter.' Some French emigrants had already found their way to this region, and M. Boudet, a French Protestant minister of Boston, who was in orders from the Bishop of London, could preach in French and English, and the people called him to the living, the parish being large enough for two clergymen. M. Boudet was accordingly sent for, hoping, as the English Governor writes, 'to bring the congregation over to the Church;' but, 'when he came, they refused to call him.' The Yankee Puritans were evidently not to be outmanaged by the English churchman. Westchester then numbered 'two or three hundred English and Dissenters; a few Dutch.'

On the 20th September, 1689, Jacob Leisler, of New York, purchased of Mr. Pell 6,000 acres of land in Westchester, a portion of the manor of Pelham, obtained from the Indians in 1640-'49.

The grantor, heirs, and assigns, as an acknowledgment, were to pay Mr. Pell 'one fatted calf on every fourth and twentieth day of June, yearly, and every year, forever, if demanded.' It is a well known fact that every Huguenot, on the festival of St. John, pays his proportion toward the purchase of the fat calf whenever claimed.

During the year 1690, Leisler leased to the banished Huguenots these lands, purchased for them, as they came directly here from England, and were a portion of the 50,000 who found safety in that glorious Protestant kingdom four years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the revocation itself, not less than half a million escaped from bigoted France to Holland, Germany, and England; and to those in the latter country, Charles II., then on the British throne, granted letters of denization under the great seal, and Parliament relieved them from 'importation duties and passport fees.' During this same year, many, flying from France, were aided in their escape by English vessels off the island of Rhé, opposite brave *La Rochelle*. According to tradition, some of these were transported to this region, naming their new settlement in honor of their

'Own Rochelle, the fair Rochelle,
Proud city of the waters.'

In the Documentary History of New York, vol. iii., p. 926, we find a petition to Colonel Fletcher, Governor of the colony, signed by Thanet, and Elei Couthouneau, in behalf of above twenty of these French refugees. 'Your petitioners,' they state, 'having been forced, by the late persecutions in France, to forsake their country and estates, and flye to ye Protestant princes * * *, wherefore they were invited to come and buy lands in this province, and they might by their labour help the necessities of their families, and did spend all their small store with the aid of their friends, whereof they did borrow great sums of money [MS. torn]. They had lost their

country and their estates, but saved their good principles and a pure faith; and, in a strange land, petitioned his Excellency 'to take their case in serious consideration, and out of charity and pity to grant them for some years what help and privileges your Excellency shall think convenient.' This is one of the earliest authentic records (1681) we have met with concerning the New Rochelle French refugees.

Pell, the lord of the manor, besides the 6,000 acres already obtained, also granted 100 additional, 'for the sake of the French church, erected or about to be erected, by the inhabitants of the said tract of land.' This Huguenot church in New Rochelle was built about 1692-'93, of wood, and stood in the rear of the present mansion house. It was destroyed soon after the Revolutionary war. Louis Bougeaud, about the same time, donated a piece of land forty paces square, for a churchyard to bury their dead; and, subsequently, a house with three acres of land was given by the town to the Huguenot church forever.

The Rev. DAVID BOUREPOS was the first minister of the New Rochelle Huguenots; he had likewise served his French brethren on Staten Island. The Governor requesting him to nominate 'some persons for the vacant offices of justices of the peace,' he replies that 'he could not comply, as none of his colonists at New Rochelle had a knowledge of the English tongue.' Nothing now is known of Bourepos' ministry or history. From his title of D.D., he must have been a man of learning; and we can learn something about the time when he died from the date of his will. 'Letters of administration were granted to Martha Bourepos, wife of David Bourepos, 25th of October, 1711' (New York Surrogates' Office). He probably resigned his pastoral charge in 1694.

Rev. DANIEL BOUDET, A. M., was the next minister of the French Protestant church at New Rochelle, a native

of France; and he accompanied the French refugees, who reached Boston in the summer of 1686. About the year 1695, M. Boudet came to New Rochelle, and at first used the French prayers, according to the Protestant churches of France, and subsequently, every third Sunday, the Liturgy of the English Church. In 1709 the French church at New Rochelle determined to follow the example of some of their Reformed brethren in England, and conform to the English Church. All the members except *two* agreed to adopt the Liturgy and Rites of the Church of England, as established by law. Some thirty names appear on the document, requesting this important ecclesiastical change; and for the information especially of the genealogical reader, we note some of them: Michael Houdin, Jacob Bleecker, David Lisenard, Isaac Guion, Peter Bertain, John Soulice, Paul Lecord, Jean Abby, Jos. Antuny, Peter Bonnet, Peter Parquot, Benj. Seacord, Judith Leconet, Allida Guion, Josiah Le Conte, Elizabeth Lisenard, Moses de St. Croix, Deborah Foulon, Marie Neufville, Mary Stoupe, Jean Nicolle, John Bryan, Oliver Besley, Frederick King, Susanna Landrin, Anne Danielson, Rutger Bleecker, Mary Rodman, Agnes Donaldson, Esther Angeoine, Thomas Steel, Jane Contine, Jane Maraux, James Pine. 'The petitioners are members of the French Church at New Rochelle' (1793), and 'principally descendants from French Protestants, who fled from the religious persecutions in France, in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.' Their fathers settled at New Rochelle, 1689, nearly a century before the date of this document. Few lists of family names are more imposing than this; and to this day, their descendants in Westchester County, increased to thousands, rank with our most useful and respectable citizens in wealth, good works, and piety. We are no great sticklers for genealogical *trees* or *Doomsday Books*, yet we believe in pride of family to a

proper extent. There was a time once, in this republican land of ours, when many gloried in ignoring the fact that they came from distinguished stocks, as the spirit of our democratic institutions opposed the notion of family histories. We were all born of an honest, industrious race, for several generations back, and that is enough; and so it may be. Still, a man, when asked if he had a grandfather, would logically infer he had one, but he could not historically, unless there was some record of the fact. This indifference is happily passing away, and an interest of late is manifesting itself in such researches. No American, in whose veins runs Huguenot blood, need be ashamed of his origin. His ancestral history is most honorable, brave, and proud.

In 1705, Colonel Heathcote thus speaks of M. Boudet, the Huguenot preacher at New Rochelle: 'A good man, and preaches very intelligibly in English, which he does every third Sunday in his French congregation, when he uses the Liturgy of the Church. He has done a great deal of service since his first coming into this country. * * * He has thirty pounds a year settled on him out of the public revenue here, as the French minister in York hath; but that is paid with so much uncertainty that he starves, for the use of it.' During the year 1710, Governor Hunter permitted his congregation to build a new church of England, as by law established, and the 'Venerable Propagation Society' presented the new church with 'one hundred French prayer books of the small sort, and twenty of a larger impression; and in consideration of the great learning and piety of Monsieur Boudet, and his long and faithful discharge of his office, they augmented his salary from £30 to £50 per annum.' At this period we find the following excellent record of this excellent French minister: 'M. Boudet is a good old man, near sixty years of age, sober, just, and religious.' One hundred more French

prayer books were sent to his church, 'for the edification of the French youth who have learned so much of that language as to join with him therein.' During the year 1714, M. Boudet took the spiritual charge of the Mohegan or River Indians, at which period he is called 'minister of the French colonistic congregation at New Rochelle.' In 1714 he reports fifty communicants in his church, and asks for an English Bible, with a small quantity of English Common Prayers, because 'our young people, or some of them, have sufficiently learned to read English for to join in the public service, when read in English.'

M. Boudet died in September, 1722, aged sixty-nine years, nearly twenty-seven of which he had been the minister of the New Rochelle church. He was eminently useful in keeping his congregation together amidst its adverse circumstances, and was greatly beloved. He was interred beneath the chancel floor of the old church; and for whose use he bequeathed his library.

The REV. PIERRE STOUPPE, A. M., succeeded M. Boudet. He was also a native of France, and said to be a son or nearly related to the Rev. M. Stoupe, pastor of the French Protestant church in London, who was sent to Geneva, in 1654, by Oliver Cromwell, to negotiate there in the affairs of the French Protestants. He was born 1690, studied divinity at Geneva, and accepted a call to the Huguenot church at Charleston, S. C. Here he continued to preach until 1723, when, resigning the charge, he conformed to the Church of England, crossing the Atlantic for ordination. He was admitted to holy orders in 1723, and licensed to officiate as a missionary in the colony of New York, and to the French Protestants of New Rochelle, with a salary of £50 per annum. To this latter flock he proved very acceptable, from his ability to preach in French, the only language which most of them understood. His elders, or *anciens*, as sometimes

called, were then Isaac Quantein and Isaac Guion. The new Huguenot pastor soon found trouble, as his predecessor had, with the dissatisfied M. Moulinais and his followers. Still he was useful: in 1726 he writes that he 'baptized six grown negroes and seven negro children, fitted eight young people for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to which they have been accordingly admitted,' and 'the number of communicants at Easter was thirty-three.'

In a letter of December 11, 1727, he presents some important information concerning the early settlement of New Rochelle: 'The present number of inhabitants amounts to very near four hundred persons. There is a dozen of houses near the church, standing pretty close to one another, which makes the place a sort of a town; the remainder of the houses and settlements are dispersed up and down, as far as the above 6,000 acres of land could bear. Nay, besides these, there were several other French families, members of New Rochelle, settled without its bounds.' Such was the commencement of the present picturesque and beautiful village of New Rochelle. More than a century and a half has passed away since its founders, the French refugees, emigrated to the spot; but their noble and holy principles have left good, undying influences, now seen in the refinement, morals, and religion of their descendants, in this entire region.

M. Stoupe further states that there were in the settlement two Quaker families, three Dutch ones, four Lutherans. 'The first never assist on assemblies; the Dutch and Lutheran, on the contrary, constantly assist when divine service is performed in English, so that they may understand it; and their children, likewise, have all been baptized by ministers of the church. Only the French Dissenters have deserted it, upon M. Moulinais, formerly one of the French ministers of New York, coming and settling, now a year ago, among us; and it is also by his means and inducement that they

have built a wooden meeting-house within the time they were unprovided for, that is, from my predecessor's death to my arrival here. * * *

'There is no schoolmaster as yet in New Rochelle: the parents take care to instruct their own children, and that they do generally pretty well, besides what instructions are given them in the church during summer by the minister. * * * The number of slaves within New Rochelle is seventy-eight: part of them constantly attend divine service, and have had some instruction in the Christian faith by the care and assistance of their respective masters and mistresses, so that my predecessor did not scruple to baptize some, and even admit them to the communion of the Lord's Supper; and I myself have, for the same consideration, baptized fifteen of them within these three years, some children and some grown persons, without the least prejudice to the rest of my flock.' It would be well, in our boasted day of zeal and philanthropy, if all ministers of the blessed gospel manifested the same commendable interest for the spiritual welfare of the negroes, as this Huguenot pastor.

About the period of the French war, he writes, June 5, 1758, 'that since the war broke out, there have been great alterations in his congregations, which have lost many of their members by removals, and by enlisting in the king's service, and by death; nevertheless, the number of his communicants is seventy-four, and he has baptized, within the present half year, fifteen white and five black children.'

The ministry of this faithful Huguenot terminated on the earth, by his death in July, 1760. His biographer esteemed him a 'simple-minded, conscientious man, who for thirty-seven years continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his mission.' His communicants had increased from thirty-eight to eighty, and he was greatly beloved by his congregation. His remains were

interred under the chancel of the old French church at New Rochelle, where so long he had watched over the little flock of his Master. M. Stoupepe was succeeded by the

Rev. MICHAEL HOUDIN, A. M. He was born in France, 1705, educated a Franciscan friar, and, on Easter day, 1730, ordained a priest by the Archbishop of Trèves, and subsequently preferred to the post of superior in the convent of the Recollects at Montreal. But, disgusted with monastic life, M. Houdin, at the commencement of the French war, left Canada and retired to the city of New York. Here, on Easter day, 1747, he made a public renunciation of Popery, and joined the Church of England. Attaining great proficiency in the English language, in June, 1750, he was invited by the people of Trenton, N. J., to officiate as a missionary in that State.

When he first reached New York with his wife, in June, 1744, Governor Clinton, suspicious of all Frenchmen at that moment, confined them to their lodgings, guarded by two sentinels. The following day he was examined by his Excellency, and learned that 'the French intended to attack Oswego with eight hundred men, the French having a great desire of being masters of that place.' Then M. Houdin was ordered to reside at Jamaica, Long Island, where he complained that his circumstances were 'very low,' and 'can do nothing to get a living;' that 'his wife and himself must soon come to want, unless his Excellency will be pleased to take him into consideration.' After this appeal, the authorities advised his return to the city, on his taking the oath of allegiance.

For some years, M. Houdin officiated at Trenton and the neighboring places as an 'itinerant missionary;' and in 1759 his services were required, as a guide, for General Wolfe, in his well-known expedition against Quebec. Before marching, he preached to the Provincial troops destined for Canada,

in St. Peter's church, Westchester, from St. Matthew, ch. x. 28: 'Fear not them which kill the body.' And the French chaplain escaped the dangers of the war; but his brave General, at the very moment of victory, fell mortally wounded, on the Heights of Abraham, September 13, 1759. After the reduction of Quebec, he asked leave to join his mission again; but General Murray would not consent, as there was no other person who could be depended on for intelligence of the French movements. While M. Houdin was stationed at Quebec, an attempt was made by the Vicar-General of all Canada to seduce him from English allegiance, with an offer of great preferment in the Romish Church. This pressing invitation found its way into the hands of Generals Murray and Gage, when they sent a guard to arrest the Vicar-General.

M. Houdin, returning to New York, in 1761, was appointed 'itinerant missionary' to New Rochelle, by the 'Venerable Society' of England, 'he being a Frenchman by birth, and capable of doing his duty to them, both in the French and English languages.' During his incumbency, Trinity church, New Rochelle, received its first charter from George III., which the present corporation still enjoys with all its trusts and powers. It is dated in 1762, and was exemplified by his Excellency George Clinton in 1793. In 1763 he writes, complaining that the Calvinists used unlawful methods to obtain possession of the church glebe. These were the few old French Protestant families who had not conformed to the Church of England; and Houdin says of them: 'Seeing the Calvinists will not agree upon any terms of peace proposed to them by our church, * * * we are in hopes the strong bleeding of their purse will bring them to an agreement after New York court.'

The French Protestant preacher continued his pious labors at New Rochelle until October, 1766, when he departed this life. He was a man of considerable

learning, irreproachable character, and esteemed a worthy Christian missionary. His remains, which were the last of the Huguenot pastors, were interred beneath the chancel of the old French church at New Rochelle, and by the side of his predecessors, Boudet and Stouppe. Since the removal of this sacred edifice, the ashes of these earliest Protestant French missionaries to our land repose beneath the public highway, and not a stone tells where they lie, or commemorates their usefulness, excellences, or piety. Their silent graves ought not thus to remain neglected and unhonored: some monumental record should mark the spot where these early Huguenot preachers in America were entombed.

Boudet, Stouppe, and Houdin were the last of the Huguenot preachers in our land of whose histories we can find anything, and as they never can be fully written, we have made a more full record of these fragments concerning their memories, than otherwise would have been written. Especially let the children of the French Protestants in Westchester venerate these men, who were consecrated to sacred offices in the days of their pious ancestors, and, like Moses, led them from oppression and bondage to the land of Canaan in this Western World.

We might mention many who deserve the honor, among the descendants of the New Rochelle Huguenots; but the name of one will suit our purpose—JOHN JAY. He was born in New York, from a family originally of La Guienne, France; and he was sent, by his fellow citizens to the General Congress which assembled at the commencement of the conflict between the colonies and England. In 1774 he signed the act of association to suspend the importation of British merchandise; in 1779 he was honored with the presidency of Congress. At the expiration of this important post, Mr. Jay was commissioned to represent his country at the court of Louis XVI., and he was

one of the four commissioners who signed, on the 30th November, 1782, the treaty of Versailles, by which Great Britain recognized our NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE. A Huguenot, ELIAS BOUDINOT, was the first president of the great national institution, the American Bible Society; and at his death, bequeathed to it a noble benefaction. The French Protestants were always ardent lovers of the BIBLE, and John Jay succeeded Mr. Boudinot in his important office of president to that noble

institution. 'No one in America,' says the eminent Dr. Baird, 'need blush at having one of these respectable Huguenots among his ancestors;' and Bancroft, the historian of our land, recognizes in them that moral elevation of which they gave so many proofs in every country where they settled; and he adds: 'The children of the French Calvinists have certainly good reason to hold the memory of their fathers in great honor.' (Vol. ii. p. 183.) So think we.

MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

X.

A WALK AROUND SEGNI.

THERE are three quiet old places on the Continent that Caper always remembers with solemn pleasure—Breda in Holland, Segni in Italy, Neufchâtel in Switzerland. He reposed in Breda, rested in Segni, was severely tranquil in Neufchâtel: the real charm of travelling is best appreciated when one is able to pause in one's headlong career in some such place and meditate over it. Caper paused for many months at Segni.

SEgni, or Signia, a Latium city of the Volscians, was, after its colonization by the Romans, always faithful to the Republic. Strabo, Pliny, Plautus, Martial, Juvenal, Silius, Italicus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, and Livy, all make mention, in one way or another, of this city. Little is known of its history, from the fact that it was burned to the ground by the order of the Duke of Alva, viceroy of Naples, on the 14th of August, 1557; and in the fire all records of the city were destroyed. Its polygonal or Cyclopean walls, of Pelasgic origin, still remain in many parts as perfect as they

ever were: consisting of gigantic blocks of hewn limestone, they are fitted one into another with admirable precision; no mortar was used in laying them, and there they stand, these well-named Cyclopean walls, for some of the stones are 12 feet long by 5 feet wide, firmly as if centuries on centuries had not sent a myriad of storms to try their strength. There are several gates in these walls, noted among which is one called the Saracen's Gate; it is known in architecture from its indicating by its form one of the first attempts toward the pointed arch.

In walking through the town, you find here and there bits of middle-age architecture, which have escaped ruin; here a door, there a window, of graceful design, built around with the rough masonwork for which Segni is noted in later days; but the greater number of the houses are constructed in the rudest manner, indicating the poverty and ignorance of the majority of the inhabitants. It is, however, a decent poverty, for, to the credit of the town be it spoken, there was not, when Caper

was there, a professional beggar, excepting the friars, in or around it.

Taking the first street—if a rough road winding around the top of the mountain, and but four or five feet wide, may be called so—Caper saw at the doors of the houses, standing chatting to each other, many old women, their white hair flying in every direction, who, as they talked, knitted stockings; or, with distaff in hand, twirled the spindle, making flax into thread for spinning, or wool into woof and web for weaving. Hearing a shuttle, he looked in at an open door, and found a young girl busily weaving a heavy blue cloth at a queer old loom; not far from her, an elderly woman was weaving flax thread into coarse, heavy linen goods. Passing along, he heard the whir of millstones, and, entering a house, saw a girl working one of the handmills of the country; on a stand, where there was a stone basin, the girl turned in the wheat; another stone, fitting exactly in the basin, was attached to the ceiling by a long pole; catching hold of this, she gave the stone a rotary motion, grinding the wheat very fairly.

Suddenly Caper saw in the back part of the room a woman, holding what seemed a large, red-headed caterpillar, without any fuzz on it; she was evidently nourishing it in the way represented in that famous painting 'The Roman Daughter,' thus proving that it was a baby. Its resemblance to the caterpillar arose from the way it was swathed: around all the Segnian infants they wind a strip of knit or woven cloth, about eight feet long and four inches wide, fairly mummifying them; then, to crown the work, they put on their little bullet heads, a scarlet cap with brilliant flowers and ribbons, making the poor babies resemble anything but Christian productions. In a neighboring town they hang their babies up in a wicker basket, resembling the birch-bark contrivances for our Indian papooses.

Continuing his walk, our artist next came to where they were building a house; and its future occupant, who was a man of some enterprise and action, told Caper, with a long face, that he almost despaired of seeing it completed: the harvest came, and almost every workman went off to the wheat fields, leaving the house unfinished until they were ready to recommence work on it, well knowing that there were no other ones in the town able to do their labor; however, those who mixed mortar, carried tiles, and stone, and plaster, were hard at work. These laborers were girls of from twelve to sixteen years old, and one or two of them, spite of dirt and hard labor, were really handsome, with bright, intelligent countenances. They earned one paul (ten cents) each a day, and seemed contented and happy, joking with each other and laughing heartily nearly all the time. Probably our Chippewa Indians would think twice before they set the young women of their tribe to hody-carrying as a livelihood; but then the Chippewas are savages. The hods carried by these girls on their heads were flat, wooden trays, square at each end: once poised on the head, they balanced themselves, and were carried around without a fall. This carrying on the head, by the women, from an eight-gallon barrel of wine down to a sickle or pocket handkerchief, helps to give them their straight forms and fine carriage of head, neck, and shoulders.

Napoleon the First, in breaking down most of the feudal customs of the Papal States, should be regarded by the poor inhabitants as one of their greatest benefactors; still, many a remnant of the middle ages remains firmly marked in the habits of the country people. Even now the inhabitants of the Campagna live, not in isolated houses, but in small towns built around the once protecting castle or powerful monastery, where, in times past, they fled, when attacked in the fields by the followers of some house inimical to the one under whose protec-

tion they lived. Follow the entire Campagna, from Rome to Naples, by way of Frosinone, and you will see the ruins of watch towers, built to warn the workmen in the fields of the approaching enemy. Thus, in Segni, although the fields cultured by the inhabitants, lay miles away at the foot of the mountain, yet every day seven eighths of the 5,000 inhabitants walked from four to six miles or more down the mountains to the scene of their daily labors, returning the same distance at sunset. Often and often Caper saw the mother, unable to leave the infant at home, carry it in a basket on her head to the far-away fields, bringing it back at night with the additional burden of corn shelled or wheat garnered in the field. Trotting along gayly at her side, you may be sure, was the ever-present black pig, with a long string wound around his body, by which he is attached to some tree or stone as soon as he reaches the fields, and thus prevented from rooting where he should not root. The day's labor of his mistress finished, she unties him, wraps the string around his body, and he follows her up to the town with the docility of a well-trained dog.

It is the women, too, who daily walk four or five miles up the mountain for their supply of firewood. Arriving at the forest of the commune, they collect split wood and fagots, tying them into round bundles, a yard long, and two or three feet in diameter, and return to Segni, carrying this small woodpile all the way on their heads. It is the women, too, who bring water from the fountains for their household use, in copper vessels (*conche*) holding from two to three gallons: these are placed on the head, and carried self-balancing sometimes for long distances. At a fair held at Frosinone, Caper once saw several women, each one carrying on her head two of these *conche* filled with water, one balanced on the other; and this for half a mile up a steep road, from the fountain at the foot of the mountain, to the town above.

The women, too, do their fair share of harvesting; they cut the wheat with sickles; then, after it is cut, separate the grains from the stalk by rubbing a handful of stalks with a small piece of wood in which a series of iron rings are placed, making a rude rasp; collecting the grains, they then carry them from the fields, sifting them at their leisure in a large round sieve, suspended from a triangle of long poles; then, on a breezy day, you may see them standing over a large cloth, holding a double handful of wheat high above their heads, and letting it fall: the wind blows away the chaff, and the clean grain falls on the outspread cloth.

In the autumn, when the men are employed in the vintage, comes the chestnut season; and then the women, who are not busy in the vineyard, and who regard it as a frolic, go for miles up in the mountains, collecting the nuts, large as our horse chestnuts. They form no small part of the winter stock of food for the mountaineers, while the refuse nuts are used to fatten the pet pig. We can have but small conception of the primeval look these chestnut woods wear, the trees growing to an enormous size, many a one being ten to twelve feet in diameter. The weather is glorious during this season: clear, bright, and buoyantly refreshing, blow the autumn winds; and as Caper, day after day, wandered among the old trees, now helping an old woman to fill a sack with the brown nuts, now clubbing the chestnuts from the trees for a young girl, he, too, voted chestnut gathering a rare good time. Far off, and now near, the girls were singing their quaint wild songs. Thus heard, the *rondinella* sounds well: it is of the woods and deserts; strange, barbaric, oriental, bacchantic, what you please, save dawdling drawing-room and pianoic.

To resume the walk around the town: Caper, after leaving the man who was employing the sylphide hod-carriers, called in at the shop were

cigars were sold, and outside of which was a tin sign, on which was painted the papal coat-of-arms, and the usual words, indicating that the government monopolies, salt and tobacco, were for sale. Having bought some cigars, he entered into conversation with the man who kept the store. He learned, what he already knew, that everything in the town was done by hand, weaving, spinning, thrashing, grinding wheat and corn, &c.

‘Do you know,’ said Caper, ‘that in some countries all these labors are done by steam?’

It is dangerous to tell great truths; and after our artist had spoken, he saw, by the expression of the man’s face, that he had placed himself in danger; but suddenly the cigar-seller’s face was illuminated with intelligence, as he exclaimed:

‘Oh, you mean that infernal thing that goes *boo-hoo-hoo*? I saw it when I was in Rome, last week: it’s going to drag cars to Civita Vecchia on the iron road.’

‘That’s it,’ answered Caper, greatly relieved.

‘*Benissimo!* we never had anything of the kind; and what is more, we DON’T WANT ONE!’

Caper walked out, determined to write to New York, and beg some of the good people there to save a few missionaries from death among the Fejees, and send them to Segni, where there was a wide field open for the dissemination of knowledge.

Passing along, he next came to the small square in front of the church, where once every week a market was held: here he found a man, who had just arrived with fresh fish from Terracina—the Terracina of the opera of ‘*Fra Diavolo*.’ Among the small fish, sardines, &c., which were brought to town that day, in time for Friday’s dinner, when every one kept *vigilia*, was one large fish, which our artist determined to buy and present to his landlord at the inn. He asked its price.

‘That fish,’ said the fishman, ‘is for the dinner of the Illustrissimo and Reverendissimo Monsignore the Bishop; and if you were to turn every scale in its body into baioccho, and give them all to me, you couldn’t have it.’

Caper was sorely tempted to turn the scales in his own favor, for he knew, if he were to pay well, he could bear off the fish triumphantly, spite of the seller’s declaration; but a thought of the sore affliction he would bring into the mind of the fat old gentleman in purple, with a gold chain around his neck, who rejoiced in the name of bishop, deterred him from his heretical proceeding, and he walked away in deep meditation.

The patron saint of Segni is San Bruno; and, to do him honor, every other male baby born in the town is called Bruno; so our artist, in his walks around town, heard this name howled, cried, screamed, shrieked, called, and appealed to, on an average once in five minutes, through the hours when the male inhabitants were about and awake. This similarity in names was, by no means, accompanied by similarity in appearance, for there were more light-haired and blue-eyed men by this name in the place than any one, having the popular idea of what an Italian looks like, would believe could be found in a town of the same size in America. Trying to account for the Norse look of many of the Segnians, and the Oriental look of many others, Caper climbed up to the top of the mountain above the town, and seating himself in the shadow of the old Cyclopean wall, looked down the mountain side to the broad valley below him.

‘As all roads lead to Rome,’ soliloquized he, ‘it’s no wonder that those two famous old ways down there in the valley, the Via Trajana and the Via Latina, should have once been passed over by white-haired, blue-eyed Goths, and, seeing the old town perched up here, they should have climbed up, having strong legs. Once here, they put all

the men to the sword, made love to the girls, plundered all that was plunderable; drank up all the liquor, Sambuca, Rosoglio, 'Rhum di Giamaica,' and Acqua viva, they could put their paws on; then, having a call further on, left the girls, small babes, and other *impedimenta* (baggage!), rushing on to Rome to settle accounts with their bankers there, like hon-o-rable men. So you find many flaxen-haired, sky-eyed people up here, and they are rough and bold and independent.

Years and years after them, clambering over the mountains from the sea-coast, came the Saracens—oh, you were the boys!—and they, being a refined and elegantly educated circle, compared with the Goths, of course did the same amount of slaughtering and love-making, only more refinedly and elegantly; cutting off heads instead of knocking them in; and with the gold spoons and other instruments that they found in the church, instead of making sword hilts and helmets, they at once worked them into graceful, crescent-shaped earrings, and curious rings, chains, and brooches, giving them to the girls and winning their hearts in the old-fashioned style. The girls, for their part, declared to each other that when these odious Moors went away, they would give all the earrings and brooches back to the church. But they forgot to; which accounts for their wearing them, or those of similar pattern, to this day.

The gentle Saracens, moreover, wishing to introduce their own school of music, taught the girls to sing; proof of which is the horrible songs the contadini still have, resembling in no wise pious Christian hymns, but rather a cross between a growl to Odin and a yell to Allah! A growl to Odin, for the girls could not forget the Goths, albeit they only knew them through reports of their foremothers.

Then the Saracens turned their attention to crockery ware, pots, pans, and water jars; forming like fruits

and flowers the yielding clay, and establishing models that are every hour to be seen around one in this old nest. Clothes, too, they thought, should be made as they saw 'fit;' and, accordingly, head-dresses and dresses, under garments, &c., *à la Saracenesca*, were all the rage; and as the colors were in no wise sombre or melancholy to behold, the girls took kindly to them, and, slightly modified, wear them still. When you see the *pane*, the white cloth worn on the women's heads, remember it was once an Oriental *yashmak*, falling around and concealing the face of the Italian lady love of a Saracen; but when the Saracens departed, they rolled up the veil and disclosed to delighted Christians the features of Rita or Maria, who figured for a time as Zoe or Fatima.

With their religion, the Saracens were not so successful—they could not make it popular; so they waived this point, contented with having set the fashions, and introduced their own style of music, crockery, and jewelry.

Thus reflecting, Caper stopped short, regarded his watch, found it was near dinner time—the pastoral hour of noon-day—and then turned to walk down to the inn. On his way he passed a store having French calicoes in the window, and mourned in his heart to think how short a time it would be before these became popular, and the homemade picturesque dresses of the female Segnians would be discarded. The time, too, was fast coming—with the railroad from Rome to Naples—when travellers will overrun these mountain towns, and the price of board shoot up from forty cents to a dollar or two: then the inhabitants will learn geography and become mercenary, and will learn arithmetic and blasphemy (in their way) at *forestieri Inglese, Americani, Francesi*, or *Tedeschi*, and cheat them. Then the peace of the Volscians will have departed, never, oh, never more to return.

Then the women will wear—bonnets! and cheap French goods; will no longer

look like moving woodyards, bringing fagots on their heads down mountain sides; no longer bear aloft the graceful *conche* filled with sweet water from the fountain, for hydraulic rams will do their business; no longer lead the sportive pig to pastures new, but pen him up, and feed him when the neighbors are not looking on! These days will sorely try the men: now they labor in the fields in shirts and drawers, never thinking of putting on their pantaloon until they return to the very gates of the town, where, at sunset, you may see them, ten or twelve deep, thus employed before entering the city; but in the future they will have to observe *les convenances* and make their toilette in the fields. This they will do with great grumbling, returning homeward, and they will sing *rondinelle* bearing severely on the *forestieri* who have ruined the good old pod-augur days when they made *vendetta* without trouble: thus reflecting, the donkeys they ride, while their wives walk and carry a load, will receive many virulent punches intended for other objects.

'Signor Giacomo, dinner is served,' said the landlord, as Caper entered the old inn.

Cool wine, roast lamb, wild pigeons, crisp salad, with a broiled partridge; great bunches of luscious grapes, figs freshly picked, *and* maccaroni à la Milanese. Such was our artist's dinner that day. Patriarchally simple of a necessity; but, then, what can you expect in a town where the British Lion has never yet growled for a bushel of raw beef when he is fed, or swore at the landlord for not having a pint of hay boiled in hot water (tea?) for breakfast, when he is nervous?

FIVE FAIRS AND FESTIVALS.

Do not believe, in spite of all you hear about the benighted Papal States, that the people spend their holidays groaning and begging to depart from this vale of tears: on the contrary, the ignorant wretches believe in enjoying

every moment of life; and, to judge by the Segnians, who are by no means dyspeptical, they do so with all their might. They know, if they fall sick, good Doctor Matteucci attends them carefully and well, without any charge, for he receives a salary from the commune. They know, if they have good health and do their work, they will be rewarded every now and then with a holiday, in which religion is so tempered with lottery tickets, wine drinking, fireworks, horse races, and trading, that, shorn lambs as they are, paying to the church three cents for every twenty-five pounds of corn they may grind, and as large a portion of their crops for the rent of the lands they till, they still have jolly good times at the fairs and festivals in their own and neighboring towns.

Every town has its patron saint, and it is in honor of his day that they hold one grand festival each year. To accommodate temporal affairs, a fair is also held on the same day, so that the country people of the neighborhood may purchase not only the necessities, but the simple luxuries they need or long for.

Besides the only principal festival and fair in Segni to San Bruno, already described, they had three minor celebrations of minor saints, substitutes, as Rocjean declared, for Pomona, Bacchus, and Ceres: certainly, the saints' days fell very curiously about the same time their predecessors were worshipped.

It is, however, of five festivals and fairs held in five neighboring towns, that the present chapter treats; so let the drums beat while our three artists proceed to enjoy on paper the days they celebrated.

One evening, the vetturino, Francesco, came to the trio and told them that on the next day but one, Sunday, there would be a fair and *festa* at Frosinone, a town about twenty-three miles from Segni, and that if they wished to go, he had three seats to hire in his *vettura*.

Having heard that the costumes to be seen there were highly picturesque, and anxious to study the habits of the people in holiday guise, our artists determined to go. At daybreak on the appointed morning, having breakfasted and filled their flasks with wine, they started with a guide to walk down to Casa Bianca, a small *osteria*, distant, as the guide assured them, about two miles; three miles, as Francesco swore to; four miles, as Gaetano, the landlord, declared; and six miles as Caper and Rocjean were ready to affirm to. Down the mountain road they scrambled, only losing their patience when they found they had to wade a small marsh, where their tempers and polished boots were sorely tried. Once over, they reached Casa Bianca, and found the vettura there, having arrived an hour before from Rome, thirty odd (and peculiar) miles distant; and now with the same horses they had to make twenty-three miles more before ten A. M., according to agreement. Rocjean and Caper sat outside the carriage, while Dexter sat inside, and conversed with two other passengers, cheerful and good-natured people, who did all in their power to make everybody around them contented and jolly.

The road went through the fertile Sacco valley; right and left rich pasture grounds, or wheat and corn fields; the mountains on either side rising in grandeur in the early sunlight, their tops wreathed with veils of rising mist. They soon passed Castelaccio (the termination *accio* is one, according to Don Boschi, of vilification; consequently, the name may be translated Bigbad Castle): this castle belongs to Prince Torlonia, apropos of which prince it is rather singular that all his money cannot buy good Latin; for any one may read at Frascati, staring you in the face as it does, as you wind up the villa, engraved on a large marble tablet, an inscription touching

TORLONIA ET UXSOR EJUS, ETC.

Uxsor may be Latin, but it is the kind that is paid for, and not the spontaneous gift of classic Italy.

The carriage next passed through Ferentino, *Ferentinum* of the Volscians, where it stopped for a time to let Rocjean see the stone called *La Fata*, whereon is inscribed the noble generosity of Quintilius Priscus, who gave *crustula* and *mulsum* (cakes and mead) to the old people; *sportulæ* (cold victuals?) to the decurions, and *nucum sparsiones* (a sprinkling of nuts) for the small children.

After which antiquarian research, and a drink of wine at the *Hôtel des Étrangères*, the trio called loudly on Francesco to drive on; for the name of the inn suggested similar signboards, Hotel d'Angleterre, Hotel Vittoria, Hotel des Isles Britanniques, at all of which one or other of our travellers had been savagely fleeced.

The carriage at last arrived at the tavern, at the foot of the mountain on which Frosinone stands, and our artists found that the ascent must be made on foot: this, in the face of the broiling sun, was equal to two hot baths at least. However, they determined to take it easily, and accordingly tarried for a while by an old bridge crossing a small stream, running bright and clear, where cattle were drinking; then they stopped at the neighboring fountain, where the girls were filling copper water jars, and dusty contadini were washing themselves in order to present a clean face at the fair; and listened with pleasure to the hearty laughter and holiday jests bandied about with profusion. Thus in refreshed spirits they commenced the ascent.

On the brow of the mountain, in front rank of the houses of the city, arose the walls of what they thought at first glance was a very large factory; they subsequently learned it was a male-factory or prison; this, with the governor's palace and other lofty buildings, gives Frosinone a stately air, only lost on entering the place and finding

the streets narrow, steep, and not particularly clean. On entering the street leading to the main gate of entrance, their ears were saluted by the squealing and grunting of many hogs collected together in small droves, on both sides the way, for sale or barter. Here stood a bronzed peasant, dressed only in shirt and drawers, with boots up to his knees; a steeple crowned straw hat, with a large carnation pink in it, shading his closely shaved face, on which no hair was seen save two long curls pendent in front of his ears, while the back part of his head was shaved nearly as smooth as his face. This man held in his arms a small pig in a violent state of squeals. Mixed up among the pigs were many women dressed in lively colored costumes, looking graceful and pretty, and gaining added effect from the dark tones of the old gray houses around them. Advancing upward, at times at angles of forty-five degrees and more, through narrow streets crowded with picturesque houses (if they did threaten to tumble down), they at last reached the Piazza: here the squeeze commenced, crockery, garlic, hardware, clothing, rosaries and pictures of the saints, flowers; while donkeys, gendarmes, jackasses, and shovel hats, strangers, and pretty girls were all pressing with might and main—they did not seem to know where—probably to the nearest wine shops, which were driving a brisk trade.

Reaching an inn, our artists ordered dinner, and amused themselves, while it was being prepared, looking out of the window at the crowds in the street beneath. On the opposite side of the way were two open windows, evidently 'behind the scenes' of the main church, since many of the principal actors in the ceremonies were here attiring themselves in curious robes prior to their appearing in public. A tallow-faced looking youth, with no hair on the extreme crown of his head, while swinging a long wax candle

around, struck a fat old gentleman, with a black silk gown and white lace bertha over it, in the back; whereupon, I regret to write it, the fat old gentleman struck the tallow-faced youth the severest kind of a blow below the belt, entirely contrary to the rules of the P. R. Dexter, having watched the performance, at its conclusion shouted for very joy; whereupon the stout man, raising his eyes, saw in the opposite windows the three *forestieri*, and I do assure you that such a look of malevolence as crossed his face for a moment contained all the Borgias ever knew of poisons and assassinations. Luckily, the artists did not have to go to confession to that man.

Dinner finished, Rocjean proposed a walk. They first went to the old church, but found its interior ruined with whitewash and tawdry decorations. The music, however, was excellent, but the crowd of worshippers intense; so they repaired to the cattle market, in the piazza in front of the prison. They had been there but a short time, before the procession in honor of the patron saint of Frosinone, whose full-length seated effigy was carried by bearers, passed them. Along with other emblems borne by priests or laymen was a cross, apparently of solid wood, the upright piece fully twelve feet long, and as large round at the base as your thigh; the transverse piece of the cross was proportionately large; this was borne with ease by a moderate-sized man. Caper was at a loss to account for the facility with which the bearer handled pieces of timber as large as small joists of a house; so he asked a good-natured looking citizen standing near him, if that wooden cross was not very heavy?

'Eh! that heavy? Why, it's not wood; it's made of stove-pipes!'

The citizen also told Caper that the seated effigy of the patron saint had had a hard time of it some years ago, for the country around Frosinone suf-

fering from a long drought, the inhabitants had in vain prayed, begged, and supplicated the aforementioned saint to send them rain; but he remained obdurate, until at last, seeing him so stubborn, they seized him, in spite of the priests, carried him down to the bridge, neck and heels, and threatened him, by all his brother and sister saints, to put him to bed—bed of the stream (it was nearly dry)—unless he speedily gave them a good supply of rain. In a couple of days, sure enough, the rain came down, and in such torrents, that there was a grand rush of the country people from the vicinity, begging the saint to hold up. Since that time he has behaved very decently, and just now is in high favor.

There were some fine cattle at the fair; and Dexter, noticing a peculiar and becoming headdress to several of the long-horned oxen, made of the skin of some animal, ornamented with bright-colored strips of woollen with tassels at the end, tried to purchase a pair, but found the owners generally unwilling to sell them: however, one man at last agreed to sell a pair made of wolf-skin, with bright red, yellow, and green strips and tassels, for a fair price, and Dexter at once bought them—as a study, and also as an ornament for his studio.

The tombola in the Piazza Tosti drew together a large crowd; and then it was that Rocjean was in his element, Caper delighted, and Dexter rejoiced in the study of costumes and motives for paintings. The straw hats worn here looked more picturesque than the black felt conical hats of the other end of the valley, but the 'soaplocks' of the men were villanous. The women were brilliant in holiday attire, among their dresses showing that half-modern Greek, half Neapolitan style, uniting the classic with the middle age. The *ciociare*, as those who wear *ciocie* or sandals are called, were there in full force: one of these men, with whom Rocjean had a long conversation, told our artist that

the price paid for enough leather for a pair was forty cents. Each sandal is made of a square piece of sole leather, about twelve inches long by five inches wide, and is attached to the foot by strings crossing from one side to the other, and bending the leather into the rough resemblance of a shoe. The leather is sold by weight, and the *ciociara* declared that sandals were far better than shoes.

'But, when it rains, your feet are wet,' suggested Rocjean.

'*Seguro*' (certainly), answered *ciociara*.

'And when it snows, they are wet; and when it is muddy, they won't keep the mud out; and when it's dusty, where is the dust?'

'Down there in the Campagna!' answered the man. 'But you seem to forget that we wrap cloths over our feet and legs, as high as the knee, and tie them all on with strings; or else our women knit brown woollen leggings, which cover our feet and legs. Well, good or bad, they are better for *us* (*noi altri*) than shoes.'

Fireworks and a ball at the Governor's palace closed that saint's day; and the next afternoon our artists left the town to return to Segni; but as toward midnight they began to ascend the long, steep road leading to the town, they were overtaken by a thunder storm, which for grandeur equalled anything that Caper at least had ever seen. The lightning was nearly incessant, at one flash revealing the valley below them, and distant mountain peaks after peaks trembling in white light, then all black as black could be; patches of road in front of the old carriage, silver one second, sable another; while the thunder cracked and roared, echoing and reëchoing from rock to rock, ringing away up the wild gorge around which the road wound. The rain fell in torrents, and pebbles and stones loosened from the mountain sides came falling around them. Francesco, the driver, on foot, urged the tired

horses onward with blows and the most powerful language he could bring to bear: he accused the off-horse of being a pickpocket and an *arciprete*, and a robber of a small family, of which Francesco assured him he knew he was the father. Then the mare Filomena came in for her share of vilifications, being called a '*giovinastra* (naughty girl), a *vecchierellaccia* (vile old hag), a—' Here the rain, pebbles, lightning, and thunder interrupted the driver, and Rocjean told him to take breath and a pull at his flask, which was filled with *Sambuca*. Thus refreshed, although soaked to the skin, Francesco livened up, and from despondency passed to hope, then to joy, finally landing the old carriage near the gate of Segni, in time for the artists to see far below them the clouds rolling rapidly away, and hear the thunder grumbling far off, over some other town, some other benighted travellers.

VALMONTONE was the next town visited, and the festival in honor of its patron saint, Luigi Gonzago, was a decided success; the singing in the church operatically excellent; a good-sized tombola; a funny dinner in the back room of a grocery store, one half of the floor of which was covered with shelled corn, while the other half was occupied by the united legs of two tables, a dozen chairs, four dogs, one cat, six male and three female country people. There was a lamb roasted whole, a small barrel of wine, plenty of bread, find-your-own-knives-and-be-happy dinner. Coming out of this small den, and passing a fine large house, opposite the grand palace of the Prince of Valmontone, behold an Italian acquaintance of Caper's standing in a balcony with a very handsome woman; another moment, and Caper was invited in, and passed from poverty to wealth in the twinkling of an eye. Rooms full of guests, tables covered with damask linen, silver, flowers, crystal glasses, delicate food (too late!), good wine (just in time!), charming ladies.

'*Condessa*, permit me to present Signor' Cahpeer, Americano.'

A rich, full, musical voice, lovely eyes, a brilliant toilette—is it any wonder the heart of our artist beat *con animo*, when the beautiful woman welcomed him to Valmontone, and hoped it would not be his last visit. Other introductions, other glasses of sparkling wine—then off for the street, excitement, music, coffee, and a cigar; pretty girls with tender eyes; the prince's stables, with hawks nailed to the doors, and blood horses in their stalls; contadini, cowbells, jackasses; ride home on horseback by moonlight; head swimming, love coming in, fun coming out. Exit festival the second.

GAVIGNANO was the scene of the third festival; it is a small town, lying at the foot of Segni. Caper went there on horseback, and, after a regular break-neck ride down the mountain, the path winding round like a string on an apple, arrived there in time to escape a pouring rain, and find himself in a large hall with three beautiful sisters, the Roses of Montelanico, numerous contadini friends, and the wine bottles going round in a very lively and exhilarating manner. The rain ceasing, Caper walked out to see the town, when his arm was suddenly seized, and, turning round, who should it be but Pepe the rash, Pepe the personification of Figaro: a character impossible for northern people to place outside of a madhouse, yet daily to be found in southern Europe. Rash, headstrong, full of deviltry, splendid appetite, and not much conscience—volatile, mocking, irrepressible.

Pepe seized Caper by the arm with a loud laugh, and, only saying, '*Evviva*, Signor' Giacomo, come along!' without giving him breathing time, rushed him up narrow streets, down dirty alleys, through a crowd of mules, mud, and mankind, until they both caught a glimpse of a small church with green garlands over the door. Hauling Caper inside, he dragged him through a long aisle crowded with kneeling worship-

pers, smashed him down on a bench in front of the main altar, tearing half a yard of crimson damask and nearly upsetting the priest officiating; and then, while Caper (red in the face, and totally unfit to hear the fine chorus of voices, among which Mustafa's, the soprano, came ringing out) was composing himself to listen, Pepe grabbed him with a

'Music's over; *andiamo* (let's go). Did you hear Mustafa? *Bella voce*, *tralla-leceee!* Mustafa's a contadino; I know his pa and ma; they changed him when only five years old. Thought he was a Turk, didn't you? He sings in the Sistine chapel. Pretty man, fat; positively not a sign of a beard.'

Struggling to escape, Caper was rushed out of church, and into a *caffè* to have a tumblerful of boiling coffee poured down his throat, and again he expressed up hill at a break-neck rate, catching sights of tumble-down old houses, mud, water, flowers, peasants, costumes, donkeys, until he was landed in the Gran' Piazza. Whew!

'Must see the hall where the concert is to-night. Beautiful girl, *bellissima*, *pfisp!* (imitating kiss) girl from Rome; sings three pieces, Ernani, Norma, *pfisp!* Come along!'

Smack, bang! into the hall, where the silence and presence of a select few, including Monsignore and the Governatore in council assembled, commanded silence: Pepe wouldn't hear of it anywheres, so again they were in the open air; the band was playing good music in the square, the tombola was about to commence, and contadini were busy with pencils and tickets, ready to win the eighty scudi put up.

Tombola commenced, and Pepe at once supervised all the tickets within reach. 'Bravo, twenty-seven! you've got it, Tonio; scratch it, my lamb.—You haven't, Santi, *poverino mio*.—It's *non c'è*, Angeluccio.—Ah, Bruno, always lucky.—Fifty-four, *Santa Maria*, who would have thought it?—*Caro Bernar-*

do, *only* one more number to win the terno!'

Somebody won the tombola at last, and Pepe told Caper he should wait for the fireworks and the concert. 'Beautiful girl, ah, *bella*, sings three pieces;' here he burst out with that song

' *Ninella mia di zucchero,*
Prende 'sto core, ed abbraccialo :'

not waiting for the end of which, Caper interrupted him by saying that he should not wait for the evening, as he intended returning to Segni at once.

'Will you?' asked Pepe. 'Oh, *bravo!* good idea. Concert room will be crowded to suffocation; get hot, perspire, catch cold. Fireworks nothing. I'll go with you; great fools to wait. Here is a wine-shop; let us refresh!'

In they went, and finished a quart, after which Pepe proposed visiting another wine-shop, where they had some *frascati*, good and sweet. So he hurried Caper along so fast through mud and narrow streets, all the way down hill, that his feet could not begin to hold on the slippery stones, and both went ahead on the plan of not being able to stop; at last they reached a landing place, where the wine was sold; hastening in, they nearly fell over a tall, splendid-looking girl, who was standing in the hall.

'*Iddio!* it's my *cara* Giulia, lovely as ever. Come with us and finish a bottle; this is our friend Giacomo, Americano, brave youth, *allegro!*'

'It pleases me well to make the acquaintance of the Signor; I have often seen him in Segni—'

'And now you'll fall in love with him,

' *E tu non pienz' a mi,*'

sang Pepe. 'This comes of my headlong hurry introducing pretty girls to interesting strangers. Ah, *bella* Giulia!'

'*Zitto!* Pepe, and pour me out a glass of wine.'

Pepe poured out the wine, one glass after another. Suddenly springing

from his seat, he said, 'Wait here a minute. I see Gaetano: will be back again *prestissimo*!'

He went, and Caper and Giulia were left seated, talking merrily over the wine. There were stars shining when Giulia bid good night to Caper, yet Pepe did not return; he had seized some new idea, may-be the pretty Roman who sang at the concert. Then Caper saddled his horse and rode out into the night—glad that he had met black-eyed Giulia.

The night-rides up the mountain! Here's romance, real and beautiful. Are you not treading an old Roman road, over which the legions have marched to victory, war chariots rattled? Up the mountains, on the old road once leading over the mountains to Terracina, the *Tarracina* of the Romans, who made it one of their naval stations; up that road you go, trusting solely to your horse, one slip of whose foot would send you into eternity *via* a ravine some hundred feet sheer down. Here, bright light from a *casina* where the *contadini* are loading mules with grapes to be pressed in the city up there near the stars! High above you, nothing but a wall of black rock, up, up, so high! Stars gleaming down, the comet tailing from side to side of the ravine, while the path in the ragged, jagged, storm-gullied rock is so dark you see nothing: your horse stops, his hind feet slip—no! he clings, his hoofs are planted firm; up he goes, and there, in the hands of Providence, you are tossed and pitched, as he winds up and plunges down. The merry ringing, jingling bells of mules ahead, and the voices of their drivers: turn a corner, and the bright light of torches flashes in your eyes. Look again and earnestly at the beautiful scene: mules, drivers, black rocks, olive trees above, all flamboyant in the ruddy light, appearing and disappearing; a weird, wild scene. Up, up, long is the way; past the fountain where the stars are flashing in the splashing waters; past gardens; past

the mountain path at last. *Ecco*, the inn of Gaetano.

ANAGNI held its festival in honor of San Magno (*Protettore della Città*) on the 19th day of August. Gaetano, the landlord, invited Caper to attend it, putting his famous white horse at the disposal of the artist, accompanying him on a small bay beast that was extremely fond of showing his heels to the surrounding objects. Leaving Segni about ten o'clock in the morning, they had hardly reached a bridle path down the mountain, nothing more in fact than a gully, when they were joined by a cavalcade of four other Segnians. One of them, the 'funny fellow' of the party, was mounted on a very meek-looking donkey, and enlivened the hot ride across the valley of the Sacco by spasmodic attempts to lead the cavalcade and come in ahead of the others. He had a lively time as they approached the city, and a joke with every foot passenger on the way; but Gaetano, whose reserve was one of his strong points, and who was anxious to enter Anagni under favorable auspices, gave the word to Caper, and in a few minutes they left cavalcade and donkey-rider far behind.

Anagni, the ancient *Anagnia*, was the capital of the Hernici. The favorite residence, in the middle ages, of several of the popes, it still shows in its buildings marks of the wealth it once enjoyed. Having stabled their horses with a friend of Gaetano's, who insisted on their finishing the best part of a *bottiglia* of red wine with him, the artist, under the landlord's guidance, set out to see the town. They climbed up street to the cathedral, a fine old pile trembling with music and filled with worshippers, paintings of saints in extremis, flowers, wax candles, votary offerings, and heat; then coming out, and feeling wolfish, looked round for a place where they could find dinner! Here it was! a scene that would have cheered Teniers: a very large room, its walls brown with smoke; long wooden

tables, destitute of cloth, but crowded with country people eating, drinking, talking, enjoying themselves to the utmost extent. Forks were invisible, but every man had his own knife, and Caper, similarly provided, whipped out his long pocket-weapon and commenced an attack on roast lamb and bread, as if time were indeed precious. Wine was provided at fair price; and, with fruit, he managed to cry at last, 'Hold, enough!'

Gaetano, having a message for a young priest in the seminary there, asked Caper how he would like to see the interior of the building, and the way the *prete* lived? Caper assenting, they entered a fine large establishment with broad walls and high ceilings, and mounting to the second story and knocking at the door of a chamber, they were admitted by a tall, thin, sallow young man, about eighteen years old, evidently the worse for want of exercise, and none the stronger minded for his narrow course of education and instruction.

Gaetano introduced Caper to the young priest, and the artist, who, a moment before entering the room, was as lively as the Infant Bacchus, at once became melancholy as the Infant Samuel, and a feeling of such pity seized him, that, endeavoring not to show it, he turned it to a sentiment of interest in the young priest and his surroundings, admiring the beautiful view from the window, and, turning inward to a poor wreath of paper flowers hanging over a holy-water fount attached to the wall, praised their resemblance to natural flowers. (Was that untruth unfor-given?)

'I made them,' said the young priest; 'but they are nothing to the ones I have made for our church in Montelani-co. I will show those to you.' Opening a large paper box, he showed Caper wreaths and festoons of paper flowers. 'I have spent weeks on weeks over them,' he continued, 'and they will decorate the church at the next *festa*.

I spend all my leisure hours making artificial flowers.'

In answer to a question from Caper if the dress he then wore was the usual one worn by the seminarists on important occasions, the young priest answered him that it was not, and at once produced the full dress, putting on the upper garment, a species of cassock, in order to show him how it looked. He next called his attention to a curious old work, full of engravings illustrating the different costumes of the different orders of priests, and was in full course to describe them all, when Gaetano told him that he was sorry, but that he had to go, as he had some matters to attend to at the fair. So Caper bid the young priest good-by, saying he regretted that he had not time to further study the ecclesiastical costumes. A feeling of relief seized him when he was once more in the open air—thoughts of gunning, fishing, boating, horse riding, foot racing, fighting, anything, so long as it was not the making paper flowers by that poor, pale-faced boy: it was terrible!

There are several resident families in Anagni having titles; these are known as the *stelle d'Anagni* (stars of Anagni), and number among the ladies many beautiful faces, if those pointed out to him were the true stars. But it was, while smoking a cigar over a cup of coffee, that he saw enter the café without exception one of the loveliest and most attractive women he met in Italy. The word *simpatica*, so often used by Italians, expressing, as it does, so much in so short a space, exactly applied to the charming woman who passed him, as she entered the room where he was seated. She was accompanied by several gentlemen, one of whom, on whose arm she leaned, having the most character of all the others in his face, and the finest-looking man in figure and carriage, Caper selected as her husband—and he was right.

Gaetano, having finished his busi-

ness, soon entered the café in company with a dashing, handsome-looking man, in half ecclesiastical costume; for though he wore a shovel hat and long-tailed black frock coat, yet his other clothes, though black, had the air of being made by an *à la mode* tailor. His manner was cordial, frank, hearty. He proposed a walk around the town, to see what was going on among the *villani*. Caper calling his attention to the lady mentioned above, the ecclesiastic, making his excuses for his sudden leave, at once hurried over to salute her, and was evidently very cordially received. He returned in a few minutes to Caper.

'It is the *Principessa* —, and she insists on having an introduction to the American. She is making the *villeggiatura* among these mountain towns for a frolic. She will be in Segni, with her husband, the Signor —, and it will be pleasant for you to know them while there.'

'Introduce me by all means. She is the most beautiful woman I have seen in Italy.'

The introduction was made, and our artist surpassed himself in conversing intelligibly, much to the delight of the fair Italian and her friends, who declared they were prepared to converse with him solely by signs. Promising that when they came to Segni he should not fail to call upon them, and give them a long account of the savage life he lived among his Indian brethren in America, he laughingly bid them good day.

The dashing priest now went with Caper and Gaetano through the crowded streets, pointing out objects of interest, architectural and human; past booths where all kinds of merchandise was exposed for sale, out to see the ancient massive walls of travertine, where divers stunning objects were carved, inscriptions, &c. Then they found a wine shop, where it was cool and tolerably quiet, and smoked and drank until sunset, having much

sport conversing with the amiable *villane*, who were as comfortably tipsy as their circumstances would permit. At sunset, the Piazza Grande was brilliant with hangings, crimson and gold, and colored tapestry hung from the windows of the surrounding houses. Here the tombola was held, and here the crowd was excited as usual; the lucky ones bearing off the prizes were in such rapturous state of bliss—'one might have stuck pins into them without their feeling it.'

About sunset, Gaetano and Caper saddled their horses, and left the city, striking over the valley to Segni, passing on the road country people mounted on donkeys, or travelling along on foot, nine tenths of whom were vigorously canvassing—the life of Saint Magno?—no, indeed, but the chances of the lottery!

There was to have been the next day, at Anagni, a curious chase of buffaloes, in accordance with some passage in the life of San Magno, as the people said; but, according to Rocjean, more probably some neglected ceremony of the ancient heathens, which the party in power, finding they could not abolish, gracefully tacked on to the back of the protector of the city. These kind of things are done to an alarming extent around Rome; and the Sieur de Rocjean, when he lost his calendar containing the dates of all the festivals, said it was of no importance—he had an excellent Lempriere!

The fifth festival—if you have patience to read about it—was held at GENAZZANO, and was decidedly the most celebrated one of the season. It came off on the 8th of September, and for costumes, picturesqueness, and general effect, might have been called, to copy from piano literature, *Le Songe d'un Artiste*.

The town itself looks as if it had just been kicked out of a theatre. Round towers at entrance gate, streets narrow and all up hill, the tiles on the houses running down to see what is going on

in the gutter, quaint old houses, gray with time, with latticed windows, queer old doors, a grand old castle in ruins. It is one of the scenes you long so much to see before you come abroad, and which you so seldom find along the Grande Route. Spend a summer in the mountain towns of Italy! among the Volscian mountains or hills—and have your eyes opened.

As Caper entered the gate, the first objects meeting his sight were: a procession of genuine pilgrims, dressed precisely as you see them in Robert le Diable, or Linda di Chamouni, or on the stage generally—long gray robes down to their feet, cocked hats with cockle shells, long wands; some barefoot, some with sandals: on they passed, singing religious songs. Then came the peasantry, all in perfect theatrical harmony, costumes rigidly correct *à la Sonnambula*. German artists dressed in Sunday clothes *à la Der Freyschutz*. A café with festoons of lemon-peel hung from window to window—they are not up to this idea in *Fra Diavolo*. Pretty girls in latticed windows, with red boddices, white sleeves, flowers in their hair—*legitimate Italian drama*. Crockery-ware in piles—*low comedy*. A man with a table, Sambuca and Acqua-vita bottles on it, and wee glasses, one cent a drink: *melodrama*. Fresh oranges and figs, pumpkin-seed and pine cones; a house with mushrooms strung on thread, hanging from window to window—this was not for festival display, but is the common way of the country. Notices of the *festa*, containing programme of the day, including amusements, ecclesiastical and secular, hung up alongside the stands where they were selling lottery tickets—*tragedy*. Fountains, with groups of peasantry drinking, or watering horses and donkeys—*pantomime*. Priests, in crow-black raiment, and canal-boat or shovel hats—*mystery*. Strangers from Rome, in the negro-minstrel style of costume, if young men; or in the rotund-paunch and black-

raiment dress, if elderly men; or in the *chiffonée* style, if Roman women attempting the last Parisian fashion—*farce*.

Here are the booths with rosaries, crucifixes, Virgin Mary's holy-water holders, medals of Pio Nono, or jewelry; gold crescent earrings, *spadine* (long silver hair pins); silver hearts, legs, arms, for votive offerings, and crosses without number.

Caper entered the church; it was filled, and stifling with heat and frankincense, and contadini, and wax lights burning before the shrine, on which the sun shone. There were beautiful faces among the *pajine* (people in fine raiment), showing what can be made from the *contadine* (people in coarse clothes) by not overworking them.

Once more our artist was in the pure air, and, walking up the main street, came to a house with a beautifully carved stone window, half Byzantine, half Gothic, while a house on the opposite side of the street boasted of two other windows finely carved. While looking at them, Caper was hailed by name, and a stout, fresh-colored English artist, named Wardor, whom he had known in Rome, came over and welcomed him to Genazzano. Wardor, it turned out, was spending the summer there, as he had done the year before; consequently, there was not a nook or corner in the old town he did not know; and if he had not been so lazy, he could have filled his sketch book with a hundred picturesque studies. But no; with the keenest appreciation of every bit of color, every graceful pose of a human figure, every beautiful face, every fine effect of light or shadow—he made no sign. His legitimate function was friendly guide to the stranger, and in this office he carried Caper all over the old castle, out to the long shady walk on the esplanade behind it, pointed out beautiful views over the valley; finally, showing Caper his studio, which, as it was a large

room, and his *padrona* could impose on his good nature, was fairly glittering with copper pans, hung on the walls when not in use in the kitchen. On an easel was a painting, to be called *The King of the Campagna*; all that was apparent was the head and horns of the king. Wardor had thus actually spent three months painting on a space not so large as your fist, while the canvas was at least three feet by two feet and a half. But the king, a buffalo, would be a regal figure, for the head was life itself.

Caper proposed finishing a bottle of wine with Wardor, in honor of the day; so the latter piloted him up street and then down a flight of steps to a quiet wine-shop, where, sitting on a shady terrace, they could calmly enjoy the lovely landscape spread below them, and look over the town, over the valley, to far-away Segni high up in the Volscians. The landlord's wife, a buxom, comely woman, in full holiday costume, brought them a flask of cool wine and glasses, presenting them at the same time with a couple of very large sweet apples, the largest of which was thirteen inches in circumference by actual measurement. So you see they have apples as well as oranges in Italy; only, apples are practical, so they are generally omitted in the poetical descriptions of the blue-skyed land.

Caper and Wardor dined together in a very crowded inn, where the maccaroni must have been cooked by the ton, to judge of the sized dish the two artists were presented with—and which they finished! Chickens, lamb chops, salad, and two flasks of wine at last satisfied them. When they left the table, Wardor proposed their calling on a Roman family, who were spending the summer in the town. They found the house they occupied crowded with guests, who, having finished dinner, were busily employed dancing to the music of two guitars and a flute; that is, the younger part of them, while the elders applauded vociferously, entering

into the amusement with a reckless spirit of fun and good nature, which people who have to keep shady nine tenths of the year for fear of their rulers, are very apt to indulge in the remaining tenth.

Elisa, the daughter of the Roman family, received Caper with hearty welcome, chiding him for having been all summer at Segni, and yet not coming near them, and entreating him to come to Genazzano and make them a long visit. She introduced him at once to her affianced husband, a handsome young doctor of the town, a man of sterling ability and sound common sense, who very soon made Caper at home, insisted on his dancing the *Tarantella* and *Saltarella Napolitana* with a lively, lithe young lady, who cut our artist's heart to fiddlestrings before they had danced five minutes together a polka—for let the truth be told, Caper never could dance the Tarantella.

Wardor, in the meantime, had been led off in triumph to a side-table, and was making a very hearty second dinner; he not having force of mind enough to do like Caper and refuse a good offer! Caper had to drink a few tumblers (not wine-glasses) of wine, and found it beneficial in dancing. It may be as well to repeat here, in order to calm all apprehensions of our artist being a hard drinker, that all these wines around Rome, with few exceptions, are little stronger than mild sweet cider, and that satiety will generally arrive before inebriety. Ask any sober and rigorously correct traveller, who has ever been there, if this is not so. If he speaks from experience, he will say: 'Certainly!' 'Of course!' 'To be sure!' And again: 'Why not?'

It is not asserted here that the Romans of the city or surrounding country never get tipsy; but that it is only occasionally they have change enough to do so; consequently, a beautiful state of sobriety is observed by those travellers who—never observe anything.

The moon was shining over the old

gate-towers of Genazzano when Caper mounted his horse, and, in company with two Segnians, rode forth from the fifth *fiesta*, and over the hills through Cavi, and over the valley past Valmontone, and then up the steep road to his summer home; wondering if in far-away America they were dreaming of a man who was going through a course of weekly Fourth-of-July's, and how long it would be before the world came to an end if such a state of things existed in any country where people had liberty to study geography, and were ruled by politicians instead of priests?

'May I ask your candid opinion of the great moral effect of so many holi-

days on an uneducated population?' inquired Caper one day of Rocjean, while speaking of the festivals of the Papal States.

'Certainly you may! My opinion is that the head of the state, carrying out the gigantic policy of his predecessors, believes: 'That that government governs best that gives the greatest amount of fiddling to the greatest amount of its children.''

'But,' objected Caper, 'I don't see where the fiddling comes in.'

'In the churches!' sententiously remarked the Sieur de Rocjean.

'Oh,' quoth Caper, 'I was thinking of festivals.'

Reader, do you think likewise, when you are with the Romans.

T H O U G H T .

LIFE is but an outer wall
 Round the realm of thought unseen;
 Ah! to let the drawbridge fall
 Leading to that magic hall!
 Ah! to let creation in.

Kings that with the world contended,
 What remains of all the splendid
 Misery their hands have wrought?
 Hushed and silent now the thunder
 They have made the world rock under;
 But the ages bow in wonder
 To a thought.

Ah! the many tragic parts
 That are played by human hearts
 In that golden drama, fame.
 These are minor actors truly,
 That should not be seen unduly,
 Letting idle recollection
 Trifle with the play's perfection,
 Letting an unwritten anguish
 Make the brilliant pageant languish.

Alas for every hero's story,
 That the woes which chiefly make it
 Must surge from the heart, or break it,
 And show the stuff that fashions glory.

Pyramids and templed wonders
 At the best are wise men's blunders ;
 The subtle spell of thought and fancy,
 It is Nature's necromancy.
 In that land where all things real
 Blossom into the ideal,
 In that realm of hidden powers
 Moving this gross world of ours,
 He that would inherit fame,
 Let him on the magic wall
 Of some bright, ideal hall
 Write his name ;
 He and glory then shall be
 Comrades through eternity.

While the deeds of mighty kings
 Sleep the sleep of meaner things,
 Thoughts enclosed in words of granite
 Revolutionize our planet.
 And, itself a new creation,
 Many an enchanted tune,
 As of nightingale's in June,
 Comes floating down in long vibration,
 To the chorus of the hours
 Lending its harmonial powers,
 Or through Time's resounding arches
 Playing Nature's solemn marches,
 To whose beat the marshalled nations
 Pass in steady generations.

But deem not the thoughts unspoken,
 Silent despots of the brain,
 Build their airy halls in vain,
 Die and leave behind no token.
 As the stars upon the ether
 Play their golden monody,
 Flashing on dusk-featured night
 The soft miracle of light ;
 So upon a finer ether,
 A spiritual emanation
 From the whole mind of creation,
 Plays the brain incessantly ;
 And each thought is a vibration,

Running like a poet's rhyme
Down the endless chords of time,
And on each responsive brain
Dropping in a silver rain
Of divinest inspiration.

When the whirlwind rush of war
Passes, and is heard no more,
Voices crushed beneath its din
Rise and their long reign begin;
Thoughts like burning arrows hurled
At the tyrants of the world,
Thoughts that rend like battle axes
Till wrong's giant hand relaxes,
Thoughts that open prison gates
And strike the chains from prostrate limb,
That turn the current of the fates,
Like God's commissioned cherubim
With divine authority
To proclaim creation free,
And plant in human hearts the seeds
That shall grow to noble deeds.
Ha! when genius climbs the throne
Sacred to oppression-grown,
And from his seat plucks tyranny;
When, with thoughts that pierce like flame,
Songs, and every word a fame,
She crowns imperial Liberty,
Then shall the usurper, glory,
End his foul and brutal story,
And manhood evermore shall be
A synonym of liberty.



'IT STILL MOVES.'

It still goes on. The driving rain
May chill, but light will gleam again.
It still goes on. Truth's enemy
Wins a defeat with victory.
It still goes on. Cold winter's snow
Comes that the grass may greener grow;
And Freedom's sun, whate'er befall,
Shines warm and bright behind it all.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE REBELLION.

AMONG all the subjects of human cognizance, the least understood, and therefore the most difficult of anticipation, are those which concern the acts of men, as individuals or in society. Presumptuous, indeed, would be that man who should undertake to foretell the exact results of pending political or military operations, complicated as they must be by innumerable unknown and undiscoverable contingencies, which lie hidden in the circumstances of the actual situation. The difficulty of this investigation does not arise, however, from the absence of fixed laws controlling such events, but solely from our ignorance of those laws, and the extreme complexity of the conditions in which they act. The issue of existing causes is as certain at this moment, as it will be after it shall have become unalterable in history. No accident can disturb or thwart it; for, in truth, there can be no such thing as accident, except in our imaginations, and by reason of our incapacity to trace the continuous thread of inevitable sequence, or causation, which connects together all events whatever, in their inception, through their continuance, and to their end. All enlightened thinkers of the present age have recognized this great truth; and yet none have been able to apply to social and political affairs the sole admitted test of genuine philosophy, the prediction of future results from known antecedents. Indeed, the wisest and most competent of political observers have always been the most cautious in their indulgence of the prophetic spirit, and the most ready to acknowledge their ignorance of what the future will bring forth in the great field of political and social affairs. Gasparin, in his late admirable book, ‘*America before Europe*’ (according to his American translator),

has this very modest passage on this subject:

‘Not feeling any vocation for the character of prophet, I shall take care not to recount here, in advance, events that are about to happen. I marvel at people who are so sure of their facts. The future has not the least obscurity for them; it has much for me. I confine myself to protesting against the positive assertions which have contributed but too greatly to mislead the opinion of Europe. My humble theory is this: the defeat of the South is *probable*; the return of the conquered South to the Union is *possible*.’

But while ‘political or military vaticination’ is proverbially unsafe, and therefore to be carefully avoided by all judicious inquirers, and especially by practical statesmen, it must at the same time be admitted that some of the general laws controlling such events are well understood; and whenever all the facts of a case are known and appreciated, and the laws applicable fully comprehended, then it is possible to anticipate the results of that particular combination with absolute certainty. Other causes may interfere, and modify these results—may accelerate or postpone them, or entirely absorb and conceal them in the general issue of complicated affairs. Yet the particular results themselves are not, and cannot be defeated or annulled. They are merely transformed by a sort of ‘composition and resolution’ of social and political causes, exactly similar to that which takes place in mechanics, when two or more forces not concurrent in direction, impel a body in a line altogether different from that in which either of the forces may have acted. Every physical impulse, it is said, which is initiated anywhere on the earth, is felt to the extremities of our solar system—every motion of the smallest particle of matter communicating its effect, however inappreciable, to the

most distant planet, and as far beyond as the power of gravitation may extend. It is precisely so with all social events, even those of the most insignificant character. Every one of them has its appropriate influence, which is indestructible; and they all combine to make up the great whole of human action, the results of which at any specific period are only the necessary and inevitable consequences of all antecedent facts.

It was the opinion of that most accomplished political philosopher, Burke, that 'politics ought to be adjusted not to human reasonings, but to human nature, of which reason is but a part, and by no means the greatest part,'—the meaning of which is, simply, that the reasonings do not comprehend, as premises, all the complicated facts which enter into any important political problem, and hence the conclusion in such cases cannot be absolutely certain, and ought not to be implicitly received. It would be extremely difficult to explain how politics could be adjusted to human nature without the exercise of reason, which alone can regulate the process of adjustment. But we may certainly claim that, in the lapse of nearly a century since Burke wrote, the reason has been considerably enlightened, and something more has been learned of human nature itself, its apparently capricious and irregular phenomena having been ascertained to be the subjects of systematic order, as complete as that which prevails in all other departments of nature. The laws of social existence and development have been to some extent discovered, and recognized as being uniform in their operation, so that the natural and necessary course of human events may be anticipated, though as yet in a dim and imperfect way. The present age is fruitful of many wonders; but the greatest of them all is this important truth, which has just begun fairly to dawn upon mankind. It is already so firmly established, that no intelligent man who is

fully up with the knowledge of his epoch, can admit the least doubt that all events, however complicated, whether social, political, military, or of any other kind, are controlled by general laws, as uniform and certain in their operation as the laws of astronomy, of physics, or of chemistry. The complexity of conditions under which they operate, makes these laws extremely difficult of discovery and of application. But the infinite combinations of influences which press on the minds of individual members of society, and make the acts of each one of them apparently uncertain and arbitrary, exhibit a truly wonderful degree of uniformity, when considered in their operation on the whole mass of a nation. It is by the investigation of these wide and general effects, that the great laws of human action and development are ascertained. Their actual existence is absolutely certain. But after all, in the present state of our knowledge, with all the light afforded by such history as we have of the past, and with all the experience of the present generation, the sum and substance of what we can claim is no more than this: that some influences of a social and political nature may be traced to their certain results, though, from the intricacy of all social facts, their vast extent in a great nation, and especially when international interests are concerned, and from our necessarily imperfect acquaintance with all these varied, multiplex, and powerful conditions, we cannot always foresee what conflicting causes will intervene to counteract, modify, and control the actual issue. It is therefore only in the most general way that anything can be said with reference to the future in social or political affairs.

In two former articles contributed to *THE CONTINENTAL*, we have endeavored to point out 'the causes of the rebellion,' finding them in events and conditions contemporaneous with the birth of our institutions, and in the necessary antagonism of social and political prin-

ciples naturally developed in the progress of our country, and embodied in appropriate but conflicting forms. If we have been successful in designating the real causes, and tracing their operation through successive stages, down to the tremendous and calamitous events of the present day, we may hope to follow these causes, to some extent, in their further development, and in their necessary action on the destiny of the nation. We can at least mark the direction of the stream of affairs as it rolls grandly before us; and while we may not know precisely through what regions it will take its course, or by what rapids and over what cataracts it will be hurried and precipitated with furious and destructive force, we can nevertheless pronounce with confidence that it will finally make its way, in spite of all obstructions, to the broad and peaceful ocean of amelioration, into which all the currents of human action, however turbid, and filled with wrecks of human work and genius, eventually pour their inevitable tribute. We can even look through the mists of time which limit mortal vision, and catch some glimpses of the bloody current, observing where it disappears in gloom and shadow, only to come forth again in the distance as a shining river, glistening in the sunlight of peace and prosperity, and bearing on its bosom the full-freighted ark of a mighty nation, resting from war, reunited, and reawakened to the animating sense of a glorious destiny. Though the present generation should be compelled to struggle and labor, through its whole term of existence, with immense sacrifice and suffering, such are the elements involved in the contest, that nothing but good to the nation, which is surely destined to survive, can come out of it in the end.

The whole history of our country, its origin, the peculiar organization of our institutions, and their gradual growth and development down to the present day, seem to have been arranged and

ordered for the very purpose of engendering this contest between slavery and freedom. If this statement be too strong, we may at least assert that no better conditions for that purpose could have been devised, by human wisdom at all events, than those which existed at every stage of our progress, from the beginning of our existence as a people, to the culmination of this long-smouldering strife. The germs of freedom and slavery, which we know were planted in the infancy of our republic, found in the circumstances surrounding them the most favorable conditions for their respective growth and expansion. Each found ample opportunity to flourish according to its nature and necessities, modified, it may be, but not destroyed, by the unfavorable institutions which coexisted with it. The organization of separate colonies, and afterward of separate States, measurably independent, afforded these two irreconcilable systems full opportunity for complete development, and rendered it possible for them to maintain, each, a distinct existence in different localities, and to unfold their respective natures and tendencies, with comparatively little interference of the one with the other. Thus slavery soon became extinct in Massachusetts, and died out rather more slowly in the other Free States of the original thirteen. It flourished in Maryland and Virginia, and later, from peculiar circumstances, it grew rank, with unexampled fecundity, in the Carolinas and Georgia. Had the Government of the United States been consolidated, the conditions of slavery and free labor would have been wholly different; and it is reasonable to infer that the course of development of the respective systems would have been materially modified, if not altogether changed. We may pronounce with certainty that the institution would not have become extinct in the whole country as soon as it did in Massachusetts, or, indeed, in any one of the present Free States; but we can-

not assert that the converse of this proposition would have been true, and that the Government, as a centralized power, would have abolished slavery more certainly, and sooner, than the most backward of the separate States may now be expected to do, under the complex forms of our present Constitution. In a consolidated government, the power of the majority would have been competent to effect fundamental and universal changes, even to the extent of abolishing slavery; but without the existence of separate States, with their independent local legislation and administrations, the gradual undermining and destruction of the old system would have been a process of extreme procrastination and difficulty. It would have been a gigantic undertaking, convulsing the whole nation whenever attempted, and yet demanding the exercise of its united authority for its accomplishment. We should not have had the effective antagonism of the Free against the Slave States, nor the demonstration which results from the striking contrasts between the two systems in their effects on civilization, in all its forms of intelligence, enterprise, wealth, and improvement. Contiguous States, with separate jurisdictions, admitted a divergence of customs, laws, and institutions, remarkable in its character, and fraught with momentous consequences to the whole sisterhood. Nothing like this could have occurred under the consolidated form. It is true, according to the principles we have heretofore enounced as having been established by universal history and experience, slavery must have disappeared eventually, alike in a consolidated or a federal form of government; for it is now well understood by all enlightened thinkers, that different forms of polity may either facilitate or embarrass the natural development of society, but cannot actually create or altogether destroy the tendency to improvement. This tendency is innate in man, and independent of all forms of

government, though not wholly unaffected by them. But in our vast country, under a centralized system, however democratic, it would have been far more difficult to initiate the work of emancipation, on account of the magnitude and unity of the power to be moved, and for want of those *points d'appui* afforded by the local organization and independent authority of the states in a confederacy. Our own experience, and the recent example of Russia, may serve to convince us that a consolidated representative republic would probably have been less favorable to the abolition of slavery than an imperial and despotic government. The serf-owners of Russia, had the question been submitted to them, would have been as little disposed to vote for the destruction of their system, as the slave-holders of America have shown themselves inclined to submit to the voice of the majority under our republican institutions.

Thus, it was characteristic of our peculiar political forms, that they gave opportunity for the complete trial of each of the two plans of social organization which grew out of the early introduction of African slaves into the colonies. For while it seems to be clear that the federal system was most favorable to the disappearance of slavery from those localities where circumstances made emancipation easy and advantageous, it is equally plain that it afforded full scope to the growth and influence of the system of servile labor, wherever, from climatic conditions, it was peculiarly profitable, and otherwise adapted to the productions of the region, and to the prevailing sentiments of the people. The confederated form of government, therefore, almost of necessity originated the antagonism of Free States against Slave States; while, at the same time, and from the same cause, it enabled the opposite sections to give infinitely greater force and effect to this antagonism, than would have been possible

under any other constitutional conditions. Rebellion might possibly have been initiated within the bosom of a consolidated republic, and such a government might well have been broken into two or more fragments; but this would have been far less likely to happen in that case than in existing circumstances. At all events, there would have been no room for the dangerous doctrine of secession, and that plausible pretext would have been wanting to the incipient rebellion; nor would there have been anything equivalent to the State organizations which unfortunately afforded the ready means of immediate and most effective combination. The inestimable advantages of our complex political system in avoiding the necessary despotism of consolidated government, by establishing local legislation and administration in a number of partially independent States, were in some measure counterbalanced by a natural tendency to discord among the parts, and a capacity for independent action in support and perpetuation of dangerous divergencies of opinion and policy. If some States could repudiate slave labor, and gradually build the fabric of their prosperity on the safer basis of universal education, others could, with equal disregard of everything but their own will and fancied interests, cherish and encourage the original system of servile subordination and compulsory ignorance of the laboring class, with which all the States started into their career of independence at the commencement of the Revolution. And, unhappily, both parties to this discordant social action were unrestrained by any constitutional obligation, or by any common authority whatever, in the indulgence, within their respective limits, of mutual hatred and vituperation, with all those numberless and exasperating injuries which no law can either notice or redress. These conflicting capabilities, with their attendant dangers, lurked in the body of our political organization from the

very beginning. They were born with it; they grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, until the fatal hour when rebellion undertook the wicked work of its destruction. Whatever may be the actual issue of the struggle—whether the attempted dismemberment shall prove a success or a disastrous failure—the effect of the civil war on the character of our institutions must be commensurate with the organic character of the causes out of which it arose. So profound a disturbance of the existing social order, so vast an upheaval of the very foundations of the whole political fabric, must either rend it into fragments, and make necessary a complete reconstruction, or must cause it to settle down upon a basis firmer and more lasting than that on which it has hitherto rested. We think it almost absolutely certain that the latter result will be brought out in the end. It cannot be possible that our system will be utterly destroyed; and if, against all human probabilities, it should be momentarily overthrown, it will rise again hereafter in greater splendor and power, by reason of the very calamity through which it will have passed.

The federative system, on this continent, will never be abandoned; it will be far more likely to be extended much beyond its present limits, even including that immense territory which has been the theatre of its origin and glorious progress down to the present day. Its superiority over any system of consolidated power on a large scale, is beyond all doubt, inasmuch as it provides effectually for the perfect freedom of local legislation and administration, and for the full participation of all the parts in the government of the whole, as to those questions which concern the general interests. But in this very distribution of powers always consisted the greatest difficulty and the most threatening peril; for nothing but actual experience, long continued, could adjust to each other with perfect accuracy the

nicely balanced parts of this complicated political machinery. The principle of local independence is naturally liable to exaggeration and abuse. The State authorities have ever shown a tendency to claim absolute sovereignty, and to array their will against the authority of the Federal Government. This troublesome question, forever recurring in the important exigencies of our national life, has never been definitely settled, and perhaps it could not be, except under the pressure of a great and critical emergency like the present. One of the most important consequences of the rebellion will therefore be to dispose of this question forever—to settle the boundaries of the local and general authorities, and to fix them permanently and unalterably. This might possibly have been accomplished in the appointed way, by conventions and explanatory amendments to the Constitution. But such proceedings would have been subject to all the uncertain contingencies and delays involved in partisan struggles and popular elections, and to all the imperfections of halfway measures and expedients of compromise, born amid angry contentions, and bartered for by ambitious aspirants to place and power. By no other means could a complete and adequate arrangement of the difficulty be brought about so effectually as by the terrible lessons of this lamentable civil war. Nothing else would have been so well calculated to clear the eyes of the people of all illusions, and to give them an accurate insight into the character and demands of the crisis. Great disasters, which destroy the fortunes of men, and disturb the prosperity of nations, never fail to awaken the human soul, and impart to it some new and important truths. The sufferings and calamities of the war are indeed great and overwhelming; yet there will be some compensation for them all, in the sad experience we shall gain, and in the stability which will result to our sorely tried institutions in the future. Even if,

against all apparent possibilities, the rebellious States should finally conquer their independence, not only the old Government, but even the new one itself, or the batch of new ones that will spring up, will have learned the most salutary lessons from the whole course of this sanguinary struggle. No sundering of such ties as have always heretofore existed among these States can ever take place peaceably. Both we and our enemies will have been taught the never-to-be-forgotten truth, that secession is civil war. And we should probably have reason thereafter to add to this sad lesson the still more solemn and portentous one, that permanent separation of these States is nothing more nor less than perpetual war, with the accompaniments of large standing armies, vast public debts, oppressive taxes, loss of liberty, and progressive decline of civilization. This state of things would, however, eventually cure itself. What is called the balance of power in Europe has been brought to its present condition of imperfect stability only through centuries of war. What bloody commotions should we experience before the conditions of stable equilibrium could be attained by the warring States of our broken Union? Each petty fragment of the discordant mass would contain within itself the germs of precisely such a struggle as we are now passing through. For though the Confederate Government may have ostensibly recognized the actual sovereignty of the separate States composing it, and thereby pretended to establish the principle of secession as a right, the war will not have reached its termination before that doctrine will be practically and effectually destroyed in the very contest for its assertion. At the moment of its apparent triumph, secession itself would expire; for so strong a government will be indispensable to this achievement, and to the maintenance of the new power, that the very principle which presided at its birth will be superseded

and destroyed by the paramount necessities of its existence and condition. Any one of the deluded States which might in that case attempt to assert this right, would soon find, in renewed calamities, the folly and danger of the theory on which it is founded.

Nothing but the hope of foreign intervention has sustained the cause of the rebellion until the present time; and the realization of that hope can alone keep up its vitality, and give it success in the future. The disparity of strength and numbers in the two sections is decisive of the whole case, if they be left to conclude the fight themselves. The question is one of means and men, of resources and endurance; and when we consider the effects of the blockade, and of the probable action of the slaves under the policy of the President, or even under the ordinary progress of the war, no great length of time can be required to bring the contest to an issue, even if the armies of the Union should not at once succeed in overwhelming the enemy and taking possession of his country. In spite of discouraging delays and military blunders, and of all the waste of life and means which have hitherto marked the conduct of the war, the great struggle is still progressing rapidly, though silently, in other fields than those of battle, and with other weapons than bayonets and artillery. The sinews of war are gradually becoming shrivelled in the arm of the rebellion. Every bale of cotton locked up in the ports of the South, or hidden in its thickets and ravines, or given to the flames by the ruthless hands of the guerillas, is so much strength withheld from the enemy, and, in the vast aggregate, will eventually be equivalent to the overthrow of his armies and the capture of his cities. The large number of slaves rushing to our lines, and the still greater number rendered restless under restraint, and preparing to escape, may be expected, in another year, to make even his supply of bread pre-

carious, and still further to paralyze his strength and destroy his means of resistance. But in addition to these accumulating difficulties and misfortunes, our armies are everywhere moving down upon him apparently with irresistible force, and threaten to anticipate the slower, but not less certain work of physical exhaustion. He is hard pressed in Virginia, where his pretended capital is again menaced; he is driven out of Kentucky and Missouri, and is fast receding before our victorious forces in Tennessee. We have penetrated into Mississippi, and await only the swelling of the waters to capture its last stronghold, Vicksburg, when the great valley from Cairo to New Orleans will be in our possession, and the rebel confederacy will be sundered through its very spine. We hold important points on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf, including the great metropolis of the South, New Orleans, and the whole coast of Texas.

By her own energies alone, these losses can never be recovered by the South. Without aid from abroad, there is not the remotest possibility of prolonging the contest for another year, much less of establishing the Confederate Government on any permanent basis. And even with such interference, supposing it to be successful, the career of the new power would be brief, and full of trouble. It would merely exchange its position of equality in the old Union, for one of degrading dependence and subserviency to some one of the great European Governments. The system of slavery could not be preserved. The demoralization has already gone too far; and no French sovereign or English administration could safely venture to interfere in our quarrel for the purpose of upholding that institution. In the midst of a dissolving social organization, this exhausted and fragmentary American power, galvanized into temporary vitality by the sinister aid of foreign arms, would be compelled to undertake the

task of determining its boundaries, defending its frontiers, and reorganizing its chaotic society. All this would have to be accomplished in the presence of a still powerful adversary, jealous of her own rights, and ever ready to assert them, as opportunity would permit, in the face of all opposition. European affairs are not yet so thoroughly adjusted, and the peace of that continent established on so firm a basis, that complications may not be anticipated at almost any moment, which would at once free America from the disgraceful trammels of foreign intervention. It is doubtful whether such a movement from Europe could be successful, even under all the deplorable difficulties which now beset our country. Let any one of those Governments lay its hand on the United States, and revolution would probably hasten to rear its awful head, and so arouse the people of the continent as to shake and endanger the very thrones which now seem to be most firmly established. The unfriendly blow aimed at us might possibly react upon its authors, and transfer to them the misfortunes and disorders which now afflict this country. So just a retribution is not beyond the probabilities of the present situation in Europe, whether intervention should come from the English aristocracy or from the French emperor. The instincts of the people, everywhere, are on our side; their strong arms may not be slow to vindicate the judgment they pronounce, and to follow the sentiments and sympathies which animate their generous hearts.

But in spite of all difficulties and discouragements, at home or abroad, we firmly believe our righteous cause will eventually prevail, and the Union be restored to even more than its former glory. The overthrow of the power of the rebellion, the utter exhaustion of all its resources, and the frightful derangement of its entire social economy, will leave the people of the South in a condition of helplessness which

will render further resistance impracticable. An immediate resumption of hostilities will be effectually prevented by the military force which will necessarily be maintained for some time after the close of the final campaign of the war; and before the strength of the rebellious States can be recruited for another similar contest, new ideas will be engendered, and new sentiments of attachment to the Union may be expected to grow up and take the place of that unnatural bitterness which has exasperated the war and prolonged its horrors. An inevitable change of institutions in the South, with moderate and conciliatory measures on the part of the North, will serve gradually to heal the dangerous wound, self-inflicted, which has so nearly destroyed the very existence of the fairest and most favored part of our country. In the end, a homogeneous society will extend over the whole Union, and new vigor will be infused into our political organization, by reason of its recovery from the terrible disease by which it has been attacked and for a time utterly prostrated. The alterative effects of this critical danger overcome, and of the treatment rendered necessary, will doubtless be one of the most important consequences of the rebellion.

The dogma of secession, as applied to our complex government, is inconsistent with reason, and has often been effectually refuted by argument. But sophistry, stimulated by ambition, was ever ready to renew the controversy, and to perpetuate it in all the forms of vicious logic and plausible ratiocination. The appeal to force, however, has done something more than refute an argument; it has already discomfited the whole theory, and it will not end short of the utter annihilation of the very idea of secession as a right, and as a remedy for any evils, fancied or real, which may be suffered or imagined under our Government. After the close of the war, when men look back to its bloody fields and its awful

sacrifices, they will be amazed at the insane folly which permitted them to consider the great American Union, with its honorable history, its wonderful progress, its immense power, and its proud standing among the nations, as a mere league among petty states, to be dissolved at pleasure—as a thing to be broken into fragments, and to be divided among ambitious aspirants, to be made the sport of domestic faction, or of foreign rapacity and domination, changing its form and proportions with every change of popular feeling and every restless movement of popular discontent. These fatal delusions will be made to disappear forever, and in their place there will remain in the minds of men the image of a majestic Government, tried in the furnace of civil war, made solid and immovable by its grand and successful efforts to resist the threatened overthrow of its power, and becoming paternal by the recovery of its wonted strength, which will permit and require the exercise of magnanimous forbearance even toward those misguided citizens who have raised their traitorous hands against it. Thus, with the awe and fear which will be inspired by the tremendous energy put forth to conquer the rebellion—an energy which will appear only so much the greater and more imposing in proportion to the difficulties and dangers met and overcome—there will be mingled the better sentiments of love and veneration for a Government which re-establishes order, secures protection to all civil rights, and restores, unimpaired, the liberties which have been disregarded for a time, in order that they might be permanently saved. To the people of the United States, the Union will be what it never was before, and what it never could have been without the sad experience it is undergoing now. Not that any change of form need be effected, or any violence done to the principles on which our system is founded. The change will be solely in the spirit in which our

institutions will be administered, arising from the altered sentiments and feelings of the whole people. They will see their Government in a new light—a light thrown on it by the grand events of the rebellion, revealing capabilities and powers not hitherto known to exist, and exhibiting it as the sole refuge in times of commotion and danger, standing unmoved amidst the storm, impregnable to all its violence. In the public recognition, by universal acquiescence, it will be considered stronger than before; and this transformation will be as much a change in the minds of the people as in the character and functions of the Government itself.

There is, however, no good reason why the central power should acquire inordinate strength, and absorb any part of the legitimate functions of the local governments. A more liberal interpretation of the Constitution will somewhat extend the federal powers, and there will necessarily be greater intensity in the exercise of acknowledged authority; nevertheless, consolidation need not be the subject of serious apprehension. At the beginning of the war, when the Union was sorely beset with the most imminent dangers, the executive power was extended far beyond its ordinary limits; and perhaps this excess of action has been in some cases too long continued, and has been made to embrace objects not legitimately within the emergency which originally justified the departure. But even under present circumstances, there can be no just cause for alarm. There can be no real danger, until the people shall have become either overawed and silenced by terror, or careless and indifferent to the encroachments on liberty. Such is evidently very far from being the case now. The recent elections have shown how entirely free is the expression of opinion, and how completely untrammelled the political action of the people, who, in this instance, have been charged with follow-

ing their leaders even beyond the bounds of just opposition, into the dangerous position of giving encouragement to the enemy. Both parties, however, place their own peculiar construction on these popular decisions, and it is difficult to determine, with any accuracy, what is their actual import. We only know that so extensive a change, affecting the position of many of the largest States, indicates a serious dissatisfaction of some kind; though it is by no means probable that the people have intended to sanction the extreme and mischievous views of some of the candidates, who, here and there, have secured their election. Factional divisions in the loyal States, at this critical period, would be ruinous to the cause of the Union. They would distract the public mind and weaken the arm of the Government, so as to endanger its success in the war. There is no indication of any such intention on the part of the people, whatever may be the designs of some of those who have been successful leaders of this threatening opposition. And the only effect which ought to follow the recent popular demonstration is to admonish the Government, and check it in those errors which are only too natural in the mighty contest in which it is now engaged. The necessity for decision, vigor, and courage, is indeed apparent; and the temptation to go beyond the limits even of proper martial energy, is perhaps a sufficient excuse for those in power, whose deep sense of responsibility and honest zeal in a holy cause may sometimes lead them astray. It is not always given to men in high position to remain cool and calm in great emergencies, and to take comprehensive views of the requirements of so tremendous a contest, as its aspects vary from time to time. The necessary exercise of military authority for the preservation of the Government, however harsh and severe it may be, will be everywhere justified, and even applauded. But there are limits which

even military license ought to respect; and when the executive authorities go beyond the bounds of reason and necessity, they ought themselves to be grateful to those who may have the courage to throw themselves into the breach and sternly resist the violation of right. The men in power ought to reflect that they are always liable to be surrounded by subservient partisans, whose fears or selfish purposes may induce them to applaud, when they ought to condemn and reprove. Unfortunately, when such parasites are listened to and rewarded, there is little hope of just and patriotic action; and this state of things leaves no channel of escape, through which the public discontent can be manifested, except that of partisan opposition, which, in the existing crisis, is perhaps more dangerous even than the evil it pretends to condemn and cure. While party divisions, in the midst of dangers such as now threaten us, are greatly to be deplored, we can, nevertheless, derive some satisfaction from results which otherwise we cannot altogether approve. All the essential principles of freedom still remain, through this great trial, undestroyed and unsuppressed by terrorism; and the popular patriotism and sound common sense, though liable to be misled at first, will eventually pronounce a just and enlightened judgment. Parasites and flatterers may shrink from the task of dissent; but the great heart of the people will find some means of expression; and happy will be our country if their honest warnings, given upon 'the sober second thought,' shall be noticed and duly heeded. There will then be no danger of any serious invasions of liberty, or of any permanent absorption of the proper constitutional functions of the States by the Federal Government. Doubtless the central power will be, and ought to be strengthened. Its standing army will necessarily be larger than before the rebellion; the public debt will be greatly increased; the taxes will be heavier;

and the revenue and disbursements larger. Though its functions will remain essentially the same in nature, they will have a broader sweep and a greater power. This enlargement of its ordinary action will naturally invest it with all the means and capacities necessary for its own protection, and without any change of the Constitution, it will be recognized as the true embodiment of our permanent nationality, forever paramount in its appointed sphere and appropriate functions to those of the individual States composing it. The sum and substance of the change will be merely that the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the system will have become so completely adjusted to each other, that from this time forward the eternal equilibrium of the whole will be secured. The States will not be shorn of any power rightfully theirs, and necessary for their safety and progress; but they will be fixed in definite orbits, with the limits of their authority distinctly circumscribed and established.

All social changes, sooner or later, produce their appropriate effects on political institutions; and no results of the rebellion will be more prominent and important than those which will follow the inevitable disappearance of slavery. A new system of labor will be inaugurated in the border States, as well as in those now in rebellion. The great act of emancipation may not be immediate; nor is it by any means desirable it should be. So radical a change in the condition of millions of uneducated men would be quite as inconvenient, and, indeed, disastrous to themselves, for the time being, as to their present owners. Society itself would be thrown into the utmost confusion, and all the resources of both parties would be temporarily much diminished, if not nearly destroyed. But, whether suddenly or gradually, this fundamental change must take place; for it is self-evident that slavery cannot survive the present struggle.

The proclamation of the President, which is to take effect on the 1st of January next, will make emancipation more complete and speedy; but the same result would have followed the stubborn resistance of the rebels, even without that momentous act. It would be a mischievous error to believe that emancipation was originally the aim and object of the war on the part of the Union, and that the liberation of slaves, which was sure to follow its progress, is the direct act of our authorities, and not the proper consequence of the rebellion itself. A war waged for and on account of slavery—for its increase and perpetuation—necessarily, by its own nature, puts that institution at stake, and risks it on the contingency of failure. Compelled, in defence of the national unity, to carry the war into the heart of the Southern States, the world acquiesces in that sound and necessary policy, which releases the slaves, and sets them free forever, as fast as they come within the protection of our armies. The proclamation is a measure of the same nature, intended to destroy the resources of the enemy, and to wound him in his most vulnerable point. But it can accomplish little more than the previous policy; for the slumbering hopes of the slaves were aroused by the first gun fired at Charleston in the beginning of the struggle. Every movement of armies, and every bloody battle, which has since taken place, has only served to inflame their desire for freedom, and to fix their determination to obtain it. They have received and gladly welcomed the obscure idea, that, in some way, this sanguinary conflict was initiated for their benefit, and will not end without their complete emancipation. In this they are not mistaken. The final suppression of the rebellion by military force will be the perfect consummation of that end, accomplished through the treason and wicked folly of the South herself. If she persevere in her stubborn resistance to the au-

thority of the Union, the great measure of liberation will be the result of her own blind and wilful acts of madness, and this as well through their natural and necessary consequences as by the terms and import of the President's proclamation. Let slavery destroy itself. It is a just and righteous judgment that, in its atrocious effort to destroy the nation, it should accomplish chiefly, if not solely, its own violent and bloody death. Such retribution often attends the commission of great crimes; but it seldom happens that effects so momentous for good flow from the infliction which seems intended only for punishment.

Under all circumstances, with or without the proclamation, slavery must disappear soon after the suppression of the rebellion. From that time, the States will become more and more homogeneous in their social organization. This will tend to promote unanimity among them all, and therefore, by an obvious process, to strengthen the rightful power of the Federal Government. The vast extent of our country, comprising so many varieties of condition and climate, and such diversities of production, rising through every grade of elevation, from the Atlantic seacoast to the central mountains, and thence again descending to the shores of the Pacific, with mighty rivers running through nearly twenty parallels of latitude—this magnificent seat of republican power affords the most unbounded resources for industry in all its employments, and for commercial interchange of productions on the most gigantic scale. With free labor prevailing everywhere throughout this vast and splendid region of the temperate zone, no limits can be assigned to the national progress. The population, wealth, activity, and intelligence of the most favored among the Free States at the present day, can alone offer the measure and example of what the whole will be in the full maturity of the new system. No European

complexities of inter-state relations, no oppressive restrictions on domestic commerce, no fatal divergencies of opinion and feeling, no important differences of language and literature—none of these obstructions to harmony and progress will interfere with the continental development and glorious destiny of our Federal Union. All that the earth yields from her teeming surface, or from her deep-embowelled mines; all that enterprise can accomplish with exhaustless means, the best facilities, and the most stupendous objects; and all that genius can create, when stimulated by the richest rewards and the freest opportunities for untrammelled exertion, will supply us with the means and materials for an almost infinite variety of pursuits and occupations; but, at the same time, the essential unity of our complex institutions will be maintained, and their power extended and exalted by the homogeneity and uniformity of social conditions which will prevail more and more with the lapse of years and the succession of generations. The blood of all kindred races will be mingled with advantage in the veins of the cosmopolitan American; religions will be harmonized and unified by the most fraternal liberality and unbounded toleration; and the common enlightenment of the whole people by means of universal education will exalt them to a condition of unexampled power and prosperity. Just as dissensions among the States tend to weaken the central power, their uniform and cordial coöperation will give immense strength to the whole. Nor will this increase of power be at all dangerous, because it will be only the legitimate consequence of the greater progress and prosperity of the States themselves. To whatever height the greatness of the Union may attain, it will be determined exactly by that of the States which compose it—the pyramid of its power being made up of theirs, which are but the enduring

blocks of which the mighty structure is built.

If social unity and political strength will be promoted by the suppression of the rebellion and the disappearance of slavery, the ties of our Union will be made stronger also by other causes. Emerging from the war victorious, not only without being seriously injured, but with eventual and speedy increase of power, the Union will command the respect of foreign nations in a higher degree than ever before. Those European nations, or rather their rulers and nobles, who now in their malignant envy hope for the permanent dismemberment of America, will then hail her resuscitation with a zeal which will be none the less advantageous to us for being forced from them in spite of their present hate and detraction. If the division of our country would destroy its influence abroad, and subject the parts to constant intrigues and interference from foreign powers, the restoration of the Union with even more than its former glory will give us unexampled weight in the counsels of mankind. Our unexpected and astounding exhibition of military power, our thorough command of the American continent, and its immense resources, hardly yet begun to be developed, and the unlimited prosperity which the future will assuredly bring us, cannot fail to strike the minds of European thinkers, and to awaken deep interest among the European people. The stream of immigration, interrupted by the war, will be renewed with at least its former fulness, and will keep pace with the demands of our country for labor and population. The South may then be expected to receive her full share of this increase by people from abroad, and will then commence that process of condensing and permanently fixing her population, without which she can never attain any high position in the scale of civilization.

The large public debt destined to be incurred, may be expected to have

some influence in preventing immigration and improvement; but unless the war shall unfortunately linger far beyond the period at which its end is now anticipated, the liabilities of the Government will not be so great as to prevent the speedy return of our usual prosperity. A different and far better system of taxation will be required—one more favorable to commerce and at the same time equally productive, or at least sufficiently so to meet all our liabilities and provide for the extinguishment of the debt within a reasonable time. One of the advantages attending this great debt and modifying its certain evils and burdens, will be the necessity of devising a stable revenue system, intended solely to provide means for sustaining the Government and meeting the public obligations. Periodical changes, often depending on party ascendancy and popular elections, have hitherto marked the financial policy of our Government. So long as the sources of revenue were superabundant and the demands of the Treasury very moderate, we could well afford to make experiments, and even to depart from the true principles of taxation, or at least to do so without any very serious or ruinous consequences. Now, however, when the public expenditure is about to be vastly increased, and when it will be for the first time really felt by the people, it will become the first duty of our rulers to study the extent and true character of our resources, and to adjust the burdens of taxation, with all practicable fairness, to the respective capacities of all classes and interests. We may expect to have a system stable and permanent in its principles, if not in its details; and the basis of this system will be a wise arrangement of duties on imports, which must, from various reasons, ever form the great bulk of our taxes.

It is not an American maxim that a great public debt is a public blessing; nor is it likely that an educated and eminently practical people like ours

will ever accept that mischievous paradox. Yet if it be desirable that our large public debt should be widely scattered among the people, so that every man may be directly interested in maintaining the public credit and the stability of the Government, the present system, now but imperfectly adapted to that object, might easily be made to accomplish it fully. If the Treasury notes recently issued were the only paper circulation in the country—that is to say, if the banks were prohibited, by taxation or otherwise, from making any issues of their own—the Government might increase their amount to at least five hundred millions, with even less than the present depreciation, and would thus enjoy the benefit of a loan to that amount without the payment of any interest. As it is now, the banks get the advantage of a great part of this extensive loan, and at the same time perform a function which properly belongs to the Government—that of furnishing a currency for the people. By the proposed system, the entire community would be interested in this part of the public debt, and would doubtless find the circulating medium much safer and better than that now manufactured by the numberless banks chartered by the States. The issue of these notes by State institutions was always an evasion of that clause of the Constitution which prohibits the States from issuing bills of credit, and is plainly against the spirit and intention of the instrument. If our public debt should, in this way, eventually drive all bank notes out of circulation and banish them forever,

it will have accomplished a valuable work in restoring the true construction of the Constitution, and, in this particular at least, will have proved a public blessing. It will be very easy, in the course of time, to redeem the Treasury notes, and gradually to substitute for them a species of national paper based on actual deposits, which will afford all the conveniences with none of the dangers of the present system, by which the local banks virtually establish the currency of the country, flooding it with all varieties of paper, without uniformity in value, with no adequate control or regulation of its quantity, thus producing periodical convulsions and robbing the people of their hard-earned savings.

If the rebellion, by the burdens which it leaves behind, shall bring about these two results—the adoption of a wise and permanent system of revenue, and the establishment of a sound currency by the prohibition of all bank circulation—it will have accomplished ends only inferior in importance to the two primary consequences, the overthrow of the principle of secession and the destruction of slavery. Thus, this tremendous convulsion would bring out of the chaos a new order in the political world, by annihilating secession, and by perpetuating the Union and banishing all fear of its dissolution; in the social, by substituting free men for slaves; in the financial, by a permanent adjustment of tariffs and taxation; and in the commercial, by the prohibition of bank paper and the substitution of a safe and uniform currency.

'I;' OR, SUMMER IN THE CITY.'

'I love the sweet security of streets.'—CHARLES LAMB.

'I,' my charming friend, do not fully sympathize with the late Mr. Lamb's statement, as quoted above; which statement I always have believed partially owed its origin to its very tempting alliterative robe.

For myself, I do *not* particularly like the 'sweet security of streets,' but vastly prefer 'a boundless contiguity of shade,' especially during the present month—August—or

'A life on the ocean wave.'

I do not mean a permanent residence there—that would be liable to be damp and unhealthy, and altogether too insecure to be 'sweet;'—but when I say a 'life on the ocean wave,' it is merely my poetical license for a cottage at Newport. (I wish, indeed, that I had any *but* a poetical one for such a possession!)

But what folly for me to talk of a cottage there! when my limited income does not even admit of a cot in the cheapest of seaside inns.

Gentle reader! shrink not from me when, in addition to this melancholy confidence, I also announce to you that I live in town—in 'Boston town,' to be accurate—during August! I belong to the 'lower orders of society;' and my only Newport is the Public Garden, or a walk to Longwood, and, when I am *very* affluent, a horse-car drive to Savin hill, where a teaspoonful of sea view is administered to the humble wayfarer.

Yes! I positively did exist in the city, not only through the month of August, but all the summer days of all the summer months. I mention *August* in the city, because I know that has a peculiarly God-forgotten and forsaken sound.

I should soon cease to exist anywhere, I fancy, if I did *not* stay in

town, for (horror No. 2!) I work at a trade in order to earn my daily bread and coffee! What my particular trade is, I am not going to divulge—that shall remain a delicious mystery (the only delicious thing about it); only this much I will confide: I do not, *à la* Mr. Frederick Altamont, 'sweep the crossing.' Unhappy Altamont! he did not appreciate the sweet security of streets.

'Poor thing!' you exclaim, 'work at a trade?'

Rest tranquil, fair one; the phrase doubtless sounds harshly to your delicate, aristocratic ears. (Oh, what lovely earrings!) Be tranquil! I do not work *very* hard; my hands are perhaps so audacious as to be as small, as white, and as soft as your own.

But I have to 'work reg'lar,' every week day of all the months of every year; and when the time arrives for me to go into the country, I shall not return again to Boston; for I shall go to a land from whence no traveller returns. *Apropos* of this rather dismal topic: A queer cousin of mine, 'Sans Souci,' who has a taste for 'morbid anatomy,' was the other day enjoying himself with Mr. Smith, the cheerful sexton of the King's Chapel. These two were 'down among the dead men,' under the church, when Mr. Smith apologized for leaving my cousin, on the plea that he had a previous engagement to take a young gentleman into the country—a delicate way of stating that he was about to convey a body out to Mount Auburn!

Some fine day, I too shall take a drive with some Mr. Smith—not, of course, *the* S. C. Smith, for, as I have mentioned, 'I' belong to the 'lower orders.'

Now let me tell you of *my* Newport,

and of what mitigations there are for the poor wretches who pass their summer in the city, to whom the joys of Sharon, Saratoga, the Hudson, and of Lake George are as impossible as though these delightful resorts were in other planets. Perhaps, like Mr. T. A.'s 'good Americans,' they have a vague hope that when they die they can visit these famous places! For myself, I long ago made out my 'visiting list.' Oh, bless you! as soon as I shall be 'out of the body,' I shall start on the most delightful tour (no bother about the luggage, checks, or couriers!); it will be years and years before I fairly 'settle down' in that

'bright particular star'

I have selected for my permanent residence. Yes! you horrible madame! oh, you horrible madame, who express your fears that I shall 'never be settled,' speaking of me as if I were the coffee in your coffee-pot—(only, of course, such a well-regulated dame's coffee is never anything but *quite* clear and settled)—yes, to relieve your poor, narrow mind, I can bid you hope that in another and pleasanter world I fully expect to be—'settled.' I tell you this beforehand, for I am very sure that you won't go to the same planet, and therefore will never have the satisfaction of knowing the fact from personal observation.

But what am I about? Building castles in the skies! Mr. Editor Leland, as usual, protests against my sad lack of con-cen-tra-tion! Let us concentrate, therefore, my beloved hearers! With or without sugar? Oh, I was beginning to tell you about Newport—*my* Newport, the Public Garden of Boston, *alias* Hub-opolis—which you, poor things! belonging to the 'higher orders' and living on Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, and the Duke of Devonshire streets, never have a chance to see in its Augustan pomp and glory. In fact, till this summer, its 'pomp and glory' were quite concealed by

dust and ashes; but now, thanks to the 'City Fathers,' it is

'Ye land of flowers.'

Let me describe it to you; for though your dwellings are directly opposite, yet, custom compelling you to leave them before the flower season begins, you in reality know less of it than I do, living in a street whose name must not be mentioned to ears polite. 'Tis far from the Beacon 'haunts of men,' far from the Garden, and uncommonly far from the Common. I rise betimes on these summer mornings, and, before I go to my work, shaking off the dust of my obscure street, I enter your sacred precincts, oh, F. F. B.'s! Bless you, it can do you no harm, for even your boudoirs do not look out at me; their eyes are shuttered to all such vulgar sights. It was impertinent, but this morning I pitied you (*you!*) that you could not see the wondrous beauty of the—*city in August!*

The morning was gloriously beautiful: it might have been the sister to that one born so long ago, on which its Creator looked, and said that it was 'good.' I actually forgot that I had no position; I imagined I had, for the very brightest beauty filled my soul—I saw angels ascending and descending (not Beacon street, as in the winter season) the charmed air around me. 'Ye land of flowers,' indeed! All of them mine—mine, though I must not pluck the humblest one. In truth, I had no desire to do so. Why should I take the lovely creatures from their beautiful home, to the close, dull room where I must sit all the bright day? Let me rather think of them fresh, free, and happy there, as I often think of a golden-haired child in heaven; one so dear to my heart of hearts, I bless God that I *can* think of her there with the angels who stand nearest the Throne—and far, far away the weary paths that I must tread—to the end. But if heaven had not wanted another cherub, and she had been left to be the flower

of my life, think you I could have seen her beauty wither in the dull room to which I must hasten in an hour? No! a thousand times no! I should leave her with her sisters in the garden here, with her cousins, the birds and butterflies, while I worked for both. Lilies must neither 'toil nor spin.' How idly I am dreaming! She is far away from this worky-day world; I shall never see her again, but in dreams, as now! Little sister! with starry eyes, and soft curls clustering around the sweet infant face; so many nights the same bright vision—with the same wreath which I myself placed on her head, of May's pale flowers, and she the palest. Only lilies of the valley, I remember, seemed fitting for my darling's brow, or to grow on

ANNIE'S GRAVE.

Bright Roses, wither on the spray!
Your sweetness mocks the doom
Of her whose cheeks, so pale to-day,
Were rivals of your bloom.

Sweet Violets, I charge ye, fade!
Wear not those robes of blue,
For eyes are closed which Nature made
Of a more lovely hue.

Pale Lilies, sad and drooping low,
With perfume like her breath,
On Annie's grave alone shall grow,
Fair flower, plucked by Death.

* * * * *

Call it an affectation, if you will, but I never take a flower from its home without a slight twinge of pain. I *know* it suffers! However, I have no scruples in accepting flowers after they are plucked by others. So pray do not hesitate about sending me that superb bouquet, which you intended to send me *to-morrow*! Have you never observed the brutal habit which 'some persons' have, of recklessly attacking shrubs and flowers, as though they were rank weeds (or secessionists), and, without in the least enjoying their spoils, tossing their quivering, trembling victims aside, before they are dead or even withered? Such are not worthy of

flowers, excepting French flowers, which are not supposed to suffer. Oh, my countrywomen! would that they *did* suffer a little from our neglect.

Do you know who Lacoontolâ is? I have made her acquaintance this summer, and find it one of the compensations for passing the summer in town.

She is to be found at the City Library—'Lacoontolâ, or, The Fatal Ring,' translated from the Sanscrit. Go there for her, I pray you, and you will admire with me the exquisite description of her tenderness to these 'flower people,' as Mrs. Mann calls them.

But, pardon! You who belong to the 'highest orders' must be already intimate with Mlle. Lacoontolâ, for she is highly connected: her papa was a king (quite equal in position to Mr. Abe Lincoln); her mamma, I regret to state, though a very charming person, was an actress or goddess, or something in that line. Lacoontolâ, however, in spite of her papa's indiscretion, married a prince, and was, in fact, perfectly genteel and quite religious. Before her marriage, she appears to have 'lived in the woods' the year round; her wardrobe being 'turu-lural.' She used to wear the 'dearest' little zouave of the 'tender bark' of the 'Aurora tree.'

'Rich and rare were the gems she wore,'

for her bracelets were the 'long perfumed stems of the waterlilies!' and in her hair the lotus flower, in place of a lace *barbe*!

There is a very beautiful description of Lacoontolâ's love and tender treatment of all the flowers and shrubs—her companions—and of all *dumb* animals. (*On dit* that the prince was henpecked by *Mrs. L.!*)

This wild girl had a human love for the forest flowers; she says to thee, Madhari Creeper: 'Oh, most radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms: from this day, though at a dis-

tance, I shall forever be thine.' How unconventional! I fancy Mlle. L. must have inherited this style of conversation from her mamma; all very well, when confined to flowers and 'creeping' things; but one day, as she was out walking, she met 'by chance—the usual way,' Prince Dushuranti, and our young lady said pretty much the same sort of thing to him as to the 'Creeper,' falling violently in love with him at first sight. It struck H. R. H. as a little peculiar—rather extraordinary in a well-bred miss; but as it was leap year, and learning that she was the only child, and would inherit all of papa's immense fortune, he married her 'off-hand;'—well, that very afternoon at four o'clock—by the sundial. You see it didn't take so long 'in those days,' to get the trousseau, and all 'the things' in readiness. Papa raised his sceptre-wand, and mumbled some infernal gibberish—and, lo! all the trees and shrubs blossomed instantly, with the 'sweetest loves' of things trimmed with 'real point;'—well, with something just as delicious to the soul of a young (or middle-aged) maiden on the eve of matrimony. There was no necessity, either, for an order to Bigelow Bros., Boston—since, if Dushuranti wished to present her with a pair of bracelets on her wedding day, he had but to 'push out' on the pond, and get some waterlilies!

The 'gibberish' in which the old gentleman is said to have invoked the backwoods 'Chandlers' and 'Hoveys,' I will obligingly translate for you, as possibly you may not be able to read it in the original Sanscrit! Oh! don't tell *me* that you 'won't trouble me,' and all that. I *will* bore you, and nobody can save you!

'Hear, O ye trees of this hallowed forest, hear and proclaim that Lacoontolâ is going to the palace of her wedded lord. She who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though

she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are sprayed with flowers,' &c., &c. Should you like a photograph of this charming person, Lacoontolâ, taken by Black & Batchelder, at the time of her marriage, 'Williams & Everett' can oblige you. You will perceive, from her picture, that she is not too fond of dress, or a 'slave to fashion.'

'Rappacimi's daughter' (one of Hawthorne's Mosses) was a morbid 'Lacoontolâ.' She loved her flowers,—'not wisely, but too well!' She became a sort of exterminatrix—a strychninus young person! From the poisonous *arsenic* embraces of her garden loves, she acquired, you remember, her fatal, glowing beauty—beauty altogether 'too rich for use, for earth too dear,' since it consigned the 'party' ensnared by it to the silent tomb!

'Rappacimi's daughter,' indeed! Lovely girl-woman, seated at yonder bay window (to be accurate, the 'Back Bay window'!), playing with your ten cherub children; your tropical 'midsummer-night's-dream' beauty recalls Beatrice (Hawthorne's Beatrice I mean). How many have *you* slain, my love? And Madame Grundy echoes: 'Their name is legion!' 'A quick brunette, well moulded, falcon-eyed'! As in the description of Beatrice, one is reminded 'of all rich and intense colors'—the purple-black hair, the crimson cheek, the scarlet lips. And the eyes? ah! gazing into those wonderful eyes, one forgets the color they wear, in trying to interpret their language! 'Cleopatra!' who would not be an Antony for thee? *I would not!*

I have unconsciously interrupted a lady in her morning bath!—the 'stone lady' of the fountain. She seems to be looking for her Turkish towel, judging from her anxious expression! Rather a good-looking person—quite pretty, if only she would go to Summer street and purchase a black silk. Dress, I

fancy, would improve 'her style of beauty.' Poor thing! it's rather a long walk to take, *à la* 'Lacoontolá'! I must lend her my waterproof, only she appears already to be waterproofed! How she *must* envy the coloring and the clothes of my beautiful dame of the window!

But my hour is passing away! '*Resurgam*'—as the sun incorrectly remarked this morning—and go on my way, rejoicing to say 'bon jour' to all my dear flower friends. And first, the 'Asters'—they always were rich, you know, from 'John Jacob' down; but this summer, *malgré* taxes and curtailment of incomes and go-comes, the family appear in unprecedented splendor. What gorgeous Organdies! all quilled in the fashion—but not by Madame Peinot: her cunning right hand, with all its cunning, ne'er quilled so exquisitely. Those graceful, fragile Petunias (what a family of sisters!), in their delicate *glaze* silks (ratherish *décolleté*!), and the Superbia, Empress 'Gladiolus,' in brocade of such daring hues, may call the Asters 'stiff and prudish' in their quilled muslins; but, what say the Asters in return? Ah! what do they *not* say?

The Verbenas seem fairly delirious this morning, as though the consciousness of their own beauty made them run wildly from their beds into the paths, to say to the passers-by, with their bright little faces:

'See! am I not charming?'

Well, you *are* pretty—*very* pretty; but I care not for you as for your plain-er stepsister, the 'sweet-scented Verbena.' She has a pale, sad face; but she has a *soul*, which you have not, poor things! for perfume is the soul of 'flower people.'

But, who wants gold? Lives there a man with purse so full who does *not* want it? Well, then, snatch that heap of sunshine, that dazzling Coreopsis, and be off before the policeman turns into this path. Ah, ye Daylilies! You break my heart with your moonlight faces. Standing apart from the world-

flowers, like novices in their white veils, who offer the incense of their beauty to Heaven—oh! give a little of your perfume to a poor un-otto-of-rosed mortal—breathe on me, and I can laugh at the costly 'Wood Violet,' 'Eglantine,' and 'Rose,' with which Harris & Chapman scent their patronesses—to be dollared in return!

Daylilies, your perfume is too subtle, too vague, to be coined or 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in scent bottles.

Ah! the flowering Mosses; they seem to be having one eternal picnic with the Myrtles and Verbenas, playing forever that dear-to-children game of 'Tag'! Some are arrayed in Solferino velvets, rather heavy for this warm day! Prettier these, in soft rose-colored robes, and this, in a

'Oh! call me fair, not pale'—

well, *almost* pale robe, the very climax of delicacy: the faintest thought of rose color alone prevents one from calling it lily-white. I am reminded of you, O flower-named friend! Vision of loveliness! which has in a few never-to-be-forgotten days oasised my Sahara life. Now I have reached the pond—*my* Lake George! It is fresh and breezy this morning, after last night's thunder-shower, and the mimic waves are impatiently breaking over the thus-far-shalt-thou-go stone. I cannot blame them for rushing over that green sward to give a morning kiss to the blushing 'Forget-me-nots,' and just say to them, 'Remember me!'

Yes; I have a few crumbs of time left to sit in the rustic arbor and give one lingering look behind, that I may carry a picture with me when I go to my work.

How fortunate it is for one that these flowers are Londoners in their habits, and pass August in the city! I can go to their receptions daily, if I choose; they are always at home to the poorest, the most unfashionable; they keep no 'visiting book' in their hall.

Hark! the bell rings seven o'clock. There is a 'knocking at the gate' of

my fairy land; it warns me that I must be on my Washington-street way, to earn my bread.

Bien! my first meal of to-day has been satisfactory. Heaven hath sent me all manner of manna for breakfast—and for lunch? a banana. Yes; on my way 'down town' I shall pass the Studio Building, where the B.'s live; I will buy one of them, but shall also steal—many glances at the Hamburg grapes, those peachiest of peaches, bombastic blackberries, and, O Pomona! *such* pears.

I escape! purse uninjured, only bananared. I reach Winter street, where I must turn my back on the Common pleasures of Boston life—but yet, one glance at that seductive window of the corner store, which, indeed, is nearly all window. Flowers are there, of course,—flowers from January to January; any poor devil can have a temporary conservatory at that window, 'all for nothing;' I ought to pay a yearly tax for the pleasure I steal in that way. The woman who carries my portmonnaie, only permits me to open it for the 'necessaries' of life: the luxuries of hot-house grapes and flowers ever wear for me that fatal label: 'Touch not, taste not.' Bread and cologne are, of course, the first necessities of life; in rolls and religion I am a Parkerite; in cologne, I swear by 'Mrs. Taylor'! Beacon street, I beg that you won't faint at this horrible disclosure!

Who *is* 'Mrs. Taylor'? and echo answers, 'We haven't the faintest odor of an idea!' None know her but to praise, wherever she may be. With Sancho Panza we say, 'Blessings on the man who invented Mrs. Taylor at seventy-five cents *per*—the hock bottle. I catch a glimpse of her long neck, stretching up among the roses and Geraniums: my cologne nature can't resist that sight! I obey the syren's call, though it will leave me a beggar, but with Mrs. T. in my chaste-embrace.

'The man I work for' treats me, for some reason, with 'distinguished con-

sideration.' Though I may sometimes be a little after the required hour, it's all right; and though he's a Yankee, no questions are asked! I still have a precious quarter remaining—not of a dollar, but of time. I have in my purse one postage stamp; but that will warrant a visit to Loring's! One must have books as well as bread and cologne. O LORING! what an institution art thou! Name dear to all classes, from Madame —, who steps from her carriage, to the pretty shop-girl, who always wants Mrs. Southworth's last—and worst—novel.

Who, indeed, 'so poor' as not 'to do *him* reverence,' and find two cents *per* day, when for that sublimely small sum one can get a companion for any and every mood,

'Grave to gay, from lively to severe?'

But will 'LORING's' be open at this early dawn? 'Open,' indeed! one does not catch *him* napping; yes, open and so inviting! A literary public garden so fresh and clean, as

'Just washed in a shower.'

In the rear, behind the desk, one is always sure of finding at least *two roses*, and *on* the desk a vase of flowers is certainly to be seen—the offering of some one of the hundreds of admirers who go to Loring's, nominally for some entertaining book—and they always find one!

'What book did you say, miss?' asks Fleur de Marie. ('Where *does* she get those lilies and roses? I saw none like them in the garden this morning. Ah! many of the dames who enter here from their carriages would also like to ask my question—since they do not seem to find them even at Newport!') 'If you please, *what* book?' again inquire the Roses.

'Oh!' I answer, 'I was looking, and forgot what I came for; is 'Out of his Head' *in* yet?'

The fair librarian evidently thinks I am out of mine. Ah! would that I were, and out of my whole body; but no! ingrate that I am, to-day I should be content—simply *to be*: even a cabbage

ought to be happy in such perfect summer weather. T. B. Aldrich *is* in—as much as he ever is supposed to be; but I recall now that I read his sketchy book the other night, while I was brushing my hair, giving it a sort of 'good time generally,' letting it run wild a little before going to sleep. I read 'Pierre Antoine's Date Tree' quite through, and liked—the *last part* very much indeed. There are some people whom I am always very glad to have visit me, because I feel so 'dreadful glad' when they go away. So, also, it compensates one to read certain books for the sake of the delicious sensation one experiences on finishing them! What a pile of '*Les Misérables*,' Fantine? *C'est assez misérable*. The 'Hunchback' is the least deformed of Hugo's offspring; but I read *that* last Sunday morn—no; I mean last Saturday evening; for I went to church on Tremont street, last Sunday. What's this? it looks as tempting as a banana, and is not unlike one in color. 'Melibæus in London,' in the summer, too: good! I'll take that, it shall 'assist' the banana at my lunch. I hurry out of this 'little heaven,' murmuring, as I depart: 'LORING, live forever!'

Lady Macbeth undoubtedly alluded to you when she says:

'We *fail*? there's no such word as fail!'

I believe the Macbeths, and, in fact, everybody but Loring, has failed during the war times. McClellan certainly has—not succeeded.

The police (those gentlemen of elegant leisure) do not even suspect how much I have stolen, and what treasures I am carrying off before nine o'clock A. M.! All the splendors of the early morning are mine; they will gild the dull grey of my working hours. What a stock of perfumes stolen from the garden! they will sweeten the 'business air' of Washington street. The fountain's glistening spray will sprinkle the dusty walk to 'the shop.'

I have not yet told you of the kisses taken—not from Féra's, but from the

cherry-ripe lips of two lovely children, with whom I formed an intimacy in the garden by the pond; they were 'sailing' their mimic boats there. I almost wished

'I were a boy again,'

and had a boat to sail! These children had such a brave and haughty beauty, and their dress being of purple and fine linen, I supposed their name must be Berkeley or Clarendon, but was grieved to learn from the artless darlings that it was Muggins! However, their kisses were unexceptionable, whatever their origin may have been.

But what a 'heap' of Beauty I stole in my return walk through Beacon-street mall! No wonder those magnificent elms are in love with each other, and embrace over the people's heads! When I come into my fortune, I intend, early the next morning, before breakfast, to make the first use of my 'funds' in purchasing Mr. George Ticknor's house. (Of course, he will not object.) I shall then laugh at the mill-dam principalities and powers when I look from my library windows down that long vista of noble trees. Come and see me when I am settled there! You shall have a warm welcome in winter, and a cool one in summer. And now, fare thee well, whoever thou art, who hast kindly walked with me to the door of—my 'place of business.' I will not ask you to enter there. I can worry through the day: unseen companions go with me to soothe and cheer; so do not pity me that I am what I am—'nobody,' living 'nowhere.' You have seen that the Angel of Beauty disdains not to appear in my humble path—and sometimes hovers so near, I can almost touch her wings!

And so God be w'ye! Little joys to you are great joys to me. There be those above you, 'kinges and princes and greates emperours,' to whom your luxuries and badges would seem as little as mine are to you. When you are beautiful, you adorn my street; when you are unlovely, I—pass you by. *Bon jour la compagnie!*

THE IVY.

'Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
 Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.
 So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
 Gently entwist,—the female IVY so
 Earings the barks fingers of the elm.
 Oh, how I love thee; how I dote on thee!'

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv., scene 1.

'The bearers of the thyrsus (bound with Ivy) are many, but the Bacchantes are few.'—*Orphic saying*.

IF, among plants, the Rose is unmistakably feminine, from the delicate complexion of its flower, the Ivy is not less so from the tender sentiment of attachment expressed by its whole form and life. In her infinite array of poetic symbols, Nature has given us nothing so exquisitely typical of all that is best in woman, as that which may be found in the graceful curves and in the firm strength of this vine. In youth and beauty, she clings to the husband tree or parental wall for support, and, like a wife or daughter, conceals defects, and imparts a softer shadowing and contour to the support, without which she herself had never risen to light and life. Time passes on. The oak grows old, the wall is shattered by lightning; but the Ivy, now strong and firm, shelters the limbs or binds together the tottering walls with greater care than before, and covers decay and rifts with fresh care—aided by the younger daughter-vines.

This simile has occurred to poets in all lands, in all ages. In an old Chinese poem (JOLOWICZ, *der Poetische Orient*, s. 7) we are told that 'in the south there lives a tree, the Ivy *Ko* clings and winds around it, bringing the most excellent of joys and happiness in excess.' Owing to this natural and most palpable resemblance, the ancient Greeks caused the officiating priest in the temple to present to a bridal pair, on entering, a twig of Ivy, 'as a symbolical wish that their love, like it, might ever continue fresh.' It was a beautiful thought, and one which

was not lost sight of in the ecclesiastical and architectural symbolism of the middle ages. 'It is,' says FRIEDREICH (*Symbolik und Mythologie der Natur*, § 103), 'as an ever-greening plant, a type of life, of love, and of marriage.' It is, therefore, with both truth and propriety that the modern floral lexicons give the *vitis hedera*, or Ivy, as expressing 'Female affection—I have found one true heart.'

As with all plants, or, indeed, with all natural objects known to the ancients, the Ivy was the subject of a myth or religious allegory, and in investigating this myth, we find ourselves in a labyrinth of strange mystery. The ordinary works on mythology, indeed, inform the reader that it was the plant sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine, because, as Loudon states, 'this wine is found at Nyssa, the reputed birthplace of Bacchus, and in no other part of India.' 'It is related,' he continues, 'that when Alexander's army, after their conquest of Babylon, arrived at this mountain, and found it covered with laurel and Ivy, they were so transported with joy (especially when they recognized the latter plant, which is a native of Thebes), that they tore up the Ivy by the roots, and, twining it around their heads, burst forth into hymns to Bacchus, and prayers for their native country.'

But there is a deeper significance to the Ivy, even as there is a deeper and more solemn mystery and might around the primeval Bacchus. To us he is merely the wine-god, but to the an-

cient Initiated in the orgies and mysteries he was—as were each of the gods in their turn—the central divinity, the lord of light, and the giver of life. For, as it was concisely said in the spirit of pantheistic abstraction: ‘Nothing can be imagined which is not an image of God;’ so it was not possible to conceive a divinity who was not in himself all the other divinities. Thus we find that Bacchus was male, female, and at the same time an absolute ONE without regard to sex; or, in other words, he was the ancient trinity.

‘Tibi enim inconsumpta juvenus.
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceris cœlo, tibi, cum sine cornibus
adstas

Virgineum caput est.’ OVID, *Met.* l. 4.

For, as the great mystery of all religion, or of all being, is *life*, and as life, like blood, is most aptly typified by reviving and inspiring wine, it was not wonderful that renewed strength, generation, and birth should gather around the incarnation of the vine, and that the *cup* should become the holiest of symbols. Like the ark, the chest or coffer, the egg, and a thousand other receptive or *containing* objects, the cup appeared to the ancient Initiated as a womb, or as the earth, taking in and giving forth life. It was in this spirit that NONNUS, in the fifth century, wrote The Dyonisiacs, a vast poem on Bacchus, in forty-eight books; ‘a magnificent assemblage of the emblematical legends of Egypt,’ and in which modern criticism has discovered a creative grandeur, a beautiful wildness of fancy, and a romantic spirit, such as were combined in no other one poem of antiquity.

Bacchus was thus the lord of life, and that in a vividly *real* sense—the sense of intoxication, of keenly thrilling pleasure, of wild delight, and headlong rushing joy. He was fabled to have given men the grape and wine—but to the Initiated of the mystery and orgie there was higher and more intox-

icating wine than that of the grape—the wine of wild inspiration, drawn from the keenest relish of beauty, of nature, of knowledge, and of love. Drunk with this wine of the soul, the Mœnad and Bacchante rushed forth into lonely forests, amid rocks, by silent lake, and streamlet lone, and cried in frantic joy, bewildered with passion, to the Great Parent, or shouted in praise: ‘Bacché, Evœe, Bacche!’

‘Then chaunted rose
The song of Bacchic women: all the band
Of shaggy Satyrs howled with mystic voice,
Preluding to the Phrygian minstrelsy
Of nightly orgies. Earth around them laughed;
The rocks reëchoed; shouts of revelling joy
Shrilled from the Naiads, and the river
nymphs
Sent echoes from their whirlpool-circled tides,
Flowing in silence; and beneath the rocks
Chanted Sicilian songs, like preludes sweet,
That through the warbling throats of Syren
nymphs,
Most musical drop honey from their tongues.’
NONNUS.

For all this wild joy, all this exquisite union of all the pleasures known to man, whether in the mad embraces of passionate nymphs, in draining wine, in tasting the fresh honeycomb, in wild dances under green leaves, in feasting, or in song, Bacchus was the centre, and the Cup the symbol. And this cup—the absolutely *feminine* type—the *Iona* which forms the nucleus of so great and so curious a family of words in the Indo-Germanic and Shemitic languages—was fabled to have been formed from the wood of the Ivy. Let the reader bear this double sex of Bacchus in mind; he will find it recurring again in the myth of the Ivy. ‘We must,’ says CREUZER (*Symbolik und Mythologie der Alten Völker*), ‘think of ALL things, if we would not see the Bacchic genii in their mysterious rites, from a one-sided point of view. Not only Bacchus himself, but his male and female companions must each, like their lord on earth, appear in *different* forms. For the mysteries loved the antique,

the pregnant-with-meaning, *i. e.* that which has a really symbolical fulness, and supplies full food for thought.' And again: 'It would have been very strange if the Man-Woman had not also appeared in this mysterious array of forms. In his origin, Bacchus is an Indian god, and to the Hindus the world was bi-sexed.' Thus we find in the Ivy, as his sacred plant, a curious and beautiful symbol, in whose trailing embraces the ancient East and West are bound together.

If the Ivy cup was held to typify female nature, so too were the leaves of that plant emblematical of the receptive sex. The thyrsus, the distinctive object borne by the worshippers of Bacchus, was a phallic or male symbol, the characteristic portion of which was wreathed and buried in Ivy leaves; signifying the union of the sexes. It is curious to observe that this regarding the Ivy as characteristic of the feminine principle, found its way among the Druids, and was transmitted from them to the Christian and Christmas ceremonies of the middle ages. In these we always find that the thorned holly is spoken of as male, and the Ivy as female. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1779, a correspondent relates a ceremony, which is still preserved in some parts of England. 'The girls, from five or six to eighteen years old, were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, which they called a *holly-boy*, and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village, the boys were burning what they called an *Ivy-girl*, which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was attended with huzzas and other acclamations, according to the receipt of custom in all such cases.'*

There is but one legend in all the legends of the gods; but one solution,

though the enigmas be thousandfold; and the myth of the Ivy is only a repetition of that of Bacchus and of all the immortals—the endless allegory of birth and death, male and female, winter and spring. *Kissos*—the Greek word for Ivy—was a young faun beloved by Bacchus, who accompanied the god of the Cup and of life, in all his strange adventures. Mad with wine, Kissos once at an orgie danced until he fell dead. Then his lord, grieving bitterly, raised the beloved form in his arms, and, changing it to Ivy, wreathed it around his brow. It is the old story of death and revival.

But we may expect to find of course a feminine goddess, or demi-goddess, whose name includes the same root as Kissos—and she appears in *Kiseis*, one of the nymphs to whom Bacchus gave the infant Bacchus to be brought up. For her reward, she was placed by Bacchus among the stars—in the constellation of the weeping Hyades—that she might have a place in heaven. Apropos of which we may quote the words of the quaint old Jesuit GALTRUCHIUS, saying that 'Bacchus was brought up with the Nymphs, which teacheth us that we must mix Water with our Wine.'*

We also find that *Kisava* was, at Epidaurus, one of the names of Minerva. Notwithstanding the apparent dissimilarity between the wild god of wine and the goddess of calm wisdom, it was still taught in the mysteries that they had an affinity in more than one lower form, and, of course, an *identity* in their highest. 'The temple of Bacchus,' says Galtruchius, 'was next to *Minerva's*, to express how useful Wine is to revive the Spirits, and enable our Fancy to Invent.'† In the older worship, Minerva was one with Venus, Diana, Proserpine—the generating fe-

* *New Curiosities of Literature, and Book of the Months.* By GEORGE SOANE, B. A. London, 1849. Vol. i., p. 57.

* *The Poetical History.* By P. GALTRUCHIUS. London, 1678.

† Galtruchius, c. 7.

male principle of love and of beauty being of course predominant. 'In this *unity* or identity of barbarian divinities,' says Creuzer (*Symbolik*, IV. *Theil*), ('to speak like the Greeks') 'we must, however, seek for the source of that *variety* which made the Greeks so rich in gods; and what had in Hellas been separated into so many, remained by the 'barbarians' single and undivided. Therefore the older a Greek local worship might be, so much the more did it in this resemble the barbarian. * * So we have truly learned in Argos, Laconia, Dodona, and Sicily, * * that Proserpine was one and the same with Venus and Diana, and the identity with Minerva may also be proved.' For the proof I refer the reader to his work. With Venus, however, Bacchus had amours, begetting Priapus. Certain it is that the Ivy *Kissos* appears in both male and female names.

But as the Ivy formed the cup—*kissubion*—into which life entered, and from which it was drained as wine; so, too, from its wood was made the sacred *chest* (*kisté*) in which, in the Dyonisiac mysteries, the same secret was preserved under the form of a serpent, while in the Eleusinian it hid the dread pomegranate which Persephone had tasted. For they were all one and the same, this wine and serpent and pomegranate—the type of life and of knowledge—of human birth and human intellect—of the world's generation and of eternal wisdom. The fruit of which Adam ate, the bread and wine of the holy supper of the mysteries of all lands in all ages, the pomegranate, whose seeds, once eaten, kept the soul in another life beyond death, all have *one* meaning—and this meaning was that of infinite revival, endless begetting, the renewal of nature—and with this the *knowledge* of the great mystery which sets the soul free. '*Eritis sicut Deus.*'

It was no small honor for a single plant to have furnished the wreath of Bacchus, the wood of his cup, emblem-

atic of the human body containing his life-blood, and the material for the chest of the great mysteries—meaning also the body and the world. I think, however, that its philological root may also be possibly found in the Greek noun *kissa*, and the verb *kissáo*, implying strange and excessive passionate longing. Such yearning would well become the Bacchantæ, the wild children of desire and of Nature. It is longing or *desire* which leads to renewing life, which constitutes love, which flashes like fire and light through the beautiful, and pours forth the wine, and breaks the bread, and causes the rose-blush to bloom, and the nymphs to cry amid the mountains, *Evoé Bacche!*

Coming down from the pagan mysteries into lower and more literal forms, the Ivy preserved two meanings. It was already the vine of life, and the early Christians laid it in the coffins of their departed, as the emblem of a new life in Christ.* It had hung upon the limbs of naked nymphs, convulsed in passionate orgies, as a type of vitality renewed by pleasure—it was now wreathed at Christmas-tide over quaint columns and tracery-laden Gothic windows and arches, as a sign—they knew not exactly of what—but guessed, naturally enough, and rightly, that it typified as an undying winter-plant the resurrection. And they sang its praises in many a brave carol:

IVY, chief of trees it is,
Veni coronaberis.

The most worthy she is in town,—
He who says other says amiss;
Worthy is she to bear the crown:
Veni coronaberis.

IVY is soft and meek of speech,
Against all woe she bringeth bliss;
Happy is he that may her reach:
Veni coronaberis.

* '*Hedera quo que vel laurus et hujusmodi, quæ semper servant virorem, in sarcophago corpori subternantur, ad significandum, quod qui moriuntur in Christo, vivere non desinant; nam licet mundo moriantur secundum corpus, tamen secundum animam vivunt et reviviscunt in Deo.*'—DURANDUS, *Ration. Div. Offic.*, lib. vii., cap. 35.

Ivy is green, of color bright,
Of all trees the chief she is;
And that I prove will now be right:
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy, she beareth berries black;
God grant to all of us his bliss,
For then we shall nothing lack:
Veni coronaberis.

Very quaint is the following fragment:

Holly and Ivy made a great party,
Who should have the mastery
In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly, 'I am fierce and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where we go.'

Then spake Ivy, 'I am loud and proud,
And I will have the mastery
In lands where we go.'

Then spake Holly, and bent him down on his
knee,
'I pray thee, gentle Ivy,
Essay me no villany
In lands where we go.
Old Christmas Carol.

'Good wine needs no bush,' says an old proverb; but is it generally known that the 'bush' in question, used as a sign for wine, was a bunch of Ivy? The custom went from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Germany, and so on westward. Very different is this use of the ever-green vine in taverns, from that of adorning churches—the one meaning a mere invitation to drink, while the other reminds the believer that, as the Ivy lives through the bitter winter, so shall our souls endure through cold death and live again in Christ, even as He passed through the grave to live in 'eternal bloom.' Yet to those who have mastered the legend of Bacchus, there is no absolute difference between the two, when studied with regard to their origin. It is worth remarking that among the ancients the impression prevailed that the Ivy was the plant of joyousness, of triumphant strength, and of *life*, even as Bacchus was the lord of joy. And at a later day, long after the association with genial Bacchus was forgotten, the Ivy

in popular lay and legend, and quaint custom and holiday rite, still by some inexplicable association always seemed to the multitude to be sweet and gentle, noble and dear. It is such a feeling of love, derived from old traditions and old worships, long forgotten, which makes the stork and the house-cricket and the robin and dragon-fly and swallow so dear to children and grown people in many parts of Europe. The rose is gone, but the perfume still lingers in the old leaves of the manuscript. And the reader who comprehends this may also comprehend the tender affection for the Ivy expressed in the old Christmas carols which I have quoted, and which, without such comprehension, seem absurd enough; while *with* it, they appear truly beautiful and touching.

As the symbol of a joyous faith, the Ivy seems to have been especially repugnant to the Hebrews, whose stern monotheism admitted few attributes to the Deity save those of tremendous power, vengeance, and gloom. So we find (*Maccabees*, book ii., c. 6., v. 7) that it was regarded by them as most horrible that, 'in the day of the king's birth, every month, they were brought, by bitter constraint, to eat of the sacrifices; and, when the feast of Bacchus was kept, the Jews were compelled to go in procession to Bacchus, carrying Ivy.' A dislike to this emblem of heathen joy seems, however, to have clung to them through all changes of faith—a fact apparently well known to Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, who ordered that all the Jewish renegades who had abjured their religion should be branded with an Ivy-leaf.

When the reader who may be interested in the architecture of the middle ages meets in its tracery, as he often must, the Ivy-leaf, let him recall that here is a symbol which was not used unthinkingly by the Free Masons, who seldom lost an opportunity to bring forward their orientally derived Nature-lore. In fact, the whole mass and body

of mediæval architectural emblems presents nothing less than a protest of Nature and life, independence and intelligence, knowledge and joyousness, against the gloomy prison of form and tyranny which held Truth in chains. The stone Ivy-leaf carved on the capitals of old cathedrals was as reviving a symbol to the heart of the Initiated as was the living Ivy on the walls without, green and beautiful among mid-winter's snow. It has been well conjectured by a German writer (STIEGLITZ, *Archæologie der Baukunst der Griechen und Römer*, Weimar, 1801, I *Theil*, § 268), that the relation of the Ivy to Bacchus was probably the cause why it was so frequently introduced by the Greeks among the architectural ornaments of their temples; a very natural conjecture, when we remember that it was a firm conviction in the early faith, even of India, that where the Ivy was found, the god had literally been. The same bold spirit of tradition which brought into the very bosom of the church so much genial, latent heresy and heathen daring, kept the Ivy alive—for Nature and Truth *will* live, and man will have his guardian angels, who will hope for him and for the dawn, though buried in the deepest night and lost among horrible dreams and ghastly incubi. A French writer on mediæval art* has declared that an excellent work might be written on the foliage of Christian architecture, but regrets that the relations of the leaves as employed—or, in fact, the law guiding their employment—should be unintelligible. Let them be studied according to their symbolical and antique meaning, and they will seem clear as legible letters; and to those who can read them, the gloomy Gothic piles will ray forth a strange and beautiful light—the sympathetic light of congenial minds long passed away, yet who did not vanish ere they had breathed out to those who

were to come after them, in leaf or other character, their hatred of *the tyrant*, and their unfailing conviction of the Great Truth. God bless them all! I have studied for hours their solemn symbols—each a cry for freedom and a prayer for light; and when I thought of the gloom and cruelty and devilishness of the foul age which pressed around them, I wondered that they, knowing what they did, could have lived—ay, lived and sung and given a soul to art. And, understanding them in spirit and in truth, every Ivy-leaf carved by them seemed the whole Prometheus bound and unbound—yes, all poems of truth, all myths, all religion.

And as it is the leaf of life, so is it by that very fact the leaf of *death*; for death is only the water of life. And in this sense we find a rare beauty in the poem by Mrs. Hemans, though she saw its truth, not through the dim glass of tradition, but by direct communion with Nature.

TO THE IVY.

OCCASIONED BY RECEIVING A LEAF GATHERED
IN THE CASTLE OF RHEINFELS.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be,
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er;
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave—
Better thou lov'st the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past,
Where through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

* BERTY, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture du Moyen Age*. Paris, 1845.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime
 Beneath a blue Italian sky,
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,
 Save thy wild tapestry.
 And, reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
 To wave where banners waved of yore,
 O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
 Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
 Those eyries of a vanished race,
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown
 Hath passed and left no trace.
 But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
 Unchanged, the mountain storm can brave—
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
 That rise round grandeur's marble halls;
 The vivid hues by painting thrown
 Rich o'er the glowing walls;
 Th' acanthus on Corinthian fanes,
 In sculptured beauty waving fair—
 These perished all—and what remains?
 —Thou, thou alone art there.

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see,
 The marvel of all ages fled,
 Left to decay and thee.
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, grace, and strength,—
 Days pass, thou 'Ivy never sere,'*
 And all is thine at length.

There was a strange old belief that Ivy leaves worn as a garland prevented intoxication, that wine was less exciting when drunk from a cup of its wood, and that these cups had finally the singular property of separating water from wine by filtration, when the two were mingled—or, as it is expressed by MIRZALDUS MONLUCIANUS in his delightfully absurd 'Centuries,'† 'a cup of Ivy, called *cissybius*, is especially fitted for two reasons, for feasts: firstly, because Ivy is said to banish drunkenness; and secondly, because by it the frauds of

tavern keepers, who mix wine with water, are detected.' It is worth remarking, in connection with this, that, according to LOUDON (*Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, c. 59), the wood of the Ivy is, when newly cut, really useful as a filter, though it is highly improbable that anything like a complete analysis of mingled water and wine can be effected by it.

It may interest the literary critic, should he be ignorant of the fact, to know that the golden-berried Ivy—worn by Apollo ere he adopted the Daphnean laurel—is the plant consecrated to his calling. Witness Pope:

'Immortal Vida, on whose honored brow
 The poet's bays and critic's Ivy grow.'

Perhaps it is given to the critics to remind them that they should be kindly sheltering and warmly protecting to poor poets and others, who may be greatly cheered by a little kindness. For there is an old legend that the Druids decorated dwelling places with Ivy and holly during the winter, 'that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes. (DR. CHANDLER, *Travels in Greece*.) Think of this when ye ink your pens for the onslaught!

It is worth noting that in two or three 'Dream Books' the Ivy is set down as indicating 'long-continued health, and new friendships'—an explanation quite in keeping with its ancient symbolism, and still more with its most literal and apparent meaning of *attachment*. This latter sense has given poet and artist many a fine figure and image. 'Nothing,' says ST. PIERRE in his *Studies of Nature*, 'can separate the Ivy from the tree which it has once embraced: it clothes it with its own leaves in that inclement season when its dark boughs are covered with hoar frost. The faithful companion of its destiny, it falls when the tree is cut down: death itself does not relax its grasp; and it

* 'Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere.'

MILTON's *Lycidas*.

† 'Poculum ex hedera, cissybium dictum, ratione duplici convivii summè est accomodum: imprimis, quod hedera vini temulantiam. arcere fertur: deinde quòd canponum fraudes, qui vinum aqua miscent, eo poculo deprehenduntur.'—*Memorabilium, Utilium ac Jucundorum Centuriæ Novem*, &c. Paris, 1566.

continues to adorn with its verdure the dry trunk that once-supported it.'

And of the golden-berried Ivy, Spenser sings :

'Emongst the rest, the clamb'ring Ivy grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with grasping
hold,
Lest that the poplar happily should rew
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she
doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top surwev
And paint with pallid green her buds of
gold.'

MADAME DE GENLIS tells us of a true-hearted friend, who clung to a fallen minister of state, through good and ill fortune, and followed him into exile, that he adopted for a 'device' a fallen oak tree thickly wound with Ivy, and with the motto: 'His fall cannot free me from him.' An 'emblem' of the later middle age expresses undying conjugal love in a like manner, by a fallen tree wound around with Ivy, beneath which is the inscription in Spanish: '*Se*

no la vida porque la muerte.' (RADOWITZ, *Gesammelte Schriften*.) A not uncommon seal gives us the Ivy with the motto: 'I die where I attach myself;' while yet another of the ivied fallen trees declares that 'Even ruin cannot separate us.'

Ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon, and of all who bear that name. In conclusion, lest my readers should object that the subject, though eminently suggestive, has been treated entirely without a jest, I will cite a quaint repartee, shockingly destructive of the sentiment just cited:

'Woman,' said a lovelorn youth, 'is like Ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you.'

'And the closer she clings to you, the sooner you are ruined,' replied an old cynic of a bachelor.

Poor man! He had never realized the truth of the French saying, that to enjoy life, there is nothing like being ruined a little.



THE MISHAPS OF MISS HOBBS.

'New beauties push her from the stage;
She trembles at the approach of age;
And starts, to view the altered face
That wrinkles at her in her glass.'

TRUMBULL'S *Progress of Dulness*.

CHAPTER I.

ANN HARRIET HOBBS was getting cured of her youth. 'She was going backward,' as the French say of people when Time is running forward, and they themselves are being forwarded a little too rapidly by his Express. All the ladies said so of her; all the gentlemen said so; and, worse than all, even the mirror made similar reflections a little—the only difference being that the ladies and gentlemen said so behind her back, but the mirror expressed it before her face. One by one her sisters and companions

ripened and were plucked by the admiring crowd, but Ann Harriet remained untouched. No one even pinched her to see if she were good. And finally, as the throng were rapidly passing on, it became her settled conviction that she must shake herself into some one's hands, or she would be left to wither forsaken on the ancestral tree.

Ann Harriet, like some patent medicines, was not bad to take. True, children did not cry for her as they did for the famous cough lozenges of old; but the fact was, that in Peonytown

most of the people were homœopaths, and preferred small doses ; therefore Ann Harriet, who was popularly reported to weigh three hundred and one pounds—*vires acquirit eundo*—was altogether too large a dose for any gentleman of the homœopathic persuasion. Possibly, if Ann Harriet could have been divided into twin sisters of about one hundred and fifty pounds each, her matrimonial chances would have greatly increased ; for however it may have been in years past, this putting two volumes into one is not at all popular at the present *duo*-decimal time.

Business, too, was dull in Peonytown, and the men could not afford to marry a wife who would require twenty-five yards for a dress, when they could get one that ten yards would cover up.

Miss Hobbs's twenty-sixth birthday was approaching. She could see it in the dim distance, and she knew too well that the twenty-seventh was ready to follow it up ; and that Time stepped heavier than he used to—the clumsy fellow ; for, 'handsome' as she was, she could see the marks of his feet on her face.

Ann Harriet had an uncle residing in Boston, whom she had never seen, but had often heard him favorably spoken of by her mother, whose only brother he was. Ann therefore determined that she would write to her Uncle Farnsworth, and ask him if it would be agreeable should she visit him for a few weeks.

Her letter met with a cordial response from the old gentleman, who expressed himself 'highly gratified at the prospect' of seeing his sister's daughter ; named the day for her to come, and said that Gregory, his son, would meet her at the railroad station in Boston, when the train arrived.

Ann Harriet had never been in Boston, and the thoughts of a journey thither animated her 'to a degree.' Her wardrobe was renovated ; a bran-

new bonnet was purchased ; and as all Peonytown was informed that it was to be deprived of her presence for several weeks, the 'meeting-house' was of course filled on the following Sunday to hear Parson Bulger preach about it ; for he was one of the new-fashioned ministers, who considered the Bible as a wornout book, and generally preached from a newspaper text, or the last exciting piece of news. Alas ! they were disappointed ; for the sermon was on Barnum's Baby Show.

The appointed day came, and Ann Harriet paid Seth Bullard, the butcher's boy, a quarter of a dollar to 'carry' her and her luggage over to the Yellowfield depot, where she was to take the cars for Boston. She bore in her hand a rhubarb pie, nicely tied up in a copy of the *Peonytown Clarion*, which was intended as a gift for her Aunt Farnsworth. It was a pie she made with her own hands, and would have taken a prize for size at any cattle show.

After asking engineer, brakeman, and conductor which they thought the safest car, and getting a different answer from each, she finally ensconced herself in the third car from the engine. Opening the window, her attention was attracted by a neat tin sign, on which was painted, '*Look out for Pickpockets !*'

'Now, that is kind,' said she, 'to give people notice. I forgot all about pickpockets. I would really like to see some, and will certainly look out for them.'

She accordingly thrust her head and neck out of the car window, and looked sharply at the bystanders. While engaged in this detective service, the signal was given, and the cars started, when Miss Hobbs, thinking it was needless to keep up a longer lookout, reëntered, and was surprised to find a nice-looking young man by her side. He wore a heavy yellow watch-guard, yellow kid gloves, and a moustache to match, patent-leather boots, a

poll-parrot scarf, and a brilliant breast-pin. Ann Harriet was delighted to have such a companion; and her wish that he would enter into conversation was soon gratified.

'Travelling far?' asked 'the city-looking chap.'

'Yes, sir; I am going to my uncle's, in Boston,' replied Ann Harriet.

'Taking a vacation, I suppose?' continued he of the yellow kids.

['How delightful!' thought Miss Hobbs; 'he takes me for a boarding-school girl.']

'For a few weeks,' replied she, with a bland smile; and dropping her black lace veil to improve her really fine complexion, knowing, as well as Shakespeare, that

'Beauty, blemished once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.'

'Is not this Miss Hobbs, of Peonytown?' suddenly asked the proprietor of the patent leathers, after a few minutes' conversation.

'Why! yes; how *did* you know?' was Ann Harriet's reply.

'Oh, I had a friend as went to the academy in Peonytown, and he always kept me posted up on the pretty girls; and he talked about you so often, I knew it *must* be Miss Hobbs,' was the flattering answer.

'How strange!' thought Ann Harriet. 'Well, it proves that I am not wholly overlooked by the young men of my native village.' She did not remember that she carried a little satchel, on which the stranger had read, 'ANN HARRIET HOBBS, *Peonytown*.'

At this time a boy entered the car with a supply of ice water for thirsty passengers. In handling a glassful to Miss Hobbs, he spilled a part on the floor.

'What a waste!' remarked he.

Ann Harriet blushed deep crimson—fat folks are always sensitive—and, with a grave, fat, solemn air, she said:

'I think you are quite rude, sir.'

'I'd like to know how?' inquired he, with a look of surprise.

'By making remarks on my waist, sir. No gentleman would be guilty of such an offence,' replied the indignant lady.

Fortunately, the train at this juncture stopped at a way station, and the yellow moustache, poll-parrot scarf, and kid gloves got out, first bowing very politely to their late companion. Ann Harriet was a little sorry to have their inmate go, but consoled herself with the thought that he was altogether too familiar.

About fifteen miles farther on, an orange boy made his appearance; and Ann, thinking an orange would moisten her throat, felt for her portemonnaie, and found it not; for, while she was so intently looking *out* for pick-pockets at Yellowfield, her agreeable companion had appropriated her cash, by looking *in* her pocket.

'*There!* that dandy villain has robbed me of my wallet, with fifteen dollars in it, and the receipt for Sally Lunn cake I was going to give Aunt Farnsworth!' exclaimed she, placidly. Stout folks bear disasters calmly. Luckily, she had two or three dollars in her satchel, which she had received from the ticket master when she purchased her ticket, so she was not entirely bankrupt. Some of the passengers attempted to sympathize with her, but they found it a thankless task, and soon desisted.

Ann Harriet, her griefs digested, drew herself into as compact a compass as possible, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

The cars rolled, in due time, into the noisy station at Boston, and our traveler, after much exertion and trepidation, safely reached the platform, with her rhubarb pie unharmed. She looked anxiously around for her cousin Gregory, whom she had never seen, save in his *carte de visite*, and by that she found him in a few minutes. Gregory was a handsome man, quite young, and

dressed in a neat suit of light clothes, donned that afternoon for the first time. He had never seen his cousin, and was therefore not a little surprised when the corpulent beauty introduced herself as Miss Ann Harriet Hobbs, of Peonytown. Gregory had come down to the station with a light buggy, in which he intended to convey his fair relative home, but at the first glance saw that it would be disastrous both to the buggy and Ann Harriet to attempt any such feat. He therefore escorted her to a hack, and left her a moment. While he was gone, Ann Harriet, who had forgotten all her troubles in the contemplation of riding home with her handsome cousin, laid the rhubarb pie on the opposite seat of the carriage, reserving the place by her side for Gregory. But this gentleman, not feeling sure that he would find room by the side of his massive cousin, when he entered the carriage, sat hastily down opposite her. *Crash* went the *Peonytown Clarion*, and 'squish' went the juicy rhubarb, completely saturating Gregory's new garments. Ann Harriet gave a loud shriek, exclaiming: 'Oh! you have spoilt that nice pie that I made for Aunt Priscilla, from Mrs. Wilkins's receipt.'

'Hang Mrs. Wilkins's receipt!' exclaimed Gregory, who was imperturbable. 'I think I shall have to get some one to reseat my pantaloons.'

There was nothing to be done but to drive home as quickly as possible. The hackman was paid for the damage to his vehicle, and Gregory hastened up stairs to resume the old suit which only a few hours before he had thrown aside disdainfully.

Ann Harriet found her uncle's family all that she expected. They found her a little more than they expected. Everything was done to make her comfortable. Aunt Farnsworth condoled with her niece on the loss of her money, and the receipt for Sally Lunn cake. They brought a fan to cool her, and placed a footstool for her feet. Her cousin Miran-

da exhibited a photograph album containing all the family likenesses, besides a number they had purchased to fill up the book, such as the Prince of Wales, McClellan, Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, and Butler. All this comforted her greatly, and Ann Harriet was much interested, but was obliged to inquire which were fighting for the North, and which for the South—'she had heard something about it, but was not thoroughly informed,'—for, to tell the truth, the only medium for news in Peonytown was the *Clarion*, and the only portion of even that which Ann Harriet attended to was the deaths, marriages, and dry goods.

The remainder of the day passed quietly, and the hour for retiring approached. Before Ann Harriet's arrival, it had been arranged that she should share Miranda's bed; but it was now very evident that Ann would get very much more than her share, and it was therefore decided to give her a bed to herself. A lamp was brought, and Aunt Farnsworth escorted her to her room, and bade her good night. Ann Harriet had the usual share of curiosity which all females—even plump ones—possess; and wishing to know how a Boston street appeared in the evening, she hoisted the curtain with a vigorous jerk, and looked forth: it was not a very beautiful scene; long rows of brick houses stretched away on either side, relieved at intervals by the street lamps and loafers, which, as they appeared at a distance, reminded her of a torchlight procession she had witnessed once in Peonytown, when the Hickory Club turned out with twenty torches and a colored lantern. Having satisfied her eyes with the view, she attempted to draw down the curtain, and found that it would not move. She had pulled it up so vigorously that the cord had slipped from the wheel, and rendered the curtain immovable. By stepping on a chair she could, indeed, reach and adjust it; but the only chairs in the room were cane-seated, and seemed al-

together too fragile for such a weighty lady as Ann Harriet. To add to her perplexity, the dwelling directly opposite was a boarding house, full of young men; and she noticed that one or two of them had already discovered her, and that the news was probably being communicated to all their fellow boarders, for in a very few minutes every window had two or more spectators at it, armed with opera or eye glasses, while one saucy fellow had a telescope three feet long. What to do she did not know: there was but one window in the room, and no recess into which her portly beauty could retreat. Once more she tried the curtain, giving it a forcible twitch, and this time it came down—but the whole fixture came with it, and, after striking her on the head, slid out of the window into the street, much to the amusement of the spectators opposite.

Here was a dilemma—and what would her aunt say? She had to give up all hope of excluding the gaze of her impudent neighbors. Poor damsel! She would have asked assistance of some of the family, but they had all been asleep some time, and she disliked to disturb them. Finally, she decided to extinguish her light and undress in bed—a difficult undertaking, which was, however, accomplished, with the loss of sundry strings and buttons; and Ann Harriet laid her wearied head on the pillow, and thought her troubles for that day were over. But Sleep forsakes the wretched, and her eyes would not ‘stay shut.’ While coaxing them to ‘stay down,’ she was startled by a flash of light on the wall and an explosion, then another, and then a third, accompanied by a shower of gravelly substance in her face and eyes. Miss Hobbs, as we have seen, was

‘A woman naturally born to fears,’ and this sudden and inexplicable exhibition of fireworks in her chamber almost burst the strings of her night cap, by causing her curly black hair to stand on end.

The mischievous young men opposite had procured a *sarbacane*—vulgarly known as a ‘bean-blower,’—and were shooting torpedoes into Ann Harriet’s chamber. Not daring to rise to shut the window, she was wholly at their mercy; but fortunately their stock of ammunition was limited to half a dozen pellets, and in a few minutes the bombardment ceased.

About midnight Ann Harriet fell into a deep slumber, and when she awoke the broad sunshine was illuminating her chamber, while the rattling of teams along the paved streets reminded her that she was in the great metropolis of New England. She missed the green foliage and healthy perfume and bird songs of her pleasant country home: all she could see was a combination of bricks, slate, and stone; and not a green thing was visible in the street, save a few Irish servants, who were washing off the doorsteps and sidewalks. In the middle of the cobble stones lay the curtain which had fallen during the scene of the previous evening, muddy and torn, its sticks broken by the heavy wagons which had passed over it. A glance at the hostile boarding-house assured her that all was quiet there; so, after arranging her dress with studied nicety, and disposing her hair in the most enchanting style—and Ann Harriet was really neat and winsome—she descended to the breakfast room. Her cousin Gregory was the only person present—he sat by the window, reading. After the customary greeting, Ann Harriet inquired what interested him.

‘I have been glancing over an article called ‘Ludicrous Exaggerations,’ in Leigh Hunt’s *Indicator*,’ replied Gregory, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Ann Harriet did not notice any point to this remark, but said: ‘I do not remember having seen that book.’

‘What have *you* been reading lately?’ pursued Gregory.

‘Oh! I have begun a splendid book

that Mrs. Orrin Pendergast lent me ; I have forgotten who wrote it, but its name is 'The Bloody Butcher's Bride ; or, The Demon of Dandelion Dell.'

Here Gregory was so impolite as to burst into a loud laugh, much to the discomfiture of Ann Harriet, who was on the point of describing a thrilling scene in the story.

'I see nothing to laugh at,' remarked she, solemnly ; 'it is a *very* nice book, Cousin Gregory. Why, some parts of it were so powerful that it made me tremble all over.'

'It *must* have been powerful,' said Gregory, drily.

'You're a saucy fellow,' said his cousin. 'But, by the way, where is that new suit that was damaged yesterday ? You do not look so stylish this morning.'

'Stylish ? I hope not. I hate that word ; it is only fit to be applied to pigs ; they always look sty-lish,' replied Gregory.

The door opened, and the rest of the family appeared, much to Ann Harriet's discomfort, for she liked her cousin, and was just thinking how she could make an impression upon him. The surest way would have been to sit in his lap.

They seated themselves at the table, when the customary question came from Aunt Farnsworth :

'How did you rest last night, Ann Harriet ?'

This, of course, called forth the history of the mishaps she had experienced, and the indignation of her uncle and aunt was great when they heard how the occupants of the boarding house had behaved.

'Those young men over there are Boarder Ruffians,' remarked Gregory.

'Mercy !' exclaimed his fat cousin ; 'if I had known that, I shouldn't have slept a wink all night. I have heard Miss Pendergast tell about those awful men : she had a sister out in Kansas, and a parcel of Border Ruffians came to her house one Sabbath day and ate up

everything she had, and then carried off her cow and five pullets.'

'What cow-ardly and chicken-hearted fellows, to rob a poor woman in that manner !' remarked Gregory, grimly.

'Oh yes,' said Ann Harriet ; 'and they spit tobacco juice all over her clean floor, and whittled all over the hearth, and told her it was lucky for her that she was a widow, for if she hadn't been, they would have made her one. I should think you would feel dreadfully to have a whole houseful right opposite.'

'We do feel pretty dreadfully,' replied Gregory ; 'often.'

'Miranda, you must have a little company while your cousin is here, and make her acquainted with some of the ladies and gentlemen of the city,' said Aunt Farnsworth.

'I should like to, very much, mother ; and if you are willing, I will set about it immediately after breakfast ; and perhaps I can arrange things so as to have it to-morrow night,' was Miranda's reply.

This suggestion was eagerly seconded by Gregory, who always enjoyed the social parties that his sister had a peculiar knack in getting up at short notice.

Their pleasant anticipations of the *soirée* were suddenly checked by quite a melancholy mishap to the solid Ann Harriet. In reaching forward to receive a cup of coffee from her aunt, she was obliged to rise a little from her seat. Now, the chair in which she was sitting had been broken the day before and was glued together, strong enough for any ordinary usage, but wholly inadequate to sustain such a weight as now taxed it ; so when Ann 'set back' into the furniture, the already strained joints came apart, and she felt herself descending to the floor ; to save herself, she clung to the edge of the table, but, of course, that was no support ; on the contrary, it tilted up and launched its whole contents over the prostrate form of the unfortunate

Ann Harriet. There she lay, pinned to the floor by the heavy table, while her face and neck and dress were covered with butter, gooseberry pie, hot coffee, broken eggs, and slices of fried ham. The carpet was in a similar condition, and the Old Dominion coffeepot was found expiring under the sofa.

Mr. Farnsworth, in an attempt to save the table from going over, lost his own balance, and fell flounder-flat on the floor, where he lay shuddering, with his hair in a dish of Shaker applesauce: the rest of the family escaped unscathed, but were sadly astonished at the sudden turn things had taken.

Mr. Farnsworth and Gregory raised the fallen table to its former position, and Miranda set about collecting the scattered dishes.

'I knew that we were going to breakfast, but I did not think we should break so fast as that,' remarked Gregory, ruefully.

Ann Harriet, up to this time, had retained her consciousness, when it suddenly occurred to her that, in the stories she had read, the heroines always fainted when anything unusual happened; so she shut up her eyes and began to gasp, just as her uncle and cousin were about to assist her to her feet.

'She is faint; get some water, quick!' exclaimed Miranda.

Gregory seized the 'Old Dominion,' and dashed what coffee there was left in it on Ann's face, then threw on all the cream in the pitcher, and wound up his frightful orgie by emptying over her locks a lot of brown sugar from a bowl which stood near. The effect was that the faint damsel 'came to' very fast, and requested to be helped up. Her aspect was remarkably ludicrous; the moistened sugar, clinging to her hair and plastering up her eyes, caused so much mirth on Gregory's part that he could hardly restrain it within the bounds of politeness.

'Oh, *do* help me up!' implored Ann Harriet.

Easier said than done. Mr. Farns-

worth took hold of one arm, and Gregory the other, but their united effort was not sufficient. Mr. Farnsworth had but recently recovered from an attack of the rheumatism—and apple sauce—and was by no means strong enough for such work; while Gregory was so full of laughter that it deprived him of half his strength. After one or two futile attempts, Miranda had a happy thought: she ran into the parlor and brought out half a dozen thick volumes of music; then Gregory and his father lifted Ann Harriet as far as they could at one effort, while Miranda pushed a book under; at the next lift, a second book was inserted, and this movement was repeated until Ann was seated—*alto* and *allegro*—on a pile of six large music books. Aunt Farnsworth then brought a basin of water, and carefully bathed her niece's face, removing all traces of the catastrophe, in which she was assisted by a copious flood of tears from Ann's eyes—so copious, indeed, that Gregory guessed there would be a rainbow when she ceased.

In about twenty minutes 'things were put as near to rights as possible,' but their appetites, like the breakfast, were thoroughly spoilt; so Miranda and her cousin went up stairs to make their plans for the entertainment, which was to be given in honor of the fair Peonytownner. This kept them busy all day; for there was shopping to be done, pastry and cake to be made, dresses to be 'fixed,' and other arrangements, 'too numerous to mention.'

Ann Harriet's thoughts dwelt incessantly on the appointed evening; the iron would then be hot, and she knew that she must strike, or lose a golden opportunity for exchanging the desolate monotony of a heavy single life for the sparkling, honorable, enviable title of wedded wife.

Surely, Ann Harriet, he who leads thee to the altar will possess a brave and stout heart—one on whom you, although fat, can lean, and of whose home you, though heavy, will be

the light. You will so fill his heart that there will be no room for discontent, melancholy, or any evil or mischievous visitor. Whoever the fortunate man may be, you can rest assured that you will exceed his greatest expectations, and he will not attempt to exaggerate your charms and attractions.

CHAPTER II.

'There was music and mirth in the lighted saloon;
The measure was merry—our hearts were in
tune;
While hand linked with hand in the graceful
quadrille,
Bright joy crowned the dance, like the sun on
the rill,
And beamed in the dark eyes of coquettes and
snobs;
But the belle of the ball was Ann Harriet Hobbs.'
Mrs. Osgood (with slight variation).

Bright shone the gas at Mr. Farnsworth's on the evening of the grand *soirée* given for the gratification of Ann Harriet, who was anxious to see some of the beaux of Boston. Both of the parlor chandeliers were in full blaze, much to the delight of Miss Hobbs, who, after gazing at them in admiration, expressed the wish that her friend surnamed Pendergast might see such a sight.

'That takes the shine all off of Miss Pendergasses' double back-action, self-adjusting, anti-corrosive, herring-bone, powerloom lamp, don't it, my dear cousin?' asked Gregory, who had been regaled several times with an account of a wonderful lamp that burnt one hour at a cost of only ten cents, or ten hours at a cost of one cent—Gregory never could remember which.

'Now, Gregory, if you bother me so, I sha'n't tell you anything more; please hand me that fan on the table, and tell me who that man is by the corner of the mantelpiece.'

'That is Captain Dobbs; he is very fond of poetry, and has written some, too; but it was never published, for the editors charged too much for putting it into their papers. Shall I introduce him to you?' said Gregory.

'A captain and a poet, too? Oh, certainly, I should be delighted to know him,' replied Ann Harriet, who began to cool down her countenance by a vigorous application of the fan, while Gregory went after the poetical captain. He was soon back again, and presented him, as follows:

'Captain Dobbs, Miss Hobbs; Miss Hobbs, Captain Dobbs.'

The Captain bowed so low that Ann Harriet could see the brass buttons on the back of his coat, and then, taking her hand, he said, earnestly:

'I rejoice exceedingly that our acquaintance with each other should have commenced under such charming auspices!'

Now, they were standing directly under one of the beautiful chandeliers, which glistened with brilliant pendants; and Ann, supposing that the gallant Captain alluded to them, accordingly replied:

'Yes, they are very charming auspices, and make a beautiful jingle.'

What the Captain really alluded to was the rhyming of their names when Gregory introduced them; the jingle of the rhyme pleased him much, and he regarded it as propitious to their future acquaintance: Ann Harriet's reply happened to suit the case precisely, and placed her in high estimation with the Captain.

Drummond Dobbs was about thirty-two years of age, a gentleman, and a right good fellow, but so *very* sentimental that few ladies could endure his company. Yet was he anxious to please the fair sex and be popular with them: unfortunately, he supposed that the way to be so was to shower on them love-sick poetry and sentimental speeches; 'he wore his heart upon his sleeve,' fell in love with every new face, and had been rejected a score of times; he comforted himself, however, with the very scaly proverb, 'there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught,' and—cast in his line for another chance. He had tried poor women and rich

women, young school-girls and elastic old maids, brunettes and blondes, but all in vain; and the moment he saw Ann Harriet he determined to make one more attempt to secure a heart that should beat for him alone, an ear that should be ever on the alert for his footstep, and eyes that should sparkle only when he was near.

Ann Harriet, on her part, saw all in Captain Dobbs that she could wish for; and she thought that if she could return to Peonytown with a live captain as her affianced lover, she should be the happiest of fat girls. What a sensation she would create on Sunday, when she went to meeting arm in arm with him, and *how* the folks would stare at his bright buttons and shoulder straps! She wondered if he would wear a 'trainer hat,' with feathers in it.

To Captain Dobbs, Ann Harriet Hobbs was 'a devilish fine-looking woman;' there was something tangible in a woman like that, sir; *she* was not one of your flimsy, languid girls, with waist like the stem of a goblet. Somebody had said, 'the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,' but he did not believe in that; he wanted a *wife*, and if he could get one twice the size of any one else's, so much the better, by Jove!

Gregory, with the tact of Young America, saw instantly what the result of an evening's interview would be; so, telling Dobbs that he would find his cousin from Peonytown very in-fatuating, he left them to their own enjoyment.

'It is very singular,' remarked the Captain, promptly, 'how much alike our names are: Hobbs and Dobbs!'

'Yes; but I think that yours is much the prettiest; I always hated the name of Hobbs,' remarked Ann Harriet.

'Hate Hobbs? Well, I detest Dobbs; but you have the advantage of me, for you can change yours without much trouble,' replied the Captain.

He did not know that Ann Harriet had been longer, and at more trouble, in trying to get her name changed,

than if she had applied to seven legislatures. She blushed deeply, and raised her fan to hide the rosy hue—but it was a small, round fan, and only partially concealed her face, leaving a crimson disk of two inches around it. Captain Dobbs was delighted; a blush to him was a certain proof of maiden coyness, and bespoke a heart so full of love that every emotion sent it mantling to the face.

Gregory here returned, to say that they were getting up a dance, and Captain Dobbs and his cousin must certainly join in it.

'But I never danced in my life!' said Ann Harriet, innocently.

'Oh, never mind *that*; it is a very simple dance—the Virginia Reel; every one can dance that; only do as others do,' replied Gregory.

Ann Harriet, accepting Captain Dobbs's proffered arm, proceeded to the room where the arrangements for the dance were progressing.

'I understand that Miss Hobbs is the star of this business,' remarked Mr. Pickett to Gregory, as he crammed himself behind a bookcase, to allow the lady and her escort to go by.

'Star?' repeated Gregory. 'Yes; the full moon of the concern.'

'You mean of the firm,' quoth Pickett.

'Yes,' replied Gregory, 'the full moon of the firm, I meant.'

The dancers took their places, and a merry tune soon set them in motion. Ann Harriet watched the others carefully, and soon understood the figure. At length her turn came to advance. She performed her part very well until she came to that step known as *dos à dos*, and here her good luck forsook her; for, in stepping back, she struck with full force her companion, a slim young man with shell eyeglasses, and sent him forward with an impetus which was only checked by his coming in collision with a plaster-of-Paris pedestal, on which stood a bust of General Zachary Taylor; his head penetrated

the column, and the bust came down on his back with a thump that nearly knocked the breath out of his body. His eyeglasses were shattered, his soul rent, and his shirt bosom torn asunder. The unfortunate youth gathered himself up and retreated to an anteroom, where he rearranged his disordered clothing; but was not seen again, having disappeared through a side door and hastened home.

Ann Harriet came out of the collision like a second 'Monitor,' unscathed and undaunted; indeed, she was not aware that anything unusual had happened till she heard the crash, and then was surprised to learn that she was the cause of the catastrophe.

When our heroine heard how serious the collision had been, she felt much disturbed, until Gregory observed that, although she had been backward in causing the mishap, she should not be backward in making what reparation she could.

On this suggestion, Ann Harriet inquired the whereabouts of Mr. Google, and learning that he was in an anteroom, started in search of him. She found herself in the supper room, hurrying across which, she pulled open a door on the other side with such a vigorous effort of elephantine strength, as to precipitate a waiter, who had just caught hold of the handle, headlong into the room. The unfortunate servitor, who was dressed in white cravat and black coat, landed under the supper table, where he lay motionless. Ann Harriet made her way back to the parlor as quickly as possible, where she startled the visitors by exclaiming:

'Oh dear, come here, quick! I have killed a minister!'

Miss Helen Bumpus, who was playing a quickstep on the pianoforte, uttered a sharp shriek, which was echoed from various parts of the room, and the whole company, headed by Captain Dobbs, followed Ann Harriet to the scene of the disaster.

When they reached the dining room

they found her 'minister' sitting on the floor, rubbing his head, and using language more appropriate to one of Captain Kidd's profession than to an expounder of the gospel. When the damaged waiter saw the immense crowd entering the room, he vanished into the kitchen amid shouts of laughter from the assembly, who comprehended at once Miss Hobbs's error. Ann Harriet felt much relieved to find that the accident was no worse, and explained the mishap to her friends, ending by inquiring what denomination he belonged to. Gregory informed her that the individual was not a clergyman, but a lay-man and a waiter.

Soon after, the guests were requested to repair to the supper room, and each gentleman chose his partner for the occasion. Unfortunately for Ann Harriet, Captain Dobbs chanced to be at the farther end of the room, and before he reached the object of his adoration she had already accepted the arm of an exquisite youth with patent eyeglass, pink necktie, and tomato-colored moustache. The disappointment nearly destroyed Dobbs's appetite. He had intended to be irresistibly attentive to Miss Hobbs; to furnish her with every little delicacy the table afforded; and *now*, she must depend upon the languid movements of a 'snob:' it was too bad, by Jove!

The table was elegantly decorated with flowers, and the neatly prepared dishes and ministerial waiters presented a scene which to Ann Harriet's vision was enchanting.

'What shall I have the pleasure of obtaining for you?' asked Mr. Struttles of Ann Harriet.

'Let me see,' replied Ann. 'It's some time since I eat anything, and I feel pretty hungry: if you will get me a plateful of pandowdy* and some ginger snaps, I shall feel thankful.'

Mr. Struttles was a very polite man, and would not laugh in a lady's face

* Broken-up apple pie.

for a farm ; but his tomato-hued moustache quivered, and he had to frown fiercely to conceal the laughter which threatened to burst him asunder.

‘What amuses you so much, Strut?’ asked a friend, who found him a few moments later in the entry, giggling all by himself.

‘Oh dear! I shall die!’ he replied, shaking with mirth; ‘that fat girl asked me to get her something to eat that I never heard of: I believe she called it *slam dowdy*, or rip snap, or something like that, and, of course, there is nothing of the kind on the table.’

‘Go and tell her it is all eaten up,’ suggested the friend; ‘article all sold.’

Struttles had not thought of that; it was a good idea, so off he went and told Ann Harriet that the object she wished had been so fashionable that it was all devoured before he reached it.

‘Oh, well! I had just as lief have some gingerbread and a pickle-lime,’ was her calm response.

Struttles rushed desperately to the table, filled a plate full of anything that came handy, brought it to his dame, and informed her that there was not a pickled lime to be had. Ann Harriet did not care; she was soon busy devouring the contents of the plate, while Struttles stood by, chuckling and grinning.

Captain Dobbs, in the mean time, was doing all he could to make hungry and handsome Miss Helen Bumpus happy, by giving her oyster salad, ice cream, frozen pudding, and cake, with plenty of champagne to wash it down; but his heart was with Ann Harriet, and many an anxious glance he bestowed on her, to see if she was well supplied with the niceties of the festive board. He thrilled with joy at seeing her behind a plate piled nearly as high as her chin with a variety of cakes, tarts, fruits, and jellies.

After a while every one was surfeited, and gradually the supper room was deserted, leaving none but the waiters,

who quickly cleared away what there was left of the supper.

On entering the parlor, Captain Dobbs caught a view of himself in a large mirror, and saw to his dismay that he had not escaped the usual fate of gallants who endeavor to make themselves agreeable to the ladies in a crowded supper-room; lumps of blanc-mange adhered to his shirt bosom; particles of calf’s-foot jelly coruscated like gems on his patent-leather gaiters, and quivering oysters hung tenaciously to his coat sleeves. He looked around for some place of refuge where he could retire and remove the remnants of the banquet, and espying a side room apparently deserted, there being no light in it, stepped in, and, taking off his coat, commenced the task of restoring it to its pristine splendor. While doing this, he was startled by a sound so singular that his coat nearly fell from his hand, so alarmed was he. Glancing at the door, his eyes met the known form of Ann Harriet, when he instantly hurried on his coat in horror, and, apologizing to his fair friend for being caught without it, referred to the curious noise he had heard.

‘What did it sound like?’ asked Ann Harriet.

The Captain tried in vain to find a simile; he had never heard anything that resembled it; and Ann Harriet’s suggestions as to what it might have been were equally fruitless.

The truth was, that when Miss Hobbs appeared at the threshold of the door she heaved a deep sigh, and it was this that startled her lover; but as he had his head in a stooping position, and was busy brushing his coat, the sound seemed to him to come from the farther end of the room, which was obscured in darkness. He was not aware that fat ladies’ sighs were proportionate to their size. However, now that his heart’s idol was present, he cared nothing for aught else; so, taking her small hand, he led her to the window, and they stood gazing with mutual consent

at the starry heavens. Gregory spied them there, and mischievously closed the door. What conversation ensued is only known to the two who were engaged in it, but every one noticed that when Ann Harriet reappeared her step was light if not actually fantastic, and her mild countenance beamed with a moonlike radiance, so serenely bright as to reveal a heart buoyant with bliss. Soon after, the company dispersed, and the damsel, retiring to her dormitory, was soon dreaming sweetly of 'her betrothed,' and imagined that all the bells in Peonytown were rung on her wedding day.

Sleep on, Ann Harriet! Thou hast waited long for the happy hour; but thou wert thyself weighty, and it was fit that thou, too, shouldst deal deliberately in matters of '*great*' weight.

The next day she informed her uncle of her intention to marry the accomplished Drummond Dobbs, and received his hearty approval; for Dobbs's character was good, and without a scar.

The nuptials were to take place without delay, and so Ann Harriet hastened home to make the requisite arrangements.

CHAPTER III.

'In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remained in the wheel?'

MOORE.

Ann Harriet was determined that her wedding should be a romantic one; she said that it was by no means an every-day affair, and therefore it should be carried out in a style proportionate to its rarity. After consulting Mrs. Pendergast, and searching through a pile of 'New York Dashers,' she was much inclined to a midnight wedding, especially as Mrs. Pendergast offered to loan her patent lamp for the occasion; but when they suddenly happened to hear of a marriage celebrated in the wild and picturesque woods of the White Hills, it was immediately decid-

ed that there was no better place; so sacred a ceremony should be performed 'under the broad canopy of heaven,' and the birds of the air and the countless leaves of the trees should sing their epithalamium.

After some search, it was decided that the happy spot should be on 'Huckleberry Hill,' a picturesque elevation about a mile from the postoffice in Peonytown, covered with a luxurious growth of pines and hemlocks, interspersed with huckleberry bushes, sweet fern, and mullenstalks. A small, open place was selected, where the long moss made a beautiful carpet, and the tall trees on every side entwined their arms as lovingly together as if they, too, were about to take each other 'for better for worse,' while the ripple of a brook hidden in the woods lent a pleasant melody to the scene.

'This is the place of all others,' remarked Ann Harriet. 'Houses may burn down or decay, churches may be sold and turned into ice-cream saloons and lager-beer depots—as Mr. Dunstable's was; but these lofty pines and rugged hemlocks will stand for centuries, to mark the spot where, in my girlhood, I plighted my troth to that dear Dobbs.'

Preparations for the bridal went gloriously on. The Peonytown dress-maker was busy day and evening in making up the trousseau of the expectant bride. The wedding dress was to be of fine white muslin, and no ornaments to detract from its spotless purity.

The important day at length arrived. The sun rose warm, brilliant, calm, and cloudless—and so did Ann Harriet. Her heart beat quick and tumultuously as the coming event of the day suddenly occurred to her, and she rejoiced to think that she was now to have *one* to shield her from the chilling blasts of a cold, relentless world—a husband on whose breast her weary head could rest and feel secure.

These thoughts made her footsteps

light, and she hastened to array herself for the bridal, which was appointed at ten o'clock. The barber of Peonytown was sent for, and, although dressing a bride's hair was something as yet unknown to him, yet, after much perseverance and more ox marrow, he succeeded in twisting and braiding her luxuriant black locks into a kind of triumphal-arched basketwork, that resembled a miniature summer-house. The white muslin dress was then put on, and a pair of white kid gloves drawn over her small fingers (plump people have little hands), and Ann Harriet awaited her husband elect.

All Peonytown had been apprized of the hour of the wedding, and, in consequence, the grove was at an early period filled with spectators. Boys climbed into the trees; camp stools were provided; and one enterprising Peonytownner brought a long wooden settee, and let the weary rest on it for the slight consideration of half a dime each. The Rev. Derby Sifter was there too. He was to perform the ceremony, and, as it was the first wedding in Peonytown for six months, he was in unusual humor, rubbing his hands together, and laughing at every remark that was made.

At the appointed time Ann Harriet appeared, hanging lovingly on the arm of the gallant Captain. The bride attracted universal attention. At first, indeed, many were impressed with the idea that a crowd of girls were coming, dressed in unsullied white; but as she approached nearer, they saw that it was the fair Ann Harriet in her white muslin, leaning on the arm of Captain Dobbs, who was dressed in full uniform, and had a carnation pink in his mouth. The Rev. Derby Sifter now stepped forward, and the parties took their places. No bridesmaids were needed, the bride 'answering' for several. After a few preliminary remarks, the reverend gentleman pronounced them—under green leaves—*husband and wife!* Ann Harriet heaved a sigh

of relief: the H had vanished forever from her name, and D now reigned in its stead. A short prayer then followed.

Meanwhile, a boy in a tree directly over their heads spied a caterpillar's nest near him, and, breaking a twig from a branch, he probed the nest, causing a tremendous stampede among the inmates. Down they dropped, silently and softly, upon the elaborate head of the bride, who stood wholly unconscious of the additional ornaments so profusely decorating her hair; the company noticed it, and very soon every one was in a broad grin. Ann Harriet became conscious of some merriment in that portion of the party immediately under her observation, and a succession of blushes suffused her face as she felt that something ridiculous to herself must have caused it. At that instant a caterpillar, that had been swinging to and fro on his attenuated web, landed plump on Ann's nose as she raised her face (he had been waiting for something to turn up), causing her to give utterance to a scream that made the clerical gentleman open his eyes, and a couple of catbirds to fly frightened and squealing from their nests.

At the same time an angry cow, rendered furious by the sting of some insect, plunged frantically into the wedding circle, bellowing, tossing her head, and flourishing her tail in a terrific and antinuptial manner. The Rev. Mr. Sifter was the first one to leave, and, being very spare, he passed swiftly through the trees and bushes, never looking behind him till he had reached the meeting house, where he stopped and in his unconscious delirium caught at the bell rope and rang the bell with a vigor that started every one from his work, so that in a few minutes 'Extinguisher No. 1' was hurried along the roads by an extempore company of about fifty men and boys.

Meanwhile, the witnesses of the rural wedding had all skedaddled—to bor-

row a Greek word—into the woods, in dire confusion, tearing dresses, pulling down ‘back hair,’ hitching hoop skirts, and tumbling over blackberry vines—but each intent on increasing the distance from the mad cow. Ann Harriet was not so fortunate; her size prevented her running, and a fiery peony on her bosom attracted the animal’s attention, so that, with a loud roar, the beast rushed directly upon her. Had Ann Harriet been—as she was a few weeks before—an unprotected female, the undertaker of Peonytown would have had a ‘big job’ that day; but luckily, he who had just sworn to love and protect her saw that now was his time and chance to begin; so, drawing his sword, he stepped in front of his trembling bride, and, as the cow approached with head down and eyeballs glaring wildly, he aimed a blow with his weapon, which inflicted a severe cut on her nose.

The cow paused.

‘Step backward gradually, my Ann Harriet,’ said the valiant Dobbs, ‘and I will see that she does not touch you.’

Ann Harriet stepped backward, but not ‘gradually,’ for she trod on a loose stone, which upset her, and she rolled over and over down a sloping rock, ruining, on the way, any quantity of huckleberry bushes and pennyroyal. This started the cow, who made another furious charge at the soldier, who this time, by a well-directed blow, cut one horn sheer off.

‘That’s good!’ exclaimed he; ‘next time I’ll take t’other horn, and then commence on her legs.’

The cow made another retreat, but appeared by no means vanquished. The Captain stood his ground manfully. Ann Harriet sat on the moss at the foot of the rock, disentangling from her

hair the bruised and mangled caterpillars which still remained there.

Just as the cow was about to make her third charge, shouts were heard in the path which led to the village, and in a moment ‘Extinguisher No. 1,’ with its brave volunteers, was on the ground. They had followed the directions of the parson and arrived at an opportune moment.

The boys at once decided that, as there was no fire to put out, they would ‘put out’ the cow; so, unreeling the hose, they drew the water from the brook, and in a very little while a stream of water from a two-inch pipe struck the astonished cow full in the face, when she turned and scampered off into the forest, jumping over Ann Harriet at a single bound, and was seen no more.

Captain Dobbs wiped his gory weapon on the greensward, and returned it to the sheath. He then sprang to the side of his wife, and, with the help of the foreman and two brakemen, raised her. She said her nerves were all unstrung, and she ‘never could walk home in the world;’ so she was placed on the box of the hose carriage and carried to the village.

The Peonytowners turned out *en masse* to meet them, and were anxious that the heroic Captain should make a speech from the town pump; but he declined.

In a short time the happy couple were comfortably seated on the sofa in the parlor of the old homestead, and his arm was as far round her waist as it would go. Here we will bid them adieu. Ann Harriet being married, she will have no more *miss*-haps—albeit at some future time something may be heard of Captain and Mrs. Dobbs—and all the little Dobbses.

THE UNION.

I V.

THE census tables of the North and the South, and especially of Massachusetts, Maryland, and South Carolina, heretofore presented, have proved that slavery greatly retarded the progress of population, wealth, science, education, and religion. The comparison now instituted between New York and Virginia demonstrates the same law.

By the census, the population of Virginia in 1790 was 748,308, and in 1860, 1,596,818, making the ratio of increase 113.32 percent. In 1790, New York numbered 340,120, and in 1860, 3,880,735, the ratio of increase being 1,040.99. (Table 1, Prelim. Census Rep., p. 132.) Thus, the rate of increase in New York exceeded that of Virginia more than nine to one.

In 1790, the population of Virginia was largely more than double that of New York. In 1860, the population of New York was very largely more than double that of Virginia. In 1790, Virginia, in population, ranked first of all the States, and New York the fifth. In 1860, they had reversed their positions, and New York was the first, and Virginia the fifth. (Rep., p. 120.) At the same rate of progress, from 1860 to 1900, as from 1790 to 1860, Virginia, retaining slavery, would have sunk from the first to the twenty-first State, and would still continue, at each succeeding decade, descending the inclined plane toward the lowest position of all the States. Such has been, and still continues to be, the effect of slavery, in dragging down that once great State from the first toward the last in rank in the Union. But if, as in the absence of slavery must have been the case, Virginia had increased from 1790 to 1860 in the same ratio as New York, her population in 1860 would have been 7,789,141, and she must always have

remained the first in rank of all the States.

AREA.—The natural advantages of Virginia far exceed those of New York. The area of Virginia is 61,352 square miles, and that of New York, 47,000. The population of Virginia per square mile in 1790 was 12.19, and in 1860, 26.02. That of New York, in 1790, was 7.83, and in 1860, 84.36. Now, if New York, with her present numbers per square mile, had the area of Virginia, her population, in 1860, would have been 5,175,654, and that of Virginia, reduced to the area of New York, on the basis of her present numbers per square mile, would have been 1,320,000. This illustrates the immense effect of area, as one of the great elements influencing the progress of population. But, wonderful as are these results, the great fact is omitted in this calculation, that Virginia, in 1790, had largely more than double the population of New York. Thus, if we reverse the numbers of New York and Virginia in 1790, and take the actual ratio of increase of each for the succeeding seventy years, the population of Virginia, in 1860, would have been 728,875, and that of New York, as we have seen, would have been 7,789,141, making the difference exceed seven millions, or very largely more than ten to one. Reverse the areas also, and the difference would exceed eight millions.

SHORE LINE.—As furnishing cheap and easy access for imports and exports, creating marts for commerce with great cities, and affecting the interior most beneficially, the shore line, with adequate harbors, constitutes a vast element in the progress of states and empires. Now, by the last tables of the United States coast survey, the shore line of Virginia was 1,571 miles, and of New York 725 miles. The five great

parallel tide-water rivers of Virginia, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York river, James river, and Roanoke (partly in North Carolina), with their tributaries, furnish easy access for hundreds of miles into the interior, with both shores of the noble Chesapeake bay for many miles, as well as its magnificent outlet and the main ocean for a considerable distance, all within the limits of Virginia. We have seen that the coast line of Virginia is largely more than double that of New York, and the harbors of Virginia are more numerous, deeper, and much nearer the great valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. By the coast-survey tables, the mean low water into the harbor of New York by Gedney's channel is 20 feet, and at high-water spring tides is 24.2; north channel, 24, mean low water, and 29.1 spring tides, high water; south channel, 22 and 27.1; main ship channel, after passing S. W. spit buoy, on N. E. course, one mile up the bay, for New York, 22.5-27.06. By the same tables, from capes at entrance of Chesapeake bay to Hampton, at mean low water, 30 feet; spring tides, high water, 32.8. Anchorage in Hampton roads, 59-61.8. From Hampton roads to Sewell's point, 25-27.8. South of Sewell's point (one mile and a half), 21-23.8; up to Norfolk, 23-25.8. From Hampton roads to James river, entering to the northward of Newport News, middle ground, 22-24.8. From Hampton roads to James river, entering to the southward of Newport News, middle ground, 27-29.8. From abreast the tail of York spit, up to Yorktown, 33-35.8. Elizabeth river, between Norfolk and navy yard, 25.5-28.3.

When we leave the tide-water rivers for the interior navigable streams, Virginia has a vast advantage. New York has no such rivers above tide, but Virginia has the Ohio for hundreds of miles, with its tributaries, the Kanawha, Guyandotte, and Big Sandy. It is true, New York has several of the great lakes, and the vast advantage of con-

nection with them through her great canal. But, in the absence of slavery, the canal projected by Washington (preceding that of New York) would have connected, through Virginia, the Chesapeake bay with the Ohio river. The James river, flowing into the Chesapeake, cuts the Blue Mountains, and the Kanawha, a confluent of the Ohio, cuts the Alleghany; thus opening an easy and practicable route for a great canal from the eastern to the western waters. The valley of the lakes, with which New York is connected by her canal, has an area of 335,515 square miles. The valley of the Mississippi, with which the Chesapeake would long since, in the absence of slavery, have been connected by the Virginia canal, has an area of 1,226,600 square miles. The shore line of the Mississippi and its tributaries, above tide water, is 35,644 miles. (Page 35 *Compend. Census of 1850.*) Our shore line of the lakes is 3,620 miles, including bays, sounds, and islands; and that of the British, 2,629. (*Ib.* 35.) The connection of the lakes with the Ohio and Mississippi would be the same for both States, the one being from the lakes to these rivers, and the other from the rivers to the lakes. The location of Virginia is more central than that of New York, and Virginia runs farther west by several hundred miles. We are so accustomed to look at the connection of New York with the West by her canal, and Virginia with no such union, that it is difficult to realize the great change if Virginia had been connected by her progressing work with the Ohio and Mississippi, and thence, by the present canals, with the lakes.

It is apparent, then, that, as regards easy access to the West, the natural advantages of Virginia surpass New York, and with greater facilities for artificial works. How many decades would be required, after emancipation, to bring the superior natural advantages of Virginia into practical operation, is not the question; nor do I believe that the

city of New York will ever cease to be the centre of our own trade, and ultimately of the commerce of the world. But although Virginia, in adhering to slavery, has lost her supremacy in the Union, it is quite certain that, as a Free State, she would commence a new career of wonderful prosperity, that capital and population from the North and from Europe would flow there with a mighty current, her lands be doubled in value, and her town and city property far more than quadrupled.

MINES.—Virginia has vast mines of coal, the great element of modern progress. New York has none. It is coal that has made Great Britain a mighty empire, giving her power, by land and sea, equal to the manual force of all mankind. It is stated by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, in his report before referred to, of November, 1860, 'that an acre of coal, three feet thick, is equal to the product of 1,940 acres of forest trees; and each acre of a coal seam four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard of pure coal, is equivalent to 5,000 tons, and possesses, therefore, a reserve of mechanical strength in its fuel, equal to the life labor of more than 1,600 men.'

This statement of the Commissioner is made on the highest authority, and proves the vast natural advantages of Virginia over New York. Virginia, also, has far more abundant mines of iron, more widely diffused over the State, reaching from tide water to the Ohio. She has also these iron mines in juxtaposition with coal and all the fluxes. Virginia, also, has valuable mines of gold, lead, and copper. New York has no gold or copper mines, and produced in 1860 but \$800 worth of lead. (Table 14.)

HYDRAULIC POWER.—Omitting Niagara, which thus far scorns the control of man, the hydraulic power of Virginia very far exceeds that of New York. It is to be found on the Potomac and its tributaries, and upon nearly every stream that flows into the

Chesapeake or Ohio. The superior mildness of the climate of Virginia makes this power available there for a much greater portion of the year. The great falls of the Potomac, where Washington constructed the largest locks of the continent, has a water power unsurpassed, and is but twelve miles from tide water, at Washington. This point is a most healthy and beautiful location, surrounded by lands whose natural fertility was very great, and, in the absence of slavery, must have been a vast manufacturing city. This water power could move more spindles than are now worked on all this continent.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.—The natural fertility of the soil of Virginia far exceeded that of New York, with a more genial sun, and much more favorable seasons for agricultural products, as well as for stock. The number of acres of land in Virginia susceptible of profitable culture, is nearly double that of New York, but much of it has been impoverished by slave labor, scratching and exhausting the soil, without manure or rotation of crops. The census shows that Virginia has all the products of New York, and cotton in addition. Virginia produced, in 1860, 12,727 bales of cotton (table 36), worth, at present prices, nearly \$3,000,000. She also adjoins the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, producing, in 1860, 372,964 bales, worth, at present prices, nearly \$90,000,000. Virginia is also much nearer than New York to all the other cotton States. With these vast advantages, with her larger area, more fertile soil, cheaper subsistence, her coal and iron and great hydraulic power, with so much cotton raised by herself and in adjacent States, Virginia should have manufactured much more cotton than New York. But, by the census (table 22), the value of the cotton manufacture of Virginia in 1850 was \$1,446,109, and in 1860, \$1,063,611—a decrease of one third. In New York, the value of the cotton manufacture in 1850 was

\$5,019,323, and in 1860, \$7,471,961, an increase of over 48 per cent. So, if we look at the tables of mines, manufactures, and the fisheries, with the vastly superior advantages of Virginia, the whole product in 1860 was of the value of \$51,300,000, and of agriculture \$68,700,000; whilst in New York these values were respectively \$379,623,560 and \$226,376,440. (Tables of Census, 33 and 36.)

CLIMATE AND MORTALITY.—By table 6, page 22, of the Census, there were for the year ending June 1st, 1860, 46,881 deaths in New York, being 1 in every 82 of the population, and 1.22 per cent. The number of deaths in Virginia, in the same year, was 22,472, being 1 in every 70 of the population, or 1.43 per cent. There was, then, a slight difference in favor of New York. But Virginia is divided into four geographical sections: the tide-water, the Piedmont (running from the tide-water region to the Blue Mountains), the valley between these mountains and the Alleghanies, and the trans-Alleghany to the Ohio. These three last sections, containing three fourths of the area and white population of the State, surpass New York in salubrity, with the most bracing and delightful climate. The climate of Virginia is far more favorable for stock and agricultural products than New York, with longer and better seasons, and is more salubrious than the climate of Europe. (Comp. 1850.)

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—We have seen how great was the advance in population of New York over Virginia, from 1790 to 1860, being in the ratio of more than 9 to 1. Now let us compare the relative progress of wealth. It is contended by the advocates of slavery, that it accumulates wealth more rapidly, and thus enriches the nation, although it may depress its moral and intellectual development, its increase of numbers and of power, and tarnish its reputation throughout the world. As population and its labor create wealth, it must be retarded by a sys-

tem which, as we have seen in this case, diminishes the relative advance of numbers in the ratio of more than 9 to 1. But the census proves that slavery greatly retards the increase of wealth. By tables 33 and 36 of the census of 1860, it appears, omitting commerce, that the products of industry, as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year in New York \$604,000,000, or \$155 *per capita*; and in Virginia \$120,000,000, or \$75 *per capita*. This shows a total value of product in New York more than five times greater than in Virginia, and *per capita* more than 2 to 1. If we include the earnings of commerce, and all business not given in the census, I think it will be shown hereafter, that the value of the products and earnings of New York, in 1860, exceeded those of Virginia at least 7 to 1. As to the rate of increase, the value of the products of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries of Virginia, in 1850, was \$84,480,428 (table 9), and in New York \$356,736,603, showing an increase in Virginia from 1850 to 1860 of \$35,519,572, being 41 per cent., and in New York \$247,263,397, being 69 per cent., exhibiting a difference of 28 per cent. Now the increase of population in Virginia from 1850 to 1860 was 12.29 per cent., and in New York 25.29 per cent., the difference being only 13 per cent. (Table 1, p. 131.) Thus, it appears, the increase of wealth in New York, exclusive of the gains of commerce, as compared with Virginia, was more than double the ratio of the augmentation of population. By the census table of 1860, No. 35, p. 195, 'The true value of the real and personal property, according to the eighth census was, New York, \$1,843,338,517, and of Virginia \$793,249,681.' Now we have seen the value of the products of New York in 1860 by the census was \$604,000,000, and in Virginia \$120,000,000. Thus, as a question of the annual yield of capital, that of New York was 32.82 per cent., and Virginia 15.13 per cent.; the an-

nual product of capital being more than double in New York what it was in Virginia. The problem then is solved in Virginia, as it was in Maryland and South Carolina, and all the South compared with all the North, that slavery retards the progress of wealth and accumulation of capital, in the ratio of 2 to 1. Our war taxes may be very great, but the tax of slavery is far greater, and the relief from it, in a few years, will add much more to the national wealth than the whole deduction made by the war debt. Our total wealth, by the census of 1860, being, by table 35, \$16,159,616,068, one per cent. taken annually to pay the interest and gradually extinguish the war debt, would be \$161,596,160; whereas, judging by Virginia and New York, the diminished increase of the annual product of capital, as the result of slavery, is 2.8 per cent., or \$452,469,250 per annum, equal in a decade, without compounding the annual results, to \$4,524,692,500.

That our population would have reached in 1860 nearly 40,000,000, and our wealth have been more than doubled, if slavery had been extinguished in 1790, is one of the revelations made by the census; whilst in science, in education, and national power, the advance would have been still more rapid, and the moral force of our example and success would have controlled for the benefit of mankind the institutions of the world.

By table 36, p. 196, of the census of 1860, the *cash* value of the farms of Virginia was \$371,096,211, being \$11.91 per acre, and of New York \$803,343,593, being \$38.26 per acre. Now, by the table, the number of acres embraced in these farms of New York was 20,992,950, and in Virginia 31,014,950, the difference of value per acre being \$26.36, or much more than 3 to 1 in favor of New York. Now, if we multiply this number of acres of farm lands of Virginia by the New York value, it would make the total value of the farm lands of New York \$1,186,942,136, and the

additional value caused by emancipation \$815,845,925. Now the whole number of slaves in Virginia in 1860, was 490,865; multiplying which by \$300 as their average value, would be \$147,259,500, leaving \$668,586,425 as the sum by which Virginia would be richer in farms alone, if slavery were abolished. But, stupendous as is this result in regard to lands, it is far below the reality. We have seen that the farm lands of Virginia, improved and unimproved, constituted 31,014,950 acres. By the census and the land-office tables, the area of Virginia is 39,265,280 acres. Deduct the farm lands, and there remain unoccupied 8,250,330 acres. Now, Virginia's population to the square mile being 26.02, and that of New York 84.36, with an equal density in Virginia, more than two thirds of these Virginia lands, as in New York, must have been occupied as farms. This would have been equivalent, at two thirds, to 5,500,000 acres, which, at their present average value of \$2 per acre, would be worth \$11,000,000; but, at the value per acre of the New York lands, these 5,500,000 acres would be worth \$206,430,000. Deduct from this their present value, \$11,000,000, and the remainder, \$195,430,000, is the sum by which the unoccupied lands of Virginia, converted into farms, would have been increased in value by emancipation. Add this to the enhanced value of their present farms, \$815,845,925, and the result would be \$1,011,275,925, as the gain of Virginia in the value of lands by emancipation. To these we should add, from the same cause, the enhancement of the town and city property in Virginia to the extent of several hundred millions of dollars. In order to realize the truth, we must behold Virginia as she would have been, with New York railroads and canals, farms, manufactures, commerce, towns, and cities. Then we must consider the superior natural advantages of Virginia, her far greater area, her richer soil, her more genial sun, her greater variety of

products, her mines of coal, iron, gold, copper, and lead, her petroleum, her superior hydraulic power, her much larger coast line, with more numerous and deeper harbors—and reflect what Virginia would have been in the absence of slavery. Her early statesmen, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Mason, Tucker, and Marshall, all realized this great truth, and all desired to promote emancipation in Virginia. But their advice was disregarded by her present leaders—the new, false, and fatal dogmas of Calhoun were substituted; and, as a consequence, Virginia, from the first rank (*longo intervallo*) of all the States, has fallen to the fifth, and, with slavery continued, will descend still more rapidly in the future than in the past. Let her abolish slavery, and she will commence a new career of progress. Freedom and its associates, education and energy, will occupy her waste lands, restore her exhausted fields, decaying cities, and prostrate industry, employ her vast hydraulic power, develop her mines, unite by her grand canals the waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and, placing her feet upon slavery, hear her proclaim, in the proud language of her own State motto, ‘*Sic semper tyrannis.*’

By census table 36, p. 197, the value, in 1860, of the farm lands of all the Slave States, was \$2,570,466,935, and the number of acres 245,721,062, worth \$10.46 per acre. In the Free States, the value of the farm lands was \$4,067,947,236, and the number of acres 161,462,003, worth \$25.19 per acre. Now if, as certainly in the absence of slavery would have been the case, the farm lands of the South had been worth as much per acre as those of the North, their total value would have been \$6,189,713,551, and, deducting the present price, the *additional* cash value would have been \$3,619,246,616. Now the whole number of slaves in all the States, in 1860, was 3,950,531, multiplying which by \$300, as their average value, would make all the slaves in the Union worth \$1,185,-

159,300. Deduct this from the enhanced value of the farm lands of the South as above, and the result would be \$2,434,087,316 as the gain in the price of farms by emancipation. This is independent of the increased value of their unoccupied lands, and of their town and city property.

By census tables of 1860, 33 and 36, the total value of the products of agriculture, mines, and fisheries in the Free States was \$4,100,000,000, and of the Slave States \$1,150,000,000, making the products of the Free States in 1860 nearly 4 to 1 of the Slave States, and \$216 *per capita* for the Free States, and for the Slave States \$94 *per capita*. This is exclusive of commerce, which would greatly increase the ratio in favor of the North, that of New York alone being nearly equal to that of all the Slave States. Now, multiply the population of the Slave States by the value of the products *per capita* of the Free States, and the result is \$2,641,631,032, making, by emancipation, the increased annual product of the Slave States \$1,491,631,032, and in ten years, exclusive of the yearly accumulations, \$14,916,310,320.

By the table 35, census of 1860, the total value of all the property, real and personal, of the Free States, was \$10,852,081,681, and of the Slave States, \$5,225,307,034. Now, the product, in 1860, of the Free States, being \$4,100,000,000, the annual yield on the capital was 38 per cent.; and, the product of the Slave States being \$1,150,000,000, the yield on the capital was 22 per cent. This was the gross product in both cases. I have worked out these amazing results from the census tables, to illustrate the fact, that the same law, by which slavery retarded the progress of wealth in Virginia, as compared with New York, and of Maryland and South Carolina, as compared with Massachusetts, rules the relative advance in wealth of all the Slave States, as compared with that of all the Free States. I have stated that the statistics of com-

merce, omitted in these tables, would vastly increase the difference in favor of the Free States, as compared with the Slave States, and of New York as contrasted with Virginia. I shall now resume the latter inquiry, so as to complete the comparison between New York and Virginia. By commerce is embraced, in this examination, all earning not included under the heads of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, or fisheries.

RAILROADS.—The number of miles of railroads in operation in New York, in 1860, including city roads, was 2,842 miles, costing \$138,395,055; and in Virginia, 1,771 miles, costing \$64,958,807. (Census table of 1860, No. 38, pp. 230 and 233.) Now, by the same census report, p. 105, the value of the freights of the New York roads for 1860 was as follows: Product of the forest—tons carried, 373,424; value per ton, \$20; total value, \$7,468,480. Of animals—895,519 tons; value per ton, \$200; total value, \$179,103,800. Vegetable food—1,103,640 tons; value per ton, \$50; total value, \$55,182,000. Other agricultural products—143,219 tons; value per ton, \$15; total value, \$2,148,055. Manufactures—511,916 tons; value per ton, \$500; total value, \$391,905,500. Other articles—930,244 tons; value, \$10 per ton; total value, \$9,302,440. Grand total, 4,741,773 tons carried; value per ton, \$163. Total values, \$773,089,275. Deducting one quarter for duplication, makes 3,556,330 tons carried on the New York roads in 1860; and the value, \$579,681,790. The values of the freights on the Virginia roads, as estimated, is \$60,000,000, giving an excess to those of New York of \$519,681,790, on the value of railroad freights in 1860. The passenger account, not given, would largely increase the disparity in favor of New York.

CANALS.—The number of miles of canals in New York is 1,038, and their cost \$67,567,972. In Virginia, the number of miles is 178, and the cost

\$7,817,000. (Census table 39, p. 238.) The estimated value of the freight on the New York canals is 19 times that of the freight on the Virginia canals. (Census.)

TONNAGE.—The tonnage of vessels built in New York in 1860 was 31,936 tons, and in Virginia 4,372. (Census, p. 107.)

BANKS.—The number of banks in New York in 1860 was 303; capital \$111,441,320, loans \$200,351,332, specie \$20,921,545, circulation \$29,959,506, deposits \$101,070,273; and in Virginia the number was 65; capital \$16,005,156, loans \$24,975,792, specie \$2,943,652, circulation \$9,812,197, deposits \$7,729,652. (Table 34, p. 193, Census.)

INSURANCE COMPANIES.—The risks taken in New York were \$916,474,956, or nearly one third of those in the whole Union. Virginia, estimated at \$100,000,000; difference in favor of New York \$816,474,956. (Census, p. 79.)

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, ETC.—Our exports abroad from New York for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, were \$145,555,449, and the foreign imports \$248,489,877; total of both, \$394,045,326. The clearances same year from New York were 4,574,285 tons, and the entries 4,836,448 tons; total of both, 9,410,733 tons. In Virginia, the exports the same year were \$5,858,024, and the imports \$1,326,249; total of both, \$7,184,273; clearances, 80,381 tons, entries, 97,762 tons; total of both, 178,143 tons. (Table 14, Register of United States Treasury.) Revenue collected from customs same year in New York, \$37,788,969, and in Virginia \$189,816, or 200 to 1 in favor of New York. (Tables, U. S. Com. of Customs.) No returns are given for the coastwise and internal trade of either State, but the tables of the railway and canal transportation of both States show nearly the same proportion in favor of New York as in the foreign trade. Thus the *domestic* exports from New York for the above year abroad were \$126,060,967, and from Virginia

\$5,833,371. (Same table, 14.) And yet Virginia, as we have seen, had much greater natural advantages than New York for commerce, as well as for mines, manufactures, and agriculture. But slavery has almost expelled commerce from Virginia, and nearly paralyzed all other pursuits.

These tables, taken from the census and the Treasury records, prove incontestably, that slavery retards the progress of wealth and population throughout the South, but especially in Virginia. Nor can the Tariff account for the results; for Virginia, as we have seen, possesses far greater advantages than New York for manufactures. Besides, the commerce of New York far surpasses that of Virginia, and this is the branch of industry supposed to be affected most injuriously by high tariffs, and New York has generally voted against them with as much unanimity as Virginia. But there is a still more conclusive proof. The year 1824 was the commencement of the era of high tariffs, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, as proved by the census, the percentage of increase of New York over Virginia was greater than from 1820 to 1860. Thus, by table 1 of the census, p. 124, the increase of population in Virginia was as follows :

From 1790 to	1800	17.63	per cent.
" 1800 "	1810	10.73	"
" 1810 "	1820	9.31	"
" 1820 "	1830	13.71	"
" 1830 "	1840	2.34	"
" 1840 "	1850	14.60	"
" 1850 "	1860	12.29	"

The increase of population in New York was :

From 1790 to	1800	72.51	per cent.
" 1800 "	1810	63.45	"
" 1810 "	1820	43.14	"
" 1820 "	1830	39.76	"
" 1830 "	1840	26.60	"
" 1840 "	1850	27.52	"
" 1850 "	1860	25.29	"

In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,318, in 1820, 1,065,129, and in

1860, 1,596,318. In 1790 the population of New York was 340,120, in 1820, 1,372,111, and in 1860, 3,880,735. Thus, from 1790 to 1820, before the inauguration of the protective policy, the relative increase of the population of New York, as compared with Virginia, was very far greater than from 1820 to 1860. It is quite clear, then, that the Tariff had no influence whatever in depressing the progress of Virginia as compared with New York.

We have heretofore proved by the census the same position as regards the relative progress of Maryland and Massachusetts, and the same principle applies as between all the Free, as compared with all the Slave States. In New York, we have seen that her progress from 1790 to 1820, in the absence of high tariffs, and, even before the completion of her great canal, her advance in population was much more rapid than from 1820 to 1860. Indeed, it is quite clear that, so far as the Tariff had any influence, it was far more unfavorable to New York than to Virginia, New York being a much greater agricultural as well as commercial State.

Having shown how much the material progress of Virginia has been retarded by slavery, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in New York in 1860 was 542, of which 365 were political, 56 religious, 63 literary, 58 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 320,930,884. (Census tables, Nos. 15, 37.) The number in Virginia was 139; of which 117 were political, 13 religious, 3 literary, 6 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 26,772,568. Thus, the annual circulation of the press in New York was twelve times as great as that of Virginia. As to periodicals: New York had 69 monthlies, of which 2 were political, 25 religious, 24 literary, and

18 miscellaneous; 10 quarterlies, of which 5 were religious, and 5 literary; 6 annuals, of which 2 were political, 2 religious, and 2 miscellaneous. Virginia had 5 monthlies, of which 1 was political, 2 religious, 1 literary, and 1 miscellaneous; and no quarterlies or annuals. The annual circulation of the New York monthlies was 2,045,000; that of Virginia was 43,900; or more than 43 to 1 in favor of New York.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged and printed. The number of public schools in New York in 1850 was 11,580, teachers 13,965, pupils 675,221; colleges, academies, etc., pupils 52,001; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 693,329; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 23,341. Public libraries, 11,013; volumes, 1,760,820. Value of churches, \$21,539,561. (Comp. Census, 1850.)

The number of public schools in Virginia in 1850 was 2,937, teachers 3,005, pupils 67,438; colleges, academies, etc., pupils 10,326; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 109,775; native white adults of the State who cannot read or write, 75,868. Public libraries, 54; volumes, 88,462. Value of churches, \$2,902,220. (Compend. of Census of 1850.) By table 155, same compend, the percentage of native free population in Virginia over 20 years of age who cannot read or write is 19.90, and in New York 1.87, in North Carolina 30.34, in Maryland 11.10, in Massachusetts 0.32, or less than one third of one per cent. In New England, the percentage of native whites who cannot read or write is 0.42, or less than one half of one per cent.; and in the Southern States 20.30, or 50 to 1 in favor of New England. (Compend., table 157.) But, if we take the whole adult population of Virginia, including whites, free blacks, and slaves, 42.05 per cent., or nearly one half, cannot read or write; and in

North Carolina, more than one half cannot read or write. We have seen, by the above official tables of the census of 1850, that New York, compared with Virginia, had nearly ten times as many pupils at schools, colleges, and academies, twenty times as many books in libraries, and largely more than seven times the value of churches; while the ratio of native white adults who cannot read or write was more than 10 to 1 in Virginia, compared with New York. We have seen, also, that in North Carolina nearly one third of the native white adults, and in Virginia nearly one fifth, cannot read or write, and in New England 1 in every 400, in New York 1 in every 131, in the South and Southwest 1 in every 12 of the native white adults. (Comp. p. 153.)

These official statistics enable me, then, again to say that slavery is hostile to the progress of wealth and education, to science and literature, to schools, colleges, and universities, to books and libraries, to churches and religion, to the press, and therefore to free government; hostile to the poor, keeping them in want and ignorance; hostile to labor, reducing it to servitude, and decreasing two thirds the value of its products; hostile to morals, repudiating among slaves the marital and parental condition, classifying them by law as chattels, darkening the immortal soul, and making it a crime to teach millions of human beings to read or write. Surely such a system is hostile to civilization, which consists in the education of the masses of the people of a country, and not of the few only. A State, one third of whose population are slaves, classified by law as chattels, and forbidden all instruction, and nearly one fifth of whose adult whites cannot read or write, is semi-civilized, however enlightened may be the ruling classes. If a highly educated chief or parliament governed China or Dahomey, they would still be semi-civilized or barbarous countries, however enlightened their rulers might

be. The real discord between the North and the South is not only the difference between freedom and slavery, but between civilization and barbarism caused by slavery. When we speak of a civilized *nation*, we mean the masses of the people, and not the government or rulers only. The enlightenment of the *people* is the true criterion of civilization, and any community that falls below this standard, is barbarous or semi-civilized. In countries where kings or oligarchies rule, the government may be maintained, (however unjustly,) without educating the masses; but, in a republic, or popular government, this is impossible; and the deluded masses of the South never could have been driven into this rebellion, but for the ignorance into which they had been plunged by slavery; nor is there any remedy for the evil but emancipation. If, then, we would give stability and wisdom to the government, and perpetuity to the Union, we must abolish slavery, which withholds education and enlightenment from the masses of the people, who, with us, control the policy of the nation.

With our only cause of ignorance and poverty among the people, and only element of discord among the States, extirpated by the gradual removal of slavery and negroism, we would bound forward in a new and wonderful career of power and prosperity. Our noble vessel of state, the great Republic, freighted with the hopes of humanity, and the liberties of our country and of mankind, still bearing aloft the flag of our mighty Union, indissoluble by domestic traitors or conspiring oligarchs, will, under Divine guidance, pass over the troubled waters, reassuring a desponding world, as she glides into the blessed haven of safety and repose. All the miracles of our past career would be eclipsed by the glories of the future. We might then laugh to scorn the impotent

malice of foreign foes. Without force or fraud, without sceptre or bayonet, our moral influence and example, for their own good, and by their own free choice, would control the institutions and destiny of nations. The wise men of the East may then journey westward again, to see the rising star of a regenerated humanity, the fall of thrones and dynasties, the lifting up of the down-trodden masses, and the political redemption of our race, not by a new dispensation, but by the fulfilment thus of the glorious prophecies and blessed promises of Holy Writ. And can we not lift ourselves into that serene atmosphere of love of country and of our race, above all selfish schemes or mere party devices, and contemplate the grandeur of these results, if now, *now*, now we will only do our duty? Now, indeed, is the 'accepted time,' now is the day of the 'salvation' of our country. And now, as in former days of trouble, let us remember the mighty dead, as, when living, silencing the voice of treason, and calming the tempest of revolution, he uttered those electric words: 'UNION AND LIBERTY, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!'

If we could rise to the height of prophetic vision, behold the procession of coming events, and, unrolling the scroll of advancing years and centuries, contemplate our Union securing by its example the rights and liberties of man, would we not welcome any sacrifice, even death itself, if we could thus aid in accomplishing results so god-like and sublime? But, whether in gloom or glory, chastened for national sins or rewarded for good deeds, let us realize the *great truth*, that the Almighty directs nations as well as planets in their course, governs the moral as well as the material world, never abdicating for a moment the control of either; and that persevering opposition to his laws must meet, in the end, retributive justice.

P R O M I S E .

O WATCHER for the dawn of day,
 As o'er the mountain peaks afar
 Hangs in the twilight cold and gray,
 Like a bright lamp, the morning star!
 Though slow the daybeams creep along
 The serried pines which top the hills,
 And gloomy shadows brood among
 The silent valleys, and the rills

Seem almost hushed—patience awhile!
 Though slowly night to day gives birth,
 Soon the young babe with radiant smile
 Shall gladden all the waiting earth.
 By fair gradation changes come,
 No harsh transitions mar God's plan,
 But slowly works from sun to sun
 His perfect rule of love to man.

And patience, too, my countrymen,
 In this our nation's fierce ordeal!
 Bright burns the searching flame, and then,
 The dross consumed, shall shine the real.
 Wake, watcher! see the mountain peaks
 Already catch a golden ray,
 Light on the far horizon speaks
 The dawning of a glorious day.

Murky the shadows still that cling
 In the deep valleys, but the mist
 Is soaring up on silver wing
 To where the sun the clouds has kissed.
 Hard-fought and long the strife may be,
 The powers of wrong be slow to yield,
 But Right shall gain the victory,
 And Freedom hold the battle field.



AMERICAN DESTINY.

WE would study the question of American Destiny in the light of common sense, of history, and of science.

It may be unusual to illustrate from science a principle which is to have a political application; but we shall endeavor to do so, believing it to be unexceptionably legitimate. The different departments of science, science and history, science and politics, have been, heretofore, kept quite distinct as to the provinces of inquiry to which it was presumed they severally belonged. Each has been cultivated as if it had no relation external to itself, and was not one of a family of cognate truths. This, however, is undergoing a gradual but certain change, in which it is becoming constantly more manifest that between the different departments of human inquiry there are mutual dependences and complicated interrelations, which enable us, by the truths of one science, to thread the mazes of another.

There are certain general laws which pertain with equal validity to many departments of activity in the natural world; there are parallel lines of development as the result of the inherent correlation of forces. Thus, if we have found a great general law in physiology, that same law may apply with equal aptness to astronomy, geology, chemistry, and even to social and political evolution.

One of these general laws, and perhaps the most comprehensive in its character and universal in its application of any yet known, we will announce in the language of Guyot, the comparative geographer: 'We have recognized in the life of all that develops itself, three successive states, three grand phases, three evolutions, identically repeated in every order of existence; a *chaos*, where all is confounded together; a *development*, where all is separating; a *unity*, where all is

binding itself together and organizing. We have observed that here is the law of *phenomenal life*, the *formula* of development, whether in inorganic nature or in organized nature.'

This answers for the department of physics and physiology. We will let Guizot, the historian, speak for the political and social realm: 'All things, at their origin, are nearly confounded in one and the same physiognomy; it is only in their aftergrowth that their variety shows itself. Then begins a new development which urges forward societies toward that free and lofty unity, the glorious object of the efforts and wishes of mankind.'

We find an illustration of this law in the simplest of the sciences, if the nebular hypothesis be true, as most astronomers believe. We have first the chaotic, nebulous matter, then the formation of worlds therefrom, by a continuous process of unfolding. Each world is a unit within itself, but part of a still greater unit composed of a system of worlds revolving around the same sun; and this greater unit, part of one which is still greater—a star cluster, composed of many planetary systems, and subject to the same great cosmical laws. If the theory be correct, we find, in this example, the heterogeneous derived from the simple, and far more completely an organized unit, with all its complexity, than was the chaotic mass from which development originally proceeded.

We find additional illustration in coming to our own world. Its primeval geography was simple and uniform; there was little diversity of coast line, soil, or surface. But the cooling process of the earth went on, the surface contracted and ridged up, the exposed rocks were disintegrated by the action of the atmosphere and the waters; the sediment deposited in the

bottom of the seas was thrown to the surface; continents were enlarged, higher mountain ranges upheaved, the coasts worn into greater irregularity of outline; and everywhere the soil became more composite, the surface more uneven, the landscape more variegated.

Corresponding changes have taken place in the climate. At first the temperature of the earth was much warmer than now, and uniform in all parallels of latitude, as is shown by the fossil remains. Now we have a great diversity of climate, whether we contrast the polar with the torrid regions, or the different seasons of the temperate zone with each other.

The same law of increasing diversity obtains in the fauna and flora of the various periods of geological history. The earliest fossil record of animal life is witness to the simplicity of organic structure. Among vertebrated animals, fishes first appear, next reptiles, then birds; still higher, the lower type of animals which suckle their young; and as the strata become more recent, still higher forms of mammalia, till we reach the upper tertiary, in which geologists have discovered the remains of many animals of complex structure nearly allied to those which are now in existence. In the historic period appear many organic forms of still greater complexity, with man at the head of the zoological series.

In this glance of zoological progress, we discover increasing complication of two kinds; for while the individual structure has been constantly becoming more complex, there are now in existence the analogues of the lowest fossil types, which, with the highest, and with all the intermediate, present a maze and vastness of complication, which, in comparison with the homogeneity of the aggregate of early structure, is sufficiently obvious and impressive.

There is in this view, still another outline of increasing complexity. At first the same types prevailed all over

the earth's surface; but as the soil, atmosphere, and climate changed, and the animal structure became more complex and varied, the limits of particular species became more and more localized, till the earth's surface presented zoological districts, with the fauna of each peculiar to itself.

But, what of unitization? Here, there appears to be divergence only, and that continually increasing.

Guyot says that 'the unity reappears with the creation of man, who combines in his physical nature all the perfections of the animal, and who is the end of all this long progression of organized beings.' Agassiz recognizes man alone as cosmopolite; and Comte regards him as the supreme head of the economy of nature, and representative of the fundamental unity of the anatomical scale.

But another and more obvious example of unitization in complexity, is derivable from the consideration of the animal organism, and will soon be given.

We will merely mention in passing, that the most complex animals, in the various stages of fetal development through which they pass, correspond to the types of structure which are permanent in the lower forms of animal life. Thus, in the zoological chain, there are beings of all grades, from the most simple in structure to the most complex; and the most complex animal, in its development from the ovum or egg, passes through all these grades of structure, ending in that which is above all, and distinctively its own. 'Without going into tedious details, man presents, as regards the most important of his constituent structures, his nervous system, the successive characteristics of an avertebrated animal, a fish, a turtle, a bird, a quadruped, a quadrumanous animal, before he assumes the special human characteristics.' (Draper.)

Our purpose being to show that while complexity of structure is con-

stantly increasing, unitization, or the organized dependence of one part on another, is, at the same time, becoming more complete, we shall refer briefly to the comparative anatomy and physiology of animals. There is in this connection such wealth of material—a long chain of animal beings with all grades of structure from very simple to very complex; each complex animal, in its development from the ovum, passing through all the lower types of structure in succession; so many new organs and functions arising in the course of this development; each organ so arising, becoming, in its turn, more complex in structure, more specialized in function, and more dependent on the office of other organs;—in the midst, I say, of all this wealth of material, indicated here in a great general and imperfect manner, the difficulty, in so brief an exposition as this, is to know what facts to seize upon as calculated to illustrate most aptly the principle under consideration.

The development of the senses, with reference to their organs, nerves, and functions, presents a striking illustration of increasing complexity.

In the lowest forms of animal life, we find general sensibility only, and it is claimed that this exists in the lowest forms, without even the presence of nerves. But as we rise higher in the scale, the special organs of sense gradually become developed—one new sense after another appears; but this is not the only line of increasing complexity. When an organ of sense first appears, its function is of the simplest character; and it is only when we reach the highest types of animal life that it performs the greatest variety of offices peculiar thereto. That of touch is, at first, but crude and simple, becoming delicate and complicated only in the highest types. The sense of pain is a differentiated function, possessed only in a slight degree by reptiles and fishes, and probably not at all by animals still lower in the scale.

The eye-spots of star fishes and jelly fishes simply distinguish light from darkness, much as we do with our eyes closed. There are many degrees of development from this condition of the inferior organism to that of the human eye, which distinguishes the nicest shades of color, distance, form, and size of objects, and the play of passion on the human countenance.

The same variety of function is acquired by the ear in its development from its simplest to its most complex form. In the higher animals, the organ of hearing is formed of three parts, an external, middle, and internal portion; but in birds the external ear is wanting; in fishes both the external and middle parts are wanting; in mollusks it is reduced to a simple sack of microscopic dimensions, filled with a liquid in which there are otolithes, or pebbly substances. Such an organ can distinguish noises only; it can recognize nothing of the infinite variety of articulations, notes, tones, melodies, harmonies of the human voice and of musical instruments. There is even a great difference between the disciplined, and therefore differentiated ear of a cultured person, and the undisciplined, and therefore less differentiated ear of a boor. Similar specializations of structure and function pertain to the other senses; but we may pass them.

The digestive, circulatory, and respiratory systems, and all the other systems of the animal structure, evince the same law.

The lowest form of the circulating fluid, as in sponges, is simply water containing gases and organic particles; and this can scarcely be spoken of as circulating, for it is merely drawn in and then expelled. A little higher in the scale naturalists find a 'chylaqueous fluid,' which oscillates in the general cavity of the sack-like animal. The true blood is another step in development; and even this organized fluid changes its character as the scale advances. Most animals have no heart;

and when the organ does first appear, it is but a simple, rudimentary structure, very unlike the complex machine which plays at the centre of circulation in the higher types.

Though fishes breathe through their gills, receiving all the oxygen they require from the small amount of air in the water, the swimming bladder is in them the rudimentary lung—a very simple structure, indeed, when compared with the more complex arrangement for respiration in the higher animals.

Some animals of gelatinous, and therefore flexible structure, perform digestion by folding their bodies over the food, and pressing the nutritious matter out of it: they extemporize a stomach for the occasion. And even in some of their higher types, in such as have a permanent mouth and stomach, the digestive process is simply a squeezing out of the elements of nutrition. The digestive apparatus, from being a simple sack in the polype and similar organisms, becomes, by a continuous unfolding, the complicated structure which we find in the higher animals, with various organs effecting various parts of the digestive change, and even different parts of the same organ having specialized functions to perform.

The most complex animal proceeds originally from a simple cell; and 'at the two extremes we may contemplate the single germinal membrane of the ovum, which is discharging contemporaneously every function—digesting, absorbing, respiring, etc.; and the complete organic apparatus of man, the stomach, the lungs, the skin, the kidneys, and the liver—mechanisms set apart each for the discharge of a special duty, yet each having arisen, as we know positively from watching the order of their development, from that simple germinal membrane.' (Draper.) This is what one physiologist says of the ovum which is being developed into a complex being. Here is what another says of animals at the lower

end of the zoological scale: 'The simplest organisms breathe, exhale, secrete, absorb, and reproduce, by their envelopes alone.' (Lewes.) Here we perceive the resemblance between the ovum of the higher animals and the permanent structure of the lower animals. Indeed, some of the lower forms of animal life are simply cells. How vast the difference between the organism of man, with all its complexity of structure, and that of the Ameba or Actinophrys, which, being merely a homogeneous mass of organic matter, performs all the functions of its simple life without any special organ whatever! Yet, is man any less a unit than the Ameba, or any other simple organism? Does his multiplicity of organs impair the integrity of his anatomical and physiological oneness? Is the circulation independent of respiration? Is digestion independent of the circulation? Can any one organ act independently of the others? Is not the entire series of parts, organs, and functions bound up in complete and inseparable unity? The vicarious action of one organ for another has been a question among physiologists; and if admitted, as in the case of the salivary glands acting for the kidneys in profuse spitting, and the skin for the liver, the vicarious function can only obtain to a slight degree and in a temporary manner. The destruction of any considerable organ involves the destruction of all the rest. I repeat that the integrity of the physiological unity at the top of the scale, is far more complete, with all its complexity, than is the integrity of the physiological unity at the bottom of the scale, with its marked simplicity of structure. By no sort of legerdemain or surgical skill can we make an individual mammal become two. If we divide it, the whole dies. Not so, however, with some of the lower grades of animal existence. Cut a hydra into thirty or forty pieces, and each piece will become a distinct animal—a facsimile of the original one. In quite

an analogous way do a large number of animals at the lower end of the scale propagate, by segmentation and division; one individual becoming two, two four, and so on.

Many examples might be adduced to show the absence of organized unity in the lower orders of the animal creation. Thus, in the annelid, which is composed of a great many similar rings, and is regarded as quite a complex creature, there is so little dependence of one part on another, that a number of the rings may be destroyed without any injury to the rest. The Synapta, when in want of food, will amputate its own body to procure the necessary supply; and it has been observed to repeat the operation, until it 'had by degrees eaten away the whole of its body to keep life in the head.' (Quatre-fages.) Such a phenomenon as this is very unlike that presented by the higher animals, which, together with their multiplied individuality of part and function, and their infinite variety of physiognomic expression, present, at the same time, a unity of organization so complete, that an injury to one part is instantaneously telegraphed to all parts of the system, and sympathized in by all to a greater or less extent.

As in physiology, the development of the individual corresponds to the development of the entire zoological series; so, when we rise into the psychological realm, do we ascertain that the development of the individual mind corresponds to the development of the mental series from the savage to the civilized. In the physiognomy of the savage there is little variety of expression; he has not differentiated that multiplicity of thought and feeling which moulds the face and plays upon its lineaments in the cultivated Teuton. The same is true of the latter while an infant. But who will say that the cultured man of this age is less a balanced, unitized creature than the child of the cradle, or of the forest? The latter is but a creature of

impulse, moved by every appetite, and swayed by every gust of passion. He has no fixed principles for the regulation of his life. There is no presiding power to rule and subordinate the tumultuous and refractory elements of his character, and thus unitize the mental organism and its manifestations. This is what culture gives. Here then we also perceive that with the development of variety and complexity, the element of unity becomes more active and manifest. This view of the progressive unitization of the individual man in a psychological aspect, is very suggestive when taken in connection with the wane of despotism and the growth of liberty, as society and government advance, and it becomes ever less the province of law to govern, and also to regulate.

We have adduced some of the illustrations which physical and physiological science affords of the Law of Universal Development: let us close this part of our subject with the illustrations afforded by the rise and progress of Science as a whole. The first germs of science were very simple, existing in connection with Art, and subserving the purposes of priestcraft. For a long time the range of scientific inquiry was so limited that the same individual was able to grasp it entire. But one branch after another has sprung up, diverging more and more into the realms of the unknown, until no one mind can hope to obtain even a general knowledge of them all.

But this has not been the only tendency of scientific growth. Divergence and differentiation had not proceeded far till the combining and organizing movement began. The more individuality and complexity have threatened to outreach the mental powers and become unmanageable, the more have order and organization shown their ability to subordinate and unitize the seeming diversity of elements. While the sciences continued to increase in number and complexity, they began to overlap and in-

terlace, the principles of one running into the domain of another, and even coördinating and binding together its seemingly incongruous parts.

A simple scientific generalization is based on certain facts which, taken in their collective capacity, mean the truth which is expressed in the formula. A higher generalization embraces those which are simpler, and unites by its expression the truths which they contain into the formula of one great truth. This process goes on, rising constantly higher and higher, the generalizations of the ascending series becoming more comprehensive, and the convergence of all the diversified elements into great general laws more striking and complete. Thus advances the unitizing movement of science; and it is now progressing with a steadiness and certainty unknown in former periods of research. Great minds are at this moment occupied in the discovery and verification of these great unitizing laws. Thus we perceive, that while science has developed a bewildering mass of individual facts and minor principles, it has also developed the germs of a unity which is destined to unfold with a richness and magnificence of result heretofore unknown in the annals of human inquiry.

As the special departments of science have testified, so also does the general view of all science testify to this Law of Universal Development.

But, what has all this to do with American Destiny? Very much, as may yet appear. It is by the Past only that we can read the Future; and if in history and in all development, there is revealed by the inductive process a great general law, that law becomes the Oracle of Destiny.

A fitting transition from science to history would be ethnology, the science of races, connected as it is with physics, chemistry, and physiology, on the one hand, and with history on the other.

There are different theories in vogue

to account for the diversity of human races now in existence. Some refer human origin to an original pair, whose descendants have changed through the action of physical causes, as food, soil, climate, and scenery, and also through the operation of moral ones as dependent on the physical, and therefore secondary thereto, such as manners, customs, and government. Others deduce it from different lines of development, coming up through the zoological scale, and thence passing from the lower to the higher races of men. Others still speak of mankind as originating 'in nations,' each race being fixed in its physical and mental characteristics, and having an origin independent and distinct from all others.

It matters little to our purpose which of these theories may be true, the difference as to aptness of illustration being only one of degree. We prefer, however, to deal with facts in regard to which there is little or no difference of opinion among the theorists themselves.

There are simple and complex peoples or races, as there are simple and complex organisms. Take any primitive race, whether described in history or by some contemporaneous traveller: in a physical point of view, the men are all very nearly alike, and the women likewise. Describe one individual, and you have the description for all other individuals of the same sex belonging to the race. And there is not usually as much difference in the physical appearance of the sexes in primitive races as among those who stand higher in the scale. What is true of their physique, is also true of their minds. As one thinks and feels, so all think and feel—and that, too, without concert; it is the simple expression of an undiversified mental organism. Their faculties are rude and uncultivated; they act chiefly on the perceptive plane, reflecting but little. They are predominantly sensual, not having developed the higher mental activities which per-

tain to an advanced state of society and result in those great diversities of attainment and expression among individuals of the same people. There are reasons for believing that there was a time when this planet had no human inhabitants but races of this simple type. Great changes have taken place since that day; changes which, by the law of their accomplishment, correspond precisely with the changes which have taken place in the zoological scale. Owing to causes which we may not fully understand, races have been developed which present, each within its own limits, great contrarieties of physical appearance and mental characteristics. Among 'Anglo-Saxons' there is often greater diversity in members of the same family, than you would find in a million individuals of a primitive race. The complex appears, somehow or other, to have been developed from the simple.

The simple fact of a population becoming more numerous, necessitates certain changes—from hunting to pasturage, for example, from pastoral life to agricultural and fixed habitation—and these would affect the habits, modes of thought, and, to some extent, personal appearance. The modification of climate by clearing, draining, and cultivation, and the removal of a people from one climate to another, would effect still other changes. But the intermixture of races by war and immigration has, perhaps, done more than any other cause to produce the great physical diversities which we now find in the higher races. Having traced the stream of warlike immigration from Eastern Asia westward, and thence to Central Europe, and still westward and southward to the shores of the Atlantic, and even across the Mediterranean into Africa, overwhelming the Roman Empire of the West in its course,—observe this tide of human movement, as wave followed wave for centuries, rolling peoples against and over one another, confounding them together, and leaving

them upon the same soil, or in close proximity to each other; and, even admitting that they were simple and primitive to begin with, we shall not wonder at the diversified aspect of the people of Europe and their descendants in America. But this is only one series of movements from which has resulted the intermixture of races; there are others, and some, no doubt, beyond the farthest reach of history. The process of intermixture is still going on, especially in the Western World, though by methods usually more peaceful than formerly. The result multiplies itself, and the leading races of mankind are becoming constantly more composite.

The contact and intermixture of races have had a moral result, which, in its turn, acts upon the physical. Mental development has been one of the results of war and immigration; one people learning from another, and striking out new modes of thought from the sheer necessity of new circumstances; and this mental development changing the physiognomic expression and general bearing of the man. This result has been increasing in geometrical progression since history, printing, and the facilities of intercommunication have made the culture of one people contagious to other peoples, and the attainments of one generation available to all the generations that follow. Thus does every movement among the nations conspire to change the simple types into those which are more complex.

The ethnological unity may be less apparent; and before we clearly perceive it, we may have to rise into the consideration of social and political relations, not divorcing these from physiology, without which no question relative to man can be rightly judged. And it may be that after greater development in this direction, the unity of races may become more distinctly pronounced and more readily recognized.

We may observe, in passing, that the same causes which have contributed to

this ethnological complexity, have, at the same time, aided in the development of the cosmical idea—the idea of the unity of the universe. At first, tribes had little communication with each other, and knew nothing of geography beyond the limits of their own hunting grounds. They knew as little of the vastness of the earth outside of their domain as of that of the universe. This could only be conjectured from the vantage ground of some degree of intellectual culture, and the idea must remain vague and indefinite till after long ages of real experience and intellectual unfolding. It was not till after Alexander's conquests in the East, the extension of the Roman Empire, the invention of the mariner's compass, the discovery of America, and the circumnavigation of the globe, together with the perfection of optical instruments by the use of which the true character of the celestial bodies was demonstrated, that the cosmical idea became truly a scientific one. (Humboldt.) Thus were the partial and fragmentary notions of early peoples at length corrected, enlarged, unitized.

Closely akin to this is the development of the god-idea. Fetich-worship is that of the rudest people. They see a god in every individual object, in every stream, in every tree, in every stone. All they see is, however, shrouded in mystery, and they have a blind veneration for every object. A step farther, and the developing mind generalizes these objects. The individual trees, for example, are taken collectively, and their divine representative worshipped as the god of the groves. There are, at the same time, other unitizing conceptions of the god-idea. There is a god of the hills, a god of the streams, of the seas, and so on. New classes of divinities may be evolved in the mythological system; the strong and salient passions of our nature may come to have their deities—to be unitized, at length, with all other gods. Meantime, mankind are forming

into states, with some degree of regular government; and apparently in accordance with this fact, the gods are subjected to the partial control of one who is greater than all the rest, and who is their father and king, but himself subject to the decrees of Fate. Another grand step, and seemingly in correspondence with the more centralized government of a vast and powerful empire, we hear of one God only, who is all-powerful, and master of Fate itself, with a hierarchy of angels, powers, and principalities, reaching from God to man, and subordinate to the Central Will, which rules all things, whether 'in the armies of heaven or among the inhabitants of the earth.' Thus did the idea of one God eventually swallow up all the others; and the god-idea was completely unitized.

We now come to consider the political and social evolution of mankind, as it appears to be revealed by the comparison of various stages of national growth.

The primitive condition of all races, so far as history and travel reveal it, correspond with what is characterized as homogeneous or unorganized. Socially and politically, individuals of the same sex are all alike. There are no classes in society, no rulers, no aristocrats—no society even—nothing but individuals; and it is here that we find individuality in its purest form. There is no law originating with a sovereign, or with the people, for the adjustment of difficulties; every individual avenges his own wrongs in his own way. Co-operation is scarcely known; there is nothing in their habits, nothing in their social and political relations to bind society together; there are no specialized parts or functions—no dependence of one part on another; it is marked by a homogeneity of structure, if structure it can be called, which is unimpeachable. The only coöperation which obtains beyond the limits of the family, is that of hunting and war; and these exercises develop the need of a

chief or leader. The strongest and most daring are self-elected by virtue of individual prowess. But still the chief is very like all the rest of the tribe, lives in the same style, provides for his own wants in the same way, has no special privileges—is merely a chief or leader, and nothing more. And afterward, when he may have acquired some degree of authority, that authority is purely of a military character—civil government is not yet born. Usage comes at length to confirm the chief's right, and human selfishness works out its legitimate results: smaller men are dwarfed, as occasion permits, in order that the one who is greatest may be magnified. His office becomes hereditary, and his family is, at length, fabled to have descended from the gods. This is the tendency of primitive ignorance and superstition: there must be a sensual object for the blind veneration of sensual minds; and the imagination readily provides this, by attributing to the progenitors of their chiefs vast corporeal forms, great strength and skill, undaunted courage, and success in amorous intrigue—the perfection of those qualities which they themselves most covet. Their chiefs or petty kings are now such by divine origin; and when civil relations become developed, one man combines within himself all the prerogatives of civil, military, and religious government.

The ambition and turbulence of the chief or petty king and of his people bring them into hostile conflict with other tribes or petty states; and when victorious, they appropriate the conquered territory, and annihilate, enslave, or extend their rule over the vanquished people. This warlike encroachment and increase of power alarm other states, and they form confederacies or leagues more or less intimate and permanent for resistance and mutual protection. Thus does the unitizing element of government gather

strength with the progress of political movement.

The ambitious chieftain, having acquired greater power than his neighbors, conceives of further aggrandizement, undertakes new conquests, attacks the weak, and adds other states to his own, till in time he may have made himself a great sovereign and won a great kingdom. These new conquests impose additional cares on the ruler; but he uses the tools of his power to execute his will; he governs his kingdoms with absolute sway, as a general governs his army; it is a military despotism of the simplest structure, and all prerogatives and interests are merged in and subservient to this one. The civil function is not yet developed as distinct from the military. Only one idea pervades the government, and that is the idea of absolute rule by brute force. Society has as yet developed few elements, has but few interests and little functional diversity; there are only two classes, the ruler and the ruled, the masters and the slaves. There being but few political and social interests to play among each other, there cannot be development for want of activity; there can be little progress of any kind. Such are the simple, unprogressive, one-idea governments which prevailed in the earliest times of which we have any tolerably authentic record, and which still prevail among half-civilized peoples.

Government is simply a growth, a development, and it must correspond to the character of the people out of whose mental status it has sprung. If the people are homogeneous in their mental structure, their social and political interests must be correspondingly homogeneous and simple. The more rude and primitive the minds of any people, the fewer are the relations external to the individual which obtain among them. But when a people, or a mixture of peoples, have developed great versatility of mind, a great va-

riety of tastes, propensities, aspirations, and interests, their social and political institutions become correspondingly heterogeneous and complex. Such are the social and political systems of Middle and Western Europe. There was nothing of the kind in the ancient world. Then the people were more simple and less versatile in their mental habitudes; and a simple, though despotic government was the inevitable outgrowth. Rome was but a military despotism, and it conquered and ruled with military stringency. It was not till the reign of Diocletian that the civil functions were divorced from the military, and then only to a partial extent. It remained for Constantine to carry out more fully what Diocletian had begun, and to divide, or, if you please, to differentiate the governmental functions to an extent which had been altogether unknown before.

The people of the provinces subject to Roman dominion had no recognized rights, no voice in their own government, but were dominated by the central power at Rome. The right of representation, so sacred in modern times as an element of confederate policy, they did not desire nor appreciate; for, when seven provinces of the south of Gaul were commanded by the emperor Honorius to send a representation of their chief men to the city of Arles for the supervision of interests which concerned themselves, they disregarded the mandate. A central despotism maintained Roman unity; and, whenever its iron arm should by any means become weakened, the empire must fall into fragments.

The dissolution of the Roman Empire in the West was the end of one cycle; thence began another—that in which we now are, and which should be of absorbing interest to us. A state of affairs quite unlike anything known before was then inaugurated. Hundreds of years have been required to develop results so as to enable the human mind to divine at all definitely the

law of its movement; and hundreds more may be required to develop the full fruition of what was then so inauspiciously begun.

As we are all aware, the Roman Empire of the West was overrun by hordes of barbarians from the North, who annihilated a great portion of the old population, and changed the character of society. But Rome did not die without bequeathing a legacy to be enjoyed by the descendants at least of those by whose hands she had fallen. There was still some remembrance of what Rome was. Guizot says that 'the two elements which passed from the Roman civilization into ours were, first, the system of municipal corporations—its habits, its regulations, its principle of liberty, a general civil legislation common to all; secondly, the idea of absolute power—the principle of order and the principle of servitude.' These elements, though almost latent for a time, were destined to make up and play a conspicuous part in the war of diversified interests and the adjustment of political relations, hundreds of years afterward.

Another element of society at the time of the Fall, was the Church. The barbarians conquered the empire, but the Church conquered them; without gaining much, however, to show for her victory; for, while the barbarians embraced Christianity, they reduced it to barbarism, and were much the same rude, cruel people, after their conversion, that they were before. The Church, however, in its origin and growth, illustrates the law under consideration, in the gradual development of the distinct specialities of organization; and we are now regarding it at a time when it was one element among others, and destined with them, by the interaction of their various forces, to evolve a still higher unity.

Another element in society, at this time, was that which was brought by the conquerors from their native wilds in the free North. They were a rude,

and even savage people, with no fixed ideas of property, but living by hunting and pasturage, and driving their herds from one region to another as necessity required. The most marked and distinctive feature in their character, and that which played the most conspicuous part in the social and political drama of the following centuries of development, was their personal independence—their almost absolute individuality, as the result, we believe, of their superior native physical constitution.

They had little or no coöperation in their own country; no combination of civil interests; no settled government. They were apt for adventure, and readily formed into bands of roving warriors; and when pressed forward by the tide of warlike immigration from the East, they conquered the Roman Empire, and divided the lands among themselves. German magnates courted followers in their own country by hospitality, by presents of horses and arms; but in the conquered countries, by grants of land for military service. These grants were at first made during pleasure, then for life, and at length they became hereditary. (Robertson.) In this manner it appears that the feudal system originated—a system which grew into such magnificent proportions in Middle and Western Europe. It was, however, a growth which was five centuries in maturing. (Hallam.)

A curious circumstance, connected with its development, deserves to be noticed, as showing that certain rights, however desirable, and even sacred they may seem to be, must succumb to the prevailing order, however undesirable that system or order might, under other circumstances, appear to be. Allodial lands, or those held in the right of the individual, and for which there was no obligation of service, except in the general defence, were at length swallowed up by the feudal system. In those days of universal anarchy, rapine, and oppression, the rule

of might and unrestrained selfishness prevailed to such an extent, that small proprietors, having no means of defence against the strong, were compelled to surrender their allodial title for a feudal one, and do homage to the neighboring lord for the sake of protection. And to such an extent did the abasement of allodial privileges prevail, that it came at length to be recognized as a principle that the feudal arrangement was the only legitimate one; whereupon allodial lands were seized with impunity, and appropriated by the feudal barons. Even the Church was subordinated by the prevailing system. Bishops became feudal lords. The incomes of religious service were, in some cases, seized upon by the irresponsible barons, and disposed of according to the feudal policy. This, however, is but one example of the struggle of a system or movement to subordinate what stands in its way, and become universal; it is a law of history.

The feudal system was a very complete embodiment of despotism. It grew out of the political circumstances and mental status of the times, and could only exist by the warrant of these conditions. It had its redeeming qualities, however, and, no doubt, promoted the conditions and the spirit which prepared the way for its own overthrow and the inauguration of a better system. The isolated and pent-up condition of all classes, together with such culture as was afforded by their mode of life to the inmates of the baronial castle, made the occasion for that general restlessness in society from which proceeded such ready response to the fanatical appeals of Peter the Hermit. The Crusades lasted two hundred years, and contributed to the overthrow of feudalism by the increase of general intelligence and the diminution of the baronial estates.

After the fall of the empire, the cities began to decline, and their government fell, in a great measure, into the hands of the clergy; and thence supervened

a kind of ecclesiastical municipal system. Commerce, which some centuries later began to develop, gave renewed importance to the cities; and the activities developed within them were antagonistic to the feudal spirit, and destined to contribute their part, and an important one, to the process of ultimate organization and its accompanying phenomena. The cities at length became free, not without a struggle; for it is not to be supposed that the great barons would passively allow the enfranchisement of a rival power within their own domains. In those rude times, the cities had little intercourse with each other; yet they became independent nearly at the same time, showing that this political phenomenon was also a growth arising out of the condition of the times—the result of political and social causes acting in concert over more than half a continent.

The cities accomplished their political mission by doing something toward establishing law and order, and fostering the germs of freedom. Their example could not but tell upon their immediate neighbors. In some cases they even attacked the nearest feudal lords, and afterward those more remote, compelling them to become citizens. Thus was feudalism overthrown in Italy in the thirteenth century. Elsewhere, commerce had as yet done less for the cities, and their progress was less rapid. But, whenever they appeared, they had the great barons to contend with. The free cities or communities gradually extended intercourse with each other; and for objects of commerce and mutual defence against their enemies, they formed into leagues. Coalitions of the feudal barons also sprung up, and wars between the two systems were frequent and bloody. Feudal France made war on municipal France. The Hanseatic league, embracing at one time eighty-five German cities, maintained successful wars against the monarchs themselves. There was a

confederacy of cities in Italy of great power and influence. These movements show that the former isolated condition of European society was no longer compatible with the change which was being gradually brought about in the social elements. We perceive a manifest tendency toward more extensive union; larger combinations were becoming a demand of the times.

But, along with the progress of this tendency to unity, we perceive that society was constantly becoming more diversified in character, and its elements more distinctly defined. The institution of chivalry, the troubadours, and minnesingers had played their part. Besides those great political and social powers, the Church, the barons, the kings, and the free cities, new classes were rising in society, giving it greater complexity, and, by their diversified activities and needs, urging it forward to a more comprehensive and centralized organization. At first, in the twelfth century, the inhabitants of the cities or free communities were composed only of 'small traders and small landed or house proprietors.' 'Three centuries afterward there were added to these, lawyers, physicians, men of letters, and local magistrates.' (Guizot.)

In the rude and chaotic society which succeeded the fall of the empire, there was no occupation honorable but that of arms; but in the course of time, the meed of honor assumed new branches, and fell upon various classes.

The discovery of the Pandects of Justinian in the twelfth century, gave the study of the law a new impulse, and, together with accompanying developments, complicated the administration of justice. Rude and ignorant warriors were no longer adequate to this function; civil processes required a distinct organ; the profession of law arose, and commanded its share of public attention and respect. With the rise of commerce, there was developed a commercial class, which acquired wealth, power, distinction, and a de-

mand for rights. With the revival of learning and philosophy, however unpromising at first, there arose a literary class, which attracted notice and acquired influence.

In the view given of the earlier stages of modern civilization, we perceive, first, a social chaos which obtained for some time after the fall of the empire in the West; secondly, the development out of this chaos, in the course of centuries, of various political and social powers, classes, and interests, which were differentiated from the unorganized mass; thirdly, all these diversified elements, classes, and interests, gradually tending to the formation of more comprehensive relations with each other. There was no general organization of these several elements, in the early periods of the modern cycle. There were what were called kings and kingdoms, but it was not till a comparatively recent period that the government became an integer, a complete organism, with a sensorium and will-power, and a mutual interrelation and dependence of parts and functions. During the prevalence of the feudal system and the rise of the independent communities, European society was composed of innumerable fragments, isolated from each other, and each caring for itself only, looking to no centre as the source of political order and vitality, without organization or head. The king did not rule the barons any more than the barons ruled the king—they were rival powers; the barons and the cities were rival powers; the kings and barons played off the cities against each other. The Church, by the peculiarity of its constitution and character, was related to them all. The clergy were the subjects of the king, the vassals of the baron, and yet the spiritual lords of both, as well as of their feudal peers. And when the Church effected the separation of her own from the political power, she sought, in turn, to subordinate the latter; and secular rulers were obliged to resist her en-

croachments to save themselves. The kings had no fixed revenue adequate to government, and were the sport of the capricious elements within their own realms. But the Crusades brought all these fragments into closer relations, and broke the power of the feudal lords. The king gained what the barons lost; and with these powerful, turbulent, and refractory subjects out of the way, the cities were easily subordinated. The sovereign acquired at length an adequate revenue and a standing army; he was now enabled to command the resources of his kingdom, and play a king's part in the drama of nations. Thus was consummated the movement of national centralization.

Progress advances by action and reaction; extremes develop each other. It was so in governmental affairs. The movement of unitization ended in the absolute power of the sovereign, who became not only the head of the executive function, but the source of legislation as well. In France, Louis XIV. knew no will but his own; the States General and Parliament were little more than empty names; and in England, Parliament stood in awe of Queen Elizabeth, and the courts did her behests. The sovereigns were absolute. But with the culmination of royal prerogative and centralized government, there were also an increase of intelligence, greater facilities for intercommunication, and, as we have seen, a diversity of social and political forces interrelated, and acting and reacting upon each other in a manner quite unprecedented. The inquiry and criticism of plebeian minds were becoming more daring, and there was a stir and a restlessness in society, which made bad subjects for an absolute monarch. The religious Reformation, which began in Germany and spread to the westward, was but the legitimate result of the intellectual agitation which preceded it; and the political absolutism of kings could no more expect exemp-

tion from searching criticism and final revolution than the religious absolutism of the Pope. The German Reformation was blind to the magnitude and significance of its own mission; for while its leaders denounced reason, it was in its essential nature a protest against priestly domination over intellect, and a plea for the right of free inquiry. Agitation, of whatever kind, is contagious; and the energetic play of this diversity of plebeian forces must needs result in the recognition of a popular element in the government, more or less formal in its character. The government of an intelligent people must emanate from the popular will, to a very great extent, whatever the form of government may be. If Queen Elizabeth and Louis XIV. were more absolute than the sovereigns of our day, it was because the French and English people had not then developed that versatility of genius, that intelligence and freedom of inquiry, that self-appreciation and dignity of character for which they have since become so conspicuous. With the increase of intelligence and self-respect among the people, there originated a popular branch of government to look after their interests, and it grew with their growth. Through this channel there came a pressure upon the throne, which must needs yield, or be overturned by the surges of revolution. The examples of Charles I. and Louis XVI. were extreme. The popular element has since then usually accomplished its ends with less turbulence and commotion. It has been less violent, but none the less effective. Since the Restoration in England, the popular will has been making itself felt in national affairs more and more. And in France, even a Napoleon, mighty and original as he was, had to consult popular tastes, and, in a great measure, conform thereto. We have heard a great deal about the tyranny and usurpation of Louis Napoleon; but he, too, must conform to the predominance of public feeling in

France, or that public feeling—'public opinion'—would burst out in a torrent of revolution which would overwhelm him. This introduction of the popular element into government is a result of the developing process, which has made government an organism of almost infinite complexity.

As we have seen, while primitive peoples remained in an isolated and exclusively individualistic condition, there were few civil interests; and these few the sovereign was not concerned with, so that he could discharge in person all the functions of his simple government. But, when the civil interests had grown into greater magnitude and diversity, and the pressure of their administration was upon the throne, the affairs of government became too burdensome for one man. A division of labor became necessary. The order of priests originated at an early day, and took charge of religion. The king, in time, ceased to march at the head of his army, and sent his generals instead. Not being able to hear and decide all causes, he named judges to administer justice; and thus the process of functional differentiation began, and kept on without abatement as the needs of the government required. There was a time when an Englishman had no conception of a prime minister. (Hume.) In this age we cannot conceive of government without such a functionary, whether administered in the name of king or president. With the development of new interests arose new branches in the administration of government. The constant rise of new industrial elements; the increasing demand for the facilities of intercommunication; the development of trade and commerce; the interrelation of interests within, and the complication of affairs without, have given rise to new departments in the government, with a hierarchy of subordinate bureaus; while the interests of towns, counties, and states have necessitated an analogous scale of functionaries, mak-

ing, on the whole, an amazing complication of governmental machinery. This increase of complexity is precisely analogous to the order of development in every department of nature; it is perfectly in accordance with the second feature of the law which we have recognized as a Law of Universal Development.

Some of our economists may object on principle to so much complexity, and attempt to simplify government by eliminating certain terms of the series. Let them try it; God is mightier than they! There may be governmental abuse in regard to the complexity of its functions; but the thing itself is simply in the order of destiny. Man develops it, because he *must*; it is the historical result of the accumulation of all human activities.

There is one kind of simplification, however, which should be closely observed; and that is to accomplish the object of any governmental function in the most *direct* and economical manner. There is great room for improvement in this respect. Nature, in the midst of all her growing complexities, exemplifies the principle of the greatest possible result with the greatest possible economy of means, considering in all cases the obstacles to be overcome. Let government do the same, and see that every channel of official activity be thoroughly purged of corruption and abuse.

This development of organic complexity is just as necessary and inevitable in the political as in the animal economy; and the performance of any function, in the one case as in the other, depends for the degree of its completeness on the extent to which 'the division of labor' is carried through the complexity of the organic structure. There are no grounds of apprehension from this source whatever. In regard to government, this increase of complexity is most strikingly observable in the executive department; and it is worthy of notice that while this department of government is in

general becoming less tyrannical and relatively weaker with reference to the legislative department, it is also becoming more complex: as tyranny recedes, complexity advances. There is no point better sustained in history than the general fact that, as government increases the multiplicity of its machinery, it gradually relaxes its interference with the private rights of individuals.

After man has laid aside his primitive habits of selfish isolation, and, though still rude and untutored, has come, through the mere increase of numbers, into a more compact form of society, the government, however circumscribed as to territorial limits, assumes a despotic and intermeddling character. Such was the government of the feudal lords during the middle ages, and of the kings at a still later day. Laws were made for the regulation of dress, as to quality and cut for particular classes, and the number of garments which any person might have in a year. Citizens were not allowed to keep certain kinds of furniture; and the dishes they might have for dinner and supper respectively, were definitely and rigidly prescribed. The wages of the laborer were fixed by law to the great advantage of the lordly employer: this, however, was a very natural sequence to the abolition of villanage or vassal servitude. The law made service at particular trades compulsory; and decided where certain kinds of manufacturing should be carried on; and how an article should be made, and how sold when made. This interference affected every department of the individual's private life. Religious interference need only be mentioned; it is well known. As Buckle declares, in speaking of the interference of governments, 'It may be emphatically said that they have taxed the human mind. They have made the very thoughts of men pay toll.' Queen Elizabeth was a very great sovereign, but she meddled with very small matters. She disliked

the smell of woad, a plant used for blue dye, and thereupon prohibited its cultivation. She was displeased with long swords and high ruffs, and commissioned her officers to break the swords and abate the ruffs. None of the nobility dared marry without her consent; no one could travel without her permission. Foreign commerce was subject to her capricious will. The star chamber, the court of high commission, the court martial, the warrants of the secretary of state and privy council, were instruments of terror to the subject, who had no remedy by law. There was no safety but for harmless stupidity or slavish conformity. Individual independence was impossible. Every noble, manly head that appeared above the servile mass, was unceremoniously hid away in a dungeon, or struck off on a scaffold.

Such annoying and insolent meddling on the part of governments no longer exists. There can be no such thing among an enlightened people. As the mass of mankind, or we will say their leaders or representatives, become more cultured, they demand a larger field of individual freedom, and organize a pressure upon government, which in time effects its object, and the oppression is removed, or gradually becomes relaxed and obsolete.

Observing that the differentiation of function obtains chiefly in the administrative department of government, and putting the two general facts of history together,—first, that while the subject is enlarging the domain of individual liberty, and secondly, the government becoming more complex in structure and activity,—we infer that, through the advance of general intelligence and the multiplication of interests, government is changing its character from an instrument of compulsion and force to an instrument of management and direction, wielded by the governed themselves for the benefit of their own diversified and interrelated interests.

In following the course of individuality, we find it simple and almost absolute in savage life; then it is overpowered and disappears under the despotic and one-idea governments of ancient times, and of Asia still; at length it reappears, and gathers strength with every advancing age, with every discovery, with every improvement, with every flash of intelligence, till it has accumulated, in its course, all the diversified means of expression and gratification afforded by art, literature, and all the social appliances of a complex and exalted form of society;—and the end is not yet: there will be more freedom, other methods of expression, new facilities for enjoyment and happiness. Its destiny is a glorious one!

It may be well in this connection to recall to mind the principle that, with the rise of new functions and the increase of complexity, *unity obtains its completest form and fullest expression*. These two elements are by no means antagonistic; they belong together, and one necessitates the other.

It is a general fact of history that there is a relation between the culture of a people and the geographical extent of their voluntary combinations. Whilst rude and uncultivated, with no facilities for intercommunication, they form no permanent associations of any considerable magnitude; but with the advance of general intelligence, the rise of distinct classes and industrial and commercial interests, together with the improvement of facilities for travel and trade, and for the intercommunication of thought and feeling, there is developed a general bond of sympathy between larger masses of mankind, and the natural result is more extensive combination. The unity becomes more comprehensive. We have observed this in our glance at European development.

Let us trace the course of one of the lines of political movement. In a primitive society, as among the ancient Germans, each individual has the

right of avenging himself, of taking justice into his own hands, and determining what the measure of satisfaction shall be. The right of private war, derived from rude society, remained for a long time in Western Europe, and pertained to the clergy as well as to laymen—a custom which was withal not very Christian-like. A step beyond this, and there was recognized a regular method of determining the amount of satisfaction due for an injury: composition for crime became fixed. We observe here a development from absolute individuality in the matter of determining justice to the recognition of a conventionalism—a law which was the product of the sense of many individuals acting, it may have been, in some cases, without conscious concert, yet in a social and coöperative way. As mankind grew out of their original rude conditions, they relinquished the individual prerogative of taking justice into their own hands, and appealed therefore to a tribunal which was recognized as adequate to this end, and the jurisdiction of which seems to have had a constant tendency to enlarge its territorial limits. Thus, for a time, the feudal barons claimed the final adjudication of all difficulties among their own vassals; but, gradually, dissatisfied clients appealed to the king, who encouraged them to do so, and at length the throne became the universally recognized centre and source of all formal justice.

This was a movement occupying centuries for its consummation, a movement which extended the jurisdiction of the tribunal of justice from the territory of a private individual to the territory of an entire kingdom, collecting the isolated jurisdictions of every individual in barbarian society, and uniting them all together in the recognized sovereignty of a consolidated nation.

Now, while it is true that 'the history of progress is the history of successful struggles against coercion and authoritative direction, and in favor of

human spontaneity and free motion' (Slack); it is also true, as we have seen in tracing the course of the administration of justice, that 'the progress of civilization consists in the substitution of the general for the individual will, of legal for individual resistance.' (Guizot.)

The development of law, or of a general method, is the necessary result of social interchange, through which thoughts and feelings become contagious and mould a general will. In primitive society, individuals are isolated, and it matters little to others what any individual does; hence he is allowed to settle his own difficulties in his own way. He is let alone in a way so terrible, that similar treatment would be social death to a man of culture. We repeat, there is nothing like absolute individuality, except among isolated and unsocial savages. In an advanced state of society, human interests become interrelated—a complete network of complexity; and what any particular individual does becomes a matter of interest to many, since the many are, to a certain extent, affected thereby. The individual of civilization has developed relations external to himself, and his rights can only be secured and his tastes and wants gratified by mutual understanding, coöperation, and combination. His individuality is of a far higher order than that of the uncultivated man; and precisely because it is higher, does it develop law as the embodiment of the general will, and require organization for its expression. 'It is through association that the highest form of individuation becomes possible; and nationality wisely developed will terminate in a cosmopolitan identity of interests, and a general unity founded upon a reciprocity of services among all the divisions of mankind.' (Slack.)

It is owing to this same fact of the interrelation and dependence of interests, that the movement of unitization has not stopped in Europe with the organi-

zation of a distinct government for each nation. We have observed that when primitive individuals develop relations with each other, they form into small societies, and that when these develop relations with like societies, they unite and form larger associations; and further, that these states, cities, baronies, come at length to develop relations with each other, and the result is their union into kingdoms. But this tendency of growth does not cease here. One nation cannot long remain isolated and distinct from other nations. The interests of one kingdom become, in many ways, interrelated with the interests of other kingdoms; and there must be new governmental appliances to meet the case. Diplomacy, a new function of government, arose from this necessity. This is a political activity of quite recent development: it originated in the fifteenth century. Like all progressive developments, it was at first immature; 'it was not till the seventeenth century that it became really systematic; before then it had not brought about long alliances, great combinations, and especially combinations of a durable nature, directed by fixed principles, with a steady object, and with that spirit of consistency which forms the true character of established government.' (Guizot.)

Who can say that we have yet seen the end of this process of national development? Centuries have been required for all great changes affecting the destiny of man: the centuries of the great Future may yet develop a unity among the nations themselves—a distinct political organism for the regulation of national interests, which are constantly becoming more interrelated and complex. As cities, states, and baronies were developed from individuals and tribes, and as kingdoms were developed from cities, states, and baronies, so may a mightier political fabric than has yet been known be developed from the family of nations!

The law, we repeat, is, that with the

advance of social dependence and complexity, the principle of unitization becomes practically more intimate and comprehensive. *It is to this law that nations owe that vitality* of which diplomatists and constitutional lawyers take cognizance. By virtue of this law, a nation is a living organism, resisting with all its vital force whatever may threaten it with dissolution. Hence the utter folly of cherishing the idea of a 'peaceable separation' of confederated states. There can be no such thing in the order of nature. The rupture and division of a nation is a reaction against the spirit of social progress, a backward movement against the current of civilization, a terrible outrage to the organizing forces of the political realm, and can only be effected through violence and bloodshed. The more mature civilization becomes, the more difficult to effect disunion, the more terrible the penalty, and the more enduring, discordant, and wretched the consequences.

The law of unitization is a universal one, being an accompaniment of all unfolding, and man worse than wastes his energy in fighting against it. It is a great law of Universal Progress; and in lifting our hands against it, we are presuming to measure arms with a Power which will be sure to overwhelm us with confusion and defeat. We must consent to go with the grand movements of the Universe, and to march to the step of Destiny, or be crushed under the resistless tread of advancing peoples!

The course of industrial, mechanical, and commercial progress from savage to civilized life, goes to illustrate and confirm the view which we have taken of the course of political development.

Among the least cultivated tribes of mankind, the family is wholly adequate to itself, there being no dissimilarity of industrial function, except between the husband and wife. The family builds its own hut, makes its own weapons, kills its own game—in short, provides

for all its own needs. What is industrially true of one family is true of all others; there is no division of labor, no exchange of products. They have no accumulated property, no fixed habitation, but wander from place to place, as the attractions of their simple life may lead them. But when population becomes more numerous, and neither hunting nor pasturage is sufficient for their support, the cultivation of the soil is resorted to, and new wants are developed. The division of labor, the differentiation of the industrial function begins. One man cultivates the soil, another works in iron, another in wood, and so on; and these specialties, in their turn, assume new branches. Take agriculture for example: At first every husbandman grows all that he needs for himself and family; after a while he observes that his soil is better adapted to one kind of crop than another, and he devotes himself more exclusively to its cultivation. A similar result with a different crop obtains on a different soil and in a different locality; and thus do the specialties of soil and climate result in the specialization of agriculture. These diversities of occupation with reference to the soil, wood, metals, imply the exchange of products; but this must obtain to a very limited extent while neighbors are remote, and the means of travel and transportation defective. With few roads, and commerce undeveloped, there is little intercommunication, little culture, little civilization. This was the condition of Scotland as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. (Buckle.) England had some external commerce as early as the thirteenth century (Hallam), but did not send a ship of her own into the Mediterranean till the fifteenth. (Robertson.) Think of the difference between then and now!

The making of tools, implements, and fabrics is at first carried on solely by individuals working alone, but at length machinery comes into use, the

elements are used as driving power, and manufacturing establishments arise having a complicated organization. The division of labor has been all the time becoming more complete, till now a single workman manages but a part of the process of making an implement or a fabric, which must pass through many hands in succession before it is completed. All are familiar with this fact. It is exactly analogous to that which we observe in the animal economy. Low in the zoological scale, one membrane performs all the organic functions; higher in the scale, there are different organs to perform the distinct functions. When the stomach and liver first appear, they are very simple in structure, and as simple in function; it is just so with the manufactories in the industrial organism. But the stomach and liver become more complicated as the scale rises; it is just so with the manufactories as civilization advances. Animals lowest in the scale have no heart—no circulation. It is just so with society—if society it may be called—which is lowest in the scale; it has no exchange of products—no commercial circulation. The parallelism is complete.

Further, as already specified, we find in the animal organism, that the dependence of parts and functions upon each other becomes greater with the increase of complexity; that unitization at the top of the scale, in the midst of an almost infinite complication of organic structures and functions, has a completeness and significance which it cannot have in the simple organism at the bottom of the scale. The same precisely is true of the social organism. At the bottom of the scale, there is no dependence of one part on another—no coöperation—no proper unity—nothing but simple individual life. Higher in the scale, there is dependence of one element of society on another; there must be coöperation, combination, organization, a tendency, at least, toward unity.

This is well exemplified by industrial and commercial development. With regard to manufacturing, there is specialization, not only in the handiwork, but also in the locality of production. Thus, in Great Britain, where this development has most fully matured itself, 'the calico manufacture locates itself in this county, the woollen-cloth manufacture in that; silks are produced here, lace there, stockings in one place, shoes in another; pottery, hardware, cutlery, come to have their special towns; and ultimately, every locality becomes more or less distinguished from the rest by the leading occupation carried on in it. Nay, more, this subdivision of functions shows itself, not only among the different parts of the same nation, but among different nations.' (Westminster Review.) Some of our economists object to this process, and would bring all kinds of productive labor into the same district; but a law higher than their theories brings artisans of the same kind into the neighborhood of each other;—it is the coöperative action of the principles of differentiation and unitization.

The effect of this process is to make one locality dependent on another locality. Once, as we have seen, the family was adequate to its own needs; now, we perceive the industrial producers of one district have become dependent on each other, and on the products of other districts and nations, for the supply of their needs. This industrial division and concentration gives increased importance to commerce, without which there could be no industrial development. It is thus that these two activities are separating the elements of society in order to bind them the more firmly together.

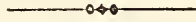
The improvement of roads, rivers, harbors, the construction of canals, railroads, and telegraphs, the development of industry, the extension of commerce, the advance of general culture, and the consequent increase of human wants, is

making society a very complicated structure;—indeed, it has nerve and tissue, and is becoming very sensitive. The loss of a crop in one country affects all other countries. The burning of a city, or even of a great manufacturing establishment, is really felt to the remotest ends of civilization. A commercial crisis on either shore of the Atlantic shocks the whole civilized world. A rebellion in the United States is affecting the agriculture of the whole country, the production of a staple on three continents, manufacturing in France and New and Old England, commerce everywhere. Every partisan clique, every political court and cabinet, even political destiny itself, throughout the whole world, reels with every surge of a distant revolution! How different from the condition even of Europe in the twelfth century, when a whole city or barony, an entire kingdom, or half the continent even, might have sunk beneath the ocean, and the rest of the world have known nothing of it by its social results!

Thus, as in the undeveloped organism there is a want of dependence and sensitiveness, so is there the same want in undeveloped society. As in the higher organic structures there is a high degree of unity and sensitiveness, an injury to the remotest part affecting instantaneously the whole organism; so, precisely, is the same true of society in its higher stages of development. The law is universal; it governs the organic as well as the inanimate, the social as well as the organic world. Hence the reason why the rupture of Europe, on the death of Charlemagne, into provinces and kingdoms loosely united, could not prevent the ultimate organization of national government, and the rise of relations external to the individual nation, out of which diplomacy grew, for the consummation of a policy above the nations themselves. Obstructions may be thrown in the way of unitization, but it will express itself in some form or other. If, on ac-

count of the viciousness of primitive conditions from which it has been developed, modern Europe cannot yet exist as a union of states under one great and glorious government, it will, nev-

ertheless, approximate that union, as best it can, and consummate vast national leagues, which are becoming constantly more comprehensive and permanent as civilization advances.



WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—*Goethe*.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—*Webster's Dictionary*.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR hero starts once more with a new field before him—the field where all his hopes and aspirations have been centred since he first was capable of comprehending the shrewd advice of Hiram Bennett, of the firm of H. Bennett & Co.

Yes, he starts with a new field in view, unencumbered by any love affair, and free from all entanglements of that nature—indeed, of any nature.

I have endeavored to be so minute in this history as to give the reader a proper idea of young Meeker at the time he was ready to launch upon New-York life. He was now nearly twenty-three years old, and fully competent, by his previous education and experience, to undertake any kind of business.

Mr. Bennett, with whom Hiram had become a great favorite, looked confidently to securing him in his establishment. It is true, he had attempted to make no positive engagement with his namesake in advance, but for the last year he always spoke to him as if, in due time, he was to enter his service as a matter of course. Hiram did not assent nor dissent to such observations; but, really, he had not the slightest idea of taking a situation with his cousin. He did not like 'dry goods' to begin with. He thought the trade offered

too little scope for enterprise, unless, indeed, one had good foreign connections, and even then he had his objections to it. The competition was more active, the credits longer, and the risks were greater, than in other commercial or mercantile pursuits. The question, as you may naturally suppose, had occupied his serious attention for years; but he kept his counsel, and never spoke of his designs.

The first that was known of Hiram's whereabouts, he was established as the junior clerk in a first-class ship chandler's store in South street. It was rather difficult to obtain such a situation; but the reader well knows that, once in it, Hiram will not fail to merit the approbation of his employers.

Singular to say, he was indebted for the place to that scapegrace Hill. The head clerk was Hill's cousin, himself utterly unlike his relation, yet a good deal attached to him. Hiram, who made it a rule never to lose sight of anybody, always managed to fall in with Hill (who had quit Joslin) whenever he came to the city, and on one occasion Hill introduced him to this cousin. He managed to make himself very agreeable, and an intimacy commenced, which ended in Hiram's obtaining the place of the junior clerk, who was about leaving. Of course, Hi-

ram came backed with the highest recommendations, so that his friend had really to assume no responsibility on his behalf. Thus he secured the place.

A 'ship chandler!' Reader, have you any idea of his occupation? You have doubtless some business notion of commerce, or at least a romantic idea of ships on the ocean, their sails spread to favorable breezes, or closehauled, braving adverse gales—joyous in fine weather, defiant in the tempest—yes, you know or feel something about this. But to enable the good ship to pursue her way, she must be 'provided.' She must not only have wherewithal to feed crew and passengers, but every special notion which can be conceived of in the ship's 'husbandry.' From out a ship chandler's establishment comes everything, directly or indirectly, which shall furnish the vessel.

Step in, and look through such a store. Taking the interest I hope you do in Hiram, pray devote a few moments to visiting the place where he has resolved to *begin* his New-York life. You won't find it an agreeable spot. Nothing to compare with the neat, well-arranged office at Burnsville—pleasant Burnsville!—nor even as attractive as the country store of Benjamin Jessup, at Hampton. It is dark and disagreeable. It smells of tar, bacon, cheese, and cordage, blended with a suspicious odor of bilge water. This last does not really belong to the store, but comes from the docks, which are in close proximity. The place is ample. It has a large front, runs back deep, and you will find, if you walk far enough, a respectable counting-room, where the gas is kept all the time burning. This establishment is managed by three partners, careful, economical men, who divide a large sum each year in profits. They have, it is true, the cream of the trade, for they are reliable, straightforward people, and can be trusted to fit out a ship without fear that advantage will be taken if they are not closely watched.

No danger that the pork, when opened ninety days out, will prove to be rusty, or the beef a little tainted. Hendly, Layton & Gibb are old-fashioned, respectable people. They have been already twenty years together. Hendly keeps the books, Layton makes all the purchases, Gibb fits out the vessels. Levi Eastman (Hill's cousin, Hiram's friend), now over ten years in the place, is head man under the firm, having a general supervision of whatever is going on. He is forty years old at least, has a wife, and, some say, in addition to a good salary, enjoys a percentage on all profits over a certain amount. Hiram Meeker ranks next to Eastman, though it will take him a few weeks to get familiar with his duties.

I will tell you presently what decided Hiram to become clerk to a ship chandler. I do not intend, after being so communicative, to hide his motives on this occasion. I say I will explain presently: meantime, do not fear that Hiram has any desire to supplant his friend Eastman, or get the control of the business of the firm; not at all. Other views, far more important, engage his mind—views which he thinks, in this ship chandler's store, to study and develop to advantage.

Hiram seemed to have altered his tactics on leaving Burnsville. There his style of living was considered expensive. His salary was very liberal, and although he did not spend it all (it was much increased after the Joslin affair), he appeared far from calculating in his disbursements. Now, this was all changed. Eastman, who had no children, and with two spare rooms in his house, consented, after consulting his wife, to take Hiram as a boarder, on more moderate terms than he could possibly get elsewhere for comfortable accommodations.

In this arrangement, Hiram had unquestionably decided to forego the luxury of pleasant female society. Mrs. Eastman had a sour-looking countenance, which did not in the least belie

her disposition. In fact, her husband had a hard time of it, and doubtless thought Hiram's presence might prove a distraction for him—or for his wife. In either case, he would be the gainer, even if Hiram suffered somewhat. The latter did not appear to be apprehensive, but made himself at home in short order.

Then, and not before, he called on Mr. Bennett, and told him, ere the latter had time to inquire, that he had quit Burnsville, and was now clerk for Hendly, Layton & Gibb, ship chandlers.

'Well, that's a move, I declare! Did you suppose I was so full I could not make room for you?'

'Not that; but, you see, I am not going into your line,' said Hiram, blandly.

Till that moment Mr. Bennett had himself no idea how much he was calculating on Hiram's assistance in his largely increasing business. He was greatly disappointed. He was too shrewd, however, to express much regret. He only said, 'I should have been glad to have had you with me, but you know your own business best, I dare say. You will *do* anywhere, I guess. Now you are here, come and see us often, and let me know when I can be of use to you.'

Keen men sympathize with keen; knaves with knaves; the good with the good.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Sarah Burns, after Hiram's departure, sat down, quietly to think over the events of the past few days—for during the week he remained in the house she had no opportunity for reflection—she was sensible of a species of relief that she was no longer bound to him.

It was not permitted in nature nor in God's providence that this fellow should have lasting power over one so true hearted. With such, his influence was not to become absolute or controlling.

This was Sarah's first love affair, and she had no experience as to her own emotions, and possessed, therefore, no test by which to judge of their intensity. Now she could look back and see that her heart had not been satisfied.

'*Not satisfied!*' How many a young girl has been forced bitterly to take up this burden—when too late. '*Disappointed!*' How many, when it is past help, whisper the terrible word in secret to their souls! How many are now dragging out a despairing existence, chained to some Hiram Meeker, with heart-wants never to be filled; with sympathies never to be responded to; with rich capacities for loving, which find in return neither tenderness nor appreciation; with affections, and no lawful object;—glowing, earnest natures companioned with calculation and selfishness and a remorseless subtlety; full, fresh, joyous vitality, yoked to a living corpse.

Thank God! for Sarah Burns it was not too late.

It is true, she persuaded herself she loved Hiram, and that she enjoyed every delight which flows from affections mutually pledged. But, really, it was entirely on one side. He, as we know, utterly selfish, had no genuine affection to impart; so all was made up by her. Out of her full imagination she brought rich treasures, and bestowed them on her lover, and then valued him for possessing them.

Still, for Sarah Burns it was not too late.

That afternoon, when she came and threw her arms around her father's neck, and pleaded to come back again to his confidence, she was fully convinced of Hiram's real character. From that moment everything was settled. She permitted no explanations; for Hiram, when he saw how summarily he was to be disposed of, felt not only piqued, but roused, I may say, to a certain degree of appreciation of the object he was to lose so unexpectedly. He believed Sarah was so strongly at-

tached to him that she would become reconciled to his going to New York, and then he could permit the affair to drag along to suit his convenience, to be revived or die out at his pleasure. So all his attempts at a private interview, his injured looks, and woful countenance went for nothing.

Sarah treated him precisely as she would treat an ordinary acquaintance, while Mr. Burns was careful to make no allusion to the subject, or permit the slightest difference in his conduct toward his confidential clerk. Hiram, therefore, was the one to feel uncomfortable; but the week was soon brought to a close, and he departed.

He went first to Hampton to visit his home. When the wagon drove to Mr. Burns's house to receive his luggage, Sarah was entertaining two or three young ladies who were paying her a morning visit. I dare say there was an object in the call not altogether amiable: namely, to see how Sarah would 'appear' in respect to Hiram's departure, and to find out, if possible, by the way she bore it, whether or not there was anything in the rumor of an engagement between them. Hiram had already taken a most affectionate leave of each of these young ladies the day before, and they thought he was to depart early in the morning. Much to their disappointment, Sarah Burns never appeared more natural or more at ease. She spoke of Hiram's going to New York as a settled plan, determined on even before he came to Burnsville; and (the trunks were now all in the carriage) at length exclaimed, 'Come, girls; I think Hiram must be waiting to bid us good-by.'

Thereupon, all went on the piazza, and thus frustrated a design of Hiram of taking a brief but most pathetic and impressive and never-to-be-forgotten farewell of his cruel betrothed. He had prepared a short speech for the occasion, which he believed would plant a dagger in her heart. He intended, just as soon as everything was ready,

to find Sarah, deliver his speech, then rush to the carriage, and be almost instantly lost sight of.

As it was, he saw with intense mortification a bevy of girls come running out, each with something to say, and all at once—for, to conceal any little private feeling of her own, each one was as gay as possible. At last Hiram was forced to mount the wagon (the trunks filled all the vacant space, and, besides, were provokingly placed so that his seat was a most awkward one) and to drive away very unromantically, amid the adieus and railleries of the commingled voices.

CHAPTER XVII.

Freed from Hiram's disagreeable presence, Sarah Burns, as soon as her visitors had left, sat down to *think*; and she experienced, as I have already remarked, a species of relief. By degrees her spirits rose to their old, natural level, and then the fact struck her that they had not of late been so elastic and joyous as formerly. Presently she jumped up, and, snatching her hat, she resolved to run into the office, as she used to do in 'old times,' and surprise her father by a little visit. She tripped cheerfully out, and was soon at the office door. Here she paused. Her heart beat loudly, but it was with pleasure. Then she quietly opened the door and stepped in.

'Good morning, sir,' she exclaimed. 'Here is your old clerk back again.'

She rushed up and gave him a kiss, and received a dozen in return.

Mr. Burns used afterward to say it was the most blissful moment of his life.

After that, how they enjoyed themselves!—like school children let loose. Sarah ran up, and down, and around the office, through the front room and the little room back, then in the closets, her father following, as much of a child as she—his heart also freed of a load, and his soul filled with sunshine—no Hiram Meeker to cast a baleful shadow over it.

There were not any explanations between those two. Explanations were not in the least necessary. Each felt that all *was* explained, and all was right and happy again. That was enough.

After a while, some one came in to see Mr. Burns on business, and Sarah took her departure. With a light heart she retraced her steps toward home. She had reached the memorable corner where she once encountered Hiram—it was on his first visit to Burnsville—when, quite abruptly, as it seemed, a tall, handsome young man stood directly in her way.

She stopped, of course; she could not do otherwise, unless she chose to run into the arms of the stranger. A pair of bright, dark eyes were turned inquiringly on her.

‘I have found you at last,’ said the young man, in a pleasant tone. ‘I have just left your house. I did not think you would be out so early. And now that we do meet,’ he continued, ‘I perceive you don’t know me: that is too bad!’

Sarah stood like one in a trance. At first she thought the man was deranged; but he looked so handsome and so intelligent, she quickly abandoned that hypothesis. Then she began to think she was a little out of her wits herself. That seemed to her more probable.

Meanwhile, there he stood, directly and squarely in her path. He appeared rather to enjoy Sarah’s perplexity.

‘Yes, it is unkind in you to forget an old friend—one you promised to remember always.’

Sarah was beginning to recover herself. It was evident, from the whole appearance of the stranger, that he would not adopt this singular mode of addressing her, unless he had some claim to her acquaintance. So she reasoned. Resolving she would no longer play the part of a bashful miss, she said: ‘I am very sorry to be obliged to confess it; but, really, I have not the slightest recollection of you.’

‘Ah, that is the way with the sex!’

continued the other, in the same tone. ‘Who would have thought it? After bestowing on me such a precious token (here he presented a locket, in which he exhibited a curl of hair), you now propose to ignore me altogether.’

‘I am inclined to think you are the one in error. I am quite sure you mistake me for some other person,’ retorted Sarah, quietly.

‘Possibly. Therefore, permit me to inquire whether or not I have the honor of addressing Miss Sarah Burns?’

‘Yes.’

‘Yet you have no recollection of presenting me with this?’

‘You must have shown me the wrong locket,’ said Sarah, dryly. ‘The hair is several shades lighter than mine.’

‘True, I did not think of that,’ said the mysterious young gentleman. ‘I ought to have known it would be so; but it never occurred to me. Good-by!’

He bowed courteously and passed on his way, leaving Sarah in complete bewilderment. She walked slowly toward home. She roused her memory. She went through the list of her acquaintances. She endeavored to recall those she had encountered when taking some little trips with her father—but the stranger was not any of these.

A faint outline was, nevertheless, before her. A shadowy image, the same, yet not the same, with the young man who had stood in her path.

‘Who? where? when?’

In vain she asked herself the questions.

Over the past hangs a dim uncertainty, like that which veils the future, and, young as Sarah was, she could already realize it. At length she stopped her efforts, and recurred to the more pleasing task of thinking about the young gentleman as he now appeared, without respect to any other circumstance. She recalled his manly form. He was nearly six feet in height. How bright his eyes were, and how mischievously they were turned on her, yet how kindly—she

was almost ready to think lovingly—when the locket was produced! What about that locket? She never gave anybody a locket, never—not even Hiram Meeker. Faugh! It sickened her to think of *him* now, and in this connection. Only imagine it! A lock of her hair. How ridiculous! No living being had a lock of *her* hair. She knew that well enough. Besides, this was so much lighter—as light as hers was when she was a child. A sudden thought struck her. Strange; how very, *very* strange! Yet, it was true. Once in her life she *had* given a single curl! Was this it? Had she promised anything with the curl? And was this young man he? Sarah's heart beat tumultuously as she entered the house. She reflected on the words of the stranger as he turned to leave her. Should she see him again? * * *

A message came from her father. He would bring a gentleman to dine with him—that was all.

Who would it be? the one she had lately parted with? Not a doubt of it. *That* she felt instinctively.

On a certain occasion, as the reader may remember, Sarah had imperceptibly prepared herself to receive Hiram Meeker. It was the first time he took tea at the house. This day she did the very same thing to receive somebody else. There is no use to deny it, for such is the fact. Yet it was but a short

week since she was the betrothed of Hiram, and believed she loved him. That very morning they had separated forever!

It often happens that a young girl is deceived by or disappointed in her admirer. They may prove to be incompatible, or, what is worse, he may prove unworthy; and she discards him, but with reluctance, after a struggle, leaving a pang in her heart, while she mourns over her lost *love*—not lover. *Him* she no longer regards with any feeling; but the memory of the old attachment is dear to her, though it be sad, and time is required before the heart will be attracted by new objects, or seek to be engrossed by a fresh passion.

The bond between Hiram and Sarah was of no such nature. He exercised a species of magnetism over her, in consequence of her lively and sympathetic nature; but it was of a kind that, when broken, neither pleasing nor mournful reminiscences remained—no recollection of past joys, no thought of former happiness and bliss. The fountains of the heart had not been reached, and when Hiram Meeker quitted her presence, she was as though she had never known him.

Thus it was, when she received her father's message, her pulses thrilled at the idea of meeting the one he was to bring with him.

Already she guessed who it was.



V A T E S.

POETS are never in the wrong,

Whate'er the present age may say:

The future only, in their song,

Will see the truth of this our day;

And what a BRYANT says and sings

May well outweigh all false-born things.

THE PHYSICAL SURVEY OF NEW YORK HARBOR AND ITS APPROACHES.

No coast offers more admirable opportunities for the study, on a large scale, of the effects of winds, waves, and currents, tidal and others, on the movable matters which line the ocean shores, than that from New York southward. Besides the peculiar local actions, there are general ones, which are changing, slowly or rapidly, the whole of the sandy coast line. While here the pebbles of the ancient drift are being assorted by size and shape, and rolled into ridges and heaps, by the action of the waves, there heaps and ridges of wet sand are formed by the waves and travel under their motion, and the dry sand is forced along by the winds, covering up meadows and woods, and changing the ocean shore line; and in other or the same localities, sub-currents, setting in a nearly constant general direction, roll onward the movable materials of the bottom of the sea, or tidal currents roll them forward and backward, giving the general direction of the resulting motion.

The reports of the Government and State engineers and commissioners, public and private, who have studied the improvements of different localities, have given us glimpses of the local, and even of the general actions; but most commonly there has been a want of means or such preliminary experiments as were necessary fully to develop the actions, and which, like the stitch which saves nine, would often have saved the costly experiment on the full scale of construction. Remarkable instances of complete modes of investigation occur in the examination of the Mississippi River by Captain A. A. Humphreys and Lieutenant Abbot, of the Topographical Engineers, and by the commission of which General Totten, Prof. Bache, and Admiral Davis

were members. As most familiar to me, from having taken an official part in the experiments and observations made, I propose to notice the Physical Surveys of New York and Boston, indicating the chief agents which are at work in destroying and building up, so as to produce the present condition of these important ports.

In connection with the surveys made a few years since by direction of the Commissioners on Harbor Encroachments, there was undertaken, as an incidental inquiry, an investigation into the physical conditions under which the shoals and beaches in and about New York harbor had submitted to those changes of position and area which the repeated surveys revealed. It was at the request of these Commissioners that Professor Bache, the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, gave his personal attention to this subject. He drew up a comprehensive scheme for a series of observations upon all the natural agencies at work, and, for the execution of the project, selected one of his assistants, whose experience had already been considerable in similar studies.

The investigation was commenced in the lower harbor early in the spring of 1856. Records were kept of tides, currents, winds, and waves, and the most careful notes were made on the immediate effects of these working agents as observable in the movements of the sands.

A glance at a general coast chart discovers at once a marked contrast between two different sections of our seaboard: to the eastward of us, the principal harbors of New England are rockbound, with elevated back countries; while to the southward, in the

region of alluvial drift, which extends all along the coast of the Middle and Southern States, the harbors have flat and sandy shores. The harbor and neighborhood of New York, holding an intermediate position between these diverse sections, exhibit a singular combination of the leading physical features of both, and present to the hydrographer a field for research that is quite without a parallel.

We recognize in the Bar of New York simply a submerged portion of that *sandy cordon* which skirts the coast from Montauk Point to Florida; and although, in the ordinary sense, the lower entrance to the harbor is not an *inlet*, it may nevertheless be regarded as belonging to the same class.

This *sandy cordon*, which may be said to be the principal characteristic of our coast, is an exceedingly interesting feature: it appears to have been formed by the action of the sea, which has disintegrated the borders of shallow flats, bearing away the light vegetable moulds, but suffering the coarse quartz sand to remain rolled up into ridges. In many places the dry winds have caught up these sands, when laid bare at low water, and elevated them into dunes or galls.

The distance of the sand ridge from the mainland is observed to vary with the slope of the adjacent country. It is the *motion of translation* which a wave acquires on reaching shallow water, that gives it such great capacity for the transportation of material.

This *translative action*, as it is technically called, commences ordinarily in about three fathoms water, and is most violent in six or eight feet depths, within which the sea breaks. It is just within the breaker that the windrows of sand are observed to form on exposed flats.

This disposition of the sea to cast up well defined boundaries of sand along its margin, is so great and persistent, that the inland waters are dammed up

and suffered only to escape into the ocean by narrow avenues, where their rapid currents maintain a supremacy of power—albeit with unceasing contest.

Wherever, along our coast, the waves drive *obliquely* upon the beach, a movement of the sand takes place, and the inlets are consequently continually shifting.

The Long Island inlets are moving *westward*, and Sandy Hook advances to the *northward*, because the sea rolls in along the axis of the great bay between Long Island and New Jersey, and necessarily sweeps along the beaches, instead of taking the direction of a *normal* to the shore line.

The movement of Sandy Hook to the northward is, however, a problem not so easily disposed of as we might conceive from the above considerations; for although, in the most general sense, its existence must be regarded as the work of the waves, there are other agents influencing materially its form and its rate of progress. The currents control, to a very great extent, the final disposition of the sands worn away or kept in motion by the waves.

Professor Bache's investigations in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook have been published, and we should not especially refer to them here, except that the recent physical changes reported by Colonel Delafield to the Engineer Department, have reawakened an interest in the matter.

The measurements of the Coast Survey, made in 1856 and 1857, showed that the Hook was being washed away on the east and west shores, but was extending slowly to the northwest, where it already encroached on the main ship channel. This order of things has continued up to the present time, and is now in progress.

The able Superintendent of the fortifications at Sandy Hook has evinced considerable alarm lest the new fort shall fall a prey to the encroachments, or be separated from the main body of

the beach by slue-ways. The Coast Survey has been notified of the matter, and the assistant to whom I have already referred has visited the Hook, and made an informal report, which agrees essentially with the statements of Colonel Delafield. A complete and reliable report can only be made upon *actual surveys*; and we trust these will be executed, and the Government placed in possession of the whole truth.

We understand that Colonel Delafield has already, upon a small scale, made some very successful experiments of curvilinear dikes, constructed with caissons of concrete; and we have no doubt that, with adequate means at his disposal, this ingenious engineer could avert the dangers which threaten, not only the fort, but the noble harbor of New York.

To return to the Physical Survey, and to speak as briefly as we may upon so extended a subject, we hold that it is possible, by a patient collection of facts and figures, to determine the natural *scheme* of the harbor—we had almost said the *formula of its development*.

It is ascertained that the group of shoals which form the Bar—composed, as they are, for the most part, of loose and shifting sands—are not accidental accumulations, modified by violent storms and freshets, but that they are orderly arrangements, made by the currents, to whose unceasing activities are due the form and preservation of each bank and channel. The peculiar contours of the shoals given by our most ancient charts are still developed by recent surveys, although alterations in magnitude have taken place. *The order of the physical forces is unchanged, but their work is still progressing.*

Now, since these currents have determinable laws, regulating their periods, durations, velocities, and directions, it was only necessary to compile observations, in order to reduce this

study to a simple consideration of the *composition of forces*.

'The process by which sand is swept along by currents upon the bottom of the sea, is not unlike the motion of dunes upon the land; a ridge of sand is propagated in the direction of the current by the continual rolling of the particles from the rear to the front. This movement is exceedingly slow when compared with that of the current which induces it, and for this reason a shoal, though traversed by violent tidal currents, may, as a whole, remain stationary when the alternate drifts are equal and opposite; for in this case, though the sand upon the surface is drifted to and fro, it undergoes no more ultimate change of position than it would if the forces which acted upon it were simultaneous and in equilibrium.' *

Of course, so simple a case as that in which the ebb and flood forces are equal and opposite, is rarely presented; for at most of the stations on the Bar the direction of the flow varies from hour to hour, going quite round the circle in a half-tidal day: the velocities and directions also vary with the depth. These circumstances complicate the computation a little, but the problem is still simple and direct. Everything depends upon the faithfulness of the observations.

The physical diagrams which have been plotted from the results of these studies may be regarded as decided successes, for they show in most cases that the shoals lie in the foci or in the equilibrium points of the observed forces.

The current stations occupied cover a district embracing not only the immediate vicinity of the shoals, but ex-

* Report of the Observations for the Completion of the Physical Survey of New York Bar and Harbor, in pursuance of the Act of the Legislature of New York, April 17, 1857, and of the authority of the Commissioners on Harbor Encroachments. By A. D. BACHE, Supt. U. S. Coast Survey.

tending many miles from them in different directions; for it was deemed necessary that each elementary force should be separately studied before it reached its working point. It has been ascertained that among the causes of the different shoal formations there exists a mutual relation and dependence, so that they may be regarded as a single physical system. *It will be seen from this consideration, that any artificial disturbance of the conditions, at a single point, may interrupt the operations of nature in other localities more or less remote, or cause general changes in the hydrography of the harbor.*

It is not simply the superficial drift of the tidal and other currents that these observations comprehend; but, with the use of apparatus suitably arranged, the movements at all depths have been determined, with the exact amount of power exerted by streams coursing along the bed of the sea. The necessity for this minuteness of examination has been fully shown in some of the curious discoveries that have been made.

In several parts of our harbor, systems of counter-currents have been detected, occupying strata of water at different depths, and these present, in their motions, striking contrasts of directions, velocities, and epochs. The most remarkable exhibition of these sub-currents was observed in the neighborhood of the city, in the channel between Governor's and Bedloe's Islands. In this locality, during the last quarter of the ebb, floating objects drift southward toward the sea, while the heavier material upon the bottom is borne northward toward the city piers. While, upon the surface, the ebb exceeds the flood both in velocity and duration, the motions of the lowest water-stratum are subject to the reverse conditions: it therefore follows that *the heavier deposits from the city drainage cannot be swept away through this the main avenue to the sea.* This contrast of motion between the upper and lower drifts

was observed in greater or less degree throughout the entire distance from the Bar to a point in the Hudson River off Fort Washington. These results appear to us of the highest importance, since they would seem to indicate that the scouring action of the currents will not be sufficient to prevent the accumulation of certain classes of deposits in the upper harbor—as the ashes from the steamers, and the like.

The course of the land waters in their progress seaward was followed nearly sixty miles beyond the Bar, where currents of considerable velocity were still observed. At the station farthest seaward, where the sounding is thirty fathoms, the observations at different depths disclosed some very remarkable peculiarities. It was perceived that the moving stratum was not always of the same depth; the whole body of the sea moving steadily forward at one time, while at another no motion could be detected below a superficial stream.

The land waters, to which allusion has been made, augment the ebb current to such a degree, that a general eastwardly preponderance was observed in the drift along the south shore of Long Island; and this preponderance, increasing steadily from station to station at each remove, was found, at a point twenty-five miles east of Fire Island Light, to outlive the tidal currents and maintain itself as a constant coastwise stream.

One very curious discovery was made with regard to this stream along shore. It was ascertained that during easterly gales a portion of the water, crowded up into the bight of the coast, escapes seaward by a sub-current. Shells, carefully marked, were deposited in the sea during fine weather, and, after an easterly gale, were picked up on the shore of Fire Island, *four miles eastward* of the place of deposit. There was no evidence that these shells travelled any distance during still weather.

We do not despair of the possibility

of artificial improvements at the Long Island inlets.

At present the great inland basins on the southern portion of Long Island communicate with the sea only by narrow passes obstructed by bars and shoals; yet, in spite of the dangers which are always presented, large fleets of market vessels pass out daily through the inlets, laden with farm produce and shell fish. It requires no thought to perceive that if these inlets were made safe and permanent by suitable marine constructions, and were furnished with the proper buoys and beacons, there would spring up in their neighborhood great commercial enterprises.

While, in the case of the lower harbor and its approaches, it was the design of the observations to detect in the movement of the waters the causes of alterations in the physical geography, the same kind of studies, undertaken afterward in Hell Gate, had for their object the reverse inquiry, viz., to ascertain to what degree and in what manner the form of the rocky channel influenced the tides and currents, in order that some prediction might be made of the consequences likely to follow the removal of obstructions from the waterways. The propagations of the tide wave meet at Hell Gate, so that here the observations, when plotted, exhibit compound curves, in which the portion due to the wave from Sandy Hook is easily distinguishable from that due to the wave from Long Island Sound. The Sandy Hook tide wave differs so widely in height and time from that of

Long Island Sound, that there is over three feet difference of level between the harbor and the Sound at certain stages of the tides; and at these times the currents rush through the Gate, vainly endeavoring to restore the inequalities.

The problem of referring a current to a *tidal head* is a very difficult one. The current, for instance, which renders Hell Gate so dangerous, is not at any time so great as a *permanent head*, equal to the difference of the tides observed, would engender. The currents are so very slow in their movements, compared with the undulations of the tide wave, that it cannot be ascertained as yet, what are the magnitudes of such elements as *inertia* and *friction*, and how they are to be corrected for, so as to predict the time and velocity of the current from observations of the vertical rise and fall.

It is due to the officers of the Coast Survey to state that their services to the Harbor Commissioners were rendered gratuitously; the work offered to them only an opportunity for research.

This Physical Survey must, at the outset, have held out small inducements to patient labor—the field was so large and ill defined, and had been so long the region of mere speculation; but the few simple and useful generalizations it has now grasped should, hereafter, prove the stepping stones to larger inductions, valuable alike to physical science and commercial interests.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

DECEMBER, 1860, AND JULY, 1862.

I I.

'MORNIN', sa! De Cunnel send dis with his compliments. Merry Christmas, sa!' Such was the salutation arousing me on the anniversary of the birth of Him who came on earth to preach the Gospel of love and fraternity to all men—or the date which pious tradition has arbitrarily assigned to it. And Pomp appeared by the bedside of the ponderous, old-fashioned four-poster, in which I had slept, bearing a tumbler containing that very favorite Southern 'eye-opener,' a mixture of peach brandy and honey. I sipped, rose, and began dressing. The slave regarded me wistfully, and repeated his Christmas salutation.

I knew what the poor fellow meant, well enough, and responded with a gratuity sufficient to make his black face lustrous with pleasure. All through the South the system of *backsheesh* is as prevalent as in Turkey, and with more justification. At the hotels its adoption is compulsory, if the traveller would shun eyeservice and the most provoking inattention or neglect. His coffee appears unaccompanied by milk or sugar, his steak without bread, condiments are inaccessible, and his sable attendant does the least possible toward deserving that name, until a semi-weekly quarter or half dollar transforms him from a miracle of stupidity and awkwardness into your enthusiastic and ever-zealous retainer. This, however, by the way.

My present had the usual effect; Pompey became approbative and talkative:

'You come from England, sa?' he asked, looking up from the hearth and temporarily desisting in his vigorous

puffing at the fire he had already kindled for me to dress by.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Dat a long ways off, sa?'

'Over three thousand miles of salt water, Pompey.'

'Golly! I 'fraid o' dem! didn't tink dere was so much water in de world!' adding a compliment on the supposed courage involved in crossing the Atlantic. Negroes have almost no relative ideas of distance or number beyond a very limited extent; they will say 'a tousand,' fifty or a hundred 'tousand,' with equal inexactitude and fluency. Presently Pompey began again:

'Many colored people in England, sa?'

'Very few. You might live there a year without meeting one.'

'I'se hear dey's all free—dem what is dar? dat so?' he asked, curiously.

'Yes; just as they are at the North; only I think they're a little better treated in England. We don't make any difference between men on account of their skin. You might marry a white woman there, Pompey, if you could get her to have you.'

Pompey honored this remark with as much ready negro laughter as he seemed to think it demanded.

'I'se got a wife already, sa,' he answered. 'But 'pears to me England must be good country to lib in.'

'Why so?'

'All free dar, sa!'

'Why you'd have to work harder than you do here, and have nobody to take care of you. The climate wouldn't suit you, either, there's not enough sunshine. You couldn't have a kinder or a better master than Colonel ——, I'm sure.'

‘No, *sa!*’ with a good deal of earnestness; ‘he fust-rate man, *sa*, dat a fac; and Mass’ Philip and de young ladies, dey berry good to us. But—’ and the slave hesitated.

‘What is it, Pompey? Speak out!’

‘Well, den, some day de Cunnel he die, and den trouble come, *suah!* De ole plantation be sold, and de hands sold too, or we be divide ’tween Mass’ Phil, Miss Jule, and Miss Emmy. Dey get married, ob course. Some go one way, some toder, we wid dem—nebber lib together no more. Dat’s what I keep t’inkin ob, *sa!*’

What answer could be made to this simple statement of one of the dire contingencies inevitable to slave life? perhaps that most dreaded by the limited class of well cared-for house servants, of which Pompey was a good representative. He knew, as well as I, that his poor average of happiness was fortuitous—that it hinged on the life of his master. At his death he might become the chattel of any human brute with a white epidermis and money enough to buy him; might be separated from wife, children, companions and past associations. Suggesting the practical wisdom involved in the biblical axiom that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, I turned the conversation and presently dismissed him. I experienced some little difficulty in accomplishing the latter, for he was both zealous and familiar in my service: indeed, this is one of the nuisances appertaining to the institution; a pet slave seems hardly to understand the desire for privacy, and is prone to consider himself ill-used if you presume to dispense with his attendance. His ideal of a master is one who needs a great deal of waiting on in trivial, unlaborious ways, who tolerates all shortcomings and slovenliness, and bestows liberal gratuities.

Descending to the breakfast parlor, I received and responded to the appropriate salutations for the day from my host and his family, who had already

recognized it, English fashion, by the interchange of mutual presents, those of the Colonel to his daughters being jewelry of a handsome and expensive character. The trinkets were submitted to my inspection and duly admired.

‘I must tell you something about these knick-knacks, Mr. —,’ said the evidently gratified father. ‘You wouldn’t suppose, now, that these mercenary girls actually asked me to give them money instead of trinkets?’

His tone and looks involved some latent compliment to the young ladies, and I said as much.

‘They wanted to give it to the State, to help arm and equip some of the military companies. I couldn’t let ’em suffer for their patriotism, you know; so I had to advance the money and buy the trinkets, too; though I’ll do them the justice to say they didn’t expect it. Never mind! the Southern Confederacy and free trade will reimburse me. And now let’s have breakfast.’

The Southern Confederacy and Free Trade! During secession time in Charleston, there was displayed in front of the closed theatre, a foolish daub on canvas, depicting crowded wharves, cotton bales, arriving and departing vessels, and other indications of maritime and commercial prosperity, surmounted by seven stars, that being the expected number of seceding States, all presented as a representation of the good time coming. It remained there for over a month, when one of those violent storms of wind and rain variegating the humidity of a South-Carolinian winter tore it to pieces, leaving only the skeleton framework on which it had been supported. May not this picture and its end prove symbolical?

‘Did you observe that our Charleston ladies dress very plainly, this season?’ continued the Colonel, as we sat at breakfast. ‘There are no silks and satins this Christmas, no balls, no concerts, no marriages. We are generally economizing for whatever may happen.’

'Why, I thought you didn't expect war?' I answered.

'No more we do; but it's well to be prepared.'

'There's to be no race ball, I understand,' said the lazy gentleman, who had appeared later than the rest of us, and was having a couple of eggs 'opened' for him into a tumbler, by Pompey. 'The girls will miss that. Can you tell me how the betting stood between *Albine* and *Planet*?'

I could not, and observed that the Colonel changed the subject with some marks of irritation. I learned afterward that his indolent relative had an incurable passion for betting, and, when carried away by it, was capable of giving unauthorized notes upon his opulent relative, who paid them in honor of the family name, but objected to the practice. He himself affected to discourage betting, though his State pride actually induced him to risk money on the 'little mare' *Albine*, a South-Carolina horse, who subsequently and very unexpectedly triumphed over her Virginian opponent. But this by the way.

Breakfast over and cigars lighted (the Colonel imported his own from Havana, each one enwrapped in a separate leaf, and especially excellent in quality), we strolled abroad. The negroes were not at work, of course; and, early as it was, we found their quarters all alive with merriment and expectation. Some of the younger men, dressed in their best clothes—generally suits of plain, substantial homespun, white or check shirts, and felt hats—went from house to house, wishing the inmates the compliments of the season, blended with obstreperous, broad-mouthed laughter; in some instances carrying nosegays, received, in common with the givers, with immense delight and coquetry on the part of the females. These wore neatly-made, clean cotton dresses, with gaily-colored handkerchiefs arranged turban fashion upon their heads. Many of the old men and not a few of the old

women were smoking clay or corncob pipes; the children laughed, cried, played with each other, rolled upon the ground, and disported themselves as children, white, black, or particolored, do all the world over; the occasional twang of a banjo and a fiddle was heard, and everything looked like enjoyment and anticipation. Of course, the huts of the future brides constituted the centre of attraction: from the chattering of tongues within we inferred that the wedding dresses were exposed for the admiring inspection of the negro population.

The Colonel had just arrived at the peroration of an eloquent eulogium of the scene, when the overseer appeared at the end of the avenue of orange trees, and presently drew rein beside us, his countenance exhibiting marks of dissatisfaction.

'I've had trouble with them boys over to my place, Colonel,' he said, briefly, and looking loweringly around, as though he would be disposed to resent any listening to his report on the part of the negroes.

'Why, what's the matter with them?' asked his employer, hastily.

'Well, it 'pears they got some rot-gut—two gallon of it—from somewheres last night, and of course, all got as drunk as h—, down to the old shanty behind the gin—they went thar so's I shouldn't suspicion nothin'. They played cards, and quarrelled and fit, and Hurry's John he cut Timberlake bad—cut Wilkie, too, 'cross the hand, but ain't hurt him much!'

'Hurry's John! I always knew that nigger had a d—d ugly temper! I'll sell him, by ——! I won't have him on the place a week longer. Is Timberlake badly hurt?'

'He's nigh killed, I reckon. Got a bad stick in the ribs, and a cut in the shoulder, and one in the face—bled like a hog, he did! Reckon he may get over it. I've done what I could for him.'

The Colonel's handsome face was in-

flamed with passion; he strode up and down, venting imprecations of an intensity only to be achieved by an enraged Southerner. Presently he stopped and asked abruptly:

'Where did they get the liquor from?'

'I don't know. Most likely from old Whalley, down to the landing. He's mean enough for anything.'

'If I can prove it on him, I'll run him out of the country! I'll—I'll—d—n it! I'll shoot him!' And the Colonel continued his imprecations, this time directing them toward the supposed vender of the whiskey.

'These men are the curse of the country! the curse of the country!' he repeated, excitedly; 'these d—d mean, low, thieving, sneaking, pilfering, poor whites! They teach our negroes to steal, they sell them liquor, they do everything to corrupt and demoralize them. That's how they *live*, by ——! The slaves are respectable, compared to them. By ——, they ought to be slaves themselves—only no amount of paddling* would get any work out of their d—d lazy hides! I almost wish we might have a war with the Yankees: we should get some of 'em killed off, then!'

How little Colonel —— thought, as he uttered these words, 'so wicked and uncivic' (as Gellius says of a similar wish on the part of a Roman lady, for which she was fined the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass), that in the future lay such dire fulfilment of them!

* The paddle has superseded the cowhide in all jails, workhouses, and places of punishment in South Carolina, as being more effective—that is painful. In some instances it is used on the plantations. It consists of a wooden instrument, shaped like a baker's peel, with a blade from three to five inches wide, and from eight to ten long. There are commonly holes in the blade, which give the application a percussive effect. In Charleston this punishment is generally administered at the guard-house by the police, who are all Irishmen. Any offended master or mistress sends a slave to the place of chastisement with a note, stating the desired amount, which is duly honored. Like institutions breed like results all over the world: in Sala's 'Journey Due North' we find the same system in operation in Russia.

Apropos of the subject, what fitting tools for the purposes of rebellion have these hated 'poor whites' proved themselves!—their ignorance, their vices, their brutality rendering them all the more appropriate instruments for the work in hand. It would seem, almost, as if a diabolic providence had prepared them for this very result.

'I must ride over and see about this business at once,' resumed the Colonel. 'Mr. ——, I can very well suppose you'd rather be spared accompanying me, so make yourself at home for an hour or two. I won't be a minute longer than I can help. Perhaps you'd better not mention this unfortunate affair up at the house until I return; it'll shock the girls, and I'm very careful to keep all unpleasant things out of their way. It's the first time such an atrocity has occurred on this plantation, believe me.'

And, ordering his horse, he rode off with the overseer. I should really have preferred visiting the scene of the recent tragedy, but my host's wish to the contrary was evident, and I knew enough of Southern sensitiveness with respect to the ugly side of their 'institution' to comply. (I had been advised by a fellow countryman not to attend a slave sale in Charleston, lest my curiosity might be looked upon as impertinent, and get me into trouble; but I did it, and, I am bound to say, without any evil consequences.) So I retraced my steps toward the house, presently encountering the lazy gentleman, and one in black, who was introduced to me as the Reverend Mr. ——, an Episcopal clergyman of Beaufort, also a resident on an adjacent island.

The lazy gentleman inquired after Colonel ——. Judging that my host's caution, as to secrecy, was only intended to apply to his daughters, I made no scruple of relating what I had heard. My auditors were at once more than interested—anxious. Whenever a negro breaks bounds in the South, everybody is on the alert, a self-constituted detective, judge, inquisitor, and possi-

ble executioner. Eternal vigilance is the price of—slavery!

‘That boy born on the plantation?’ asked the clergyman, when the affair had been discussed at considerable length.

‘Yes! He’s a valuable hand, too; I’ve known him pick seven hundred and fifty pounds of cotton in a day—of course, for a wager.’

‘The Colonel will have to sell him, I suppose? he can’t keep him after this.’

‘Reckon so, though he hates to part with any of his hands. This trouble wouldn’t have happened, if it hadn’t been for the whiskey, I’ve no doubt. The rascal who sold it ought to be responsible.’

‘Are crimes originating in drunkenness common among the negroes?’ I asked.

‘Well, no!’ answered the clergyman, deliberately; ‘I can’t say that. But most of them will drink, if they get an opportunity—the field hands especially; and then they’re apt to be quarrelsome, and if there’s a knife handy, they’ll use it.’

‘That’s so,’ assented the lazy gentleman, nodding. ‘You Englishmen and Yankees—excuse me for coupling you together!—know very little of negro character; and, because the darkies have a habit of indulging in unmeaning laughter on all occasions, you think them the best-tempered people in existence. In reality their tempers are often execrable—infernal!’ And he compatently blew a ring of tobacco-smoke into the mild, humid morning. The clergyman looked on assentingly.

‘They can never be trusted with any responsibility involving the exercise of authority without abusing it. They ill use animals on all occasions—treat them with positive brutality, and sometimes whip their children so unmercifully that we have to interfere. I don’t know what would become of them without us, I’m sure!’

‘What do you think of their religious convictions?’ I asked of the clergyman, when the speaker had arrived

at his comfortable, characteristically Southern conclusion.

‘Our best negroes are unquestionably pious,’ he answered; ‘and some of them have a very earnest sense of their duties as to this life and the next; but I regret to say that a good deal of what passes for religion among them is mere excitement, often of a mischievous and sensual character.’

‘Heathenish! quite heathenish!’ added the lazy gentleman. ‘Did you ever see a *shout*, Mr. —?’

I responded in the negative, and inquired what it was.

‘Oh, a dance of negro men and women to the accompaniment of their own voices. It’s of no particular figure, and they sing to no particular tune, improvising both at pleasure, and keeping it up for an hour together. I’ll defy you to look at it without thinking of Ashantee or Dahomey; it’s so suggestive of aboriginal Africa.’

I had an opportunity, subsequently, of witnessing the performance in question, and can indorse the lazy gentleman’s assertion. Inheriting the saltatory traditions of their barbarous ancestry, the slaves have also a current fund of superstition, of a simple and curious character. But further ethical disquisitions were here cut short by the appearance of the Colonel’s daughters, when the conversation was at once changed, as by tacit consent of all three of us. What their father had told me, relative to his solicitude to keep them in ignorance of all ‘unpleasant things’ accruing from the fundamental institution, was in perfect accordance with Southern instincts. I had observed similar instances of habitual caution before, reminding me of the eulogized tendency toward ‘Orientalism’ alluded to in the previous chapter. And, of all people, South-Carolinians possess the equally rare and admirable faculty of holding their tongues, when there is occasion for it.

We joined the ladies in a walk. As the elder had much to say to the clergy-

man about mutual acquaintances, while her fat relative strolled carelessly by her side, her sister naturally fell to my companionship. With a rather handsome and intelligent girl I should have preferred to converse on general topics than the one with which I had been already nauseated at Charleston—secession; but she was full of it, and would not be evaded. Very soon she asked me what I supposed would be the sentiment in England toward the seceding States, in the assumed event of their forming a confederacy.

I told her, as I then believed, that it would be adverse, in consequence of the national hostility to slavery, appealing to her own British experience for confirmation.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘they were all abolitionists in England, and could hardly credit us when we told them that *we* owned negroes. They thought all Southerners must be like Legree in *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*! But papa, who went to the club houses, and mixed with the aristocracy, says that *they* are much better informed about us; that they were opposed to emancipation in the West Indies, and have always regarded it as a great mistake. And England must have cotton, you know.’

‘If there’s a war between the North and South, won’t you find it very difficult to retain your negroes?’ I asked, waiving the immediate question.

Miss — responded by the usual assertion of the fidelity of the slaves to their owners.

‘What if the new Government resorts to emancipation as a weapon against you?’ I made this inquiry, thinking it possible that this might be done *at the outset*. Like other foreigners, though familiar with the North, I had not supposed that nearly two years of civil war, with its inevitable expenditure of blood and treasure, would be needed to induce this direct and obvious means of subduing a rebellion. Englishmen, it is known, have ferocious ideas on the subject, as witness India.

‘If the slaves rose, we should kill them like so many snakes!’ was the answer. And the young lady’s voice and flashing eyes showed that she was in earnest.

Our promenade lasted until the return of the Colonel, who presently took a private opportunity of informing me that the wounded slave would probably survive, and that he had sent for a surgeon from an adjoining plantation, expressing some apprehension that delay or indifference on his part might involve fatal consequences.

‘It’s Christmas time, you see, and perhaps he won’t care about coming,’ said my host. I may add that his anticipation was in part verified by the result, ‘the doctor’ not appearing till the following morning. Thanks, however, to a rough knowledge of surgery on the part of the overseer, aided by the excellence of his constitution, ‘Timberlake’ recovered. I will mention here, in dismissing the subject, that ‘Hurricane John’ was subsequently sold to a Louisiana sugar-planter, a fate only less terrible to a negro than his exportation to Texas.

Within an hour of our return to the house, we partook of an excellent and luxurious Christmas dinner, to which birds of the air, beasts of the earth, and fish of the sea had afforded tribute, and the best of European wines served as an appropriate accompaniment. The meal was, I think, served earlier than usual, that we might attend the event of the day, the negro weddings.

These were solemnized at a little private church, in the rear of which was absolutely the most enormous live-oak I had ever seen, its branches, fringed with pendent moss, literally covering the small churchyard, where, perhaps, a dozen of the — family lie buried—a few tombstones, half hidden by the refuse of the luxuriant vegetation, marking their places of sepulture. The plain interior of the building had been decorated with evergreens in hon-

or of the time and the occasion, under the tasteful direction of the young ladies, who had also contrived to furnish white dresses and bouquets for the brides. These, duly escorted by their future husbands, clad in their best, and looking alternate happiness and sheepishness, had preceded us by a few minutes, and were waiting our arrival, while all around beamed black faces full of expectation and interest.

We walked through a lane of sable humanity—for the church was too small to contain a fourth of the assembled negroes—to the little altar, before which the six couples were presently posed by the clergyman, in front of us and himself. That done to everybody's satisfaction, the Colonel stationed to give away the brides—an arrangement that caused a visible flutter of delight among them—and as many lookers-on accommodated within the building as could crowd in, the ceremony was proceeded with, the clergyman using an abbreviated form of the Episcopal service, reading it but once, but demanding separate responses. I noticed that he omitted the words 'until death do ye part,' and I thought that omission suggestive.

The persons directly concerned behaved with as much propriety as if they had possessed the whitest of cuticles, being quiet, serious, and attentive; nor did I detect anything indecorous on the part of the spectators, beyond an occasional smile or whisper by the younger negroes, whose soft-skinned, dusky faces and white eyeballs glanced upward at the six couples with admiring curiosity, and at us, visitors, with that appealing glance peculiar to the negro—always, to my thinking, irresistibly touching, and suggestive of dependence on, humility toward, and entreaty for merciful consideration at the hands of a superior race. Perhaps, however, the old folks enjoyed the occasion most, particularly the negresses: one wrinkled crone, of at least fourscore years, her head bound in the usual

gaudy handkerchief, and her hands resting on a staff or crutch, went off into a downright chuckle of irrepressible exultation after the closing benediction, echoed more openly by the crowd of colored people peeping in at the doors and windows.

The ceremony over, the concourse adjourned to a large frame building, part shed, part cotton-house, ordinarily used for storing the staple plant of South Carolina, before ginning and pressing. The Colonel had sent his year's crop to Charleston, and the vacant space was now occupied by a triple row of tables, set out with plates, knives and forks, and drinking utensils. Here, the newly married couples being inducted into the uppermost seats, as places of honor, and the rest of the company accommodated as well as could be effected, a substantial dinner was served, and partaken of with a gusto and appreciation only conceivable in those to whom such an indulgence is exceptional, coming, like the occasion, but once in a year. Upward of a hundred and fifty persons sat down to it, exclusive of those temporarily detailed as waiters, who presently found leisure to minister to their own appetites. Their owner surveyed the scene with an air of gratification, in which I could not detect a trace of his recent serious discomposure. I am well persuaded, however, that he had not forgotten it, as that the cause of it was known among the negroes; I thought I observed evidences of it in their looks and deportment, even amid the general hilarity.

The ladies had returned to the house, and we were about following them, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard without, and the officious voices of the negroes announced the arrival of a visitor or messenger for the Colonel, who stepped forward to meet him. A young man, clad in a coarse homespun gray uniform, scantily trimmed with red worsted, and a French military cap, alighted, and addressed our friend in a

faltering, hesitating manner, as though communicating some disastrous intelligence. I saw the Colonel turn pale, and put his hand to his head as if he had received a stunning blow. Instinctively the three of us rushed toward him.

‘My God! what’s the matter? what has happened, ——?’ inquired the clergyman.

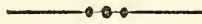
‘Philip! Philip! my boy’s dead—shot himself by accident!’ was the answer.

A very few words explained all. The young volunteer had fallen a victim to one of those common instances of carelessness in playing with loaded

firearms. While frolicking with a comrade, at his barracks, he had taken up his revolver, jestingly threatening to shoot. The other, grasping the barrel of the cocked pistol, in turning it round, had caused its discharge, the bullet penetrating the breast of the unfortunate owner of the weapon. Conveyed to the hospital, he had died within an hour after his arrival.

* * * * *

Our holiday-making, of course, came to a sudden termination. Next day I accompanied the Colonel to Charleston, to claim the body of his deceased son, and not long afterward parted with him, on my return to the North.



PEN, PALLET, AND PIANO.

WITH the roar of cannon and tramp of armed men resounding through the land, and the fair young face of the Republic disfigured to our eyes by the deep furrows of war, it is pleasant to know that in certain nooks and corners, gentler sounds of harmony still linger, and that ateliers exist where men’s fancies grow on canvas from day to day into soothing visions of loveliness.

The scarlet-and-gold and general paraphernalia of war are too tempting to pallet and brush, not to be seized on with avidity and reproduced with marvellous truth; but it is more agreeable to pass over accurate representations of the Irish zouave, with Celtic features, not purely classical in outline, glowing defiantly under the red cap of the Arab, and Teutonic cavalrymen, clinging clumsily to their steeds, and turn for solace to the grand, solemn Shores of Niagara, to wander amid the tangled luxuriance of the Heart of the Andes, or to bask in the sweet silence of Twilight in the Wilderness. There are Ice-

bergs too, floating in the Arctic Sea, frozen white and mute with horror at the dread secrets of ages; but, responsive to the versatile talent of the hand that creates them, they glow with prismatic light of many colors. Mr. Church irradiates the frozen regions with the coruscations of his own genius, bringing to these lonely, despairing masses of ice the revivifying hope and promise of warmer climates.

In pondering over the sad mystery of these Icebergs, we float down again to Tropical Seas and Islands; and as we linger under the shade of palm and banana tree, the rude chant of the negro strikes the ear in the grotesque and characteristic framework of the ‘*Bananier*,’ the plaintive melody of ‘*La Savane*’ sighs past on the evening breeze, Spanish eyes flash out temptingly from the enticing cadence of the ‘*Ojos Criollos*,’ and Spanish guitars tinkle in the soft moonlight of the ‘*Minuit à Seville*,’ and Tropical life awakes to melody under the touch of

the Creole poet of the piano, Mr. Gottschalk.

There are many beings, otherwise estimable, to whom the Tropical sense is wanting; who are ever suspicious of malaria lurking under the rich, glossy leaves of the orange groves; who look with disgust and loathing at the exaggerated proportions and venomous nature of all creeping things; who find the succulence of the fruit unpleasant to the taste, and the flowers, though fair to the eye, deadly as the upas tree to all other sense;—for whom it is no compensation to feel, with the first breath of morning air, the dull, leaden weight of life lifted, or no happiness to watch the sea heaving and palpitating with delight under the rays of the noonday sun, and to know that the stars at night droop down lovingly and confidently to the embrace of warm Tropical earth. With an insensibility to these influences, there can be but little sympathy or appreciation of the works of Mr. Gottschalk; for all that is born of the Tropics partakes of its beauties and its defects, its passionate languor, its useless profusion and its poetic tenderness. And where else in the United States, can we look for a spontaneous gush of melody? Plymouth Rock and its surroundings have not hitherto seemed favorable to the growth and manifestation of musical genius; for the old Puritan element, in its savage intent to annihilate the æsthetic part of man's nature, under the deadening dominion of its own Blue Laws, and to crush out whatever of noble inspiration had been vouchsafed to man by his Creator, rarely sought relief in outbursts of song.

Psalmody appears to have been the chief source of musical indulgence, and for many a long, weary year, hymns of praise, nasal in tone and dismal in tendency, have ascended from our prim forefathers to the throne of grace on high.

Such depressing musical antecedents have not prepared New England for greater efforts of melody than are to be

found in the simple ballads supposed to originate with the plantation negro, who, in addition to his other burdens, is thus chosen to assume the onerous one of Northern song, as being the only creature frivolous enough to indulge in vain carolling. If we can scarcely affirm that the Americans are yet a musical people, that they would be is an undeniable fact, and one constantly evinced in their lavish support of artists, from the highest to the lowest grade. Among the musical aspirants to popular favor, none has of late enjoyed so large a share of notice and admiration as Mr. Gottschalk; and to return from our recent digression, we will proceed to the consideration of his compositions. Fragmentary and suggestive as are his ideas, there is infinite method and system in their treatment. Avoiding thus far what is termed '*sustained effort*,' and which frequently implies the same demands on the patience of the listener as on the creative power of the composer, Mr. Gottschalk's compositions contain just so much of the true poetic vein as can be successfully digested and enjoyed in a piano piece of moderate length. With the power to conceive, and the will and discipline of mind to execute, there is no reason why, with perhaps a diminished tendency to fritter away positive excellence at the shrine of effect, enduring proofs of the genius of our American pianist should not be given to the world.

As a mere player, the popularity of Mr. Gottschalk with the uninitiated masses is due, in a great measure, to his tact in discerning the American craving for novelty and sensation, and to his native originality and brilliancy, which allow him to respond so fully to these exigencies of public taste, as to possess on all occasions the keynote to applause. The faculty of never degenerating into dulness, the rock on which most pianists are wrecked in early youth, is another just cause for insuring to our compatriot the preëminence which he enjoys. Viewed from a critical

point, the mechanical endowments and acquirements of Gottschalk are such as to enable him to subject his playing to the test of keenest analysis without detriment to his reputation. For clearness and limpidity of touch and unerring precision, for impetuosity of style, combined with dreamy delicacy, he has few rivals. The evenness and brilliancy of his trill are unequalled, the mechanical process required to produce it being lost to sight in the wonderful birdlike nature of the effect. In the playing of classical music, Mr. Gottschalk has to contend against his own individuality. This individuality, naturally intense and of a kind calculated to meet with public favor, has been cultivated and indulged in to such an extent as to prove an occasional obstacle to the exclusive absorption and utter identification with the ideas of another composer that classical music demands. In the mere matter of execution there is no difficulty which the fingers of this skilful pianist cannot overcome, and his intellectual grasp of a subject enables him to discern and interpret the beauties of all musical themes; but where an earnest, passionate interest in the music of the old masters is not felt by the performer, it is rarely communicated to his hearers.

The world of letters, however, has not seemingly regretted the inability of Byron to trammel his muse with the uncongenial fetters of Pope's metre, and has certainly never quarrelled with Tom Moore for not assuming the manners and diction of the revered Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

With due allowance for difference of latitude, and wide difference of aim and pursuit, the contemplation of the Master of Creole Melody recalls to us a genius which found utterance in song none the less melodious that it was written, not sung. The 'ashen sky' and 'crisped, sere leaves of the lonesome October,' so thrillingly pictured by Edgar Poe in his 'Ulalume,' find echo in the foreboding sadness of the open-

ing bars to Gottschalk's 'Last Hope;' and as both poems grow in vague, dreamy sound, they culminate in a cry of smothered despair at the tomb where all hopes lie buried with the lost Ulalume. The same weird conception and eccentricity of design, with knowledge of rhythmical effect and extreme carefulness of finish, are prominent traits of both artists; and the American disregard of tradition, as evinced in all enterprises, whether literary, artistic, or commercial, and which readily infects the simple sojourner among us as well as the happy being born to republican privileges, marks alike the nationality of poet and pianist.

Edgar Poe's literary reputation undoubtedly gains additional lustre as the lapse of years permits the veil of obscurity to fall over the personal vices and irregularities which so tarnished the living fame of this great artist. Genius draws around itself a magical circle, attracting and keeping by the force of its own magnetism those whom it values, but at the same time exercising an equally repellent effect on the envious and ignorant wandering beyond the pale of its charmed precincts. Hence the difficulty of judging it by contemporaneous standards. The Hyperion head of Poe was lost to the view of many by a too persistent search for the satyr's cloven foot. In considering the poet's eccentricities, in common with other extraordinary and anomalous beings, it must be deeply deplored that one so endowed with wealth of intellect beyond his fellow men, should be still so poor in moral store that the dullest of them could dare look with disdain on this heir to gifts regal and sacred.

He could forget his deep, earnest love of order in things intellectual, in every excess of disorder in things material, and his passionate love of the beautiful could be profaned by frequent grovelling amid the hideous deformities of vice. Poe, in his reverence for Art (his only reverence), seemed generally

to set greater store on the elaborate and artistic perfection of his works, than in the spontaneity of genius therein displayed. So it would seem, at least, in his voluntarily exposing the skeleton design of his greatest poem, 'The Raven,' and the various processes by which this grand shadow attained its final harmonious and terrible proportions. This may be a noble sacrifice to the principles of Art, intended as a warning to rash novices against the sin of slovenliness in composition; but the poem must be of solid fibre to resist this disenchanting test. The unveiling of hidden mysteries, the disclosure of trap doors, ropes, and pulleys, may assist in the general dissemination of knowledge; but in behalf of those who prefer to be ignorant that they may be happy, we protest against the innovation. In this dangerous experiment of Poe's, however, we are forced to do what he would have us do—admire the ingenuity of the poet, together with his knowledge of effect, rhythmical and dramatic, his flexibility and strength of versification, and marvellous faculty of word painting. This propensity to make all things subservient to the advancement of Art is not always productive of present good to one's fellow beings, whatever may be the results to posterity, as the luckless women who cross the path of such men cannot unfrequently testify—oftentimes assiduously wooed, won, and lightly discarded, to furnish an artistic study of the female capacity for suffering, as well as to supply renewed inspiration for further poetic bemoanings. In the prose narrations of Edgar Poe, the same skilful handling of mystery, and the turning to account of any incident susceptible of dramatic effect, are always apparent as in his poems. But the want of extended sympathy with mankind, the artist egotism, which looks inwardly for all material, and in truth scorns the approval of the masses, must naturally fail to secure the interest of a large class of readers. His compositions, on the contrary, which

give full scope to his keen, subtle powers of analysis, and vigorous handling of the subject in question, are more widely understood and appreciated. Since the days when Poe dealt with contemporaneous literature, and literary men, in not the most temperate mood of criticism, poetic fire in America, with few exceptions, seems to have sunk into a dead, smouldering condition, and to have yielded to its sister art of painting the task of grappling with the New-World monster of utilitarianism and practical reform. The demands for indigenous painters in America being constantly greater, the result is necessarily a vast increase and improvement in this branch of Art.

New England, on whose barren musical soil we have already descanted, and who has not hitherto disputed to the Old World her privilege of pouring out on our untutored continent the accumulated wealth of years of musical study and training, has at last gone far to redeem her reputation of artistic nullity, by producing the greatest landscape painter of which the country can boast. With us, the superiority of atmospheric effects over most countries, and the great variety and originality of American scenery, have united in bringing the landscape painter into existence, and the public have assured this existence by fostering applause and pecuniary compensation. Nature, thus prodigal of gifts to America, has, in a crowning act of munificence, conferred also a painter, capable of interpreting her own most recondite mysteries, and of faithfully transcribing the beauties revealed to all eyes in their simple majesty.

Immensity of theme possesses no terrors for Mr. Church's essentially American genius; his facile brush recoils not before the gigantic natural elements of his own land, but deals as readily and composedly with the unapproachable sublimity of Niagara and the terrible beauty of icebergs as with the peace of simple woodland scenes and the

glowing sentiment of the tropics. To tread the beaten path of landscape painting, and offer to the public a tame transcript of the glories he has beheld, is repugnant to the creative power of this true artist; but when form, color, and the legitimate means at his command fail to embody all he would express, his suggestive faculty is generally of force sufficient to reach all beholders, even those of feeblest imagination.

In standing before the *Falls of Niagara*, one can, in fancy, feel the cool moisture of spray, rising, incense-like, through a rainbow of promise, from the inspired canvas, together with the earth's tremor at the roar of mad waters rushing headlong to a desperate death. This inestimable quality of suggestiveness is preserved in Mr. Church's pictures when deprived of the aid of color and reduced to mere black and white in engraving, a fact bearing equally conclusive testimony to their inherent correctness of lines and elegance of composition.

Mr. Church's prominent characteristics of hardy vigor and adventurous treatment of a subject, seem to have monopolized his artistic nature, to the frequent exclusion of tenderness, either in idea or in the handling of color. The painting, in our eyes, least open to this objection, is *Twilight in the Wilderness*—a dreamy picture of inexpressible sadness, of a tearful silence that is felt, and of a loneliness too sacred to be profaned by human intrusion. The gorgeous panorama of the *Heart of the Andes*, its snowy mountain peaks, and plains glowing with tropical verdure, is too bewildering in its complicated grandeur to excite dreams of beauty so tender and sadness so touching.

In contemplating this last-named picture, the demands on the attention

are so numerous and weighty,—in the first place, to comprehend the situation, and exchange at a moment's notice the stagnation of the temperate zone for the emotional excitement of the tropics; then to separate and classify the many points of beauty, to rise to the summits of distant mountains, sublime in their snowy crests, and sink again to earth at the foot of the rustic cross, by whose aid we may one day rise to sink no more,—to follow the painter successfully through this maze of thoughts, without the guiding light of his own matchless color, would seem a difficult and displeasing task. But the task has been accomplished with complete success, in an English line engraving of the *Heart of the Andes*, recently arrived in this country; which indication of popularity abroad conduces materially to the ever-growing fame of the artist. The same test, we believe, is in store for the *Icebergs*—with what result, time will show. Meanwhile, the picture itself will, on foreign soil, plead the cause of American civilization, and tend to assure those who look with dismay at the tumultuous upheavings of freedom's home, that imperishable Art still maintains her placid sway in this distracted land, and that her votaries falter not in their allegiance.

Volcanoes pour out fiery lava under the red glare of the setting sun, obedient to Church's magic touch—delicate fancies are weaved into poetic life by the fingers of Gottschalk—but the voice of Poe, alas! is mute forever. The 'Lost Lénore,' found too late, may have inspired a song far beyond the dull range of human comprehension, but poor mortals left below, can only echo, with the grim and ghastly raven: *Nevermore! Nevermore!*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SLAVE POWER; ITS CHARACTER, CAREER, AND PROBABLE DESIGNS: BEING AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN THE REAL ISSUES INVOLVED IN THE AMERICAN CONTEST. By J. E. CAIRNES, M. A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, and late Whately Professor in the University of Dublin. Second edition. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway. London: Parker and Son & Co.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the American public, in its detestation of the ungenerous, narrow-minded, and inconsistent conduct of the majority of Englishmen toward the Federal Union since the present war began, will not lose sight of the fact that, here and there in Great Britain, men of superior intelligence and information have labored strenuously to make the truth known, and to vindicate our cause. Amid a mob of ignorant and furious foes of freedom, France has seen a Gasparin rise calm and great in superior knowledge, declaring incontrovertible truths; and in like manner, the English press has given the views of Stewart Mill and Professor Cairnes to their public, at a time when it seemed as if falsehood had completely triumphed. In 'The Slave Power,' the latest work by this last-named writer, we have indeed such a searching analysis of the present American crisis, and find the history of the entire difficulty set forth so fully, yet with such remarkable conciseness, that we cannot suppress a feeling of astonishment that a country which has slandered us so cruelly should, at the same time, have given to the world by far the best vindication of our cause which has as yet appeared. For it is no undue praise to say, that in this book we have the completest defence of the Federal cause and the most effective onslaught on the Slave Power which any writer has thus far placed on record; and we cordially agree with the vigorous reviewer of the *Westminster*, in believing that a work more needed could scarcely have been produced at the present time, 'since,' as he adds, 'it contains more than enough to give a new turn to English

feeling on the subject, if those who guide and sway public opinion were ever likely to reconsider a question on which they have so deeply committed themselves.'

'The Slave Power,' it is true, contains little which has not, at one time or another, been brought before the mind of the well-informed American republican; yet it is precisely in this that its chief merit consists, since it is not by idle oratory and fine writing, but by *facts* and the plain truth, that we can be best vindicated. Englishmen are grossly ignorant of the true causes of this struggle, or of the principles involved—a matter little to be marvelled at, when we find almost a majority of professed Federal Americans, under the name of Democrats, cheerfully admitting that their confederate foes are quite in the right as far as the *main* cause of the difficulty is concerned. For all such men, a clear exposition of facts, logically set forth, cannot be other than a real blessing; since their amiability to the South, when not based on traitorous and selfish interests, means simply nothing more nor less than ignorance—and that of a kind which is little less than criminal, let the guilt rest where it may.

Professor Cairnes begins judiciously by showing that in the beginning it was believed, not without very apparent cause, in England, that our war 'sprang from narrow and selfish views of sectional interests,' in which the free-trading South was in the right, and that the abolition of slavery was a mere pretence by which the North sought, without a color of truth, to attract foreign sympathy. And when we remember for how long a time slaves were returned by Federal officers to their owners, and how persistently anything like abolition, or even the most moderate emancipation, was earnestly and practically disowned by the Federal power, it is not wonderful, as Mr. Cairnes declares, that England should have regarded our claim to be fighting for the cause of free labor as a shallow deceit. Even as we write, we have before us a journal containing an allusion to an

officer who attempted to return to slavery a contraband who had brought to him information of the greatest importance. Yet, despite the frightful appearances against us, our writer saw, through all, the truth, and declared that, as regarded the popular British abuse of this country, 'never was an explanation of a political catastrophe propounded in more daring defiance of all the great and cardinal realities of the case with which it professed to deal.'

Slavery is the cause and core of our national difficulty. Secession and Southern Rights have flourished in strength in exact ratio to the number of slaves in the States—nay, in the very counties in which slaves abounded. Slavery early developed a sectional class of politicians devoted to one object, who, by the sheer force of intense, unscrupulous application, from the year 1819 down to 1860, swayed our councils, gave an infamous character to American diplomacy, and stained our national character. They are called the Free Trade Party: why was it, then, that they never employed their power to accomplish that object, 'or how does it happen that, having submitted to the tariffs of 1832, 1842, and 1846, it should have resorted to the extreme measure of secession while under the tariff of 1857—a comparatively Free Trade law'? 'From 1842 down to 1860, the tendency of Federal legislation was distinctly in the direction of Free Trade.' 'If Free Trade was their main object, why did the Southern senators withdraw from their posts precisely at the time when their presence was most required to secure their cherished principle?' Or why did they not apply to their supple and infamous tool, Buchanan, to veto the bill? *Because they wished it to pass*—to make political capital against the North in England; and they accordingly aided its passage, Mr. Toombs being in the Senate, and actually voting for it! Or if it was a Free Trade question, why was it that the Western States did not take part with them?

The North, however, did not take up arms to destroy slavery, but the Right of Secession, since that was the irritating *point d'honneur*, and, what was more, the real first cause of injury which at first presented itself. Mr. Lincoln had cause to know that in the beginning, even in the South itself, secession was only the work of a turbulent minority. 'To

have yielded would have been to have written himself down before the world as incompetent—nay, as a traitor to the cause which he had just sworn to defend.' In short, we were misunderstood—painfully so—and it is not a matter of indifference to learn that at last there is a reaction of intelligence in our favor, and that light is breaking through the bewildering mists which once veiled the truth.

In discussing 'the economic basis of slavery,' Professor Cairnes deals out truths with a prompt vigor which is truly admirable. From Stirling, Olmsted, Sewell, and others, he disposes of the old falsehood that only the negro can endure the Southern climate—a fact but recently *generally* made known at the North—that isothermal lines do not follow the parallels of latitude—and that it is a gross error to believe the black incapable of improvement as a freeman. He admits that slave labor has its advantages, in being absolutely controllable, and in returning the whole fruit of its labor to the owner. It may, therefore, be combined on an extensive scale, and its cost is trifling. But, on the other hand, slave labor is given reluctantly, and is consequently a losing means, unless much of it can be concentrated under the eye of one overseer. It is unskilful, because the slave cannot be educated; and, therefore, having once learned one thing, he must be kept at that for life.

The result of this is that, as the slave, unlike the free farm-laborer, cannot (with rare exceptions) be profitably employed at aught save agriculture, and indeed only at one branch of that, he soon exhausts the soil. If all the blacks in the South were capable of laboring at rotation of crops, they would soon be free. Slavery has always of itself died out in the wheat and corn regions—because, in raising cereals, labor is more widely dispersed than in cotton or tobacco planting, and the workers are more difficult to oversee. Hence the constant immigration from the wornout to the new plantation, and the cry for new land; and hence the admission, by the most intelligent men of the South, that to prevent the extension of slavery would be to destroy it. Free labor flourishes even on barren soils—ingenuity is stimulated and science developed. But slave labor requires abundance of fertile soil and a branch of culture demanding combination and or-

ganization of large masses of labor and its *concentration*.

Yet, in spite of these facts, a writer in the London *Saturday Review* informs the English public that the rapid deterioration of the soil under slave labor is a popular fallacy! Could the gentleman who gives this information so glibly, examine, we do not say Virginia, but simply that lower county of Delaware which has adhered somewhat to the old Southern slave system, in contradistinction to its two sisters, he might have distinctly ascertained if the exhaustion of soil by slave labor be a fallacy. Again, if the profits of slavery be only for the master, it may be true that the same process which enriches him impoverishes the country at large; and this is really the case through all the South. Free labor shuns slave society: a few Northern men may here and there live in the South, but as a rule the negro makes the poor white meaner than himself. It is true that free white labor in new lands is very exhaustive—but in time it takes them up again and restores them: this the negro never does, and never can do.

The tendencies of slavery to render the white man insolent, arrogant, and oligarchical, are well pointed out by Professor Cairnes, and with them the evil tendencies of slave societies. It makes bad white men, and intolerable political neighbors. In the ancient world, slaves were constantly being educated, freed, and made equal to their masters; but in the confederacy, everything is done to crush them lower and lower; and in these facts lie *perdu* the future further degradation of every poor white in the South, the constant increase of power and capital in the hands of a few, and the diminution in number even of these few.

The fact that Virginians breed slaves expressly for sale is well exposed in this book. Our author is kind enough to believe that they never raise a single negro for the *express purpose* of selling him or her; but we, who live nearer the 'sacred soil,' know better. It is not many days since a farmer in our present immediate vicinity, on the Southern Pennsylvania line, found himself obliged to dismiss a fine six-foot negro runaway from Virginia, whom he had hired, on account of the entire inability of the contraband to do the simplest farm tasks. 'What is the reason you can't stand work?' inquired the

amazed farmer. 'Why, mass', to tell de trufe, I wasn't brought up to wuck (work), but to *sell*. If I'd been wucked too hard, it ud a spiled my looks fo' de markit.' Professor Cairnes may accept the sorrowful assurances of more than one person who has been taken frequently enough into the councils of 'the enemy' in bygone times (*crede experto Ruperto*), that slaves *are* begotten, born, bred, and raised for the Southern market—as much so as any pigs—and that, too, by eminently aristocratic and highly refined scions of first families. Now that we can and dare speak the truth, it is not amiss to do so. We recall the day when to have taken part in the charge of the Six Hundred would have been a trifle of bravery compared to making the above truthful statement—for any one who valued social standing, or indeed a whole skin—on the border. Whether their own children were sold may be imagined from an anecdote long current in Virginia, relative to ex-Governor Wise, who, in a certain law case where he was opposed by a Northern trader, decided of a certain slave, that the chattel, being a mulatto, was of more value than 'a molungeon.' 'And what, in the name of God, *is* a molungeon?' inquired the astonished 'Northern man.' 'A *mulatto*,' replied Wise, 'is the child of a female house-servant by 'young master'—a molungeon is the offspring of a field hand by a Yankee peddler.'

Mr. Cairnes has, we doubt not, often heard of mulattoes—they constitute the great majority of Virginia slaves. But did he ever hear of 'molungeons'?

Mr. Cairnes justly denies the common theory that the South has maintained paramount political sway in the Union by a superior capacity for politics. He declares that men whose interests and ideas are concentrated in a very narrow range, on one object, have vast advantage over their intellectual superiors, when the latter pursue no such single course. He might have added that the young Southern gentleman, when not intended for a physician, almost invariably devotes to mere provincial politics and the arts of declamation and debate, all of those intellectual energies which the Northerner applies to business, art, commerce, literature, and other solidly useful occupations. If the Southerner has an inborn superior *talent* for politics, why is it that, as in the case of British or French statesmen, he never devel-

ops the slightest talent for *literature*? So notoriously is this the case, that even the first writers of the South, especially for the press, are generally broken-down Northern literary hacks, or miserable Irish and English refugees. Mr. Cairnes quotes De Bow's *Review*. He might be amazed, could he examine a number of that remarkable periodical, at the quality of the English written by some of the most eminent philosophers, patriots, and politicians of the confederacy!

The history of the Slave Power, as set forth in Louisiana, Missouri and its Compromise, the Mexican war, Kansas, the rise of the Republican Party, the Dred Scott decision, the attempt of John Brown, and secession, are given in a masterly manner in this work, and with a miraculous appreciation of truths. Not less vigorous and shrewd is the chapter devoted to the designs of the Slave Power, in which the future capacity of that power to do illimitable mischief is set forth in a manner which will be new even to the great mass of American Republican readers. If we differ with him in his 'Conclusion,' it is that we may be consistent to his earlier position. We do not agree with him when he advocates the giving permission to the South to secede with the Mississippi as their western boundary. Penned up by North and West, and with their ports occupied by us, the South would soon decay. But we rather believe the North, brought to the tremendous trial of a test between aristocracy and republicanism, will yet conquer by destroying slavery and giving the poor whites of the South their rights. But we cannot conclude without expressing the earnest hope that this book will be read, and that thoroughly, by every intelligent American. There is at present a reaction rapidly forming in England in favor of the Federal cause, and we foresee that this extraordinary work—the best summary in existence of our principles, and the most overwhelming stylus-stroke which slavery has ever received—is destined to be of incalculable service to the great cause. Let it circulate by the hundred thousand!—and do you, dear reader, do your part by perusing it, and making its merits known to all. In connection with it, we commend the review in the *Westminster* already referred to. It is pleasant to realize that we have friends among enemies. Let us

hope that when brighter days come, our Government and our people will not be unmindful of those who defended us in the days of darkness and dole. We owe a great debt of gratitude to such men as Professor Cairnes, and must not be slack in paying it.

LES MISERABLES. No. IV. *St. Denis*. By VICTOR HUGO. New York: Carleton.

A GREAT improvement on the preceding miserable trio, yet still far from fulfilling the extravagant assertions as to its merit with which the press has been deluged. We see in this novel, historic pictures, not without accuracy, details of life which are true enough, and, we might add, familiar enough, from a thousand *feuilletons*, but we find no PURPOSE, corresponding to the expectations excited. We have every variety of miserable wretch imaginable paraded before us, without a hint of any means of curing their social disease. 'There is a hammer for tearing down, but no trowel for building up,' beyond a little empty talk on the benefits to be derived from education. The truth is that Victor Hugo writes, like too many of his nation, simply for sensation and effect. The fault to be found with this series is, that, like Jack Sheppard, it degrades the taste and blunts the feelings—in a word, it vulgarizes, and is as improper reading for the young, so far as *effect* is concerned, as the most immoral production extant. Vulgarity is the open doorway to vice, and, philosophize as we may, sketches of thieves and vagabonds, *gamins*, prostitutes and liars are vulgar and unfit reading for youthful minds, if not for any minds whatever.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. By JOHN SAUNDERS. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE reader is well aware that this work has attained a great popularity—we may add that it has deserved it, being a work of marked originality; one of characters and feelings which will even bear at sundry times reperusal: as good a character as can be given to a novel, and a far better one than we are disposed to award to the majority of those which we meet. It is, we should say, in justice to the progressive powers of the author, far superior to his earlier productions.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN the noble Message of President LINCOLN, there are two paragraphs which should be committed to memory and constantly recalled by every man : .

‘Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down into honor or dishonor to the highest generation.

‘We say ‘we are for the Union!’ The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save this Union. *The world knows we know how to save it.* We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility!’

‘We cannot escape history.’ And this is true, not only of the Congress and of the Administration, but of all men who at the present day are raised one fraction above the veriest obscurity and completest nothing-ism. You, reader, and series of those whom you daily meet, may fancy that your deeds, speeches, writings, overshadowed as they are by the greater men and events of the day, will be forgotten. It is not so.

The last age was more antiquarian, more given to collecting, searching, and recording, than its predecessor. This present one is, however, a hundredfold more seeking and more chronicleing than the last, and this tendency increases every year. As it is, scarce a hero or a traitor, even of the Revolution, is escaping glory or infamy. Will it be less the case with the good and bad men of the Emancipation? There is not one among them who shall escape history.

There is no thieving contractor, no ‘helping’ official, no shoddy scoundrel, no unrighteously ‘commission’ gathering leech, who is not quietly noted down here and there, to be duly exposed, some soon—some in after years. We know that extensive researches have been undertaken, to prepare and keep in black and white a record of the rascality

of this war, in high places as well as low. *They shall not escape history.*

There is no cowardly, dishonest, selfish politician—be he who he may—no trimmer and truckler to the times—who will be forgotten. The most important war of all history—the greatest and most clearly outlined struggle between Aristocracy and Republicanism—will not pass away into oblivion. Men will toil away their lives that they may revive some of the salient points of this great fight for freedom. To commemorate the good, they must set forth the opposition of the bad—of those who aided the foe either by approving of endless slavery, by clogging the action of the Administration, or by turning the hardly earned income of Government, wrung from a suffering people, to their own profit. They shall not escape history.

Those who had the ability to aid the great cause of truth in any way, by brain or hand, and yet who did nothing—verily they shall not escape history.

The cautious, shrewd fellows, who hurrah loudly for the truth—after it has become safe and profitable to do so—they who run with the hound and hold with the hare—they may chuckle to themselves in their day, and rejoice at their shrewdness—but Time and God sift all things, however small—even such men as these. They shall not escape history.

And let them cry, ‘After us the Deluge,’ who will. You will live again in your children; the heritage of sin is repaid with compound interest to your name. How do you know but there is a God and a future knowledge of all this, that you act so boldly? What evil have your children or your name done you, that you should lay a curse on them? For if you do not put forth your hand to the great cause of truth and in the great battle of the Lord on behalf of Freedom, be certain that you are now shaping a malediction, and awaking the anathema maranatha, which shall go down into the

deepest ages, and even in many lands, to cover you and yours with the dark shadow of shame forever. You shall not escape history.

But neither shall they escape who have fought the good fight for truth, for man and liberty. Truly, as the German proverb hath it, *Zeit bricht Rosen und Zeit bringt Rosen*—‘Time breaks roses—but Time brings them also.’ There is an age coming which will distinguish between the battles for conquest and idle glory and the honor of kings, and those which were fought for holy freedom. In that age, the great and good and wise, yes! even the smallest and weakest who chose the cause of Truth, will be prized above the men of all battles which ever were beforetime. Stand fast, O soldier! be firm, O friend of the good cause! let us see this thing bravely through to the end, come what may. God bless you!—and he *will* bless you! Die on the battle field, or labor humbly at home—if your heart and your hand have been given to the good work, you shall not escape history.

‘Fate for you shall sheathe her shears,
You shall live some thousand years.’

It has been nobly proposed, and we doubt not that the proposition will be as nobly realized, that a shipload of food be sent to the relief of the starving operatives of England. If the wealthy classes of Great Britain were generous in proportion to the same order of men in this country, and in proportion to their own riches, it would be simply absurd for us to offer to relieve their paupers. But they are *not* so; and it is a matter to be deeply deplored, that the manufacturers who have made fortunes from their operatives, are, in Great Britain, the ones who are least inclined to relieve the sufferings of their poor dependants. And this we state entirely on the authority of the British press, and from the comments made by it on a recent and wretchedly abortive effort to collect from manufacturing capitalists somewhat to feed the poor who had enriched them. To an American, accustomed to hear of deeds of generosity and public spirit, the list of moneys subscribed for such an object, against the names of millionaires, would seem incredibly beggarly and pitiful.

However this may be, some one must feed

the poor; and if John Bull cannot afford it, Jonathan must. There is a degree of suffering in which Englishman or confederate rebel becomes simply a suffering brother, and when he who would not act the good Samaritan becomes most truly an outlaw to all humanity. Therefore, let there be, not one, but many shiploads sent to the sufferers—let us cast our bread upon the waters, literally as well as figuratively, and give no heed or thought to its return. The London *Times* will, we presume, impugn the motives of the charity—call it Pecksniffian and Heep-ish—or possibly try to prove that the Federals had no hand in the good deed. Let it rave—the business in hand is to feed starving men, women, and children, and not to make political capital, or gain glory, or please a party—for that we most assuredly shall not—but to do good and act in the large-hearted manner which gives a good conscience, and which as a national trait is the noblest characteristic of a republican.

THE South has been quicker than the North in perceiving that public opinion in England is rapidly changing in certain quarters in favor of the Federal cause, and it is for this reason that the press in Secessia has of late been so unamiable toward Great Britain, while SEMMES has shown in his pirating so little kindness to English goods. Possibly Secessia may after all discover that she might do a more unprofitable thing than be in alliance offensive and defensive with us, and that she might go further and fare worse, either alone, or with foreign friends who are, after all, only foes in disguise.

But it is a mad and a foolish thing for England to hope to be benefited by our dissension. Have we grown weaker or less dangerous by the discovery that we are capable of raising the greatest armies and the most invincible fleets in the world? While we flourish in prosperity, we afford her an outlet for all her paupers, thieves, vagabond Bohemians, and refuse of all sorts, to say nothing of the vast mass of the really industrious poor who do well here, but who would have starved to death at home. With one person in eight in Great Britain dying as a pauper and buried at the public expense, it is hardly expedient for its people to wish to see us ruined. Were we to exclude her

vagabonds and paupers by an alien act from entering this country, and at the same time close our markets to her goods, of what avail would all the cotton in the world be to her? The American public understand this thing perfectly—so perfectly that the first movement toward intervention would be to effectually shut out the offending party, to bear by itself the worst results of prostrated manufactures and a turbulent starving population.

But we trust that nothing of the kind may happen, and that England will perceive that a great, prosperous, and united America, though it covers the whole Western hemisphere, will be of more advantage to her than a divided, impoverished land, full of fighting factions. It is a bad, an inhuman, and a most un-Christian policy to set wealthy and powerful neighbors at dissensions, to rejoice at their losses, and finally hope to see them from prosperous citizens, turned into starved brigands. Envy is of the devil. And it is the more wicked, because *we* know, and every one of our readers knows with us, that there never existed in this country, within our recollection, any desire whatever to see England impoverished, injured, or in any way 'set back' as a country. That deep-seated desire, openly avowed by her orators and press, to see our growing greatness checked, was never seriously cherished by any true American—and it could be proved that the insulting expressions of such a desire have in almost every instance originated with British *émigrés* in this country, who are notoriously the most bitter foes to their fatherland.

It is finally worth noting that the sympathy expressed by Americans for Russia during the Crimean war, has been of late frequently urged in England as a reason for withholding sympathy from the Federals. Now it is most *undeniably true* that, with certain rare exceptions, the friendship for Russia *at that time* came in a great measure from the Democratic party, and especially from the South. It was an Irish antipathy to England in the North, and a serf-sympathy in the South which caused it all—naturally enough, in all conscience. If any one doubts this, let him

recall Roger Pryor's book, indorsing Russia as the great power destined to swallow up all Europe—written at a time when Pryor was beyond question the first and loudest exponent living of Southern feelings and principles. This is the simplest and plainest of facts, most easily susceptible of proof—and yet how many Englishmen are there who would believe it?

The truth is that the whole criticism of America by England has presented the melancholy spectacle of prejudice and envy, made maudlin by gross ignorance—and the worst of it all has been the making the North responsible for the bygone evil deeds of the South. Repudiation, protection, Russian sympathy, filibustering, and other objections—are all heaped on the Federal head alone to bear? Will the *truth* ever come to light in England?

MAY we venture to mention to our readers that 'Among the Pines'—originally published in these pages—is now selling its *thirtieth* thousand, with constantly increasing orders. And in connection we would add that 'Americans in Rome'—originally published in THE CONTINENTAL under the title of *Maecaroni and Canvas* has appeared in book form, and may be obtained from George P. Putnam. This work is, we believe, one of the most remarkable collections of sketches and observation ever written on Italy; combining a very great amount of accurate personal observations of the Roman people, both in the city and country, with that of American artists' life there. The observations are throughout racily humorous, and those who have within a few years visited 'the Cradle of Art' cannot fail to recognize, as hit off with no sparing hand, more than one American notoriety. Art quackery as it exists, is well shown up in 'Americans in Rome;' the author having little in common with those amiable romancers who glorify every illiterate picture-maker, though he never fails to do justice to true genius. We believe, in short, that these sketches form a very peculiar, piquant, and *earnest* work, as truthful as it is amusing, and as such commend it to our readers.

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OUR NATIONAL FINANCES.

OUR national finances are involved in extreme peril. Our public debt exceeds \$720,000,000, and is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, on the 1st of July next, at \$1,122,297,403, and on the 1st of July, 1864, at \$1,744,685,586. When we reflect that this is nearly one half the debt of England, and bearing almost double the rate of interest, it is clear that we are approaching a fatal catastrophe. Nor is this the most alarming symptom. Gold now commands a premium of thirty-two per cent., as compared with legal tender treasury notes, and, with largely augmented issues, must rise much higher, with a correspondent increase of our debt and expenditures. Indeed, should the war continue, and there be no other alternative than additional treasury notes, they will, before the close of the next fiscal year, fail to command forty cents on the dollar in gold, and our debt exceed several billions of dollars. This would result from an immense redundancy and depreciation of currency, and from the alarm created here and in Europe, as to the maintenance of the Union, and the ultimate solvency of the Government. Indeed, our enemies, at home and abroad, the rebels, and their allies in the North and in Europe, already an-

nounce impending national bankruptcy and repudiation, and there are many devoted patriots who fear such a catastrophe.

That the danger is imminent, is a truth which must not be disguised. Here lies the great peril of the Government. It is not the rebel armies that can ever overthrow the Union. It is the alarming increase of the public debt and expenditures, and the still more appalling depreciation of the national currency, that most imperil the great Republic.

And is the Union indeed to fall? Are we to be divided into separate States or many confederacies, each warring against the other, the sport of foreign oligarchs, the scorn of humanity, the betrayers of the liberty of our country and of mankind? Can we yet save the Republic? This is a fearful and momentous question, but it must be answered, and answered now. Inaction is syncope. Delay is death. The life of the Republic is ebbing fast, and the approaching Ides of March may toll the funeral words, *It is too late!*

What then must be done to avert the dread catastrophe? Action, immediate and energetic action, in the field

and in Congress. Winter is the best season for a campaign in the South. On—on—on with the banner of the Republic, by land and sea, and with all the reinforcements, from the Ohio and Potomac to the Gulf. On, also, with the necessary measures in Congress to save our finances from ruin, arrest the depreciation of our national currency, and restore the public credit. We are upon the verge of ruin. We are hanging over the gulf of an irredeemable paper system, and its spectral shade, repudiation, is seen dimly in the dark abyss. The present Congress may save us; but what of the next? Would they, if they could? Who can answer? Can they, if they would? No! no! It will then be *too late*. Never did any representative assembly encounter so fearful a responsibility as the present Congress. Each member must vote as if the fate of the Union and of humanity depended upon his action. He must rise above the passing clouds of passion and prejudice, of State, local, or selfish interests, into the serene and holy atmosphere, illumined by the light of truth, and warmed by the love of his country and of mankind. His only inquiry must be, What will save the nation? The allegiance to the Union is paramount, its maintenance 'the supreme law,' the *lex legum*, of highest obligation, and he who, abandoning this principle, follows in preference any real or supposed State policy, is a secessionist in action, and a traitor to his country and mankind. Should the catastrophe happen, no such paltry motives will save him from disgrace and infamy; and, if he be snatched from oblivion, his only epitaph will be: Here lies a destroyer of the American Union. He did not destroy it by bullets, but by votes. He did not march against it with armed battalions; but, a sentinel, he slept on the post of duty, and—his country fell.

What, then, can Congress do? They can consider *at once* this great financial question, uninterrupted by any other

measure, until there shall have been action complete and decisive. But two months more remain of the session. Not another day nor hour must be lost. All admit that something must be done, and done quickly.

What then is the remedy for our depreciated and depreciating national currency? The Secretary of the Treasury anticipated the disaster, and proposed a remedy in 1861. I gave his bank plan then my earnest and immediate support. Well would it have been for our country if it had then been adopted, and gold would not now command a premium of thirty-two per cent. After a year's experience and deliberation, the Secretary reiterates his former recommendation, with words of solemn import, and arguments of great force. His is the chief responsibility. To him is mainly intrusted the custody of the public credit. His is now the duty of saving us from national bankruptcy. At such a time, I would differ from him on such a question, only on the clearest convictions, and then only upon the condition that I had a better plan as a substitute, and that mine could become a law now, and be carried now into practical execution. If all this could not be done, I would support the plan of the Secretary, as all admit that delay or inaction is death. If my words be too bold or earnest, let them be attributed to my profound conviction that the American Union is in extreme peril, and that its downfall involves the final catastrophe of our country and of our race. Let no man talk of a separation of the Union in any contingency. Let none speak now of peace or compromise with armed treason. Let none think of constructing separate nationalities out of the broken and bleeding fragments of a dismembered Union. No; far better that our wrecked and blasted earth should swing from its orbit, disintegrate into its original atoms, and its place remain forever vacant in the universe, than that we should survive,

with such memories of departed glory, and such a burning sense of unutterable infamy and degradation. Fallen—fallen—fallen! from the highest pinnacle to the lowest depth, to rise no more forever! What American would wish to live, and encounter such a destiny? And why fallen? From a cause more damning than our fate. Fallen, let the truth be told, as history would record, because faction was stronger than patriotism, and the degenerate sons of noble sires extinguished the world's last hope, by basely surrendering the American Union to the foul coalition of slavery and treason. This rebellion is the most stupendous crime in the annals of our race, and its projectors and coadjutors, at home or abroad, individual or dynastic, are doomed to immortal infamy. With its demoniac passions, its satanic ambition, desecrating the remains of the slain, making goblets of their skulls, and trinkets of their bones, this revolt is a heliograph of Dahomey, and Devil-dom daguerreotyped more vividly than by Danté or Milton.

The plan of the Secretary is clear, simple, comprehensive, practical, and effective. It is the plan of an uniform circulation, furnished by the Federal Government to banking associations organized by Congress, securing prompt redemption by the deposit of the same amount of U. S. six per cent. stock in the Federal custody, the principal and interest of this stock being payable in gold. This plan, with me, is a necessity, and not a choice. It is the plan of the Secretary, and not mine, and is therefore supported by me from no vanity of authorship. Nay, more, it required me to overcome strong prejudices against any bank circulation, and especially any connected in any way with the Government. It is, however, a strong recommendation of the plan of the Secretary, that the proposed connection of the banks with the Government is not political, and attended with none of the formidable objections to the late Bank of the United States. Ever since

the bank suspension of 1837, I have been a bullionist, and sustained that doctrine in the Senate of the United States, and as Secretary of the Treasury. The act establishing the independent treasury in 1846, was drawn by me, avowedly as a '*specie receiving and specie circulating*' institution, and to restrain excessive issues by the banks; but it is impossible now to carry that system into practical execution. The suspension of specie payment by the banks and the Government, has been forced by the enormous expenditures of the war, and the sub-treasury, which never was designed for the custody or disbursement of paper, has been so far virtually superseded. In acceding now, as in December, 1861, to the Secretary's plan of a bank circulation, I must be understood as having changed my views in no respect as to banks, but that I yield to the great emergency, which renders the support of the war and of the Union paramount to any question of coin or currency.

The national disbursements for the present and succeeding fiscal year, as stated by the Secretary, together with his remarks on that subject, supersede the necessity of any further argument in proof of the absolute impossibility of specie payments now by the Government. We are compelled to resort to paper, and the only question is as to the character and extent of the issue. It is my opinion that we should limit this paper currency, as far as practicable, that it may be as little depreciated now as possible; so that when the rebellion is crushed, the banks and the Government may resume specie payments at the earliest moment. I favor the plan of the Secretary mainly because, by arresting depreciation, it would furnish a currency approaching specie now more nearly than can be accomplished in any other way, and because, when the war is over, it provides the best means for a return, in the shortest possible period, to specie payments. An irredeemable

paper currency dissolves contracts, violates good faith, and its history here and in Europe is a record of financial ruin, bankruptcy, and repudiation, of frauds, crimes, and demoralization, which no friend of his country or race can desire to witness. The issue of treasury notes as a legal tender was favored by me as a *necessity*, superinduced by the rebellion, and as a substitute for the present bank issues. Such notes would be depreciated much less when made a legal tender, and, to that extent, our expenditures would be diminished, and specie payments could, therefore, be resumed eventually at a much earlier period. Why, then, it is asked, not continue and extend that system, rather than adopt the plan recommended by the Secretary? Because, Congress refusing to prohibit a bank circulation, such increased issues of treasury notes would cause a further great depreciation of such notes, to that extent augment our expenditures, and postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the resumption of specie payments. Gold now commands a premium of thirty-two per cent., payable in treasury notes; but, if such issues be increased one half, they would fall to fifty per cent., and, if doubled, to at least sixty per cent. below specie. At the last rate, if our yearly expenditures, paid in paper, reached \$700,000,000, this would command but \$280,000,000 in gold, thus subjecting the Government to a loss of \$420,000,000 per annum, and at thirty-two per cent. discount, \$224,000,000 per annum. These notes, it is true, bear no interest, which at six per cent. on \$280,000,000, would save \$16,800,000 a year. But as under the Secretary's plan (hereafter developed) the Government would only pay an annual interest of four per cent. on this loan, the saving would only be \$11,200,000. Deduct this interest thus saved from the \$420,000,000 of increased annual expenditures, arising from such depreciation of treasury notes, and the result is a net loss of \$408,800,000 per annum

to the Government, from the use of such redundant and depreciated currency. Surely, such a system would soon terminate in bankruptcy and repudiation, repeating the history of French assignats and Continental money.

Nor is it the Government only that suffers from such a disaster, but the ruin extends to the people. There is no law more clearly established than this: that the currency of a country bears a certain fixed proportion to its wealth and business. If we expand the currency beyond this proportion, we violate this law, and will surely suffer the terrible penalties of this disobedience. This law is so certain and invariable, that, if the expansion beyond this proportion should be even in specie, the result would still be disastrous.

This was illustrated during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Spain, having opened the virgin mines of America, brought the precious metals in countless millions within her limits, and restricted their exportation by the most stringent penalties. And what was the consequence? Mr. Prescott, of Boston, tells us in his great history, that 'the streams of wealth, which flowed in from the silver quarries of Zacatecas and Potosi were jealously locked up within the limits of the Peninsula.' 'The golden tide, which, permitted a free vent, would have fertilized the region through which it poured, now buried the land under a deluge, which blighted every green and living thing. *Agriculture, commerce, MANUFACTURES*, every branch of national industry and improvement, languished and fell to decay; and the nation, like the Phrygian monarch who turned all that he touched into gold, cursed by the very consummation of its wishes, was poor in the midst of its treasures.' Such was the effect of violating the law which regulates the ratio of money to wealth; such the consequence of a superabundant currency, even in specie. The result was that Spain, which had been the most prosperous nation of Eu-

rope, and whose products and manufactures had supplied the markets of the world, lost nearly all her exports, and was forced to resort to the prohibitory system. The cost of living, of working farms, of manufacturing goods, of making and sailing ships, became so high in Spain, from her superabundant currency, that she was unable to compete with any other nation, was reduced to poverty, and never began to recover until 'Spain changed her system, encouraged the exportation of the precious metals, and thus brought down her superabundant currency and inflated prices, and thus enabled Spanish industry to supply the markets of the Peninsula and of the world.' Then, the distinguished historian tells us, 'the precious metals, instead of flowing in so abundantly as to palsy the arm of industry, only served to stimulate it, the foreign intercourse of the country was every day more widely extended ;' 'the flourishing condition of the nation was seen in the wealth and population of its cities,' etc. It is a redundant currency, even if gold or convertible into gold, that produces these evils, although depreciation adds to the disaster.

What is the effect here of a redundant currency, is ascertained by reference to our exports. By Treasury Tables 20 and 21, our foreign imports consumed here in 1836-'7 rose to \$168,233,675, being largely more than double what they were in 1832 (\$76,989,793), and nearly double the consumption, *per capita*, which was \$5.61 in 1832, and \$10.93 in 1836. This was our great year of a redundant, although still a convertible currency, when our imports consumed exceeded our exports of domestic produce, \$61,662,733; and so enhanced was the cost of living and production here, that we actually imported breadstuffs that year of the value of \$5,271,576. (Table 1, Com. and Nav.) Our bank currency that year was as follows: Circulation, \$149,185,890; deposits, \$127,397,185; circulation

and deposits, \$276,583,075; loans, \$525,115,702. (Treasury Report, 1838, Doc. 79, tables K. K.) The legitimate result of this expansion of loans and currency was the great bank suspension of May, 1837, and general bankruptcy throughout the country.

Now our bank circulation in 1860 was \$207,102,477; deposits, \$253,802,129; circulation and deposits, \$460,904,606; loans, \$691,495,580. (Table 34, Census of 1860.) Yet our population in 1860 was more than double that of 1837, and our wealth (the true barometer, marking the proper rise and fall of our currency) had much more than quadrupled. (Census Table 35.) The proportion of the currency to wealth in 1837 was more than double the ratio of 1860. It was not the tariff that produced the suspension of 1837, for it was *much lower* in 1860, than at the date of the bank suspension of 1837.

By Treasury Table 24, our total exports abroad of domestic produce, exclusive of specie, from the 30th of September, 1821, to 30th June, 1861, were \$5,060,929,667; and, in the year ending the 30th June, 1860, were \$316,242,423. At the same rate of increase from 1860 to 1870, as from 1850 to 1860, our domestic exports exclusive of specie in the decade ending the 30th June, 1870, would have exceeded five billions of dollars, had peace continued and the currency been no more redundant in proportion to our wealth than in 1860. But with a redundant and depreciated currency our exports must have been reduced at least one fourth. What would be the effect on every branch of our industry, may be learned by looking at Treasury Table 40, showing our domestic exports for the year ending 30th June, 1861. These exports were, of the products of our fisheries, \$4,451,515; of the forest, \$10,260,809; of agriculture, exclusive of cotton, rice, and tobacco, \$100,273,655, and of our manufactures, \$35,786,804. This was mainly from the loyal States. Now if the foreign markets for our products are re-

duced only one fourth by the effect of a redundant currency, inflating here the cost of production and of living, the result would be most disastrous to our industry. The reduction would be equal, as we have seen, to \$125,000,000 per annum, and \$1,250,000,000 in the decade. Our imports would be reduced in the same proportion, and our revenue from customs in a corresponding ratio. Supposing the average rate of duties of the present tariff to be equal to 40 per cent. ad valorem, this would make a difference in our revenue from customs of \$500,000,000 in the decade, and, including interest not compounded, \$635,000,000. And here I deem it a duty to say to the financial portion of our peace party, especially in New York, that our redundant and depreciated currency, with our failure to crush the rebellion, and a consequent dissolution of the Union, would make repudiation inevitable. We are forced, then, by a due regard to our material interests, as well as by the higher obligations of honor and duty, to subdue the revolt and restore the supremacy of the Government in every State. This we can and must do. It is due to our country and to the world. It is due to the wounded and mutilated survivors of the bloody conflict, and to our martyred dead, murdered by the foulest treason, and in the accursed cause of slavery. No! all this blood and treasure must not have been poured out in vain. It is a question mainly of money and persistence. Our armies can and will conquer the rebellion, if we can and will supply the sinews of war. Our success is much more a financial than a military question. As regards the result, the Secretary of the Treasury holds now the most important post in this contest: he is the generalissimo; and as he is right on this question, and the fate of the Union is involved, I deem it my duty to give him my earnest and zealous support.

Ruinous as must be the effect of a

redundant and depreciated currency upon all industrial pursuits, the injustice to our gallant army and navy, regulars and volunteers, would be attended with extreme peril. Upon their courage and endurance we must rely for success. We have pledged to our brave troops, who are wounded or dying by thousands that the Union may live, such pay as to enable them while fighting our battles to make allotments of portions of their money for the support of their families during their absence. We have promised pensions also. These are all solemn pledges on the part of our Government, and our faith is violated if this pay or these pensions are reduced. But there is no difference between a law directly reducing this pay and these pensions, and the adoption by Congress of the policy of a redundant and depreciated currency which will produce the same result. Every vote then in Congress for such a policy, is a vote to reduce the pay and pensions for our troops, and to annihilate the allotments made by them for the support of their families. What effect such a policy must have on our troops and the maintenance of the Union is but too palpable. It is disbandment and dissolution. Every such vote is given also to reduce the value of the wages of labor, and for increased taxation, to the extent, as we have seen, of \$403,800,000 per annum. It is a vote also to reduce our exports and revenue from customs, to paralyze our industry; and finally, in its ultimate results, it is a vote against the war, for repudiation and disunion, and hence every disunionist will oppose the plan of the Secretary.

To what extent this redundancy and depreciation will go, by enlarged issues of legal tender treasury notes, we may learn from the fact that the banks substitute them for coin for the redemption of their paper. Now, just in proportion as the issue of treasury notes becomes redundant and depreciated, will the bank circulation, redeemable in

such notes, augment and depreciate also. This is the law of bank circulation as now forced upon us by Congress. It is the law of redundancy and depreciation. If this policy is adopted by Congress, an enlarged issue made of treasury notes, and the plan of the Secretary discarded, our bank and treasury note circulation, with the war continued, will very largely exceed one billion of dollars before the close of the next fiscal year, and both will be depreciated much more than sixty per cent. Thus, if we should enlarge our issues of legal demand treasury notes to \$500,000,000, and these be made the basis of bank issues, in the ratio of three to one, our total paper circulation would be \$2,000,000,000, such treasury notes inflating the bank issues, and both depreciating together. And yet this is the currency in which it is proposed to conduct the war and the business of the country. The banks alone, by excessive loans and issues, would grow rich apparently, on the ruin of their country. But there would be a terrible retribution. The result would be general insolvency and repudiation, *the debts due the banks would become worthless*, and they be involved in the general ruin. It is then the interest of the banks to sustain the Government and the Secretary, and to transfer their capital to the new associations. This is especially the case with the New York banks, which, under a provision of their State constitution, HAVE NO LEGAL EXISTENCE. When repudiation and bankruptcy become general, the cry, like that of a routed army in a panic flight, would be raised, *Sauve qui peut*; we may have again an old and a new court party, especially under our miserable system of an elective judiciary; and the banks be crushed by wicked legal devices, as they were in the West and Southwest in 1824 and 1838.

Referring to bank issues, the Secretary says, in his last report: 'It was only when the United States notes,

having been made a legal tender, were diverted from their legitimate use as a currency, and made the basis of bank circulation, that the great increase of the latter began.' At the present depreciation of these treasury notes, it is better for the banks, by one third, to redeem their circulation in these notes, rather than in specie; and they need keep only one dollar of treasury notes for three of bank circulation. This is the policy forced upon the banks by Congress. But the more redundant and depreciated this currency becomes, the easier will it be for the banks to provide the basis of redemption, and expand their circulation in the ratio, like that of specie, of three dollars of bank currency for each dollar of treasury notes held by them. Thus it is that the enlarged issue of treasury notes necessarily increases the bank circulation, in the ratio of three to one, and thus also, that the circulation of bank and treasury notes becomes redundant and depreciated. Under such a policy, every bank then, however loyal its stockholders or officers, becomes a citadel, whose artillery bears with more fearful effect upon the Government than all the armies of the rebellion. This will soon become obvious, and the odium will rest upon the banks, their officers and stockholders. But the real responsibility will be with Congress, who, by such a system will have arrayed the banks in necessary and inevitable hostility to the Government. Such, we all know, is not the intention of Congress; but as this result will necessarily flow from their measures, upon them, in the end, will fall the terrible responsibility of the disaster. It is this appalling condition of our finances that gives the rebellion its only hope of success, and invites foreign intervention. But if Congress will adopt the policy of the Secretary, they will render certain the triumph of the Union, and the rebels, from despair and exhaustion, must soon abandon the contest.

We have seen how dreadful is the disaster which the banks would bring on the country by pursuing the present system, and how terrible the odium to which they would be subjected. But now let us look at the result, if the plan of the Secretary is adopted. The new banks would become fiscal agents of the Government. Their circulation would be uniform, furnished by the Government, and based on U. S. stocks, the principal and interest of which would be payable in gold. The interest of labor and capital, of the banks, the Government, and the people, would for the first time become inseparably united and consolidated. This is a grand result, and fraught with momentous consequences to the country. Every citizen, whether a stockholder of the banks or not, would have a direct and incalculable interest in their success and prosperity. They, the people, would have this interest, not merely as holding the notes of the banks, which would become our currency, but because the banks would hold the stock of the Government, would have loaned it in this way the money to suppress the rebellion, and thus have saved us from a redundant and depreciated currency, from inevitable bankruptcy and repudiation, and have prevented the overthrow of the Union. Each bank would then become a citadel over which should float the flag of the Union, for each bank would then become a powerful auxiliary for the support of the Government and the overthrow of the rebellion.

The bill divorcing the banks and the Government was drawn by me, as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1846, to enlarge the circulation of specie, and restrain excessive issues of bank paper. I go for the reunion now, as proposed by the Secretary, to enable the Government to effect loans upon their stock, to prevent a redundant and depreciated paper currency, with a correspondent increase of expenditures, and to provide the means, when the war is over,

to resume specie payment at the earliest practicable period. I was for restraining excessive paper issues then, and so am I now, as far as possible. I carried into full effect then the divorce of the Government and the banks, against a terrible opposition from them and the great Whig party. I made the divorce complete, *a vinculo matrimonii*: so now I would make the union complete, so far as proposed by the Secretary, for the interest of the banks and the Government would be united, and just as you strengthened the banks and increased their capital and profits, would you fund more and more treasury notes, and save us from the ruin of a redundant and depreciated currency.

The Secretary proposes to make these banks depositories of treasury notes, received by the Government for all dues except customs. This is well; for to use the sub-treasury to receive and circulate treasury notes, is against the object for which it was created. Such deposits should be secured by U. S. stocks with the Government, and thus largely increase the demand for this stock. During nearly my first two years as Secretary of the Treasury, the public moneys were deposited by me in the State banks, secured by United States and State stocks, and there was no loss. Nor, indeed, was there any loss or default by any officer, agent, or employé of the Treasury Department during my entire term of four years, notwithstanding the large loans and war expenditures.

Disbursing officers should also deposit with the banks, and pay as formerly by checks on them, with the same guarantee by them of U. S. stocks. How far, and to what extent, and under what special provisions the gold received for customs might be deposited with these banks, may be the subject of discussion hereafter.

If this system were adopted in its entirety, the process of absorbing treasury notes would commence at once, and also a correspondent rise in their mar-

ket value. The system of loans and funding saved England from bankruptcy during her long wars with France, and we must resort to similar expedients. But as loans, in the usual way, except at ruinous discounts, for any large amounts, are impracticable, we are left to the alternative of the Secretary's system, or bankruptcy, repudiation, and disunion.

I have another suggestion to make as regards these notes furnished by the Government to the banks, secured by U. S. stocks. These notes are guaranteed not only by the stock of the Government, but, in addition, by the whole capital and property, real and personal, of the banks, and a prior lien on the whole to the Government, to secure the payment of these notes. These notes are receivable by the Government for all dues except customs. These notes are a national currency, furnished by the nation and secured by its stock.

These notes then, as in England, should be a legal tender in payment of all debts, except by the banks. As the banks can redeem these issues in legal tender treasury notes, these issues of the new banks ought to be a legal tender also, except by the banks.

There is another reason why this currency should be made a legal tender. Our two last suspensions of specie payments by the banks, viz., in 1857 and in 1860, were based upon *panics*, yet they had the same disastrous effect, for the time, as if arising from short crops, overtrading, or a currency greatly redundant. Such panic convulsions are caused mainly by the call for the redemption of bank notes in specie, based on the fear of suspension and depreciation. But if such notes, as in European government banks, were a legal tender, except by the banks, such panics would be far less frequent here, and less injurious. The present system, as compared with that of Europe, discriminates most unjustly against our country. As a general rule, the American creditor cannot demand gold from the foreign

debtor, but such foreign or domestic creditor could always demand gold from the American debtor. This discrimination has produced here the most disastrous consequences, and, independent of the present condition of the country, our whole banking system requires radical reform. We have had eight *general* bank suspensions under our present bank system, many of them continuing for years, and producing ruin and desolation. Under our present system, to talk, as a general rule, of well-regulated banks, is to talk of a well-regulated famine or pestilence, or of a well-regulated earthquake or tornado. And even the few banks that are claimed to be well managed, have no appreciable effect on the system. It is the system that knows no uniformity or security, and never can have, as now organized. That a system so perilous and explosive, should have even partially succeeded is proof only of the intelligence and integrity, generally, of the bank officers and directors, but no recommendation of the system itself.

The want of uniformity as to commercial regulations, led to the adoption of our Federal Constitution; and yet we have no uniformity as to money, which represents commerce and effects its interchanges. In this respect, we are still suffering all the evils of the old confederacy, and have thereby so weakened the Government as to have invited this rebellion. Indeed, the State banks in the revolted States were the main auxiliaries of treason and secession, and supplied, to a vast extent, the sinews of war. By Census Table 34, there were in 1860, 1,642 banks, incorporated by thirty-four States, with no uniformity of organization, issues, or security. Thus is it that the States have usurped the power to regulate commerce and currency, and to emit bills of credit, in defiance of the prohibition of the Federal Constitution. The Egyptians abandoned their folly after seven plagues; but we have had

eight bank convulsions, and yet we adhere to the wretched system.

I believe it was slavery caused the rebellion, but, in the absence of powerful aid from the Southern banks, the revolted States could never have maintained so prolonged a contest. Organized as now proposed, these new banks, and all who held their notes, must have sustained the Government. Nations expend millions yearly in erecting forts and maintaining, even in peace, large armies and navies to preserve the Government. But necessary as these may be, they would not be more important than the system now proposed as a security for the preservation of the Government.

My last suggestion is, that as regards all such United States loans, as during the war shall become the basis of this system, the time of payment shall be made twenty years instead of five, so as, with the modifications above proposed, to insure the coöperation of the banks, and the success of the system. As this plan is deemed essential to save our finances, to suppress the rebellion, and maintain the Union, why incur any hazard on such a question as this? In all our wars, including the present, we have issued bonds running twenty years to maturity, and the bonds, redeemable in 1881, are scarcely at par. Why, then, issue a stock of less value, which may fail to accomplish the great object, when a better security would certainly succeed? I fully agree in the opinion expressed by the Secretary, against 'a fixed interest of six per cent. on a great debt, for twenty years,' if it can be avoided; but I also concur in that portion of his report in which he says: 'No very early day will probably witness the reduction of the public debt to the amount required as a basis for secured circulation.' To that extent, then, would I enlarge the time for the maturity of the bonds. Surely, if this be necessary to secure the coöperation of the banks, and the capital of the country, there should be no hesitation. Even if

the system, based only on the bonds of short date, should ultimately succeed, the loss, in the interim, from a redundant and depreciated currency, would far exceed any benefit derived from the substitution of five-twenties for twenty year bonds. By Census Table 35, our wealth in 1850, was \$7,135,780,228, and in 1860, \$16,159,616,068, the ratio of increase during the decade being 126.45 per cent.; at which rate, our wealth in 1870 would be \$36,583,450,585, and in 1880, \$82,843,222,849. Surely, then, at these periods, it would be much easier to liquidate this debt than in 1867. But, were it otherwise, the immediate gain from decreased expenditures, arising from funding more rapidly our treasury notes, thus rendering our currency less redundant and depreciated, with the revival of the public credit, and its immediate happy influence, North and South, here and in Europe, would far more than compensate for any contingent advantage arising from short loans. Our twenty years' loan is now barely at par, and the five-twenties below par. The difficulty of inducing bank and other capital to invest hundreds of millions of dollars under the new system is very great. Is it wise to commence the effort, confined to our weakest securities, now below par? Besides, considering the old and new debts, and constantly increasing responsibilities, is there any prospect that we will have liquidated all these before the end of five years, and the five-twenties loan also? Surely, upon a benefit so doubtful, and a contingency so improbable, we ought not to risk the fate of a measure on which depends the safety of the Union. But if we could pay off the five-twenty loan held by the new banks, is it prudent to assume that so many hundred millions of capital will be withdrawn from the present banks and other business for investment in the new banks, which may cease at the end of five years by payment of the bonds? The change from the old to the new banks

may involve some loss at first, but, if the system may be arrested at the end of five years, just when profits might be realizing, the plan could scarcely succeed. When the Secretary first proposed this system in December, 1861, he probably would have succeeded with the fifties, in the condition at that date of the public credit. But the disastrous fall of our securities since that date, seems now to require bonds of a higher value.

I would then provide a twenty years loan, for all that may be made the basis of the new bank circulation. But it is not a six, but only a four per cent. twenty years' loan that is proposed, by deducting one per cent. semi-annually from the interest of the bonds made the basis of this bank circulation. This deduction would only be a fair equivalent for the expenses incurred by the Government in furnishing the circulation, for the release of taxes, for the deposit of public moneys with these banks, for making their notes a legal tender, and receiving them for all dues except customs. The tax on all other bank circulation should be one and a half per cent. semi-annually, secured by adequate penalties.

If, under this system, during this stupendous rebellion, involving the existence of the Government, with armies and expenditures unexampled in history, the Secretary (as, with the aid of Congress and the banks, I believe he can) should secure us a sound and uniform currency, and negotiate vast loans, running twenty years, at par, the Government paying only four per cent. interest per annum, he will have accomplished a financial miracle, and deserved a fame nearest to that of the first and greatest of his predecessors, the peerless Hamilton.

The bill organizing the new system, presented in Congress by Mr. Hooper last summer, is drawn with great ability, and it is much to be deplored, that (with some amendments) it had not then become a law, when it could have

been much more easily put in operation, and would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars to the Government.

But the fifty-fifth section of that bill provides that all the banks organized under it are to become 'depositories of the public moneys,' excepting those in 'the city of Washington.' Why this discrimination? If there be any place where banks, organized under a national charter, issuing a national currency, and receiving national deposits, should be encouraged, it is here. With no discrimination against them, such banks would be established here with considerable capital. And why not? It cannot be intended to discourage the establishment of such banks here, and thus defeat, to that extent, the success of the system. It is here, if anywhere, that such banks should receive the public deposits, where they could be constantly secured from day to day under the immediate supervision of the Government. Besides, the only effect of such a discrimination would be to drive such banks to Georgetown, Alexandria, or some other speculative site outside the city or District. This city has just been consecrated to freedom by Congress, and it is hoped that, in commencing its new career, no discrimination will be made against it. Indeed, I think it would be wise, in order to insure the success here of the new system, to allow the district banks organized under this law to receive the same rate of interest as is permitted in New York.

I have contended, during the last fourth of a century, that all State bank currency is unconstitutional. This rebellion will demonstrate the truth of that proposition, and the question ultimately be so decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. This, it is true, might require some of those Judges, if then living, to change their opinion on some points; but this has been done before, and even on constitutional questions; and State banks will fall before judicial action, as well

as nullification, State allegiance, secession, and the whole brood of kindred heresies.

A republic which cannot regulate its currency, or which leaves that power with thirty-four separate States, each legislating at its pleasure and without uniformity, abandons an essential national authority, and this abdication has furnished one of the main supports of the rebellion. With nothing but a national currency, the revolted States never could have successfully inaugurated this war, and we must deprive them in all time to come of this terrible ally of treason. To permit the States to provide the circulating medium, the money of the country, is to enable them to furnish the sinews of war, and clothe them with a power to overthrow the Government.

With only such a national currency as is now proposed, issued by the Government to these banks, organized by Congress, and based on the deposit in the Federal treasury of United States stock, the rebellion would have been impossible. Our Government was so mild and benignant, that we deemed it exempt from the assault of traitors; but this revolt has dissipated this delusion, and warned us to provide all the safeguards indicated by experience as necessary to maintain the Union. Among the most important is the resumption by the Government of the great sovereign function of regulating the currency and giving to it uniformity and nationality. Such was clearly the intention of the Constitution. The Government has, by the Constitution, the *exclusive* power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States.' But commerce is *regulated* mainly by money, and by it all interstate and international exchanges of products are made. If the currency is redundant, prices rise, exports are diminished; and the reverse follows with a contracted circulation. But banks inflate or restrict the currency at their pleasure, and thus control

prices, commerce, exports, imports, and revenue. But they also destroy or depreciate the money of the Government, and deprive it of a vital power. Thus, the nation issues treasury notes, and makes them a legal tender: the banks immediately make such notes the basis of bank issues, in the ratio of three to one, and the whole currency necessarily becomes redundant and depreciated; and thus this essential power of the Government is controlled by the States, and, for all practical purposes, annihilated.

Chief Justice Marshall, in delivering the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States (4 Wheaton 193), said: 'Wherever the terms in which a power is granted to Congress, or the nature of the power require that it should be exercised exclusively by Congress, the subject is as completely taken from the State Legislatures as if they had been forbidden to act on it.' Now, it has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States (9 Wheaton 1) that, this power to *regulate commerce* extends to the *land*, as well as to the *water*, that it includes *intercourse and navigation*, and vessels, as vehicles of commerce, that it includes an *embargo* which is prohibitory, that this power is 'EXCLUSIVELY vested in Congress,' and 'no part of it can be exercised by a State.' Now, the question, whether the notes of a State bank, issued on the authority of a State, and designed to circulate as money, conflicts with *this clause* of the Constitution, has *never been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States*. This is a new and momentous question, never yet adjudicated by the Supreme Court; but how they would now decide that point, with the light thrown upon it by this rebellion, I cannot doubt.

The Government also has the sole power to lay and collect *duties*, which 'shall be uniform throughout the United States,' and the States are prohibited from exercising this authority. But this power also is in fact controlled

by the banks, and the revenue from imports increased or diminished, according to their action. Indeed, they can modify or repeal tariffs at their pleasure, for, they have only to inflate the circulation, and prices rise here to the extent of the duties, and the tariff becomes inoperative. Of all the branches of our industry, the manufacturing is injured most by a redundant currency, limiting our fabrics to a partial supply at home, and driving them from the foreign market. Give us a sound, stable, uniform currency, sufficient but not redundant, and our skilled, educated, and intelligent labor will, in time, defy all competition. But the banks, as now conducted, are the great enemies of American industry.

The Government has also the *sole* power 'to coin money, regulate the value thereof,' etc. But the banks now regulate its value by controlling prices, by substituting their money for coin, and by expelling it from the country at their pleasure. Recollect, these powers over commerce and money are *exclusive*, not concurrent, so adjudicated, and the Constitution, in delegating them exclusively to the Government, withheld them altogether from the States. The conceded fact that these powers are *exclusive*, proves that the States cannot, by any instrumentality, directly or indirectly, control their exercise. An exclusive authority necessarily forbids any control or interference. But there are express prohibitions in the Constitution as well as grants. That instrument declares that 'no State shall emit bills of credit.' The State itself cannot emit circulating paper: how then can it authorize this to be done by a State corporation, which is the mere creature of a State law? The State cannot authorize its *Governor* to issue such paper: how then can it direct a *cashier*, deriving all his power only from a State law, to do the same thing? *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, and this fundamental maxim of law and reason is violated when a State does

through any instrumentality, created by it, what the State cannot do itself.

It is true that a majority of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 11 Peters 257, did decide that the Bank of the Commonwealth of Kentucky did not violate that clause of the Constitution forbidding States to 'emit bills of credit,' but Justice Story, in his dissenting opinion, said: 'When this cause was formerly argued before this court, a majority of the judges who then heard it were decidedly of opinion that the act of Kentucky establishing this bank was unconstitutional and void, as amounting to an authority to emit bills of credit, for and on behalf of the State, within the prohibition of the Constitution of the United States. In principle, it was thought to be decided by the case of *Craig v. the State of Missouri* (4 Peters 410). Among that majority was the late Chief Justice Marshall.' This decision, then, in the case of the Bank of Kentucky, is overthrown, *as an authority*, by the fact that it was against the decision of the Supreme Court in a former case, and against the opinion of a majority of the court in that very case before the death of Chief Justice Marshall. In delivering the opinion of the court in the Missouri case (4 Peters 410), Chief Justice Marshall defined what is that *bill of credit* which a State cannot emit. He says: 'If the prohibition means anything, if the words are not empty sounds, it must comprehend the emission of *any paper medium* by a State Government, for the purpose of *common circulation*.' And he also says: 'Bills of credit signify a *paper medium*, intended to *circulate* between individuals, and between Government and individuals, for the ordinary purposes of society.' That the notes of the Bank of Kentucky came within this definition and decision, is clearly stated by Justice Story. In that case also it was expressly decided, that if the issues be unconstitutional, *the notes given for the loan of them ARE VOID*. It is said, how-

ever, that the bills are issued by a bank, not by the State; but the bank is created by the State, and authorized by the State to issue these notes, to circulate as money. In the language of Chief Justice Marshall, in this case, 'And can this make any real difference? Is the proposition to be maintained that the Constitution meant to prohibit names and not things?' On this subject, Justice Story says: 'That a State may rightfully evade the prohibitions of the Constitution by acting through the *instrumentality of agents* in the evasion, instead of acting in its *own direct name*, is a doctrine to which I can never subscribe,' etc. I am conscious that Justice Story also said in the same case, *arguendo*: 'the States may create banks as well as other corporations, upon *private capital*; and, SO FAR AS THIS PROHIBITION IS CONCERNED, may rightfully authorize them to issue bank bills or notes as currency, subject always to the *control of Congress*, whose powers extend to the *entire regulation of the currency of the country*.' It will be observed, that Justice Story gives no opinion as to whether the issues of such banks are constitutional, whether they conflict or not with the power of Congress to regulate coin or commerce. He only says (and the limitation is most significant), they do not violate the prohibition as to bills of credit (from which I dissent); but he does declare that to Congress belongs '*the entire regulation of the currency*.' Now this power must rest on the authority of Congress to regulate coin and commerce. But these powers, we have seen, were not concurrent, but *exclusive*; and, in the language of Chief Justice Marshall, in delivering the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court in the case before quoted from 4 Wheaton 193, as to any such power that 'should be exercised *exclusively* by Congress, the subject is as *completely* taken from the State Legislature as if they had been *forbidden to act on it*.' All then who agree that Congress has 'the entire

regulation of the currency,' must admit that all banks of issue incorporated by States are unconstitutional, not because such issues are bills of credit, but because they violate the exclusive authority of Congress to regulate commerce, coin, and its value. I repeat, that while this question has never been adjudicated by the Supreme Court, yet, if their decision in fourth and ninth Wheaton is maintained, such bank issues are clearly unconstitutional. It is clear, also, whatever may be the case of bank issues, based only 'upon private capital,' or, in the language of Judge Story, 'if the corporate stock, and that only by the charter, is made liable for the debts of the bank,' yet, if the bank issues are based on the 'funds' or 'credit' of the State, such issues do violate the prohibition against bills of credit. Such bank issues, then, as are furnished and countersigned by State officers, acting under State laws, and are secured by the deposit with the State of its own stock, are most clearly unconstitutional.

In No. 44 (by Hamilton) of the *Federalist*, the great contemporaneous exposition of the Constitution (prepared by Hamilton, Madison, and Chief Justice Jay of the Supreme Court of the United States), it is said: 'The same reasons which show the necessity of denying to the States the power of regulating coin, prove with equal force that they ought not to be at liberty to substitute a paper medium instead of coin.' Such was the opinion of the two great founders of the Constitution (Hamilton and Madison), and its first judicial expositor, the eminent Chief Justice Jay. Justice Story quotes and approves this remarkable passage, and says 'that the prohibition was aimed at a *paper medium* which was intended to *circulate as money*, and to that alone.'

In his message of December 3, 1816, President Madison, referring expressly to a *bank* and *paper* medium, said: 'It is essential that the nation should pos-

sess a currency of equal value, credit, and use, wherever it may circulate. The Constitution has entrusted Congress *exclusively* with the power of *creating* and *regulating* a currency of that description.'

This rebellion proves the awful danger of State violations of the Federal Constitution. The rebellion is the child of State usurpation, State supremacy, State allegiance, and State secession. And now the Government is paralyzed financially, in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, by a question as to State banks, depreciating the currency, and State banks based on State stocks. The Government wishes a currency, not redundant, and to borrow money to save the Union. But one State says, we have placed all our surplus money in State banks, and another State (as in the case of New York) says, we have based the circulation of these banks, mainly on our own State bonds, and you must do nothing which will injuriously affect their value. It is true the Union is in danger, but are not the credit of State banks and State bonds of higher value than the Union? The State first, the Union afterwards. Our paramount duty is to our State. and that to the Union is subordinate. Why, this is the very language of rebellion—the echo of South Carolina treason. But it is not the language of the Constitution, which declares that "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land: and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The *supremacy* then, is with the Federal Constitution and laws; otherwise there could be no uniformity or nationality. And does New York suppose that she can tear down the temple of the Union, and that the principal pil-

lar which supported the arch will stand firm and erect? No! if the Union falls, New York will only be the most conspicuous among the broken columns.

But New York knows that the path of interest is that of honor and of duty. It is the Union only that has made her great. It is the concentration by the Union of interstate and international commerce in her great city, that was consummating its imperial destiny. Before the Union of 1778 and 1787, New York city was the village of Manhattan: destroy the Union, and she will again become little more than the village of Manhattan. The trident of the ocean, the sceptre of the world's commerce would fall from her grasp, and London be left without a rival. Deprive the Government of the power to regulate commerce, and the fall of New York will be as rapid as her rise. Each State then, as before the Constitution, would control its own commerce, and the railroads and canals of New York would cease to be the vehicles of the trade of the nation and of the world. Each State, as under the old Confederacy, would force commerce into her own ports by prohibitory or discriminating statutes. No, when New York takes from the Union the exclusive control of commerce, she commits suicide. One uniform regulation of commerce, and one uniform currency, are more essential to the prosperity of New York than to that of any other State. New York represents interstate and international commerce. There are concentrated our imports and exports, and there three fourths of our revenue is collected. There, if the Union endures, must be the centre of the commerce of the nation and of the world. If the rebellion succeeds, the separation of the East and West is just as certain as that of the North and South. Discord would reign supreme, and States and parts of States become petty sovereignties, mere pawns, to be moved on the po-

litical chess board by the kings and queens of Europe.

As New York has derived the greatest benefits from the Union, so would she suffer most from its fall. It is New York to whom the Union transferred the command of her own commerce, and ultimately that of the world. It is New York to which England looks as the future successful rival of London, and it is New York at whom England chiefly aims the blow in desiring to overthrow the Union. The interest of New York in the price of bank or State stock is insignificant compared with her still greater stake in the success of the Union. Indeed, if the Union should fall, State and bank stock and all property will be of little value, and bank debts will generally become worthless.

But if the war continues, we have seen that a redundant and depreciated currency would increase our expenditures \$408,800,000 per annum. This would require a like addition to our annual tax, of which the share of New York would be over \$50,000,000, and the share of every other State in like proportion to its population.

By Treasury Table 35, the stocks, State and Federal, held by the New York banks in 1860, was \$29,605,318, the circulation \$28,239,950, and the capital \$111,821,957. Thus it appears that the increased tax to be paid *annually* by New York, as the consequence of a redundant and depreciated currency, would be nearly double her whole bank circulation, and that thirteen months of this increased tax to be paid by the nation, would largely exceed the whole capital of all the banks of the United States in 1860. (Census Table 35.) These are the frightful results of an irredeemable, redundant, and depreciated currency.

Such a course, on the part of a Government, which must make large purchases, resembles that of an individual who wishes to buy largely on his own

credit and paper, but depreciates it so much as to compel him to pay quadruple prices, the result being bankruptcy and repudiation.

There is great hope in the fact that New York takes no contracted view of this great question. She knows that her imperial destiny is identified with the fate of the Union. Realizing this great truth, she has more troops in the field than any other State, she has expended more money and more blood than any other State to suppress this rebellion, and she will never array State stocks or State banks in hostility to the safety of the Union.

And what of Pennsylvania, that glorious old Commonwealth, so many of whose noble sons, cut off mostly in the morning of life, now fill graves prepared by treason? Is she to become a border State, and her southern boundary the line of blood, marked by frowning forts, by bristling bayonets, by the tramp of contending armies, engaged in the carnival of slaughter, and revelry of death? Is New England to be re-colonized, and the British flag again to float over the chosen domain of freedom? What of the small States, deprived of the secured equality and protective guarantees of the Constitution, to be surely crushed by more powerful communities? What of the West? Is it to be cut off from the seaboard, and rendered tributary to the maritime power? What of the States of the Pacific? Are they to lose the great imperial railways destined, under the Union, to connect them with the valley of the Mississippi and the Atlantic? But alas! why look at any of the bleeding and mutilated fragments, when all will be involved in a common ruin?

May a gracious Providence give us all, the wisdom to discern what is best for our beloved country, in this her day of fearful trial, and the courage and patriotism to adopt whatever course is best calculated to save us from impending ruin!

A TRIP TO ANTIETAM.

THE great battle of the Antietam had been fought, and a veteran army was gathered around Harper's Ferry recruiting for fresh campaigns. Here was a chance to see a battle field and warriors to be celebrated for all time. From childhood up we have been taught history; and all history, except some few dry constitutional treatises, has been accounts of great commanders, of the marches and retreats of bronzed soldiers, of empires won by the sword, of dynasties established by conquests. Our hymn book, our clergymen, and our Bible have exhorted us to be soldiers of the cross, to buckle on our armor, and to fight the good fight, even when turning the other cheek when smitten on the one. Now this opportunity to see actual history, a battle field, and veteran troops, and great leaders whose names are to be household words, could not be resisted; so, taking a couple of blankets apiece, and a few clothes, and money wherewith to pay our way, we started by rail for Baltimore, and thence for the army.

Around Baltimore were several regiments. Those that we visited were of the recent levies, and were improving fast in discipline and drill. They were placed in strong positions to prevent a rebel attack from the west, and to command the city. The stars and stripes floated over houses in all parts of the town. We met a little company of boys seven miles out playing soldier, with the star-spangled banner, a cheering sign of the loyalty of the place.

At Baltimore my friend and I took seats in the car for Harper's Ferry. The train was crowded with a most miscellaneous set of passengers, officers of all grades, from general with stars to second lieutenant with plain bands, common soldiers, sutlers, Jews, and country people. Some of the Jews, after a

time, became the most noisy part of the crowd, and belied their proverbial reputation for shrewdness by imbibing from bottles, which they circulated very freely, becoming very talkative, and most decidedly drunk. The most interesting companion we met was a member of the Maryland House of Representatives, a very sensible man, and of course a strong Unionist. He did not approve of the President's emancipation proclamation; thought it would alienate Union men in the Border States, and made other objections to it. He informed us that his negroes were of no profit to him; that the proclamation had made them believe they would all be free; that they did pretty much what they chose; and that Maryland would have to accede to the President's advice to the Union Border States to emancipate their slaves and receive compensation for so doing.

The railroad, after leaving the Relay House, runs along the Patapsco river, amid most beautiful scenery. We passed numerous trains with Government stores—one of baggage cars fitted up with rough seats and crowded inside and on the top with a regiment of Uncle Sam's bluecoats, cheering and singing as new troops only do. There were no signs of the devastations of war until we approached the Monocacy river. During their campaign in Maryland, the rebels at one time made this river their line of defence: it was supposed that they would make here a stand against McClellan's advance from Washington. They had burnt the woodwork of the bridge, twisted the long iron rods of the structure to one side, destroyed all the railroad building, engines, and cars they could lay hands on, and had done everything to retard our force. A new bridge had now been recently built, over which we were obliged to pass

slowly. Immediately after leaving the river, the road branched, one track leading to Frederick, then an immense hospital containing seven thousand wounded soldiers, the other keeping on and striking the Potomac at the Point of Rocks. We saw soldiers and sentries at several places, but were surprised that we did not see more. The road keeps close to the river for some miles to Harper's Ferry. On the other side the ground was frequently occupied by the enemy's pickets; the difficulty of approaching the river being the only impediment to the shelling of trains on our side. The Potomac was unusually low; there had been a long season of dry, beautiful weather, rendering it fordable in many places.

At the Point of Rocks we enter upon the mountains of the Blue Ridge, and the railroad winds in the deep valley worn by the river, amid the most picturesque and beautiful scenery. The canal is between the railroad and river: its locks had been destroyed and the water drained out by the rebel hordes; for it is a great artery of life to Washington, and invaluable to an army encamped along its borders, furnishing economically the transportation of the great supplies necessary for the soldiers' subsistence. At this time it seemed of no use except as a depository for the carcasses of dead horses.

With the exception of this dismal empty canal, there were very few signs of the ravages of the armies which had lately swept through these charming valleys. A few miles from Harper's Ferry, by the side of the railroad, were great hayricks, and the barns were full to overflowing. As we approached Sandy Hook, a village of a few houses on the north side of the Potomac, about a mile from Harper's Ferry, we saw on the road, which ran close to the railroad track, thousands of the blue-bodied, white-topped army wagons. In the most crowded thoroughfare of London one would not see so many teams. From this neighborhood the

great army of the Potomac drew the most of its supplies. The ninth army corps was moving this day to its camp, two or three miles northward; and part of its cannon, their brazen throats still tarnished by sulphurous smoke, added to the throng. It is surprising how large a portion of the army is composed of these baggage trains, and of the camp followers, teamsters, servants, and sutlers. A regiment of infantry, under the little shelter tents is crowded, into a small space; but the bulky baggage trains cover much ground. We spent the best part of a day, in going to and returning from the army, in the neighborhood of a small wayside tavern in this little village of Sandy Hook, with no other amusement than watching the moving of the teamsters, chatting with stray officers and soldiers, and seeing what may be called the back-stair life of the army. And we wish here to protest against the abuse which has been so abundantly heaped upon the teamsters: we found them, as a class, a respectable body of men, quite skilful in the management of their animals, comparing well with those in the same occupation in our great cities: there was certainly not so much swearing, and not so much abuse of their mules and horses, as one sees in New York. I remember their kind attention to me, some days afterward, when, in my impatience to get by a long train of teams filling up a little country road, I had imprudently urged my horse on to a ledge of rocks, where he, not being an old warhorse, hesitated, slipped, and fell flat on his side, among the mules of one of the wagons; and, as the horse, with my leg under him, was rolling to recover himself, the anxiety of the teamsters as to whether I was hurt, and then as to my horse, a fine animal, who had cut himself a little on the rocks. Their proffered assistance was very different from the oaths I should have met under similar circumstances in some Northern cities.

The army wagons are large, with

great white cotton coverings, and generally drawn by six mules: the driver, usually a colored man, rides the first high mule, and has *one* rein, called the 'jerky rein,' running over the head of the mule before him, through a ring fastened to his headstall, and dividing on the back of the leader, and fastening to his bit. The mule is directed to one side or another by the driver twitching the rein and shouting. There were some few wagons driven from the box, but in all these cases that we noticed, the animals were horses, four in number, and their drivers were white. The mules and horses were generally in good condition, and quite a contrast to those in the cavalry service, which, even in a crack regiment, like the sixth regular, presented a most sorry appearance of overwork and terribly hard usage. The baggage trains and camp followers are a necessary portion of every army, and its efficiency depends in a great measure upon the perfect organization of this essential part. In the French army this organization is carried to a high degree of perfection. A small army of ten or twenty thousand men can get along with a fewer proportional number of followers, as it lives more upon the country, than a great army of one hundred thousand.

Every regiment has its own baggage wagons to carry its tents, cooking apparatus, officers' mess chests, and personal baggage. At the beginning of the war, each of the Massachusetts regiments was fitted out with from fifteen to twenty-four wagons. A recent United States regulation has limited the number to six for one regiment. The personal baggage of the regiments, however, forms a small part of the great transportation of an army. The spare ammunition is no small matter; every cannon having a supply of round shot, shell, canister, and grape: all these may be needed by each piece in a battle, as the shot used depends upon the distance of the foe. A full regiment of infantry may fire in one battle

sixty thousand rounds of ammunition, weighing nearly three tons. The pontoon trains, the baggage of the staff, the forage for the horses of the artillery and of the generals, field officers, and their staffs, the food of the army, and the food and forage for this further army of camp followers—all have to be transported. The cavalry are expected to forage for their horses from off the country; all the rest have to be provided for. To carry the subsistence of a regiment of nine hundred men for one day, requires one of the six-mule teams: for a march of twenty days there must be twenty wagons. One will see from this that, next to the general, the quartermaster has the great post of responsibility. He has to see that all the supplies are obtained and forwarded to the right place. He commands all these countless wagons with their teamsters. It is also his duty, when on the march, to pick out the camp, unless the general may take it from out of his hands. The army, as a general thing, will not fight well unless it is well fed and well cared for. To assist him, the quartermaster has his necessary clerks, for he carries on a large business, with Uncle Sam as his principal, and he must account to him for every pound of coffee, bacon, flour, and hay, barrel of vinegar, keg of nails, tent or tent pin that he receives, and finally return them, or tell him satisfactorily where they have gone, and produce his vouchers; or he and his bondsmen must pay their value. All this is done by system and rule: there are mounted wagonmasters to look out for every small string of wagons, and some sort of discipline prevails among these non-enlisted men. A great army must be a moving city, capable of subsisting itself in the uncultivated and desert regions through which it often passes. Every cavalry soldier carries his spare horseshoes and nails; and every cavalry regiment and every battery of artillery has its own forge, tools, and materials for shoeing its horses and

making repairs: even the quartermaster's train must have its blacksmiths and their supplies.

In travelling down the Rhone during the Crimean war, I was vainly trying to make out the meaning of the letters on the military button of an officer sitting before me; when one of his companions, who happened to be at my side, a well-educated, intelligent man, good-naturedly informed me that they indicated that the wearer belonged to the bureau of the post. He and several others on the boat had been educated for this branch of the service at a military school in Paris, and were en route for the sole purpose of taking charge of this department. We have not arrived at this perfection; for ours, after all, in many respects, is an army of volunteers; but still a messenger had to go every day to Washington for the letters of the army corps, and the telegraph and its wires travel with the camp. The officers' servants alone, in an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, number more than the thirty-nine hundred soldiers the city of Boston has to raise for her proportion of the levy of nine-months men. The number of servants and horses of an officer depends upon his rank; he draws subsistence for the number allowed to him. A mere cavalry captain can draw for and usually has two horses. His horses and trappings, his mess, must be cared for by others; and hence the thousands of servants that must go with the thousands of officers.

But let us pass from this, which is common to every army, and proceed on our journey. The easily pulverized, light, clayey soil around Sandy Hook was raised in huge clouds by the countless wagons and the hoofs of the horses of the squads of cavalry officers, couriers, and wagonmasters. The little tavern was once, the old woman who kept it assured us, surrounded by a pretty fence, and a garden with grass and flowers: now the fence was half gone, and to its pickets were tied the horses of

officers, quartermasters, baggagemasters, and orderlies, and the flowers were trampled into light dust. The provisions in the house had been eaten by hungry travellers, who were supplied with very scanty fare, and were thankful to get that. The old woman, having dealt out to us the little she had left, for which she demanded most abundant compensation, amused us with her tales. Her house had been alternately the home of Unionists and rebels. It was not many days since divisions of rebels had gone by and encamped there, both before and after the surrender of Harper's Ferry. The shells fired in that fight had passed over her tavern. Her description of the hungry, tired troopers, arriving in the evening, and surrounding the house, the men falling down asleep under their horses' bellies, horses and men packed in together as thick as a swarm of bees, was quite graphic. Her accounts of her conversations with the great rebel leaders were interesting, but I feared were apocryphal, as she ended by assuring us that General Lee had to sleep supperless on her woodpile. If it were not for this last tale, kind reader, you would have been entertained with the conversations of the great chiefs of rebellion, as related by a reliable witness. We did hear from her, and from officers who saw the rebel soldiers at Harper's Ferry, of the pitiable condition of some of the infantry, of their naked, bleeding feet, and their gaunt looks. Our landlady affirmed that we could not find a dog in the neighborhood; for they had gone before the rebel hordes in the way that such flesh disappears before the Chinese and Pacific Islanders. It is probably true that at times they were hard pressed for food, and many badly off for shoes; but we were told by officers who saw the dead at Antietam that, though not so well shod as our men, they were shod, and they had provisions in their haversacks. The rebels have flour dealt out to them as rations on the march, and

they have to cook it. Our troops have hard biscuit, called 'tack;' it is made in squares, and some which was fresh was very good; but it often comes to the regiments with maggots. This is not so much objected to; but when, in addition, it is mouldy, the men grumble. By the side of the fresh tack were some Sandy Hook veteran biscuit, that had been through the Peninsular campaign, and had come last from Harrison's Landing; the outside of the boxes was enough to condemn them, and the commissary was saying that he must get Uncle Sam's inspector-general to examine and pass upon them. When we saw this hard, mouldy old tack, we appreciated the joke of the Western boys, who declared they found the date of the baking on their biscuit in the letters 'B. C.,' 'Before Christ.' The luxury of soft bread is prized by the troops. Near Baltimore, where the 38th Massachusetts were stationed for some weeks, nice ovens were built, after the fashion of the French army, and fresh bread, meats, and the Yankee Sunday beans cooked. With the army in the field this cannot be done, but the ovens could have been built during the weeks our soldiers were resting on the banks of the Potomac. Our troops at this time were fed on the hard tack and fresh beef; and some of the men in a camp near Sharpsburg complained of the want of salt provisions. This seemed unreasonable, until we heard that they had no salt, the long distance it had to be teamed being the excuse given for the unpardonable want of it. This hard tack is doing one good thing: it is giving the men white teeth; you can tell an old soldier by his polished ivory; his teeth approach the appearance of the Italian and Swiss peasantry, who also chew hard bread. Reader, did you ever try to work your way through the hard loaf of the peasant's fare? The army regulations require tooth brushes for the men; it is supposed that the proper use keeps off ague and disease; still

many regiments were without one to a company.

But to return to our old woman at the little tavern of Sandy Hook. She had tales, too, of our officers. That morning she had seen our handsomest and our most splendid-looking general—in appearance the ideal of the brigand and of the romance—Burnside, riding by, with his black, tall, army felt hat, without plume or gilt eagle, brim turned down, his dark blue blouse covered with dust. 'Why,' said she, 'he looked, in his dusty blue shirt, with two old tin dippers strung by the handle at his belt, like any farmer; but I suppose he had some better clothes.' Her lament for the gallant fellows who had fallen by disease, torn by the cannon shot, or struck by the deadly rifle ball; for the sufferings of the poor, sick, lame, and mutilated soldiers; and her solemn asseverations that there was something wrong in the hearts of the leaders on both sides, to permit this suffering and loss of so many good men, was truly touching. We could not reason it out with her; logic had to give place to her pathetic lamentation. I do not, however, intend to keep my readers so long a time at this little wayside inn as I was; and will pass on to Harper's Ferry, a mile beyond.

But before we part, we certainly should not fail to notice a modern addition to the camp follower that Napoleon did not have in his grand armies—the newsboy—the omnipresent, the irrepressible gamin of the press. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, all had contributed their quota, and what a glorious harvest they were reaping! Baltimore *Americans*, at five cents each; New York *Heralds*, *Tribunes*, and *Times*, at ten cents; and everything sold early. One little fellow was strutting around with a pair of spurs on, and styled himself 'colonel;' the others he introduced as his staff. The day's work was over, and larking had begun. I found the spurs were for use. The colonel had bought an old

condemned brute, which his companions were trying to buy at the advanced price of ten dollars. The camps were at a distance, from two miles upward, and a mounted boy could bring his wares to market first. And so the whole afternoon every rider of a particularly bad horse was pestered by an offer of five or ten dollars, from a throng of dirty, noisy, scampish ragamuffins. Later in the evening, the guard went by with some three or four of the boys, for once without a grin on their faces, under arrest. We asked the colonel, who had the reputation of being an honest fellow, what was the matter with his suite. He only replied that it was hard times for newsboys, if that was the way things were going; and walked off, clanking his long spurs over the stones.

The railroad and road from Sandy Hook to Harper's Ferry run under the Maryland Heights, the rocks having been blasted away for a passage. The railroad bridge had been rebuilt, not permanently, but so that trains could again cross. Lower down the river were the remains of the pontoon bridge destroyed by the rebels. Higher up on the other side of the railroad was a new pontoon bridge, built on boats, painted with Uncle Sam's light blue color. Farther up, the wagons were fording the stream. As you crossed the pontoon bridge, you came directly to the little stone engine house, with its belfry, where John Brown held the power of the great State of Virginia at bay. All else of the Government buildings are in ruins. The long lines of brick and stone walls blackened by fire, and the picturesque broken arches of the engine-house windows, were a fit greeting to one's entrance upon the ruined grandeur of the Old Dominion. Through the clouds of dust and the noise and confusion of the village upon the hill rising immediately above the river, we rode, noting the signs of the recent contest, or looking down on the blue Potomac, flowing peacefully be-

low. One large brick house had a breach in the basement story large enough for us to ride in, caused by some bursting shell. Dead horses still lay in the road; the tailpiece of a broken cannon was yet there. As we emerged out of the dust at the top of the hill beyond, toward the afternoon sun, rose Bolivar Heights, and the innumerable white tents of General Sumner's large army corps. The soldiers were out for drill or dress parade. The distant sounds of the bands and bugles and drums, sometimes succeeding each other, then mingling together, fell softened but constantly on the ear, and everywhere was the gleam of the declining sun on glistening sword or bright musket barrel. Behind us to the east, and beyond the Shenandoah, which flowed at the foot of the village, arose the high Loudon Mountains; on the north, on the other side of the Potomac, were the Maryland Heights, with the road to Sharpsburgh and Williamsport winding along its wooded base. The tops of these mountains were lighted up and wreathed with the smoke of the fires kindled to destroy the thick woods that might afford shelter to approaching enemies. It was most charming mountain scenery. We enjoyed the view long, but had to turn our backs at last; and as we recrossed the pontoon bridge we wiped off from the soles of our feet a large portion of the sacred soil of Virginia. Yes, the sacred soil of Virginia, the mother of presidents, the home of Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Madison, and of how many others famous in our history. O Virginia, what a contrast is there now! the blood of thy boasted chivalry struggling manfully stains the ground; thy soil is ground to powder under the heel of the hated mudsils of the North; thy fertile plains and beautiful valleys are trodden down by armed men; the fierce contest, and desolation and want have come to every household; and the cry arises for thy sons that are not!

The headquarters of Gen. McClel-

lan were two or three miles north of Knoxville, a little village on the Potomac, about three miles below Harper's Ferry. The day that we were there, the General was absent on his way to meet Mrs. McClellan, and though the telegraph wires ran to headquarters, nothing was there known of the foray Stuart had begun early that morning from Hancock, in the rear of our forces; not till evening, and until his arrival at Chambersburg did the news arrive. If the telegraph wires had been laid, or the signal corps so stationed as to have given warning of the inception of this movement, these bold rebels could not have advanced so far, but would have been compelled to retreat as they came. Between the General's headquarters and the river were the famous sixth cavalry of regulars and some batteries of artillery. He had no guard in the direction of Pennsylvania toward the northeast, where Stuart's cavalry passed on their way to the Potomac. The camp itself was not well placed, and was soon changed. In going from it we rode through a most beautiful country by the side of an officer of the sixth cavalry, and listened to his enthusiastic account of scouting in front of our lines, in the footsteps of the retreating enemy, over the very roads we were travelling safely and without concern; and yet we were not many miles from the foe, and within reach of the marvellous flight of the minié ball, which some lurking rifleman might aim from the other side of the Potomac. These cavalry soldiers and horses have had a terribly hard time of it. The horses of the sixth were more broken down and thinner than in the artillery or baggage trains. Two squadrons had lately been part of the force sent on a reconnoissance to Leesburg; and upon the return of our troops it had been the duty of our companion, then in command, to bring up the rear and drive in the infantry stragglers. Some two hundred had fallen out of the ranks from mere

exhaustion. To leave any of these soldiers behind would be giving them up as prisoners, and affording the enemy the opportunity of obtaining information which it was of the utmost importance for the safety of the expedition to keep back. The troopers had therefore to drive them on with their swords—not a pleasant duty, when the poor fellows were faint and used up by fatigue—still it must be done. This service creates quite a dislike between the two arms. The infantry man hates the horseman, and the cavalry man despises the foot soldier. At this time straggling was quite prevalent: we saw on byroads many who had left the ranks, almost invariably having thrown away their arms, and subsisting on plunder. The cavalry were scouring the roads for them, and were bringing them in as prisoners for punishment. This sixth cavalry, like all the old regiments which had been through the Peninsular campaign and the disastrous retreat under Pope, was frightfully reduced in numbers: only three hundred and seventy were around the standards out of the eleven hundred who first took the field. Many had fallen on picket or been cut off singly, more by disease, but alike doing their duty, unmentioned and unnoticed. A larger number were yet suffering from overwork and sickness; and the regiment would in time recruit to seven hundred, from men now disabled, if there should be no more casualties.

A few days in camp, in a good-sized tent—none of the two-feet-high shelter affairs—in pleasant summer weather, is, on the whole, something new and exhilarating. The ground, to be sure, is rather hard, particularly when you have no straw; and a soldier's table is not always the most luxurious in the world. Now that we are safe, dry, and warm, at home, we can venture to declare that we were very unfortunate in losing the sensation of going without food, of sleeping in the mud and in the rain—our arms girded on—any

moment to be aroused by the whistle of the bullet or the roll of the drum calling us to the deadly strife.

To us, however, it was all *couleur de rose*. In the early morn, at break of day, it was not the crow of the cock, or the jarring rattle of the wheels of the city baker or milkman, but the reveille that waked us from our martial dreams. The drum of the infantry, the bugles of the cavalry and artillery would begin; some early riser would rouse up his regiment; then another would take it up; until the call had gone through every corps. The old staid rub-a-dub of the English drummer is giving place to the stirring French rat-a-plan. And there was one band that generally led off in a splendid style. They did beat their drums lively and sharply. Not being obliged to be up with the sun and cook our own breakfast, we generally contrived to get a little more sleep. After breakfast, the bands were playing for guard-mounting; and we sat gazing down into the valley from our tent upon the large army corps encamped below. We were on the western slope of the Blue Ridge, through whose gaps not many days before, a few miles farther north, Franklin had successfully fought his way. Still farther up, Burnside, with Reno and Hooker under him, had at South Mountain driven the enemy in—that battle which came to us so welcome, the first victory after Pope's disasters, and the retreat from the Peninsula. The valley below us was Pleasant Valley. The opposite side to our tent was a short spur of the Blue Ridge; the southern extremity of which is the Maryland Heights, so well known in the history of the surrender of Harper's Ferry. The valley between is fertile and highly cultivated, full of mountain springs and brooks, emptying into one stream of sufficient size to turn the wheels of a large mill; the water is delicious; the prevailing limestone does not reach this valley. In the morning before the army moved there,

the little river was clear as crystal; at night it was changed into an opaque white color, a stream of soapy water; a pleasing witness to the cleanliness of our men. There were no clothes lines, however, but many of the washers were so scantily off for clothing that they put their garments on to dry. The farmhouses in the valley are mostly of stone. It is a most charming and beautiful place, and appropriately called 'Pleasant Valley.' The farmers are prosperous; and the land so rich that it sells for the high price of seventy and eighty dollars an acre. The mountains rising on the sides of the valley are thickly wooded; and in the cultivated fields between were crowded the tents of the ninth army corps. With the exception of one or two new regiments who had wall tents, the soldiers were under little shelter tents, of which each man carries a piece. The infantry were encamped in divisions and brigades; the cavalry generally picketed along a fence; the horses and men, except the officers, without shelter. The encampments of the artillery and cavalry with their horses, forges, and wagons, covered much ground; but the infantry were thickly crowded together; and it was surprising to see how many men a small encampment would turn out.

In the afternoon came drills, sometimes of regiments, sometimes of brigades, and the unfailing dress parade. There were a few regiments of new levies just arrived, a thousand strong; all provided with overcoats, and looking finely in their new, clean clothes—quite a contrast to the old soldiers. In one of the old regiments on brigade drill we saw an officer, probably a sergeant, in a checked knit undervest, his neck and part of his arms bare—commanding a company. A sentry on guard before the quarters of the general in command, had great holes in both elbows of his dirty jacket, and his shoes were untied. The brigades were generally of five regiments, a new regiment being one, and composing fully

two fifths of the line. It is not wholly, however, by the casualties of the battle or the greater losses from exposure, overwork, and disease, that the regiments are diminished. If a good blacksmith is found, he is detailed to the forge; others are detached as ambulance drivers, or as hospital attendants or clerks. This thins the ranks of the old regiments. It is surprising, however, to see how much better the veterans will bear exposure than men coming fresh from home. The old regiments were frightfully diminished by disease on the Peninsula; but I saw very few that could not rally more men than the 35th Massachusetts, that had been out of the State only a little over a month. They had but three hundred men of the original thousand. They left Washington without their knapsacks; and had marched without even the shelter tents, officers and men alike bivouacking on the ground, wearing the same clothes without a change. The long marches, the exposures, the excitement of battle, and the unaccustomed food had disabled four hundred men; some of them undoubtedly never strong enough to have enlisted, and who should have been rejected by the examining surgeons. The old regiments, who had gradually been hardened to this life, and who had learned to thrive on the soldier's fare, lost comparatively few in this way.

The brigade drills and the manœuvres in line were not so well executed as we expected. There was no practice in firing at a mark; probably from a want of ammunition. From accounts of officers on the field of battle, it certainly is the case in our army that some of the fresh soldiers will fire in the air, and even close their eyes. The Hythe system, as now taught in the English army, and among the rifle clubs, makes excellent marksmen; and the greater part of the instruction is without the use of powder. It is a pity it cannot be more extensively introduced in our army.

One does not expect to find the same training before the enemy as in the great French camps of instruction. It was my good fortune to visit the camp of a portion of the great Crimean army. The privates, besides their military drill, were exercised in running, leaping, fencing, and boxing; and some sergeants were teaching dancing. I followed a regiment of the chasseurs of Vincennes to their field of drill. For an hour or two they went through different manœuvres by the bugle, performing many of the movements at the double quick. Then came a rest; as soon as that was ordered, the fine band of the regiment came forward and struck up a lively dance, to the tune of which several of the privates amused and refreshed themselves by waltzing round the field.

Returning, however, to our picturesque camp in this charming valley. There was no more striking scene than when darkness came on and the thousand camp fires and lights in the tents were all in sight. The rail fences, bought by the thoughtful quartermaster, and paid for as an army supply, were used as fuel; a truly considerate act, for a quartermaster can buy fuel for the army, but he cannot pay damages done to property. This same ground, now covered by our troops, had been camped over by Lee's army; who had also used the fences, not even paying for them in the worthless Confederate scrip. Soon after dark, the bright lights of the signal corps appeared on the mountain north of the Maryland Heights, and messages were sent to McClellan's headquarters. Flags are used in the day, and at night lanterns. The signal officer has two lights; they are held one above the other, the lower one being stationary; moving the upper light to the right means number one; moving the light to the left, number two; moving first to the right and then to the left, number three; by lowering the upper light in front of the under one, a fourth signal is given; and so on. There are

about five numbers; and by the different combinations of these five numbers, there is made a great number of signals, which can be read by the officers who have the key. The mode is much the same as that used by our mercantile marine with their signal flags. The signals are given very rapidly, and a few minutes suffice for the sending of the messages.

Evening is the time for talk around the camp fires; and the conversation often turns upon our rebellious brethren. Among our regular officers you meet the classmates and old companions in arms of the rebels, and hear of little traits and peculiarities that only intimate acquaintances can relate. Civilians who had known General Lee at Washington, have spoken of him as very formal, and rather pompous in his manner, giving the impression that he was a man of more show and pretence than abilities. We learned here, however, that, in Texas, or California, where he was for a long time before he took his high position on Scott's staff, he was famous for marching his men without the usual encumbrances of baggage, on the most severe expeditions against the Indians, in the snow and cold of the winter. Stonewall Jackson has always been famed for his peculiarities. When a young man, he was possessed with the idea that he was in danger of having his limbs paralyzed, and he would pump on his arm for many minutes, counting the strokes, and annoyed beyond measure by the interruptions of his companions breaking up his count. Our officers, both regular and volunteer, who have been in actual battle, have a great respect for the rebel leaders and soldiers; they speak very highly of their drill, and believe that straggling exists to a less extent among them, in battle, than with us. From the rebel newspapers I should doubt whether this is the case. One thing we have not considered, which has given the rebels a great advantage in this contest. It is the large number of

military colleges in the South; not like our few private schools at the North, but well-endowed academies. In the summer of 1860, immediately before the election of Lincoln, I visited the military academy at Lexington, Virginia. It was supported at the expense of the State, with two hundred and more pupils, coming from the different counties in proportion to their population. They were practised in the actual firing of cannon and mortars; and every afternoon were drilled as infantry for about two hours, much of the time at the double quick. The principal was a graduate of West Point; and he was assisted by a respectable board of instructors. A good civil and military education, after the mode of instruction at West Point, was afforded to the students. This institution had been in existence for years; and one can readily appreciate the advantage that Virginia has in this war from the graduates of this school. Alabama and several other of the Southern States have similar colleges; while we at the North have been obliged to educate all our volunteer officers by actual service.

The morning Stuart with his cavalry left Chambersburg, we rode forth for the battle field of the Antietam. We noticed the disappearance of some of the camps of the infantry brigades. We knew of the patrolling of the cavalry along the road we were pursuing, and found the picket guards farther out, and passes and countersigns necessary where before we went unchallenged. We were several hours in getting to the battle field, and stopped to get some refreshments at a large brick farmhouse, where the battle on the left began. The hospital flag was still flying over the building, though no patients had been there for a day or two. Twenty-seven died in that one farmhouse from wounds received in that bloody fight. On the night of the battle, cows, sheep, poultry, and fences disappeared before our cold and hungry troops. But since then, though the house was in the neighbor-

hood of several camps, the old lady and her daughters, who alone were at home, had been undisturbed, except by the small pilferings of stragglers.

The great battle has been so well described by the correspondents of the newspaper press, and by those who were over the field before we were, that I shall only mention a few incidents to which our attention was called. The principal contest was on the right, west of the Antietam river. Here Hooker with his army corps began the battle, and fought so long and spendidly. Both armies crowded their forces to this part of the field. Sumner, whose troops had been with their belts on since three in the morning, brought up his large corps, drawn up in three columns, forty paces apart, to reënforce Hooker's hard-pressed soldiers, who were retreating before the fresh and overwhelming reënforcements of the enemy. In less than an hour, the whole of Sumner's corps was swept back, broken and entirely routed, and never appeared in the field again; the column in the rear not being in position to fire a gun, but losing as many men as those in front.

The manner in which General Sumner brought his troops into action has been severely criticized, even by officers of his own corps; whether justly or not, it is difficult to decide. No commander was more confided in by his soldiers than Sumner. 'He has risen from the ranks, and been through all the grades of the service,' 'He knows how to treat his men,' were expressions constantly heard. General Hooker's reputation as a fighting general was admitted everywhere; his *coup d'ail* of the battle field was represented as most excellent.

It was also on the right that the desperate fighting in the woods and the deadly struggle at close quarters in the cornfield with such fearful loss of life took place. An officer who was on the battle fields of Magenta and Solferino, says that the scene here was much more

horrible. Many spoke of the scenes they saw with a shudder. They could not throw off the impression made by the masses of wounded and dead; the wounded often lying neglected and helpless under the dead, sometimes crushed to death by the wheels of our own artillery.

Our left at Antietam was far off from the right: in these days of guns of long range the line of battle is longer than it was formerly. At Waterloo the English occupied a front of less than two miles. In this battle ours was about four miles. In the battle of Solferino the engagement extended for eighteen miles.

The contest on the left was fought by General Burnside with only one army corps, the ninth. The battle at this place was a most gallant affair, but has excited less attention than the bloody fight on the right. In the dusty, tiresome march through Maryland, in the skirmishes in and around Frederick, during the glorious hearty welcome our troops received in that old town, the advance, consisting of both Hooker's and Reno's army corps, had been commanded by Burnside. With them he had fought the successful and brilliant battle of South Mountain, coming to us so gratefully after the disastrous repulse and retreat of Pope. Reno had unfortunately fallen, and General Burnside took command of his corps: it was his old force from North Carolina, increased by General Cox's Kanawha troops, and some new regiments, in all a little short of twenty thousand men. On the morning of the battle, Burnside took his station on the east side of the Antietam, in a field overlooking the country on the other side of the river. The gathering of his staff to their breakfast brought the shells of the enemy in their midst, and compelled a change of position to the rear of some haystacks. On the same hill was placed a formidable battery of rifled cannon, throwing twenty-pound shot, commanded by Lieutenant Ben-

jamin, of the regular artillery. The guns are so heavy that they each have eight horses to drag them, and the caissons have six. There was unfortunately a short supply of ammunition, and the battery was fired slowly during the day. The guns were well placed and served, and aimed with wonderful accuracy. Shells were planted in two of the enemy's ammunition carts, blowing them to pieces; and the fire of cannon was so hot that it compelled a rebel battery two miles off, coming down a road to get into position, to wheel round and gallop over the hill. Proud, indeed, were the Lieutenant's men of their exploits on that day, and wonderful stories they told of their famous battery.

The Antietam in front of Burnside was deep, not fordable, flowing in the bottom of a charming valley, and overshadowed by trees. There was a solid stone bridge over it, with three arches, rising picturesquely in the centre, with stone parapets on the sides, the parapets spreading at both ends of the structure. One would almost imagine that it was an old Italian bridge transported to our wooden-building land. The side of the valley held by the rebel troops rises sharply, not densely wooded, but covered by large trees thickly placed, as in an old English park. Along the top of this ridge ran a solid stone wall, thicker and of heavier stones than any we saw in the neighborhood. Where the wall ended rifle pits had been dug. Behind the massive trunks, and in the branches of the old trees, behind this wall and in the pits, were crowded the sharpshooters of the rebels. The ascent from the bridge out of the valley on the enemy's side, was too steep for a straight road up the ridge. If ever a bridge could be defended, that should have been; the only disadvantage the rebels were under was that they could not sweep it with artillery.

Our left had vainly attempted to cross the bridge; twice had they been

repulsed. On the right our troops were hard pressed; much of the ground gained in the morning had been lost; Hooker was wounded, Sumner's corps routed, Mansfield killed, and his corps beaten back. Then McClellan ordered Burnside to take the bridge, and hold it at any cost. Burnside sent some troops farther down the river, where it was fordable. He called up one of his old brigades that had been with him in North Carolina, saying, if any brigade could take the bridge, that one would. It was composed of the 51st New York, 51st Pennsylvania, 21st Massachusetts, and a Rhode Island regiment; on their colors were inscribed, 'Roanoke,' 'Newbern,' two of our most glorious victories. With these veteran troops was the 35th Massachusetts, a new regiment that had left home only a month before, but who nobly did their part. Down went the 51st Pennsylvania in column in the advance, at the run, shouting and crowding and firing as they hurried across the bridge, bringing down the rebels from the trees, suffering themselves, but never halting. They crossed and deployed on the other side. Next came the 35th Massachusetts, over the bridge, up the valley, then forming in line of battle on the top of the small hill commanding the stream. The enemy were drawn up before them, quite a distance off, on the top of the next hill. Every inch of ground between was commanded by the rebel fire; but our brave fellows charged on up this hill, driving the foe before them: they did not halt there, for another still higher hill, which could now for the first time be seen farther on, rose up before them. Nothing daunted, they followed up their charge, and drove the enemy from this hill, and took this most commanding position. There they halted, close to Sharpsburg, almost in the rear of the rebels. Some of our troops even penetrated to Sharpsburg itself, and were taken prisoners. A short distance farther would have cut off the enemy's di-

rect retreat to the Potomac. Rebel troops were seen hurrying on the road to the river. Our men were now fired upon by artillery, and attacked by fresh bodies of infantry coming up, as the enemy say in their account, from Harper's Ferry. Our brave fellows, however, stood their ground, waiting for reinforcements, which Burnside called for. But McClellan, unfortunately, dared not throw in his reserves; his object had probably been gained in making a diversion from the hard contested field on our right. Our gallant fellows had to stand there unsupported until their ammunition gave out; they fired their sixty rounds of ammunition, collecting all they could from their dead and wounded comrades, and then began to retreat. Benjamin's battery of artillery was also short of ammunition, and could not support them. Our brave boys only retreated to the next hill, not to the hill above the Antietam, and then lay on their arms during the night, and there they stayed during the next day, expecting the order to advance.

Little mounds of earth, covering fallen heroes, point out the course of our soldiers all the way from this side of the Antietam to the top of the farthest hill. Here our men were so much more exposed than the rebels that our loss was greater than theirs. On the right the rebel loss was much the larger.

In the battle beyond the river, the Hawkins Zouaves, another of the regiments distinguished in North Carolina, captured a rebel battery at the point of the bayonet. In the rebel account we are told how the brave General Toombs, with a whole brigade, retook the battery and defeated this single regiment, which they magnify into an immense force.

General McClellan, with all his knowledge and great skill and success in defensive warfare, as shown in his Peninsular campaign, after our defeat at Gaines's Mill, is wanting in the ra-

pidity of comprehension and audacity which are necessary components of the highest military talent. He waits for too many chances, and fears any risk.

In the battle of Antietam, he had fifteen thousand fresh men under Fitz John Porter in the centre. The enemy had probably used their last soldier, for the correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, who has given the best rebel account of the battle, impliedly states that they had no reserves left. Ignorant of our unused troops, he laments the want of a few more rebel men, and says, that if only five thousand of their stragglers, who were on the way to Winchester, had been present, a most decisive rebel victory would have been obtained. If McClellan had added Fitz John Porter's reserve to Burnside's soldiers, he would have had nearly thirty-five thousand men flanking the enemy, already beaten, and threatening their retreat across the Potomac. Who knows what those fresh men might not have done? Many think that the doubtful victory would have ended in the most brilliant decided success, and the stone bridge of Antietam would have stood in history by the side of Arcola and Lodi. But let us be thankful for what we did achieve: never should the nation forget how a retreating, discouraged, defeated, demoralized, and even mutinous army, that had suffered terribly in killed and wounded, and lost prisoners and large numbers of cannon and material, was again reformed, and marched triumphantly against a victorious foe; achieved on Sunday the brilliant victory of South Mountain, and on Wednesday fought the bloody fight of Antietam. There we captured cannon, small arms, and standards, and lost none. Many have forgotten that ever since spring the rebels have boasted that the war was to be carried within our territory; that they had begun this programme; and that General Lee in entering Maryland had issued a boasting proclamation, promising to redeem it from a hated tyranny. If he had

succeeded, and defeated McClellan, as he had beaten Pope between Manassas and Washington, we had no reinforcements or forts to prevent his march to Philadelphia. McClellan's presence stirred the common soldier as Napoleon's did, and it was this unbounded enthusiasm which he excited, that saved the nation when he took command at Washington. I know of nothing that made me more indignant than the folly of some ladies who, among his soldiers on the Potomac, decried and denounced him as an imbecile. What treachery can be worse than the attempt to destroy the confidence of the soldiers in their leader, when their lives depend upon his judgment and skill, and there can be only dejection and despair when that judgment and skill are doubted.

Upon our return from the battle field to Pleasant Valley, we heard that orders to McClellan to advance had come from Washington. The only answers to inquiries when the advance would take place, were ominous shakings of the head or shrugs of the shoulders, which were indicative of anything but belief in a speedy movement. We also heard of the appointment of General Burnside to the command of three army corps, the precursor of a greater command yet to come. We have in our new commander-in-chief a general who has an implicit belief that our cause is just, and a trust in Providence that he will make the just cause victorious. In General McClellan we had also a general who believed in Providence, and who has always shown great reverence in his writings. General McClellan is reticent. You can, however, tell somewhat of the opinion of the head of the house from his children; and judging from the tone of belief among the General's military family, from that long delay after Antietam, it was pretty evident that in his opinion the South cannot be subdued, and that the question between us was a matter of boundary. With General Burnside we have no such belief. His faults, if they

are faults, are those of the bold general, not of the Fabian order. At Newbern he brought at once into the fight every soldier he had, not keeping one in reserve; and he gained the battle by his audacious policy. And it is the wonder to this day of every one who has been over the battle field, that the enemy should have been beaten. With all this boldness, he is a modest man; twice before having refused the chief command: once when it was offered to him at the time Pope was appointed; again when McClellan took it before Washington. Of a commanding figure, every inch a soldier, one cannot look upon him and his kindly eye without instant admiration. His modest way of riding among the men, alone or attended by a single orderly, will make him beloved by our republican soldiers. He was so then, and 'Old Burn,' as they familiarly called him, was everywhere heartily received. By the way, McClellan's nickname on the Peninsula was 'George,' and not 'Little Mac,' as is generally supposed.

General Burnside, we believe, is a good judge of men. The generals he selected for his North Carolina expedition, though previously unknown, and but captains in the service, have already distinguished themselves and justified his choice. General Foster, now commanding the department of North Carolina, has shown himself an able, active general. All who have been connected with him, speak highly of him. Though not a Massachusetts man, he has a peculiar penchant for Massachusetts troops: he was first at Annapolis, and picked out for the first brigade the Massachusetts soldiers. Recently, through the Governor, he has obtained some eight or ten more regiments, and in some way or other he has the crack ones.

General Reno, who was Burnside's second brigadier, has made a reputation that will live forever in his country's history. At the battle of Roanoke the little general, but a month before a

captain of ordnance, stood up fearlessly in the swamp amid his men, when they were lying down by his direction, and coolly gave his orders and encouraged them, entirely regardless of the balls flying round him on every side. In Pope's retreat, and amid disaster and defeat, he acquired new reputation by his skill, energy, and daring. A Virginian by birth, he was truly a loyal man; and, unlike some generals of our army corps, obeyed orders, and did all that could be done for the country and the general in command. His testimony that Pope's dispositions were good, if he had only been obeyed, should weigh much in that general's favor. After the victory of South Mountain, he was reconnoitring the enemy, when he fell by a random shot, which came, so those who were in the action say, from some soldier of our force. Lyon, Kearny, Reno, gone! Have we three such men left?

General Park, an accomplished soldier, who particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Newbern, was General Burnside's third brigadier. The country will feel renewed confidence from his remaining with our new commander as chief of staff.

On the morning we left the camp, a squad from a new regiment just arrived had been detailed for the guard at headquarters; one of the sentries was smoking his pipe as he marched up and down; another, who should have been patrolling his beat, was seated on the ground, cleaning his musket with a piece of wash leather he pulled from his pocket. The General was not near to stop these unsoldierly occupations. We came to the opinion that the boys in that regiment had never been to a country muster; but they were stout fellows and looked like fight.

At Sandy Hook, on the day of our return, we had to wait until nine in the evening for the train to Baltimore. Stuart's cavalry had been over the road in the morning, making their escape into Virginia. They dared not stay to

do mischief; our forces were at all the important points. Considering the immense supplies in the rear of the army, Stuart did very little harm; his eight hundred fresh horses were not worth the risk he ran. If he could have seized our supplies at Monocacy Station, and burnt the bridge there, he would have inflicted a serious loss upon the army. The nature of his raid seemed well understood, and there was no apprehension then of the enemy's holding the railroad; for the train from Baltimore had passed over the restored rails a few hours after the retreating troopers. At every important point we found soldiers, and near Frederick we were glad to hear that seven of the sick troopers, used up by their hard service, had fallen behind and been taken. We learned that General Pleasanton with some of our cavalry was in pursuit, and there were several stories about an engagement: the firing of cannon had been heard. General Pleasanton at that time was held in very little esteem, and seemed to have particularly disgusted those who had served under him, and was often cited as an example of McClellan's lack of judgment in men. He appears since to have acquired a newspaper reputation for ability and energy. I only hope that it is deserved, and that the opinions we heard so often were not well founded.

We arrived at the Baltimore depot at four in the morning amid a rain, and found it occupied by some one or two thousand soldiers, standing and sitting about in their blue overcoats with their arms stacked. Not a carriage could be obtained, and so, shouldering our bag in military fashion, we marched for the Eutaw House. At the door was stationed a guard, marking it as the headquarters of Major-General Wool. We passed by unchallenged; in our bag, however, we had rebel ammunition: a loaded shell fired at our men as they were crossing the stone bridge at Antietam. For-

tunately the fuse had gone out, and it remained a trophy for one of the despicable Down-East Yankees. We heard the old General was still the centre of attraction to the pretty secesh ladies who had friends or relatives in durance vile in Fort McHenry. The veteran hero, though rich, wears a uni-

form that shows the marks of service. That, however, does not prevent the constant presents of delicious fruit and beautiful flowers, and invitations to drive to the fort, from those bewitching belles of Baltimore: whereat some strong Union people grumble loudly.

AMERICAN DESTINY.

I I.

THE law under consideration is exemplified in the social, industrial, and political development of the United States. There is a manifest difference, however, between the history of our civilization and that of Europe, though not in the least affecting the integrity of the law. The people of our nation were not derived directly from a rude and primitive condition, as were those of the Old World. The history of our civilization is, in its origin, coördinate with European civilization in the seventeenth century, after modern intellect had been fairly aroused, and the national organizations had been quite fully developed. The chaos and barbarism which the history of European civilization presents, and the play of antagonizing forces through the long period of centuries, resulting in some degree of political order and unity, does not belong, except as an introduction, to the history of American civilization. Ours is a branch from the European, after it had been growing for several hundred years.

During the period which intervened between the Declaration of American Independence and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, there was no formal and permanent bond of union between the several States; it was provisional,—they were held together by outside pressure and a common interest in the cause of independ-

ence. The settlement of a general government for all the States was a crisis, not only in the affairs of this country, but of the whole civilized world, as we believe the future will most fully reveal. To the responsible statesmen of that day, this was a period of intense solicitude, such as we can realize only by an effort of mind to place ourselves in their situation, and bring before us the magnitude of the objects to be attained, and the difficulties to be overcome. There was then, as now, a diversity of interests to be harmonized; but there was one interest, which, in its political relations, requires to be characterized by a stronger term than that of 'diversity.' Between chattel slavery and free labor there is 'irrepressible' antagonism, and there could be no real union—no blending of the twain; but the gulf was bridged, under the pressure of necessity, as the wisdom of the times could best devise. It was, indeed, well done. Union was the great object to be accomplished—it was the highest, the most comprehensive principle that could enter into the motives of political action—it was even a necessity of the current civilization, and must needs subordinate all minor principles and interests; and we owe a debt of gratitude to those who so nobly wrought this glorious Union out of colonial chaos and isolation.

The instrument of this Union has

been characterized by well-meaning, but one-idea minds, as a 'covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,' simply because it effected the union of free with slave States. This method of characterizing the Constitution of our country—as noble a document for its time and place as the world has ever seen—can well be excused, since it has no doubt been done in utter obliviousness of the importance of the principle of political unitization. The original consummation of this Union was a great step in political progress; it was an achievement of the master principle of political movement; and God wills that no part of the advantage then gained in the struggle of *Destiny* shall ever be given up!

But while unity is thus exemplified in the history of our Government, the phenomenon of differentiation is also manifest. The functions of government have greatly multiplied since its first organization; the 'division of labor' process has been going on, and new departments and bureaus have been established. While I write, the expediency of another department, that of agriculture, is being agitated in Congress. The Department of the Interior has been quite recently created, and new bureaus in this department, and in others, are being created from time to time, by act of Congress, to meet new wants in the administration of our Government. And what is true in this respect of the General Government is, also, true of the State Governments; for there, too, do we find the development of new functions, and the creation of new official organs to execute the same.

This growth of the country at large, from which these new demands on the Government arise, is to be seen very distinctly in the industrial and educational elements of society. While these interests increase in magnitude and variety, and the people are becoming more concerned therein, the Government assumes a responsibility in regard

thereto, which can only be discharged by the multiplication of the administrative appliances. These new governmental activities arise from the popular will, as moulded and expressed through the more intelligent and enterprising of its actors. They choose to have it so. It is found convenient, in the promotion of certain general interests, to appeal to a power which is presumed to embody the elements of order and authority in the execution of its will. In the construction of railroads and telegraphs, capitalists must coöperate with the Government in relation to questions of right, which, in many cases, can only be settled by a regularly constituted tribunal. State agricultural societies appeal to State Governments for coöperation, and when received, the industrial interests of the country are advanced thereby. We all know what State Governments have done for the cause of education. Sections of country which would at this hour have been in a state of almost semi-barbarism have—thanks to our educational policy—been redeemed from their prejudices against intelligence and education, and been made to step into line with the advancing columns of civilization. The same civilizing influences, precisely, have been brought to bear, by the active part which Government has taken in the improvement of all the means of travel, trade, and the transmission of intelligence. The intelligent and active few have thus advanced the interests of the many. In districts of country which have been without the channels of commerce except in a very rude condition, and where the enterprise of the people was inadequate to their improvement, the Government has reached out its strong arm and redeemed them from their primitive rudeness, thereby promoting the physical condition, the enlightenment, and the culture of the people. There are plenty of instances on record, in which improvements of this kind—of roads, for example—have been made against the will and in spite

of the opposition of the people most to be benefited thereby; and had they not been related under the same government to communities more intelligent and enterprising than themselves, they would have remained in an isolated and semi-barbarous condition.

Now, while we readily discern the increase in the objects and in the machinery of government, we cannot so readily discern the abatement of governmental interference with the private affairs of the individual, as in governments of longer standing. There has not been time for great changes in this respect; and then, in the earliest legislation of our country there was comparatively so little that was obnoxious to individual freedom, that there has been less occasion for the change in question. The Blue Laws of Connecticut are proverbial for their intermeddling with private life. There has been no change in this respect so marked since the organization of our Government as there was before; but so far as there has been any, it is in favor of the exemption of the individual, in ordinary times, from legal interference. The entire atmosphere of American society is becoming more liberal as general education advances; and this, in turn, acts upon the legislative and executive functions of the Government, to make the laws and the execution of the same more acceptable to a cultured people. The 'Maine Law,' earnest and benevolent as it was in purpose, and to all seeming so obviously founded in the right of society to protect itself, could not be sustained against this tendency in government to let the individual alone in the affairs of his private life.

We have observed that there is a concentration of different industrial and commercial functions in different sections of the country, whereby these sections become dependent upon each other, and the unity of the whole, to a certain extent, made inevitable. Now, we insist that political economy and the greatest well-being of all require

that the political jurisdiction should, as far as possible, be commensurate with that commercial, industrial, and social dependence which works itself out to a large degree of fulfilment in spite of the obstructions interposed by the contractedness and isolation of political organization.

As we have seen, this dependence of one industrial section upon another, and of one commercial centre upon another, as the result of commercial and industrial specialization, is becoming more and more marked as a development of human progress. All this increases the need for more extensive political organization, while at the same time it makes it possible.

It will readily be perceived that since industrial and commercial development is necessitating dependence and unity, it is equally true that the natural varieties of soil and climate are, also, conditions of like dependence and unity. When these diversities of soil in different sections are fully developed, and the exchange of products readily made through improved commercial facilities, and human wants multiplied by means of civilized culture, agricultural specialization creates the demand, not for political division and isolation, but for more extensive organization. That New England manufactures is no reason that she should separate her government from that of the other States, but just the reverse. That the Middle States are more distinctively a mining region, and the great West agricultural, is no reason that their general government should be distinct, but precisely the reverse. That the South produces cotton, rice, and sugar, is no reason for her seceding from the Union, but exactly the reverse. These diversified interests, we repeat, create interrelation and dependence, unitizing the commercial and industrial polity; and the political organization should, as far as possible, be coextensive therewith. There are physical necessities which prevent the formation and maintenance

of a comprehensive political organization in the earlier stages of civilization, but these never have obtained in the United States, and every hour's improvement carries us farther beyond them.

All the results of a progressive civilization are constantly complicating the dependence and interrelation of various sections of our country. Roads, railroads, canals, and lines of telegraph, by their connections and intersections, are so many bonds of union between the various districts of our country—so many bonds of union between the various States of the confederacy—and forbid its dissolution. Even Nature conspires with civilization to the same end. The great valleys and rivers running north and south are so many natural ties, which the most incorrigible perverseness, on the part of man, could alone prevent from performing the office to which they seem so happily adapted in the play of the civilized elements.

As we have seen in our brief view of Europe, greater political unitization has been the result of growth in civilization. In the United States, all natural, commercial, and industrial bonds of union are becoming more fully developed. This evinces the direction of progress.

What, in the light of this view, are we to think of the doctrine of 'secession'?—of secession, that political dogma of recent development, which, if made practical, would destroy all political unity of greater compass than a State—a State, the idol of Southern political worship. It would break any confederacy into fragments, and prevent the consummation of those great unities which an advancing civilization demands. This doctrine of 'secession' would remand us back to the condition of affairs in Europe during the twelfth century, before commerce, the Crusades, and the waking up of intelligence had commenced the movement of national organization. The

Southern States have a barbarian institution in their midst, but, not satisfied with that, they would inaugurate the practical operation of a new political doctrine, which must introduce still another element of barbarism, and interpose an additional obstacle to the progress of civilization. Shall this be? It is opposed to the political tendency of the times; and the common sense of mankind should forbid the acceptance of a political solecism in the organization of government, which virtually annuls the unity and integrity of the government itself.

There are crises, however, in human development, when the movement is rapidly set forward; and others, when it may be as suddenly arrested or thrown back, requiring long periods to regain the lost ground, preparatory to a new advance. Our Union, only a brief while since, appeared to be upon the point of irreparable rupture; the division of this great Union into minor geographical districts, like the European monarchies, seemed to be imminent. The determination of the South to secede; a large portion of the influential press at the North pleading their cause; Buchanan favoring secession; many in the North, then, and for a long time previous, in favor of a 'peaceable separation;' but—thanks to the blind impetuosity of 'Southern chivalry'—with the fall of Sumter, and the inauguration of the war, the only hope for this Union revived! Wicked or foolish people have said that the bombardment of Sumter was the death-knell of the Union;—we believe it was just the reverse;—as the turning point of a great crisis, it signalled the birth of a new era. It threw the trimming and temporizing politicians of the North off their old tracks, and tore their platforms from under them; their antipathies were suddenly neutralized; their prejudices vanished; they were unexpectedly floating anew on the sea of public sentiment; the opinions of influential men were subject to a new

ordeal; and the views of many an entire clique, faction, and party were revolutionized in a day. Northern pride was wounded; Anglo-Saxon energy was aroused; there was a demand for determination and 'pluck,' and the result is known to all. Secession, in the Free States, was suddenly transformed; there was a grand uprising for the vindication of a great principle of political development; and nearly a million of armed men of all parties are now in the field; and God grant that they may be able to overcome the abettors of a barbarian policy!

But if the cause of patriotism and civilization should fail in this struggle, what will be the consequences? Standing armies, stronger governments, leagues, and ruptures, internecine wars, European interference. Let this division of our once happy country be consummated now, and there can be no reunion for ages. The Southern nation recognized by European Governments, treaties and alliances formed, and we are involved in European complications through which the separation will be perpetuated. And this disunion made permanent, others will develop themselves, and in time be consummated. It is the interest of the reigning dynasties in Europe to see our nation dismembered: the South would be our rival; and we should not have power to enforce union hereafter. When a politico-geographical weakness is developed along the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific States will not be without ambitious demagogues to attempt the establishment of an independent organization on the Pacific. Another fracture may be developed along the Alleghanies, and the great agricultural West may set up for itself among the nations. New England may be seized with a like madness, and unworthily aspire to a separate national existence. With all these petty nations on this continent, there must be standing armies, leagues, and complications, as

in Europe. Diplomacy, with its intrigues, and wars to maintain the 'balance of power,' will make up the great body of national history and absorb those energies which should be employed in advancing the means of human well-being.

But we will not speculate upon probabilities so remote. We will presume the success of rebellion, and one nation south, another north. The evil would still be very great. There must be armed thousands maintained by the two Governments to be ready for war at any moment. Two such nations, even if both were free, and still less with slavery in one of them, could not exist by the side of each other without frequent broils and collisions. Standing armies exhaust the resources of nations and retard the progress of civilization by a double result. They withdraw able-bodied men from the productive energies of the country, and are at the same time a tax upon the industrial forces which remain. The enormous daily expense of the present war must give us some idea of the cost of maintaining a standing army of two or three hundred thousand men even in times of peace. This has done a great deal to retard the progress of Europe; and that we, as a nation, have heretofore been free from this encumbrance, is doubtless one of the reasons why we have made such rapid strides in so much that makes a nation great and happy. But standing armies imply war, and the international wars of Europe have done much to exhaust her resources and paralyze her prosperity. Guizot says—and we may see it in history for ourselves—that 'for nearly three centuries, foreign relations form the most important part of history.' Foreign relations, wars, treaties, alliances, alone occupy the attention and fill the page of history. Sad result of the political divisions of a continent! Unhappy fruits of maintaining the balance of power among neighboring nations! Let this continent be warned!

And now is the crisis when this warning needs most to be heeded. And even if this critical juncture should be safely passed, we have need to guard against others, and these truths should be universally recognized as elements of our national preservation. We may profit by the shipwreck of others, to avoid the rock on which they split. There are causes clearly discernible in the history of Europe, for the divisions of that continent, which do not now, and never have obtained here. Her political institutions were developed out of the chaos of barbarism, and she had to unite smaller jurisdictions into larger ones; and she did this as well as the status of civilization would permit at the period when national organization was effected.

The facilities of intercourse between a people, for the transmission of intelligence, for travel and transportation—those accompaniments of civilization which bring remote sections of country near each other and bind them together; the resemblance or the difference of languages spoken; the antipathies, prejudices, sympathies of the peoples—all these are elements which go to determine the geographical extent of a nation. Original difference of language, local prejudices, the want of civilization, contributed to limit the European nationalities to the small extent of territory which, for the most part, they occupy. These causes have not operated against us. Local distinctions on account of language do not even obtain here. There are no real causes to contract the geographical boundaries of our Government; while, on the other hand, the constant increase of facilities for the commercial and social intercourse of one section with another, and the specializations of the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests, in the creation of dependence between different sections of the country, demand, in the name of science, common sense, justice, and the good of the

people, that this Government shall remain one and undivided.

We cannot, therefore, afford to allow the present or any other rupture to become permanent, and entail upon ourselves and our children all the disadvantages and calamities incident thereto. It would not be wise to prepare the political stage of this country for the reënactment of the tragedies of Europe. Better any sacrifice than this. Even if we should lose great battles, or if European interference should threaten, it would be better to rally the people anew even to the raising and equipment of millions of men, and sustain the war at this enormous cost, rather than entail division and its necessary calamities on the future political life of this continent. This war is costing immensely in men and property; but if, thereby, the integrity of the Union can be maintained, it will be an economy both in men and means, if only a brief period of the future be taken into the account. We are often reduced to a choice of evils. War is a great evil, but it may prevent others still greater. The indiscriminate arming of slaves and the spread of incendiary fires would be great calamities, but nevertheless justifiable, if the only means of self-defence, or of preventing still greater and more enduring calamities. But there need be no violation of the ethics of war, no infringement of the rights of humanity. The North is strong in its natural resources, strong in the justice of its cause: it has risen to vindicate the cardinal law of civilization, and by this shall it conquer. There appeared to Constantine a vision of the cross, with the motto, 'By this conquer.' Science has descended in these last days to dwell among mankind. In her hand is a scroll which she unfolds before the nations, and they read, 'Unity, the consummation of social and political destiny.' Thereupon, turning to our nation in the hour of trial, she says: 'The time is approaching when

the principle of unitization must sweep a wider circle, and you are chosen to inaugurate this new era in the destiny of nations. Thus far you have done well; be true to the work so happily begun; carry it unflinchingly through this ordeal, and you will be the greatest Power for good upon the earth. There must be an extension of political organization—a widening of the sphere of political unity; and through your example and influence will the nations be gathered into a larger fold.' And pointing to the scroll, she adds: 'Let 'Union' be eternally your motto; by this conquer!'

If we should apply no other than a superficial interpretation to history, overlooking the great laws by which development proceeds, and thence conclude that the world is to follow doggedly in the footsteps of the past, we should anticipate a future far less beautiful in grand results than Destiny has in store for the generations to come.

Are we to have the Empire of Rome or of Charlemagne over again? In the Roman Empire there were no common interests; no representation; no communication among the people; no intersection of the country by the networks of roads—only great military roads leading from province to province; no specialization of industrial and commercial interests; no civilized dependence of one part on another; no natural ties as yet developed to their real significance between the several countries of the Roman Empire: it was held together by the strong and despotic arm of Rome. The Empire of Charlemagne embraced the territory of Middle and Western Europe, inhabited by barbarous peoples, isolated, warlike, and speaking different languages; there were none of the civilized bonds of union; only the genius of Charlemagne held them together; and upon his death the huge fabric he had reared naturally fell to pieces. The Spanish Empire is but another instance showing that geographical and other ele-

ments of disconnection must not overbalance those which relate remote sections to each other, and bind them together in a common interest, else dissolution will be the result. In respect to the United States, all these conditions are reversed. Every interest in the natural course of development points to union—demands union, and, in the triumph of justice, shall have union.

Is there anything in the way of this union? Is there a morbid growth—a cause of irritation and disease tending to dissolution? Then, it must be removed. Is ambitious and reckless demagoguism to be apprehended? Then educate the people and diffuse science. But is there not still a worse devil to be cast out? Where slavery is, you cannot educate the people, you cannot diffuse science; and without enlightenment there can be no political justice, since unprincipled demagogues will sway all political destiny. Slavery cannot always exist side by side with freedom; it is the natural enemy of union, the enemy of civilization. Prominent secession leaders have admitted that slavery is the cause of this war, boasting at the same time that the confederate constitution is founded on a scientific distinction of races. Without slavery there could be no sufficient motive for the independent national existence of the South. Had there been no slavery, there had been no civil war. This is, at the present time, the political significance of the institution. There is no safety but in its extinction—so far at least as the border Slave States are concerned, in order to overthrow its power in the United States Senate, to enlarge the sympathies of freedom, and weaken and circumscribe the chances for revolutionary movements which slavery will be ready at any critical moment to precipitate against the Union.

If we have not misinterpreted the law of development, slavery, as it exists in this country, is a morbid political condition, a social disease, which

stands in the way of the natural course of social evolution. In this law, therefore, is written the doom of slavery. The enlightened world will not always permit it to blast the fair field of civilization by its poisonous presence.

There is a law of human movement by which predominating conditions extend and perpetuate themselves, overcoming those which are weaker and on the wane. We observed this in our brief survey of the feudal system. Freedom is now in the ascendant, and slavery must go down. And since secession is the child of slavery, and both at war with the cardinal principles of progressive civilization, it is meet that both should fall together.

This war may not directly extinguish slavery, and it may; we do not see the end. But if not directly, we believe the war is, nevertheless, indirectly setting those forces into action which will eventually extinguish the institution. If the 'confederacy' should be destroyed, as, if not saved by foreign intervention, it certainly will be, slavery, if not already dead, will be pent up, and, in that case, will soon die by its own hands.

Immediate interests control us more than those which are remote; interests which affect ourselves, more than those which affect our descendants. Citizens of the Southern States, to save a petty individual interest, are nursing in the bosom of society a malignant canker, which, if let alone, must one day, in the inevitable course of destiny, eat into its vitals. Heroic treatment will alone meet the demands of the case. It must be a surgical operation that will penetrate to the very roots of the invading tumor.

The salvation of the South itself, as well as of the Union, hangs upon the extinction of slavery. Indeed, the South has far more interest than the North in the restoration of political health as the condition of political union; and she would see it so, if slavery had not made her blind. The

elimination of slavery would, in the end, be clear gain to her, while she would reap equally with the North the advantages of union, and escape the disadvantages and calamities which, as we have seen, must inevitably follow in the wake of confirmed disunion.

The writer of this article bases his opposition to slavery solely upon politico-scientific grounds; he urges the recognition of a great law of human development, that its bearings on human destiny may be fairly seen, and human endeavor more wisely directed to the achievement of the end 'so devoutly to be wished.' The discussion of American Destiny in all its ramifications would involve the discussion of the ultimate fate of the negro race on this continent; but that is not within the range of our present purpose. We have aimed only to indicate the law of development from the simple to the complex, over which a necessary unity at length prevails; to show that this law obtains in the political as in all other realms; to insist that political unity should enlarge its area as facilities for intercommunication permit, and the interrelation of industrial, commercial, and social interests demand; that the jurisdiction of the political unity should correspond to the extension of general interests, so far as may be possible in the face of physical necessities not yet overcome in the progress of civilization. We would apply the doctrine more especially to the present crisis in American affairs, to enable us to realize that all our sacrifices to maintain the Union are fully warranted by the great principle of human development which is involved in the contest.

If we have rightly interpreted history and the law, these sacrifices are justified by a double consideration. The first, which is negative—to avoid the entanglements, broils, and conflicts of neighboring nations, and the consequent exhaustion of the resources of civilization, through which its progress

would necessarily be retarded; the second, which is positive—to maintain a vast political organization on this continent in accordance with the demands of a higher civilization, as the only sure guarantee for the integrity of the ‘Monroe doctrine,’ and the accomplishment of a great political mission, by reacting upon Europe, and leading her isolated and fragmentary nationalities into a higher unity, involving order, authority, and the economy of power.

It is the selfish interest of the crowned heads of the little nations of Europe to maintain things as they are, with a principality and a palace for each puppet of royalty. Hence their costly machinery for maintaining the ‘balance of power.’ There may have been a use for this in the ignorance of the masses, when the extension of sovereignty was often but the increase of despotism; but there is no such need in the advanced culture of the people and the progress of civilization. Formerly there was no public sentiment; but, with the rise of civilized methods, it became developed, and it has gradually enlarged its sphere, till, as a writer on dynamical physiology remarks, ‘we now hear of the public opinion of Europe.’ (Draper.) And we believe that, before this public sentiment, thrones are doomed to topple, and sceptres and diadems to fall, to make way for the more liberal and comprehensive political organizations of an advancing and triumphant civilization. And herein appears a glimpse of the political mission of the American Union, destined itself to become still more comprehensive in the inevitable fluctuation and change of the political elements. It is a hackneyed theme that all the natural features of our country, its mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes, are on

a grand scale; it is, therefore, meet that we should lead the civilized world in the movement of political unity.

When Russia shall have more completely filled up the measure of her civilization, and general intelligence shall have secured the liberty of the subject, and laid forever the ghost of political absolutism; it may become the mission of the younger nation to infuse new life into the political system of Europe. With such a nation on the East, and a great continental policy well advanced in the Western World, Middle and Western Europe could hardly maintain its present divided, discordant, and consequently feeble condition: there must be union then, if not before. With Europe thus united, having outgrown the diplomatic intrigues and exhausting wars of jealous and ambitious rulers, the dream of ‘universal peace’ may realize the inauguration of its fulfilment, and civilization come to have a meaning which, as yet, is folded up in the bosom of prophecy—the clearer prophecy, we believe, of science and history. We are confident that the prestige of the past and the earnest of the future are for us and our cause; that our nation will not be torn to pieces and sunk to the dead level of political imbecility, but will victoriously avouch the integrity of American unity, and gradually gain the advance in the grand march of civilization, and lead the nations for hundreds of years to come!

We may well be proud that we are Americans, and that our lot is cast in these times. Let us never abase our position by the least approach to ignoble compromise; let us shrink from no responsibility; but acquit ourselves as becomes an intelligent people conscious of a noble destiny!

THE BIRTH OF THE LILY.

THE Rose had bloomed in Eden. Odors new
Entranced the groves ; and iridescent birds,
At this new birth of beauty, sudden rose
In richest chorus, bearing up the balm
Upon their beating wings. The bee had learned
The place of golden sweets, the butterfly
Loved well to dream within those crimson folds,
And Eve had made a garland delicate,
Of feathery sprays and leaves and drooping bells,
And placed the Rose, the queen of bloom, above
The centre of her brow. Thus she bound up
The golden ripples that fell down and broke
O'er her white breast, hiding the bosom buds,
That never yet had yielded up their sweets
To the warm pressure of an infant's lip.
And Eve had bent above the glassy lake,
Smiling upon her picture, pressing close
The soft cheek of the Rose upon her own,
And praising God for beauty and for life.

But now a morn had come more strangely dear
Than Eden yet had known. The sleeping wind
Woke not to stir the fringes of the lake,
Nor shook the odors from the scented plant.
A silver, misty wreath closed fondly down
Above the waveless tide. The insect world
Lay waiting in the leaves, as though a spell
Had hushed Creation ; yet expectant thrills
Ran through the silence, for the loaded air
Grew lighter, purer, and the recent Rose
Drooped her proud head in meekness, and the face
Of heaven flushed with burning brilliancy,
Above some coming wonder.

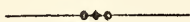
One by one
The beasts and birds of Paradise came down,
With noiseless movement, to the water's edge,
And waited on the margin. Creatures huge,
With honest, liquid eyes, and those that stepped
With cushioned feet and feathered footfall, stole
About the brink, with all the tribe that gave
The forest life. The serpent reared its crest,
Not yet polluted with the valley's dust,
And stood like one with royal gems encrowned ;
While beast, and bird, and serpent turned to gaze
Upon each other with inquiring eyes,
And half-bewildered glance.

Then last of all
 Came Eve with Adam to the circling rim,
 Her fingers grasping roses, and her lip
 All beautiful with Love's own witchery.
 She stood and noted with admiring look
 The strength of Adam's form, the expansive chest,
 The sloping muscle, and the sinew knit,
 The firm athletic limb, and every grace
 Combined and joined in that first, perfect man.
 Then Eve, grown humble in her wondrous love
 Of Adam's beauty, knelt upon the turf,
 While her long hair fell down in shining waves,
 And pressed her lip upon his dew-washed feet :
 Then with her agitated fingers broke
 The foxglove pitcher from the stem, and stooped
 To fill it up for him ; but quickly drew
 Her pearl-white hand away from the still lake,
 And held it o'er her heart, with such a look
 Of awe and mystery, as if a spell
 Was on the water, that she dared not break.

So all was hushed and waiting ; when, behold !
 A flash of gold shot from the silver East,
 A gush of new perfume spread through the grove,
 The Rose drooped lower, and the impatient birds,
 Loosed from restraint, sang in a strain refined
 Of dulcet clearness, such as those young bowers
 Had never heard before. The beast crouched down
 Upon the velvet turf, the serpent's crown
 Flashed richer splendor, and the angel-guard
 Whose fearful sword gleamed by the Tree of Life,
 His very plumes were tremulous with joy.

Then Eve looked o'er the swelling wave, and, lo !
 The lake was overspread with blooming stars,
 Or snowy golden-centred cups, that rocked
 And spilled the choicest incense. Adam cried,
 'The Lily ;' but the sweet voice at his side,
 Grown tremulous and faint with overjoy,
 Could only whisper, 'Purity.' Then quick,
 With restless hands, she culled the floral star—
 Queen of the wave—emblem of innocence,
 And hung it in the lion's matted mane,
 And twined it round the serpent's glittering neck ;
 Thus humoring her fancy in the play
 Till half the morning hours had slipped and gone.
 Then, startled by the voice she loved so well,
 She left the sport, the creatures, and the flowers,
 And hastened back with Adam to the trees
 Where God was walking in the solemn shade.

O mother frail, thou hast not known a tear !
 Thy spirit, clothed in simple innocence,
 Wears the true garb of bliss. Not yet thy hour
 Of sorrow and departure; nor the pangs
 And mystery of motherhood are thine !
 And yet, weak one ! some day, because of thee,
 God's love shall give a Saviour to the world !



WAS HE SUCCESSFUL ?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life ! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known* ; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOETHE.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

PART SECOND.

'I have been young and now I am old, and I bear my testimony that I have never found thorough, pervading, enduring morality with any but such as feared God—not in the modern sense, but in the old child-like way. And only with such, too, have I found a rejoicing in life—a hearty, victorious cheerfulness, of so distinguished a kind that no other is to be compared with it.'—JACOBI.

CHAPTER I.

THE first part of this narrative naturally closes with the termination of our hero's career at Burnsville, and his establishing himself as a resident of New York.

Up to this period, he has had no great difficulty in making his conduct consistent with his religious professions. He certainly has striven with a species of conscientiousness to do so, and we repeat, he has achieved his object.

Now, however, he is embarking on a very different sea from the quiet, placid waters of his village life. Here, Hiram Meeker, you will encounter many and frequent temptations to *do* wrong. For you are soon to commence on your "own account," and then you must prepare for that mortal struggle, in which none, without the grace of God to aid them, can come off victors.

Hiram understands this : that is, he has been educated to believe it. Surely he enjoys saving grace. Who more constant at church and evening

meetings ; who prays longer and more vigorously than he ?

Let me repeat that Hiram has a strong desire to enter the kingdom of Heaven, and thinks that all the chances are in favor of his doing so. But this desire is of the same nature as his wish to become rich. It is founded on the determination to promote the fortunes of the individual *me*, here and hereafter. It leads him to treat as a *principle* the statement of *fact*, that "honesty is the best policy ;" and his policy is—Self. He can practically master the theory of cause and effect as to what is going on *here*. And since he believes he will secure a good position in the world to come by strict observance of the "ordinances," he considers himself all right *there*.

It is with entire complacency, then, that Hiram Meeker sets sail in New York. He is young, and, as the word goes, handsome ; with good health, strong nerves, an enduring frame, and excellent constitution. He is well edu-

cated, and has a remarkable capacity for affairs, with sufficient experience in business to qualify him for any mercantile career he chooses to enter on. Moreover, in all the relations of life, he professes to be governed by the highest possible principle—Christian principle; and claims to be, indeed really is, at least theoretically, a believer in the truths of our holy religion. Why is it, then, reader, you have already taken such a prejudice against Hiram? For I know, as it were instinctively, that you are prejudiced against him. Indeed, I confess that in preparing his history for the press, I have unconsciously permitted certain comments to creep in, indicating my own feelings toward the young man. But, in fact, I could not help it, especially when I came to narrate Hiram's course toward Sarah Burns.

But here in New York, I begin to feel a painful interest for young Meeker. He is at the "parting of the ways." Up to now, there has been no great strain on his moral sense, while he has not been altogether insensible to humanizing influences. He has been thus far in the service of others, and had wisdom enough to understand it was best for him to serve with fidelity. Thus, his sense of duty did not conflict with his interests, and he won golden opinions from all.

Probably, when he left Burnsville, but one person thoroughly knew him—that person was Sarah Burns. For it is given to those whose hearts are honestly *devoted*, in time to learn and fully comprehend the nature of the hearts brought in contact with theirs.

The young ladies universally recalled their delightful flirtations with Hiram with a sort of pleasurable regret, in which no angry feelings toward him were mingled. Even Mary Jessup looked back with a sentimental sigh, but not with any feeling of bitterness, to the period when she was so happy with "young Meeker, boarding at their house." The Hawkins girls

still severally had their secret hopes in the future. [As to the widow Hawkins, I cannot say.] But nobody understood the young man except Sarah Burns. *He* knew that, and when he drove away from her door, he felt he was *found out*.

I am getting from my subject, which is Hiram's dangerous situation, now that he has reached New York. One thing much to be regretted is that he has resolved, at least for the present, to adjure society, in his entire devotion to his main purpose. This is an alarming feature. For notwithstanding, in his intercourse with the sex, he had sought entirely his own pleasure, still it was not without its qualifying influences. His mind was diverted from a perpetual thought of how he should get rich, and nature (I mean the nature common to us all) was permitted to have a certain sway.

When Hiram stepped foot in the metropolis, he cut off these diverting elements. He decided, and he had long and carefully considered it, that in the strife in which he was soon to enter, he should require all his time, all his faculties. For this reason, he determined to accept Mr. Eastman's offer of board and lodging at his house, albeit his wife was shrewish and generally disagreeable. He no longer permitted the gay throng in Broadway to move his nerves or excite his senses. And thus all these secondary impulses and emotions and sentiments yielded to the one main controlling purpose.

Yes, Hiram Meeker, I feel a painful interest in your situation. I see that, once entered on your career, there will be no departure or deviation or pause in it. As in metal poured into the mould, which, while it remains in a fluid state, is capable of being converted into other forms, but which, after a time, fixes and becomes unchangeable,—so, in the life of every human being, there is a period when the aims and purposes are fixed and the charac-

ter is settled forever. With some, this comes earlier, with others later; but it comes inevitably to all of us.

It seems to me Hiram is fast approaching this epoch, and this is why my interest in him becomes painful. For after this—but I will not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

The first thing which Hiram undertook after getting settled at his boarding place, was to decide what church to attend. This was a matter which required a great deal of deliberation, and week after week he visited different churches of his own faith.

Mr. Bennett, with his family, went to an Episcopal church. He took the liberty, one day, of flatly advising his cousin to cut Presbyterianism, and go with him.

'The fact is, Hiram, I can't stand the blue lights; they make a hypocrite of you, or a sniveller. Now, I don't profess to be a good person, but I think, after all, my neighbors know about where to find me. As to the Episcopalians, they give us good music, good prayers, and short sermons. They don't come snooping about to find out whether you go sometimes to the theatre, or if any of your family practise the damnable sin of dancing at parties. They mind their own business, and leave you to mind yours.'

'What is their business?' asked Hiram.

Mr. Bennett, taken a little aback, hesitated a moment; then he replied, 'Why, to preach and read the service, and perform church duties generally.'

'Well,' said Hiram, 'I always thought it was a part of a minister's duty to look after the spiritual welfare of every one of his church, and to visit the families, and converse with all the members.'

'You forget you're not in the country, where everything is got up on an entirely different basis,' replied Mr.

Bennett. 'You won't find much 'pastoral' work here, even among the blue lights. They confine themselves to preaching brimstone sermons from the pulpit and at evening lectures, and giving orders about the management of your family and mine, taking care that nobody shall enjoy anything if they can help it. If you go to see a play, it is a plunge into Tophet; if you permit your child to tread a quickstep to a lively tune, both you and your child are fit subjects for the wrath to come.'

'I rather think you are mistaken when you say the Episcopalians approve of the theatre and late parties, and so forth,' retorted Hiram. 'I have been told by two or three of that persuasion, that the clergy object decidedly to all these things.'

'Gammon, Hiram—gammon for the country market. I tell you, I know that we can do just what we please in the way of 'rational amusement,' as our clergyman calls it, and your people can't, and I advise you to come over to the liberal side.'

Hiram shook his head.

'Well, if you won't, I recommend Dr. Pratt. He, I understand, permits a little fun occasionally; then he makes use of our prayers, commits them to memory, you know; and latterly has put on a gown, and has a little boy to open the door of his pulpit. I advise you to go there.'

'Thank you,' said Hiram; 'but I don't think I should relish that kind of a man. I prefer something decided one way or the other.'

'Then take Dr. Chellis, he's your chap. Boanerges! a regular son of thunder. Egad, I believe he *does* visit every soul of his flock—keeps them straight. The other evening he was invited to a little gathering at the house of a new comer in his congregation—he always accepts invitations, and they say he is very fond of oysters and chicken salad, though he drinks nothing but cold water;—well, it happened the young folks wanted to get up a quadrille,

began to arrange it innocently enough before his face and eyes. Thereupon he jumped up in a huff, and flung himself out of the house, and the next Sunday delivered an extra blast on the 'immoral tendencies of the dance.'

'That's the man for me,' said Hiram, firmly.

Mr. Bennett regarded his protégé with a keen, inquisitive glance, with a view to fathom him, if possible. It would seem that the result was unsatisfactory, for after a moment he exclaimed, 'Well, I confess I don't exactly see through you. It may be one sort of thing; it may be another; but I can't say which.'

'It is a very simple matter, Mr. Bennett. I was brought up strictly, and believe in my bringing up.'

'All right, if you mean it.'

'I do mean it. Besides, now that I have come to New York to reside, where I shall be subjected to the numerous temptations of a city life, I shall need more than ever to be under the preaching of just such a man as you describe Dr. Chellis to be.'

'Oh, don't; that is coming it too strong; now I think I *do* understand you. But, Hiram, drop all that sort of thing. If you want to join Chellis's church, join it; but talk your cant to the marines.'

Hiram was angry, but he said nothing.

'You must not be vexed, Hiram. You know I want to do you all the good I can. Recollect, if you are smart, you have much to learn yet. Let me have your confidence, and I will advise you according to my experience. If you really like severe preaching, you can't do better than go in for the Doctor. He has the richest congregation in New York. Allwise, Tenant & Co., Starbuck & Briggs, Daniel Story. Those are names for you; South-street men, too, in your line. They are the pillars of Chellis's church; good men and true, if they are blue lights. Besides, there are lots of pretty girls—

tight little Presbyterian saints, with plenty of cash. Their fathers can buy and sell Dr. Pratt's congregation and mine together. Yes, you are right; I wonder I did not think of it. Go in for Chellis.'

Hiram was still silent. His heightened color and severe expression showed how little he relished Mr. Bennett's conversation.

Nothing is so disagreeable to a person whose nature is not thoroughly genuine, but who claims to act from proper motives, as to have another take it for granted he is not doing so.

He did not forget a word that Mr. Bennett had said, though. Indeed, he recovered his equanimity so far as to thank him for his suggestions, and, wishing him good-day, he started for his place in South street.

Mr. Bennett watched the young man as he walked up the street (the conversation occurred in the doorway of H. Bennett & Co.'s establishment), and until he had turned the corner. 'Deep, very deep, he muttered as he stepped inside. 'He'll be 'round one of these days, or I am mistaken.'

Meanwhile Hiram continued on his way to the store, his cheeks burning under the influence of Mr. Bennett's plain talk, but sensibly alive to the description of Dr. Chellis's church.

'Allwise, Tenant & Co., eh? and Starbuck & Briggs (Hiram had been but a few weeks in New York, and already had learned to pay that almost idolatrous deference to great commercial names which is a leading characteristic of the town); that will do. Plenty of rich girls,—his heart began to beat quick,—'plenty of rich girls. That's the place for me.'

Strange, in this soliloquy he said nothing about the spiritual advantages to be derived under the preaching of so noted a divine as Dr. Chellis. Yet Hiram really liked strong preaching and severe discipline. For he never appropriated any of the denunciations. Feeling perfectly safe himself, it gratified

him to hear the awful truths severely enforced on the outsiders.

We see, however, from this little conversation with himself, what was uppermost in Hiram's mind. Subsequent inquiries, carefully made of various persons, fully confirmed the statement of Mr. Bennett as to these little particulars in relation to Dr. Chellis's church and congregation.

Dr. Chellis himself was a person of extraordinary ability, great purity of character, and great zeal. At this period he was about sixty years of age, but he possessed the earnestness and energy of a young man. His congregation were very much attached to him, and it is true he exercised over them a remarkable influence. Many people sneered, accusing them of 'being led by the nose by their minister.' They were led, it is true, but not in that way: rather by their understanding and their affections. For, strict and stern and severe as the 'old Doctor' appeared to be, it was the *sin* he thundered against, not the individual. And those who were brought in more intimate contact with him, declared that he was, after all, a kind, tender-hearted man.

His church were devoted to him. The majority were a severe, toilsome, self-denying company—too much so, perchance; but of that I dare hazard no opinion: God knows. Like their minister, sincere, indulging in no cant; without hypocrisy, practising in the world during the week the principles they professed on Sunday to be governed by; a church deserving to be honored for its various charities (it gave twice as much as any other in the city), for the personal liberality of its members when called on to join in public or private subscriptions, and for the exalted influence they exerted in affairs generally.

Into such a church, and among such a people, Hiram Meeker proposes to introduce himself.

His first move was to call on Dr. Chellis without any introduction, and present his credentials from the church in Burnsville, as well as an excellent letter from his minister, certifying particularly as to his religious character and deportment. He thought by going as an unsophisticated youth from the country he would make a better impression and more strongly commend himself to the Doctor's sympathy than in any other way.

I think, however, that Hiram's call was rather of a failure. He had no ordinary man to deal with. Dr. Chellis had not only a profound knowledge of human nature, but a quick insight into its various peculiarities. He could classify individuals rapidly; and he read Hiram after fifteen minutes' conversation.

The latter, not accustomed to men of the Doctor's calibre, found himself wanting in his usual equanimity. His familiar rôle did not serve, he could see that, and for once his resources failed him.

For the Doctor did not appear to be specially interested when Hiram, apropos of nothing, except as a last card, undertook, in a meek, saint-like manner, to give him an account of his early conviction of sin and subsequent triumphant conversion. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the worthy divine gave evident symptoms—to speak plainly—of being bored before Hiram's story was half finished! The latter was not slow to see this, and he found it difficult to rally.

At length he gave the Doctor an opportunity to speak, by bringing his personal narrative to a close.

'You have no acquaintances in the city?'

'I think I may say none, except in business; and my object in selecting such a church as yours is to keep up the same degree of piety which I humbly trust I maintained in my village home.'

[Pretty well, Hiram, pretty well • but

you have an old head to deal with, and an honest heart: be careful.]

'To do that,' replied the Doctor, gravely, 'you must not look back to what you were, or thought you were. Be sure you are in danger when you feel complacent about yourself.'

These were awful words to Hiram, and from such a severe, grave, dignified old man.

'In danger!' That was something new. 'Of what?' Why, no thought of a possibility of danger had crossed young Meeker's mind since the day he joined the church in Hampton.

He sat quite still, uncertain what reply to make.

He was interrupted by the tones of the Doctor's voice—tones which were modified from their previous severity.

'I will take your letter,' he said, 'and at the next communion, which will take place in about six weeks, you will be admitted to membership.'

'I should like to have a class in the Sunday school,' said Hiram, breathing more freely.

'If you will speak next Sunday to Mr. Harris, the superintendent,' replied the Doctor, 'he will furnish you with one. There is a demand for teachers just at present, I heard him say.'

Dr. Chellis rose, as if Hiram had taken up enough of his time. Our hero could but do the same. He bowed and left the room.

'A pretty sort of minister that,' exclaimed he between his teeth, as he quitted the house. 'Pious! no more pious than my boot. Never listened to a word I said. I know he didn't. Is it possible I must sit under this man's preaching? I see now what cousin Bennett meant by things being got up on an entirely different basis here from what they are in the country. I should think they were. But there is Allwise, Tenant & Co., Daniel Story. I may trust myself with such names [he did not say with such *men*]. Ah! h'm—h'm—lots of pretty girls, with plenty of cash. I'll try it. Anyhow, it

stands number one. No mistake about that!

CHAPTER III.

Hiram soon learned a lesson. He discovered there were people in New York just as quickwitted, as keen, and as shrewd as he was himself. This did not alarm him. Not a bit. He was only the more ready to appreciate the truth of Mr. Bennett's remark, that he had yet much to learn.

'I see it,' quoth Hiram. 'The city gets the best of everything, by the natural course of supply and demand. Yes, it gets the best beef and mutton and fowls, and fruits and vegetables, and on the same principle it commands the best men. Well, I like this all the better. It was dull business in Burnsville, after all, with nobody to compete with. Give me New York!'

* * * * *

In the store of Hendly, Layton & Gibb, Hiram saw and conversed with shipmasters who were familiar with every port in the world. The reader will recollect, at school he had devoted himself to mercantile geography. Thus he had located in his mind every principal seaport, and had learned what was the nature of the trade with each. The old sea captains were amazed at the pertinence of Hiram's questions, and with the information he possessed on topics connected with their business. They could scarcely understand it. It gave them a great respect for the 'fellow,' and Hiram speedily became a favorite with them all. He used to like to go on board their ships, and chat with them there, whenever he found time. Do not suppose these were mere pleasure excursions. Hiram Meeker was forming his opinion of each one of these captains. For in his mind's eye he saw some of them in *his* employ; but which? that was the question. So by mingling with them, he learned much of the mechanical part of commerce, and he discovered, besides their different characters, who were compe-

tent and honest, and who were not altogether so.

Hiram also spent a good deal of his time conversing with Eastman, with whom he boarded. He got the latter's ideas of business and about the men they daily encountered, and Eastman could furnish a fund of valuable information, based on long experience.

Hiram all this time was indefatigable. He watched the course of trade. He endeavored to discover the secret of the success of the great South street houses. He worked, he pondered, and yet all the time served Hendly, Layton & Gibb with fidelity. Eastman became attached to him. Mrs. Eastman said the man did not give her half the trouble she expected. So you see, in certain quarters, Hiram was as popular as ever.

Meantime he had secured a seat in and joined Dr. Chellis's church. He duly presented himself at the Sunday school and obtained a fine class. From that time he never missed a service on Sunday, nor a lecture, or prayer meeting, or other weekly gathering. He even attended a funeral occasionally, in his zeal to 'wait' on all the ordinances. He was, however, exceedingly modest and unobtrusive. He did not seek to make acquaintances, but no one could help noticing his punctilious regularity and decorum. I have remarked that Hiram determined to cut off what had been a great source of pleasure—society; but he still paid the same attention to his personal appearance as before. After a while questions began to be asked: 'Who is this new comer, so constant, so devout, and so exemplary?'

'What a fine-looking fellow! I wonder who he is?' whispered Miss Tenant to Miss Stanley, one morning, as our hero passed their seats (they both had classes) to take his place with his Sunday school pupils.

'I don't know, I am sure,' replied her friend.

'I can't find any one who does. Do you know, I think he is real handsome?'

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'So do I, if he would only lift his head up and look people in the face; he is as bashful as a sheep.'

'My little brother is in his class, and he says they all like him so much. He takes such an interest in his pupils.'

'Then I should think you could find out something about him.'

'No: his name is Meeker; that's all any one seems to know.'

'Funny name; I don't like it.'

'Nor I. Still, we won't condemn him for his name. Besides, I like his face?'

'Hush!'

Here the conversation of the two young people was interrupted by the rapping of the superintendent, and the services of the school commenced.

If young ladies of the importance of Miss Tenant and Miss Stanley begin to talk about Hiram, you may be certain it will spread through the school and into the church. *He* knew what was going on—of course he did; but only took still greater pains with his personal appearance, and became more shy and reserved and assiduously devout.

The elders of the church could not help noticing him.

The young ladies noticed him.

Heads of families observed his exemplary deportment.

Who could he be?

Dr. Chellis, meantime, did not lose sight of his new communicant. They frequently met, and Hiram was always greeted, if not with cordiality, yet kindly. Strange to say, contrary to his habit, the Doctor neglected or omitted to enter into conversation with Hiram on religious topics. He felt a repugance to doing so which he could not explain. Everything seemed so praiseworthy in Hiram's conduct, that one would suppose the worthy divine would like to engage him in conversation, as the Rev. Mr. Chase used to do at Burnsville. But a certain aversion prevented it.

When applied to for information about Hiram, the Doctor could say

nothing, for he knew nothing; and so the mystery, for a mystery the young ladies determined to make of it, increased.

At last a rumor was circulated that Hiram had been disappointed in a love affair. A mischief-loving girl detailed it to Miss Tenant, whose interest in the young Sunday school teacher gradually grew stronger, and it soon became a well-authenticated piece of history.

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During this time a species of intimacy was growing up between Hiram Meeker and Hill. An odd companionship, you will say; but they seemed to get along very well together. The latter, as you may remember, was a wild, reckless fellow. He had his good traits, though. There was nothing mean in his composition, but much that was impulsive and generous. He never laid up a penny, and was always in debt. It was this unfortunate habit which had kept him so long at Joslin's. He had got in advance of his salary, and he would not quit till it was made up. When he left there, he succeeded in getting a place in a large wine and liquor house; for Hill's acquaintance was extensive, and in those days of extraordinary 'drumming,' in which he was a great proficient, his services were valuable. It was through Hill, as I have said, that Hiram got his place at Hendly's, and after that he was in the habit of looking in nearly every day on him toward the close of business hours.

I cannot precisely explain by what species of fascination this poor fellow was attracted to Meeker. Doubtless it originated in the triumphant resistance which the latter opposed to Hill's attempt on him at their first acquaintance, and his complete victory over and discomfiture of Benjamin Joslin, for whom Hill entertained a supreme contempt. There was a mystery about the sources of Hiram's power which completed the charm, and made Hill his willing subject, and afterward slave.

But what did Hiram want of Hill? That would appear more difficult to answer. He certainly did want something of him. For he encouraged his coming often to see him, and talked with him a great deal. He even lent him occasionally small sums of money. I repeat, what a droll companionship! Hill, a swearing, drinking, godless scoundrel. Meeker, a quiet, exemplary, religious, laborious young man.

Perhaps it was the rule by which opposites are attracted to each other.

Perhaps it was something else.

On the whole, I am inclined to think it was something else, on Hiram's part at least. I believe he acted, with respect to Hill, as he did with respect to everybody—from carefully considered motives. We shall see, perhaps, by and by, how this was.

Eastman used to wonder that Hiram should tolerate Hill's society. To be sure, he himself had a sort of family regard for him. But his presence always annoyed him. He even expressed his surprise to Hiram, who replied by making use of the moral argument. He was sorry for the poor fellow. He hoped to do him some good. Possibly he might be able to bring him under better influences. Certainly Hill would not harm *him*, while, on the contrary, he (Hill) might be benefited.

Hiram did not tell the truth.

Really, if he had dared to stop and inquire of himself, he would be forced to acknowledge that he did *not* want Hill to be different from what he was. Then he would not serve his purpose. To be sure, sometimes, when Hill permitted an extra strong oath to escape his lips, Hiram would fidget and look uneasy, and beg his visitor to break himself of such a wicked habit. But the secret of Hiram's power did not lie in his *moral* influence certainly, for Hill's habit of swearing did not improve, indeed it grew worse.

In this way passed our hero's first year in New York.

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION.

WE publish the principal part of the speech of Hon. R. J. Walker, against nullification and secession, made at the great Union meeting at Natchez, Mississippi, on the first Monday of January, 1833. We republish this speech from the Natchez *Mississippi Journal* of that date. Upon that speech, Mr. Walker became the Union candidate for Senator of the United States from Mississippi against Mr. Poindexter, a Calhoun nullifier and secessionist. After a three years' contest of unexampled violence, Mr. Walker was elected on the 8th of January, 1836. So distinct was the issue, that the Legislature of Mississippi declared nullification and secession to be treason. The contest was conducted by Mr. Walker by speeches in every county, with the banner of the Union waving over him, and to the music of our national airs.

We republish this speech now because it preceded Mr. Webster's great reply to Calhoun, and because its arguments are applicable to the present contest. This speech drew out Gen. Jackson's celebrated letter, heretofore published, in favor of Mr. Walker; and the speech received the cordial approval of ex-President Madison. By reference to the Washington city *Globe* of the 12th August, 1836, it will be found that, in conversation with Mr. Ingersoll, 'Mr. Madison spoke very freely of nullification, which he altogether condemned, remarking that Mr. Walker, of the Senate, in a speech he had made on some occasion, was the *first person* who had given to the public what he (Mr. Madison) considers the true view of Mr. Jefferson's language on that subject.' Mr. Webster gave the Whig arguments against nullification and secession, Mr. Walker the democratic; but they both arrived at the same conclusions:

Never, fellow citizens, did I rise to address you with such deep and abiding impressions of the awful character of that crisis which involves the existence of the American Union. No mortal eye can pierce the veil which covers the events of the next few months, but we do know that the scales are now balancing in fearful equipoise, liberty and union in the one hand, anarchy or despotism in the other. Which shall preponderate, is the startling question to which we must all now answer. Already one bright, one kindred star is sinking from the banner of the American Union, the very fabric of our government is rocking on its foundations, one of its proudest pillars is now moving from beneath the glorious arch, and soon may we all stand amid the broken columns and upon the scattered fragments of the Constitution of our once united and happy country. Whilst then we may yet recede from the brink of that precipice on which we now stand, whilst we are once more convened as citizens of the American Union, and have still a common country, whilst we are yet fondly gazing, perhaps for the last time, upon that banner which floated over the army of Washington, and living beneath that Constitution which bears his sacred name, let us at least endeavor to transmit to posterity, unimpaired, that Union, cemented by the blood of our forefathers. The honorable gentleman who has preceded me, in opposition to the resolutions submitted for your consideration, tells us that he was nursed in the principles of '76 and '98—that these are the principles of Carolina, and that they ought to be maintained. Let me briefly answer, that the humble individual who now addresses you is the son of a soldier of the Revolution, and that from the dawning of man-

hood, from his first vote to his last, at all times, and upon all occasions, he has supported and will support the principles of democracy, and the doctrines of '76 and '98. But it was under the banner of the Union that the whigs of '76 and '98 achieved their glorious triumphs; and is that the standard now unfurled by the advocates of nullification? It is true, we find nullification declared in the Kentucky resolutions to be a rightful remedy—but nullification by whom? by a single State? no—by those sovereignties the several States, in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, by a declaratory amendment annulling the power under which the law was passed. This would be a remedy in fact; for it would operate equally on all the States; but can the same act of Congress be constitutional in one State, and unconstitutional in another? South Carolina declares the Tariff unconstitutional—Kentucky declares it valid; is it nullified or not? is it void or valid? The South Carolina theory gives to each State, of itself, the unlimited power to pronounce ultimate judgment against the validity of any act of Congress. If so, the Tariff must be valid in Kentucky, and void in South Carolina. Yet if the Carolina ordinance, nullifying the Tariff, be valid in that State, it is valid in every other State, and Carolina may introduce foreign imports, once landed in her own State, into every other State, free of all duty; for, by the Constitution, 'no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State.' What then becomes of the ultimate judgment of Kentucky? Nullified by a single State; and that is the nullification of South Carolina, by which she can constitutionally, and as a member of the Union, repeal any act of Congress she may deem invalid, and prescribe her will for law throughout the limits of every other State. The Constitution of the Union would then be this: *Be it enacted*, that the American Congress shall possess such powers only as South Caro-

lina believes they may lawfully exercise; and the whole American people be thus subjected to the government of the ordinances of a single State. Is this democracy? The truth is, every act of Congress is intrinsically void or valid, from its repugnance to or consonance with the provisions of the American Constitution; nor can the judgment of a State render void an act of Congress which is constitutional, or render valid an act of Congress which is unconstitutional. Would the judgment of a single State have rendered the alien and sedition law constitutional, or the last war unconstitutional, or would the Supreme Court of the Union have been compelled to render opposite judgment in a case brought before them, declaring the citizen of Massachusetts bound to oppose, and of Virginia to support either of these laws, as their respective States had pronounced contradictory judgments upon them? Suppose Massachusetts had not only declared the last war unconstitutional, but had passed an ordinance requiring her citizens to resist the war, to prostrate and oppose the armies of the Republic, and to aid a tyrant's myrmidons in driving the steel deeper into the bosoms of our bleeding countrymen; would the ordinance be constitutional, or would not the acts it required to be performed be treason against the Government of the Union?

It is said a State cannot commit treason; no, but its citizens may; nor would they be rightfully acquitted because sustained by the judgment of a single State. If each State possesses an equal right to pass ultimate judgment upon any act of Congress, and two States enact ordinances directly contradictory to the same law, do they not, like the meeting of equal forces in mechanics, nullify each other? or must the same law be enforced in one State and disregarded in the other? Not without violating the Constitution; for if New York pronounces the Tariff valid, and South Carolina declares it

void, and suits are instituted in each State on bonds given for the payment of duties on imports introduced into each, must the duties be collected in one State, but not in the other? This would be to set at open defiance those clauses of the Constitution which declare that all imposts 'shall be uniform throughout the United States,' and that 'no preference shall exist in the collection of revenue in the ports of one State over those of another.' Upon an appeal from the decisions by the Federal district courts of New York and Carolina, in the suits on the bonds for these duties, how would the Supreme Court of the Union decide the question? by enforcing the payment of the bonds given in Carolina? No; for that State had exercised the right of ultimate judgment, and pronounced the law invalid; would the court decide against the validity of the bond given in New York? No; for that State, in exercising its equal right of pronouncing ultimate judgment, had declared that the law was valid. Or would they enforce the payments of the duties in New York and not in South Carolina? This, we have seen, would violate both the clauses of the Constitution last quoted. The only remaining judgment would be, to disregard the edict of a single State, and to enforce the payment of the duties in both States, or in neither, as the act of Congress might or might not be repugnant to the provisions of the Constitution. If Kentucky and Virginia thought they possessed the power in regard to the alien and sedition laws now claimed by Carolina in regard to the Tariff, where is the ordinance nullifying those laws? Or would they be nullified by resolutions expressing only the judgment and opinion of the Legislature in regard to the constitutionality of the law, as if the Legislature, one department only of the Government of a single State, could annul all the laws of the Union? Even South Carolina does not urge a doctrine so monstrous, for she declares this can be

done solely by the 'delegates' of the State in 'solemn convention.' South Carolina finds, then, in the practice of Virginia and Kentucky, no warrant for the doctrine of nullification. She finds neither ordinance, nor test oaths, nor standing armies, nor packed juries, nor secession, or threats of secession, from the Union. They find Mr. Jefferson in that great emergency protesting against 'a scission of the Union,' in any event; and the ordinance of South Carolina would have received his unqualified abhorrence. But, if we are asked to surrender the principles which alone can preserve the Union, on the assumed authority of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, of Kentucky and of Virginia—why do not the advocates of nullification tell us that Mr. Jefferson, in 1821, as appears by his printed memoirs, emphatically denied the right of a State to *veto* an act of Congress; and Mr. Madison, a surviving founder of the Constitution, and framer of the Virginia resolutions, unequivocally denounces the doctrine of nullification? And are they not safer guides than Messrs. McDuffie, Calhoun, and Hamilton, the former of whom wrote and published in 1821, and the latter deliberately sanctioned, in a laudatory preface, a series of essays, denouncing this very doctrine of nullification as the '*climax* of political heresies'? Why do not those who would look to Kentucky and Virginia as the only safe expositors of the Constitution inform us also, that the great and patriotic commonwealth of Kentucky is indignantly repelling the charge that nullification ever was sustained by her authority? Why do they not point to the unanimous resolution of the Virginia Legislature in 1810, declaring in the very case of a nullification, by a law of Pennsylvania, of a power of the General Government, that the Supreme Court of the Union is the tribunal, 'already provided by the Constitution of the United States,' 'to decide disputes between the State and Federal' authorities? (See 'Sup.

Rev. Code of Virginia,' page 150.) These resolutions, directly affirming the supremacy of the judgment of the Supreme Court of the Union over the laws and judgment of a State, were adopted by Virginia within a few months after the promulgation by that tribunal of its decree enforcing the authority of the Union against the nullifying edict of a sovereign State. Virginia did more: she not only affirmed the power of this tribunal, and sanctioned its decree, but spoke of it in terms of the highest eulogy, and scouted indignantly the proposition of Pennsylvania to vest the right of deciding questions of disputed power and sovereignty in some other tribunal than the Supreme Court of the Union. The same proposition was treated with the open or silent contempt of every State in the Union, South Carolina among the number; and Pennsylvania receded, though she had passed a law commanding the Governor of the State to prevent by an armed force the execution of the process emanating under the authority of the Constitution of the Union—though she placed her act upon the same ground as Carolina, that the power exercised in that case had never been granted by the Constitution to any department of the General Government. Thus ended nullification in the keystone of the arch of the Union. That State, which has ever sustained the Democracy of the South, in the election of Jefferson, of Madison, and Monroe, and the cheering voice of whose public meetings first called out as a candidate for the presidency the patriot Chief Magistrate who now upholds the banner of the Union, submitted to the law of the Union. And is nullification constitutional in Carolina, but unconstitutional in Pennsylvania? Is the one a *sovereign* and the other a *subject* State? Shall the one submit to the laws of the Union, and not the other? Why, sir, if the people of Pennsylvania could sustain a distinction so odious, the very shades of

their ancestors would rise from the battlefields of the Revolution, from Paoli and Germantown, and call their children bondmen of Carolina, vassals and recreant slaves! I speak not now of the whiskey insurrection, when, at the order of Washington, the militia of Virginia and of other States moved against the people of Western Pennsylvania, under the command of the Governor of Virginia and Carolina, and the nation approved the deed; but I speak of the period, during the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, when the State of Pennsylvania passed a law nullifying the powers of the General Government, under her reserved right to construe the Constitution at her pleasure, when she was compelled to yield to the laws of the Union, and her armed force, assembled by her Governor under an edict of the State, was ineffectual. Nullification was condemned by Jefferson and Madison, by Virginia and Carolina, and the people of the Union; and must one State nullify and not another? No, sir; all or none of the States must submit to the supremacy of the Government of the Union; and if Carolina can successfully resist that Government, will any other State submit to a power which is thus insulted, disgraced, defied, and overthrown by the edict of a single State, and which acts and exists only by its permission? No, sir; one successful example of practical nullification by a State destroys the Union; for it demonstrates that the Government of the Union has no power to execute its laws, or preserve its existence—that *it is not a government*, or that its powers are written in sand, to be swept away by the first angry surge of passion that beats over them. Such was the prediction of the despots of Europe, too soon to be fulfilled if the fatal ordinance of Carolina is sustained, and the flag of the Union struck down by the imperious mandate of a single State. Let us, then, now teach those despots, who, pointing with exultation to our dissensions, and anticipating our downfall,

proclaim that man is incapable of self-government, that the Union can and shall be preserved, that we know that 'Union and Liberty are inseparable,' that the name and privileges of American citizens are entwined with the very ligaments of our hearts, that they are our birthright, the glorious inheritance purchased by the blood of our forefathers, and never to be surrendered by their sons; that we will all rally round the banner of our country and sustain it, upon the ocean, on the land, in war and in peace, against foreign or domestic enemies; or, if it must fall, it will be upon the graves of Americans preferring death in its defence to life without it, when the iron chains of despotism would bind them as slaves to that soil which they would tread only as freemen.

It is said that the Government of the Union is but a league formed by sovereign States. Did the States form it as governments? if so, which or all of the departments of any State subscribed or ratified the compact? or could the government of any State change the organic law, unless by a power given them by the Constitution, or surrender the sovereign attributes of power, and unite the people in a new government with other confederates? No; the government cannot abolish or change its form or transfer its powers to another government: this highest act of sovereignty can only be performed by the people of a State; and it was by the people of every State, acting in convention as separate and distinct communities, that the Constitution was ratified and rendered binding upon the people of all the States; and, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, the Government thus formed was 'authorized to act immediately on the people and by its own officers.' Was it then a league only? No, it was what its framers, the people, as we have seen, and not the governments of all the States, called it, a 'Constitution'—a 'Government;' and it is an overthrow of fundamental princi-

ples to say that a 'constitution,' a 'government,' which is made 'the supreme law' in all the States, could be created by any power less than the people of the several States, but as the people of the States, and not in their aggregate capacity. Whatever may be the theories of the advocates of consolidation on the one hand, or nullification on the other, this is certainly a true history of the manner in which the Government of the Union was formed. The Constitution itself expressly declares that it could be created only by 'the ratifications of the conventions of the States;' and this Constitution was expressly rendered 'the supreme law of the land,' 'anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding,'—as if the government of a State could render their own constitution subordinate to another constitution. A return then having taken place, in forming the Constitution, to the people of all the States, as the primary fountain of power, they might have vested all their sovereignty, or but a part of it, in one government; and they might have given, in either event, the same power which exists in ordinary governments of enforcing its laws when sustained as constitutional by all its departments, subject only to the natural rights of the people to revolutionize the government in case of intolerable oppression. Certain important powers and attributes of sovereignty the people of the States gave to this new government. They made this government 'supreme' in the exercise of its powers in all the States. They gave this government the sole power 'to declare war.' Did the State then remain an absolute sovereign in that respect, and with absolute power to judge if the object of the war was constitutional, and annul the declaration? This new government had the sole power to lay and *collect* 'duties on imports;' did each State remain an absolute sovereignty in this respect, and with absolute powers to judge if the object of the duties was

constitutional, and annul the law? The General Government was the only sovereign as regards these powers; but a single State, having none of these powers, is made the absolute judge whether they can or cannot be exercised: then no powers have yet been granted to the General Government by any State, if each possesses the right to interdict the exercise of any of these powers. But, could this General Government exist without the authority to give one uniform effect to the execution of its powers in all the States? Created with all the organs of a government, legislative, judicial, and executive, may it enact, but not expound, or enact and expound, but not execute? Must it stop at the boundary of each State, and ask what power it possesses, and act upon the contradictory responses of each State? Must it possess one set of powers in one State, and another and wholly opposite set of powers in another State? May it lay a tariff in one State, and not in another, and yet this tariff required to be uniform in every State? Is it one constitution, and susceptible of one only true construction, or twenty-four constitutions, with twenty-four various and contradictory constructions, and all right, because all pronounced by absolute sovereigns exercising the uncontrolled power of ultimate judgment? Has it any powers, and what are they? Will Mississippi submit this question to Massachusetts or Carolina, or is a government created whose powers cannot be ascertained? Must anarchy govern? Can there be no decision, or is that of a single State, or of a small minority of the States, to sweep away the legislation of a majority, or two thirds of the States? According to the new theory, each State has the constitutional power in the first instance, and one fourth in the last resort, to judge what powers each State may exercise, and the other States must submit. Now, this is impossible, where the legislation of the two States is contradictory; and, if possible, is not a mere negative, but

a positive power. It is a government without limitation of power, in a single State, aided by one fourth of the States—a government by which the minority may control the majority in all cases whatsoever. Thus, Carolina frames any law or ordinance she thinks she may lawfully do in the exercise of her reserved rights. She gives clearances for vessels, for instance, to introduce all imports free of all duties. When once introduced into Carolina, she has, or claims and exercises the right under the Constitution of introducing these imports free of all duties into every other State in the Union. Two thirds of the States have passed an act of Congress imposing certain duties on foreign imports: as separate States they can pass no such laws, having surrendered that power in the Constitution of the Union. Can Carolina compel them to receive all foreign imports free of all duties? Yet she says this is one of her reserved rights, and she may forever constitutionally exercise it, in defiance of an act of Congress passed by two thirds of the States. Such a government would be an oligarchy of the most odious and detestable character. The right of the people of any State, or of any portion of them, to meet intolerable oppression by revolution is certain; but, in Mr. Jefferson's rough draught of the Kentucky resolutions (now attempted to be substituted for his deliberate conclusions as contained in the resolutions themselves), does he advocate nullification by a single State as a *constitutional* remedy, by a State remaining in the Union and submitting only to such laws as it deemed valid. No; it was not as a *constitutional*, but as a 'NATURAL right,' that Mr. Jefferson spoke of nullification by the people of a State. I say the people, for Mr. Jefferson well knew that the '*natural* right' of a State to nullify, as an artificial body politic, would be a contradiction in terms. This '*natural* right' is a *personal*, as contradistinguished from a *State* right; it is in-

alienable—it is neither given nor reserved by constitutional compacts—it exists in citizens of every State, the minority as well as the majority, and not in the government of any one State. But the exercise of this right is *revolution*—it is a declaration of independence—it is *war*, and appeals to the sword as its umpire. Let no State, then, claim to stand on the basis of the Constitution of the Union, while stripping it of its vital powers, or setting up its will for law. No, the ordinance of Carolina is not a peaceful, constitutional remedy: it is a nullification of the Government itself, sweeping away its revenues, its courts, and its officers; it is a repeal of the Union; it is despotic; it is revolutionary; it is belligerent; it is a declaration of war or separate independence. It looks beyond a repeal of the Tariff; for, whether the Tariff be repealed or not, it asks to engraft the doctrine of nullification as a permanent feature of the Constitution, applicable in every case in which any State may deem any act of Congress unconstitutional. Then each one of the States may take up the volumes containing all the acts of Congress, and repeal them all by one sweeping edict of nullification; for there is no limitation to the exercise of the power but her own will. It is said no State will abuse the power; but if a majority of the States, by their representatives in Congress, may abuse delegated powers, is there no danger that one of these same States, by their representatives at home, may mistake the nature of their powers, and endanger the Union by a usurpation of power? Or do the same people, and voting at the same period in any State, elect men to Congress who will violate, and to the councils of the State, who will uniformly preserve the Constitution? A State declared the last war unconstitutional: must the war be nullified, or, by the new theory, suspended, till, by a slow and tedious process, its constitutionality be affirmed by three fourths of the States? But, in the mean time, all hos-

tile operations must cease, our army be disbanded, our navy recalled, and no further supplies decreed of money, ammunition, or men. And when one State thus nullifies any act of Congress, she is not required to be sustained by the vote of any other State: the one fourth are only required to refuse to act—to remain neutral—if they consider the act of Congress inexpedient, although they believe it constitutional. Suppose the New-England States, after the war was pronounced unconstitutional by a single State, had refused to call a convention to amend the Constitution, or, if called, to grant the disputed power; then the war must have been abandoned, the minority must govern, and our country be disgraced, our seamen permitted to be pressed from the very decks of our vessels into foreign service, and the maritime despotism of Britain established without even a struggle in defence of our liberties. Shall opposition to the Tariff betray us into the support of doctrines so utterly subversive of the Constitution, and inconsistent with the existence of any government of the Union?

Once this power was threatened to be assumed by Massachusetts, now by South Carolina, and how and by what State it will next be exercised, or what vital power it may next strike from the Constitution, it is impossible to predict; but, if permitted in one State, it will be exercised by all, till not a vestige remains of the Constitution of the Union. Suppose the Tariff repealed by Congress, nullification may annul the repealing law. Louisiana may, in the exercise of her right of ultimate judgment, declare that the repealing law is unconstitutional, upon the pretext that it destroys rights vested by the first law and violates the plighted faith of the Government, insist on the collection of duties under the first law, pass her ordinance, array her State officers against those of the Union, and thus destroy the commerce of Mississippi, and of all the Western States, or com-

pel the collection of the present duties. Or she may say that, if Congress possesses no power to lay duties which will operate an incidental protection, Louisiana possesses the reserved right of imposing duties for that purpose; that each State possessed it before it became a member of the Union; that duties for revenue only can be collected by the General Government, and that the residuary power to lay duties for protection is one of the powers of a sovereign State; that she will exercise it, and impose protecting duties on imports, and thus we shall have various and conflicting State tariffs from Maine to Louisiana (the very object which the Constitution was designed to prevent); but if Louisiana alone adopt the measure, the commerce of the West is prostrate at her feet.

It is in the name of liberty and to protect minorities, that nullification professes to act; while in its first ordinance it sweeps away the dearest rights of a large minority of the people of Carolina, and binds the freedom of conscience in adamant chains. It deprives American citizens of that last and hitherto sacred refuge from oppression, a trial by an impartial jury, and requires the very judges upon the bench and jurors within the box to be sworn to condemn the unhappy man whose only crime was this: that he claimed the Government of the Union as his birthright, and acknowledged the duty of obedience to its laws. Such are the opening scenes of nullification; and, if not arrested, where or how will the drama close? In all the horrors of civil war. Turn your eyes upon the scenes of the French Revolution, and behold them about to be reacted within the limits of a sister State. Already nullification calls upon its twelve thousand bayonets; friend is rising against friend, and brother against brother, under the banner of Carolina on the one side, of the Union on the other; the inflammable materials are ready, the spark approaches, the explosion may

soon take place, and the genius of liberty, rising in anguish from the blood-stained fields of Carolina, spread her pinions, and wing her way forever from a world, on one side of whose waters despotism reigns triumphant, and, upon the other, anarchy, with one foot upon the scroll of the Declaration of American Independence, and with the other upon the broken tablet of the Constitution of the Union, shall wave that sceptre, whereon shall be inscribed the motto, never to be effaced: 'Man is incapable of self-government.' Yes, this is the best, the brightest, the last experiment of self-government: universal *freedom* or universal *bondage* is staked on the result of the success or failure of the American Union; and as it shall be maintained and perpetuated, or broken and dissolved, the light of liberty shall beam upon the hopes of mankind, or be forever extinguished, amid the scoffs of exulting tyrants and the groans of a world in bondage. Rising, then, above all minor considerations, and lifting our souls to the contemplation of that lofty eminence on which Heaven itself has vouchsafed to place the American people, as the only guardians of the hopes and liberties of mankind, let us act as becomes the depositaries of that sacred fire which burns on the altars of the American Union, and resolve that this Union shall be preserved, all whole and inviolate, as we received it from the hands of our forefathers.

But, if nullification is not a constitutional remedy, we are told that *secession* is; and a few, who deny the one, admit the other; and our venerable chief magistrate (Jackson) has been proclaimed as a Federalist, because he denies the right of secession; and many of his supporters, although some may not concur in every argument by which he arrives at his conclusions, but concur in the conclusions themselves, are visited with a similar denunciation. Sir, the President is one of the fathers and founders of the Democratic party—one of its earliest and most steadfast supporters,

in defeat and triumph, in war and in peace, in sunshine and in storm. In the Senate of the United States he voted against the alien law, and was a zealous advocate of the principles which resulted in the election of Mr. Jefferson, and the great political revolution of 1800; and if any one man has done more to support all the just rights of the States than General Jackson, that man is not known to me. It is now nearly ten years since I had the honor to propose the name of this illustrious patriot to the first meeting of a portion of the Democracy of Pennsylvania as a candidate for the presidency, and I will not hear him denounced as a Federalist without, at least, an effort in his defence. Who made the right of secession as a constitutional right of every State an article in the creed of the Democratic party, and by what authority? By what reasoning is nullification denounced, and secession supported, as a constitutional remedy? If there be any real difference, the former is check, and the latter a check-mate, to the movements of the Government of the Union. The same reasoning demonstrates the fallacy of nullification or secession, with equal clearness and certainty. A State cannot nullify a law of the Union, because the *Constitution* and *laws* of the State are made *subordinate* to the Constitution and laws of the Union, by a compact to which the people of each State were one party, and bound themselves to the people of all the other States, as the other party. One State cannot change the compact, or any of its terms or provisions, yet it may rescind the compact at pleasure! It would be abuse of language to call such an instrument a *compact*, because it would be obligatory upon none. Without the constitutional right to nullify a law of Congress by the ultimate judgment of the State against it, how could the constitutional power of secession arise? It is said, from a violation of the Constitution of the Union by the General Government; but if a State has not,

as the opponents of nullification admit, any right to pass ultimate judgment on the constitutionality of an act of Congress, how can it make the supposed violation of the Constitution by the General Government the basis of the act of secession? The preamble of the ordinance on which the State would rest its act of secession, by asserting the unconstitutionality of an act of Congress, would be swept away by the non-existence of a power in a single State to pronounce ultimate judgment upon the acts of the Government of the Union; and the preamble and ordinance of secession would fall together. Thus, when Carolina, in her ordinance, first declares certain acts of Congress unconstitutional, and proceeds, with the same ordinance, to nullification first, and then to secession, we deny her constitutional right to nullify or secede for the same reason; because the right declared by her ordinance to render an act of Congress unconstitutional by the judgment of a single State is a usurpation of power. Governor Hayne, of Carolina, in his late proclamation, inquires if that State was linked to the Union 'in the iron bonds of a perpetual Union.' These bonds were not of iron, or Carolina would have never worn them, but they are the enduring chain of peace and Union. One link could not be severed from this chain, united in all its parts, without an entire dissolution of all the bonds of union; and one State cannot dissolve the union among all the States. Yet Carolina admits this to be the inevitable consequence of the separation of that State; for, in the address of her convention, she declares that 'the separation of South Carolina would inevitably produce a *general dissolution of the Union*.' Has the Government of the Union no power to *preserve itself from destruction*, or must we submit to a 'general dissolution of the Union' whenever any one State thinks proper to issue the despotic mandate? It was the declared object of our ancestors, the hope of their children, that

they had formed 'a PERPETUAL Union.' The original compact of Carolina with her sister States, by which the confederacy was erected, is called 'Articles of Confederation and *perpetual* Union.' In the thirteenth article of this confederacy, it is expressly declared that 'the Union shall be *perpetual*;' and in the ratification of this compact, South Carolina united with her sister States in declaring: 'And we do further solemnly plight and engage the faith of our respective constituents' that 'the Union *shall be perpetual*;' and may she now withdraw this pledge without a violation of the compact? By the old confederacy, then, the Union was *perpetual*; and the declared object of the Constitution was to form 'a more perfect Union' than that existing under the former confederacy. Now, would this Union be more perfect under the new than the old confederacy, if by the latter the Union was perpetual, but, under the former, limited in its duration at the will of a single State?

The advocates of secession claim the constitutional power for each State to annul, not only any law which the State may deem unconstitutional, but to abolish the Constitution itself as the law of the State. Now, by this Constitution, Carolina granted certain powers to the General Government: may she constitutionally alter or revoke the grant, in a manner repugnant to the provisions of that Constitution? That instrument points out the mode in which it may be changed or abrogated, and by which the several States may assume all or any of the powers granted to the General Government, namely, by the conjoint action of three fourths of the States. What, then, are the powers reserved to the State? The ninth article of the Constitution of the Union declares that 'the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.' Then the powers delegated to the United States were

not reserved to the States or to the people. What is the meaning of the clause 'or to the people,' as contradistinguished from 'the States'? Does it mean that any of this mass of undefined powers, but embracing all not granted to the General Government, was reserved to the people of the United States in the aggregate? Then there would exist, and does now exist, a consolidated despotism. No, it was to the *people* of each State the reservation was made. Then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that none of the powers granted to the General Government were reserved either to the States or the people of any State. That is, so far as the people of any one State had granted, by their own separate constitution, to the State government any powers not delegated to the General Government, the government of the State might exercise these powers, and so far as any of these undelegated powers were not granted to the State government, by the people of the State, they were reserved to the people of each State. Now, one of the powers reserved to the people of each State is to change their form of State government, and resume the powers granted by it. But we have seen that neither the government or people of a State could resume 'the powers delegated to the United States,' because it was not one of the rights reserved to either. What! I am asked, cannot the people of a State abolish their form of government? Yes, in two modes: one in accordance with the Constitution, and the other by a revolution. Could the people of Carolina or Mississippi change or abolish their State constitution, except in the mode prescribed by that instrument, unless by a revolution? And the same power, the people of Carolina, that formed for them their State constitution, ratified and rendered obligatory upon them the Constitution of the Union; and can the one and not the other be abolished, except by a revolution, in any other mode than that prescribed by the Constitution? No;

the people of Carolina, and of all the States, as distinct communities, in ratifying the Constitution of the Union, rendered it binding upon the people of every State, by the declaration that 'this Constitution shall be the supreme law of the land, and that the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.' Here we see the distinction between the State and the people of the State again recognized and confirmed, and the 'State,' by its 'laws,' and the people of the State, by the formation of a constitution, expressly prohibited from arresting the operation of the Constitution of the United States, as 'the supreme law of the land,' 'in every State.' If Carolina secede, she must form a constitution, by which she will assume the powers granted to the General Government, and vest them in the government of the State. Here she would be met by the former act of the people of Carolina, declaring that they had abandoned the power to form for themselves a constitution by which the Constitution of the Union would cease within their limits to be 'the supreme law of the land.' Nor did the framers of the Constitution mean to say only that the then existing Constitutions of the States ratifying the compact should be subordinate to the Constitution of the Union; for then, also, only the existing laws of any State were required to be subordinate to the Constitution of the Union; but both are placed on the same basis. The power of a State to nullify by its laws, or secede by forming a new constitution, are both denied in the same clause and sentence of the American Constitution. The language is clear, that the Constitution of the Union shall be 'the supreme law of the land,' and 'binding in every State,' 'anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.' The terms are '*shall be*;' it is the language of command, it is prospective, it was binding when subscrib-

ed, now, and forever. Or, was Carolina never bound by this compact, and might she, the very day after it was ratified by her people, disregard it altogether, secede, and establish a constitution directly repugnant to the Constitution of the Union? If so, written constitutions are worse than useless; they are not obligatory, there is no penalty for their violation; obedience to them cannot be enforced; there is no government but that of opinion, fluctuating and uncertain, undefined and undefinable, which is paramount to the fundamental law. This is what the *despots of Europe* call our government, and why they *predict* its downfall—a prediction now in the course of fulfilment, if these anarchical principles can be recognized as the doctrines of the Constitution.

There is no difference between the doctrines or acts of Jefferson and Jackson on this subject. Both admit nullification or secession as a revolutionary measure; and the new doctrine of suspending a law by a nullifying edict finds not the remotest support from Mr. Jefferson. In his celebrated draught of the Kentucky resolutions, so much relied on by Carolina, we have seen, he speaks of these powers of the people of any State as 'a *natural* right,' and so is revolution; and the cases to which he refers are such as render a revolution unavoidable, namely, if Congress pass an act 'so palpably against the Constitution as to amount to an undisguised declaration that the compact is not meant to be the measure of the powers of the General Government.' Is there now such a case? if there is, revolution is justifiable. Why then ask any other remedy than revolution for a case where revolution would be unavoidable? And SECESSION IS REVOLUTION. But did Mr. Jefferson mean to say that whenever any State should place its laws or Constitution, by nullification or secession, in opposition to the laws of the General Government, that the power of the General Government must not be exerted? The very reverse. The act

of Congress of the 3d of March, 1807, signed and approved by Mr. Jefferson as President, expressly authorizes the President of the United States to 'employ such part of the land and naval force of the United States as may be necessary' to execute 'the laws of the United States.' Does this mean, as General Hayne tells us in his proclamation, to execute the laws against insurgents not sustained by any law of the State? No; this act was passed at the very time when Pennsylvania was proceeding, by virtue of a law of the State, to execute, by an armed force, the mandate of the State in opposition to the mandate of the Federal authorities; and the officer of Pennsylvania, acting under the mandate of the Governor and a positive law of the State, was condemned for executing a law of the State opposed to the mandate of the General Government, and only escaped punishment by the pardon of President Madison: and thus falls the very basis of the doctrine of nullification. Here is a commentary by Messrs. Jefferson and Madison, demonstrating their entire concurrence with our present Chief Magistrate. And, if any further evidence of Mr. Jefferson's views were wanting, it is to be found in his letters, already referred to, protesting against a separation of the Union, and denying the right of a State to 'veto' an act of Congress; and in many other letters to be found in his memoirs, insisting upon the power even of the old confederacy to exercise 'COERCION over its delinquent members,' the States. 'Compulsion,' he says, 'was never so easy as in our case, where a single frigate would levy on the commerce of a State the deficiency of its contributions; nor more safe than in the hands of Congress, which has *always* shown that it would wait, as it ought to do, to the last extremities, before it would exercise any of its powers which are disagreeable.' Here, then, we find Mr. Jefferson most distinctly admitting the power of Congress under the old, as in 1807 he ad-

mitted under the present confederacy, to *compel a State* by FORCE to obey the laws of the Union. Why, then, is General Jackson denounced as a tyrant, for doing that which his oath and the Constitution compel him to do? Suppose any State, by its ordinance, should arrest the passage of the mail through their limits, upon the pretext that the law was unconstitutional: the acts of Congress place at the disposal of the President the militia of any one or all of the States, or 'the land or naval force of the United States,' to *execute the law of the Union in every State, by whomsoever resisted or opposed*. The Constitution and his oath command him to execute the laws; he must execute them, and the mail must pass on, though the edict of a single State should attempt to arrest it by nullification or secession. Such, too, was the opinion of Mr. Jefferson; and that illustrious patriot would have laid his head on the block, and blessed the hand that severed it from his body, rather than sever the Union by the promulgation of the doctrines now ascribed to him. What are the consequences of this right of a State to secede from the Union?—this right of revolution, without the power of the General Government to *preserve the Union*? Any one State may arrest, to-morrow, the mail of the Union, and its passage from State to State, and refuse it a passage forever. Pennsylvania, a central State, may separate the North from the South, prevent all intercommunication, render our country a republic divided and indefensible. Louisiana, purchased by taxes imposed upon the people of all the States, may secede and establish a separate and independent government, lay protective or prohibitory imposts on the imports and exports of this State and of the West, carried through her ports and the outlets of the Mississippi. She might say, I will protect my own cotton planters, by prohibitory duties on the cotton of Mississippi or the West, or the imports designed to be

exchanged for it, shipped through my ports or through the outlet of the Mississippi: it is my interest to do so; for thus I can deprive the cotton planters of Mississippi and the West of a market; thus compel them to abandon the culture of that staple, and sell my own cotton at a higher price. Louisiana asserts no such doctrines; but, if she did, could Mississippi, could the West admit them? and, in the last resort, would not the Government *force* a passage for our imports and exports by the *sword*? Yes; for as well might you take the heart from the human body and bid it live, as sever Louisiana from the States that border on the Mississippi, and bid these States to prosper. No; Louisiana holds the outlet of that stream through which the life blood of their commerce and industry must forever flow; and we never could admit her right to secede from the Union, and dictate the terms on which we should use the outlet of that stream, whose banks were destined by heaven itself as the residence of a united people. Not only Louisiana, but State by State that borders on the Atlantic or the Gulf, might secede, seclude the West from the ocean, and render them the tributaries of the seaboard States, by laying prohibitory duties on their imports and exports. Could we submit to this? *Not while the West contained a gun to use, or a man to shoulder it.*

And may Carolina secede and establish an independent government? Did she establish her own independence? No, it was achieved by the arms and purchased by the blood of Americans, with the banner of the Union floating over them. I know the valor of Carolina, that, man to man, she is invincible; but, unaided and alone, she would have fallen in the Revolution. She would have fallen gloriously, her soil would have drunk the blood of her children; but still she must have fallen in the unequal contest. When Carolina was made the battlefield of the Revolution, from the very rock of Plymouth and

the heights of Bunker Hill, from Pennsylvania, from Virginia, American citizens flew to her rescue. Side by side with Carolina's sons they marched beneath the banner of the Union; they fought, they conquered; Carolina was redeemed from bondage, but upon her many and well-fought fields was mingled the blood and repose the ashes of our common ancestors, the pledges of our Union in victory and in death.

Shades of these departed patriots! arise, and say to the sons of Carolina, it was the Union that made you free. Without it, you would yet be subjects, colonial vassals, and slaves; without it, the chains are now forging that will bind you to the thrones of despots. And could we stand with folded arms, and behold the Union dissolved? Could we see the seventeen thousand freemen of Carolina, who cling with the grasp of death to the banner of the Union, deprived of their privileges as American citizens, proscribed, disfranchised, expelled from all offices, civil and military, driven by glittering bayonets from the bench and the jury box, tried and convicted by judges and jurors sworn to condemn, attainted as traitors, torn from the last embraces of wives and children, consigned to the scaffold or the block, or immured within the walls of a dungeon, where the light of heaven or liberty should never visit them, with no consolation but their patriotism, and no companions but their chains? And, gracious Heaven, for what? Oh! Liberty, when was thy sacred temple profaned by deeds like this? Thy martyrs suffered only for clinging to the banner of the American Union. And could we see them torn from around that sacred banner, and move not to their rescue? No; the glow that beams on every countenance, the patriot's answer that speaks from every throbbing breast, proclaims that, as in '76 our fathers marched to free their sires from tyrants' power, so would their children go, to save from death or bondage Carolina's friends of union—with them,

beneath the standard of our common country, to die or conquer.

Citizens of Mississippi, to you the address of the nullifying convention of Carolina makes a special appeal. It asks, if Carolina secedes from the Union, 'Can it be believed that Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, and even Kentucky would continue to pay a tribute of fifty per cent. upon their consumption to the Northern States for the privilege of being united to them, when they could receive all their supplies through the ports of South Carolina, without paying a single cent for tribute?' To this question, Georgia has already answered, by expressing her 'abhorrence' of the doctrine of nullification, her firm resolve to adhere to the Union. Tennessee has made the same response. Kentucky, in a voice of thunder, answers, *No*, we will preserve the Union as it is. And will Mississippi receive the bribe thus offered to dissolve the Union? What is it? The privilege of exchanging our exports for imports free of duty, in the ports of Carolina; and then would Carolina pay the taxes to raise and maintain an army, or a navy, and protect our commerce? But if she could, nature pronounces the project impracticable. Our commerce must flow through the outlet of the Mississippi; and how would our exports reach the ports of Carolina—how would our imports thence be received? Through the outlet of the Mississippi? No, that outlet and its ports would then be in the hands of Louisiana—in that event, to us a hostile foreign government, from which we had severed ourselves. For let it not be forgotten that Louisiana is not even invited to join this new confederacy; and if she were, is announcing her unalterable determination to adhere to the Union as it is. Then, through the outlet of the Mississippi our commerce could not be carried on with the ports of Carolina; for Louisiana, as we have seen before, would meet and stop our exports and imports with prohibitory duties.

Would we move up the Mississippi or Ohio to reach the ports of Carolina, or any other market? There we would find the confederates from whom we had severed; we would find a foreign government, and prohibitory duties would exclude our access to Carolina's ports in that direction. How would we reach them? The only other route, if Georgia and Alabama would grant the boon for Carolina's benefit, would be to pass through those States by land to Charleston, with our cotton, and return by land with the imports received in exchange. A trip of one thousand miles by wagon road with cotton! The entire value of the crop would not pay for its transportation. Is this the proposition of Carolina? What is the only commerce we could carry on with her? By abandoning the culture of cotton upon our fertile lands, for the benefit of Carolina, and our planters all becoming drovers of horses, mules, and cattle, to exchange for her imports, and return with them, packed on the number unsold of our mules and horses. And are these the benefits for which we are asked to dissolve the Union, and place the channel of the Mississippi above and below, and its outlet, in the hands of a foreign government, denying a passage ascending or descending, to our imports or exports, and excluding us from the ocean altogether? If Carolina's scheme were practicable, Mississippi would not sell the Union for dollars and cents; but though the scheme might be beneficial to Carolina, by stopping the culture of cotton on our fertile soil, to the people of this State it is ruin immediate and inevitable. The remedy Carolina proposes to us for the Tariff, is worse than the disease. The disease is not mortal—it is now in a course of cure; but Carolina's remedy is death—it is suicide; for the *dissolution of the Union is political suicide*.

A Southern convention is proposed, of the States of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, Ala-

bama, and Mississippi. If the object be a confederacy of these States, without Louisiana and the Western, Middle, and Northern States, if patriotism, or love for the Union were insufficient to restrain us from attempting this fatal measure, we have seen that it would blast forever the fortunes of the planters of Mississippi. But what States will unite in this convention? Georgia has disavowed the act of the self-constituted, self-elected minority convention that acted in her name. The history of Virginia speaks in the voice of indignant rebuke to all those States that assemble sectional conventions. North Carolina, unassuming, but steadfast in support of the Union, will enter into no such convention. Alabama, if her public meetings and journals and her chief magistrate speak the voice of the State, will send no delegates. Tennessee, brave and patriotic, devoted to the Union, and sustaining its banner in war and in peace, meets the proposition with a decided refusal. I imagine, then, our delegates would return without finding this Southern convention. I am opposed to all sectional conventions. We have had one such convention, and, whatever the secret motives of its members may have been, the very fact that it was a sectional convention, that it was believed to be convened to calculate the value of the Union, that it was supposed to have in view an Eastern confederacy, has sealed the doom of its members and projectors. And when the calm shall follow the storm, a similar fate awaits all who will go into this Southern convention. I trust there never will be another partial convention, Northern, Southern, Eastern, or Western; for, whether assembled at Hartford or Columbia, they are equally dangerous to the Union of the States. They create and inflame geographical parties. Could the North, assembled in convention, have that full knowledge of the situation and wants of the people of the South, as to legislate for them, and propose ultimatums to

which the South must submit, or leave the Union? Could the South possess that full knowledge of the situation and wants and interests of the people of all the other States, as to enable them to dictate the terms on which the Union should be governed or dissolved? No; it is only in a meeting of all the States, in Congress or convention, that that knowledge of the wants and interests of all, and that fusion of sentiment and opinion, and spirit of concession, can exist, in which the Constitution was framed, and all its powers should be exercised.

If we hold Southern conventions, then will there be Northern, Eastern, and Western conventions, and they will overthrow the Union. Partial confederacies will first be formed, and then, as Mr. Jefferson most truly tells us, would speedily follow the formation of a separate and independent government by each State. What is it we are asked to abandon, and for what? That Union which ushered in the morn of American Liberty, and gave birth to the Declaration of Independence; which carried our armies victoriously through the storms of the Revolution and the last war, and now waves triumphantly in every sea, the kindred emblem of our country's glory. It gave us Washington—it gave us liberty, and bears our name aloft among the nations of the earth. It is our only rampart in war—our only safeguard in peace, and under its auspices we declared, achieved, maintained, and can alone preserve our liberties. It is the only basis of our solid and substantial interests, and the last star of hope to the oppressed of every clime. Shall we calculate its value? No! for we will not estimate the value of liberty—and 'liberty and union are inseparable.' Dissolve this Union, and let each State become, as Mr. Jefferson truly tells us it would, a separate government, could we preserve our liberties? Where would be the army and navy and seamen of the State of Mississippi? how to be procured, and how to be maintained and

paid? Where would be her ambassadors and treaties, her commerce—and through what ports and by whose permission would she ship her exports or introduce her imports? Who would respect her flag, who recognize her as a nation—and how would she punish aggressions upon her rights, on the ocean or the land? No, fellow citizens; the President truly tells us that ‘separate independence’ is a ‘dream’—a dream from which we would wake in bondage or in death. But, if disgraced abroad, what would be our situation at home, as separate bordering and hostile States—and how long could we remain in peace and concord? The voice of history tells us—the blood-stained fields of our sister republics of America proclaim, that disunion would be the signal for war—a war of conquest, in which the weak would fall before the power of the strong; and upon the ruins of this now happy Union might arise the darkest despotism that ever crushed the liberties of mankind, for it would be established and could only be maintained by the bayonet. Perhaps, while yet the civil war should rage with doubtful issue, while exhausted and bleeding at every pore, that sanguinary alliance of despots, combined to crush the liberties of man, would send its armies to our shores. Under what standard would we rally to preserve our liberty? There would be no Union—without it there would be no strength; and those who, united, could defy the world in arms, divided would be weak and powerless. Such are the ultimate results of disunion. Let us take the first step, and all may be lost forever.

That step is nullification by Carolina, then her secession—then, as she truly tells us in her address, ‘the separation of South Carolina would inevitably produce a general dissolution of the Union.’ And shall Carolina dissolve the Union? No; the liberties of all the States are embarked together, and if one State withdraw her single plank, the national vessel must go down to rise no more, and shipwreck the hopes of mankind. Let us then adjure the people of Carolina, by the ties of our common country and common kindred—by the ruin and disgrace which civil war will bring upon the victors and vanquished—by the untried horrors of those scenes to which disunion must conduct, to repeal her ordinance, and not to force upon us that dread alternative, in which we must support the flag of our country, or surrender our Union and liberty without a struggle: that we cannot, we will not, we dare not, surrender them; and, if forced to draw the sword to defend our liberties, the motto will gleam on every blade: ‘The Union shall be preserved.’ For were it abandoned, life would not be a blessing, but a curse; and happiest would those be whose eyes were closed in death ere they beheld the horrors of those scenes to which with viewless and rapid strides we seem to hasten. Well, fellow citizens, may our hearts be wrung with sorrow on this occasion, in looking back to what we were, and forward to what we may soon be. Well may the tears unbidden start, for they are the tears that patriots shed over the departing greatness of our once united, but now distracted and unhappy country.

THE SIOUX WAR.

COMPARED with the great storm of rebellion which has darkened and overspread our whole national sky, the Indian war on our northwestern frontier has been a little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand;" and yet, compared with similar events in our history, it has scarcely a parallel. From the days of King Philip to the time of Black Hawk, there has hardly been an outbreak so treacherous, so sudden, so bitter, and so bloody, as that which filled the State of Minnesota with sorrow and lamentation, during the past summer and autumn, and the closing scenes of which are even now transpiring. We were beginning to regard the poetry of the palisades as a thing of the past, when, suddenly, our ears were startled by the echo of the warwhoop, and the crack of the rifle, and our hearts appalled by the gleam of the tomahawk and the scalping knife, as they descended in indiscriminate and remorseless slaughter, on defenceless women and children on our border.

In the year 1851, the Sisseton, Wahpeton, M'dewakanton and Wahpekuta bands of Dacotah or Sioux Indians by treaty ceded to the United States, in consideration of certain annuities to be paid them, all their lands within the present limits of the States of Iowa and Minnesota, excepting a reservation set apart for their habitation and use, embracing a narrow strip along the southern side of the Minnesota River, of about ten miles in width and one hundred and fifty in length. To this reservation these four bands removed their people, numbering some seven thousand souls, of whom, perhaps, twelve hundred were warriors. During the eleven years which have elapsed since this treaty was made, they have lived there, the State of Minnesota being meanwhile peopled by the whites

with unparalleled rapidity, and the Indians seeing flourishing and populous settlements springing up all about them. With but a single interruption, peace and amity has existed between the two races; missions, schools, and to some extent, agriculture, have been established among them; and a large number of halfbreeds, springing from marriages between white traders and Sioux women, have formed, apparently, a link of consanguinity and interest, which, aided by the influence and laws of civilization, would hereafter prevent any trouble or bloodshed on the part of the savages.

One single and very grave interruption to these peaceful relations has, however, occurred. In March, 1857, Inkpadutah, a Wahpekuta Dacotah, with a small band of followers, committed a terrible massacre near Spirit Lake, in the northwestern corner of Iowa, slaying fifty persons, and carrying away four women into captivity, two of whom were, after some months, ransomed and restored to their friends, the other two having been previously murdered by their captors. But Inkpadutah and his band were outlaws, driven away by their own people for creating internal dissensions; and although the perpetrators were never properly pursued and punished, it was not thought that the outrage had been countenanced by the rest of the nation, or that any danger existed of similar acts on their part.

The cause of the recent outbreak cannot, perhaps, be absolutely determined; the manner of its beginning is more easily traced. It must be understood that, for the purpose of receiving their annuities, the Indians, at a certain period every summer, come down from their hunting grounds to the two Agencies, one at Redwood, near Fort

Ridgely, and the other at Yellow Medicine. It is the custom to keep a certain quantity of provisions at these Agencies to feed them during these visits, and also to sometimes send them supplies during times of great want and scarcity of game in winter. Unfortunately, they came last year much earlier than common, and before they had received their usual notification from the Agent, that the annuities were awaiting them. In addition, as if all the accidents were destined to be adverse, the session of Congress was very long, the Appropriation Bill, which included the Indian appropriations, did not pass until the day before the adjournment, and the immense pressure of business on the Departments, and the great difficulty of obtaining coin, all occasioned long and unusual delays. The coin, \$71,000 in silver (Indians understand silver coin, and will scarcely take any other), was finally shipped by express from the sub-treasury in New York city, on the 12th of August, reached St. Paul on the 16th, and was immediately despatched by private conveyance to Yellow Medicine, via Fort Ridgely, at which latter place it arrived on the 18th.

The Indians came down to the Agency at Yellow Medicine about the middle of July, to the number of four thousand, men, women, and children. Here they remained in waiting some three weeks. Provisions, in small quantities, were given to them, but for so large a number of mouths the rations were scanty. This supply, with the few wild ducks and pigeons which they could shoot from time to time, the little flour they were able to buy on credit from the trading houses, and the half-grown potatoes they stole from the fields, enabled them to eke out a scanty subsistence.

As might be readily imagined, this state of things bred great discontent. On the morning of the 4th of August, a large number of Indians came over from their encampment, and some on

horseback, and some on foot, with guns and hatchets, rushed to the door of the warehouse, cut it down, and commenced carrying out bags of flour. The few soldiers who were stationed at the Agency, were, as well as the Agent and employés, taken completely off their guard by this movement; but in a short time they recovered themselves; got a field piece loaded and turned upon the crowd, and sent a squad of soldiers to the warehouse. At these preparations, the Indians desisted; but the military force was too small to make more than a formal demonstration. The pile of flour taken out of the warehouse had not been carried away, and while the soldiers prevented this being done, the Indians placed a guard to hinder its being recovered by the whites. Thus they stood during the remainder of the day, in an attitude of mutual defiance, yet neither party was willing to inaugurate hostilities. The next morning, when the Indians again as usual flocked down to the Agency, a couple of arrests were promptly made by the guard. This had the effect of driving them all back to their camps. Almost immediately afterward they struck their tents, and removed to a distance of from two to four miles. This was looked upon at the Agency as a war movement, and all possible defensive preparations were at once made. Some of the women were sent away, guns and pistols were loaded, field pieces and troops were placed in position, and pickets were thrown out. Everything looked like war. Still there had been no actual bloodshed. Through the mediation of Rev. Mr. Riggs, who had long resided among them as a missionary, peaceful counsels finally prevailed with the Indians. Thirty-six of the chiefs met the Agent in council, smoked the pipe of peace, acknowledged their offence, and expressed their sorrow and shame at its occurrence. Three days afterward another council was held, in which they agreed to receive certain

rations, and promised to induce their people to move away until the annuity money should arrive. The Agent, on his part, forgave their trespass, and promised to send for them as soon as he should be prepared to make their payment. So confident was he that the arrangement was amicable and satisfactory, that he went soon afterward to St. Paul on business, leaving his family at the Agency.

Things remained in this condition until Sunday, the 17th of August, 1862. On that day, four young Indians, belonging to Little Six's band, went to the house of Mr. Jones, at Acton, Meeker county, Minnesota. As they evinced an unfriendly disposition, Mr. Jones locked his house, and with his wife, went to the house of Mr. Howard Baker, a near neighbor, where he was followed by the Indians. They proposed to go out and shoot at a mark, but after leaving the house, suddenly turned and fired upon the party, mortally wounding Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. Baker, and a Mr. Webster. Mrs. Baker, with a young child, concealed herself in the cellar and escaped. The Indians then returned to Jones' house, which they broke into, killing a young woman who had been left there. This was the first bloodshed of the war.

Up to this time there seems to have been no deliberate preparation, no concerted arrangement for the outbreak against the whites. There was excitement and discontent among the Indians on account of hunger, the delay of their payment, and the real or supposed wrongs and frauds committed by white traders and officials; but no organized hostile movement had been agreed on. They knew that a great war was in progress between the whites; that armies were being raised, and the country was being drained of men. All this was known and discussed among them. There are also grave suspicions, and not without considerable show of evidence, that rebel emissaries, Indians or half breeds from

the Missouri border, had been among them fomenting the discord and urging war.

When these four young men returned on the 18th to their band, which was then with others at the Sioux Agency at Redwood, the recital of their murders created the most intense excitement among the Indians. They became infuriated at the idea of bloodshed. Before the whites were aware that trouble was brewing, Little Six's, Little Crow's, Grey Iron's, and Good Road's bands of M'dewakantons, and a part of the Lake Calhoun band, gathered around the buildings, and, with a general rush and yell, massacred the whites, some twenty-five in number, robbed and plundered the stores, and laid the whole place in ashes.

The party who were conveying the annuity money to the Agency, reached Fort Ridgely on the afternoon of the same day, and there learned that the outbreak had taken place. A garrison of about seventy-five men was in the fort at the time the news of the massacre reached it, and Captain Marsh, taking fifty of them, proceeded toward the Agency, fifteen miles up the river. In the evening twenty-one of the men returned, to tell that the detachment had fallen into an ambush, and that all the others, including the captain, were either killed or drowned.

The Indians seem to have at once despatched messengers with the news of these hostilities to the bands at the Upper Sioux Agency, at Yellow Medicine. The chiefs there immediately called their followers into council. About one hundred Sissetons, Wahpetons, and thirty young Yanktons, were present. The council was stormy, and divided in sentiment; the, Sissetons urging the killing and robbing of the whites, saying the M'dewakantons had already gone so far that they could not make matters worse, and that, as the whites would inflict punishment upon all alike, the best thing to be done was to kill them and take their goods.

The Wahpeton chiefs, though willing to rob the whites, insisted on sparing their lives, and sending them off with their horses and wagons across the prairies.

About one fourth of the Sioux, previous to these events, had, through the efforts of the Government and missionaries, renounced their savage life, and adopted the customs of civilization. They had cut off the hair, discarded the blanket, adopted the civilized costume, and undertaken to live by the cultivation of the earth, instead of the chase. One of the chiefs who joined in this reform was An-pe-tu-to-ke-ca, or Other-Day, an Indian of more than ordinary intelligence and ability. He had been much among the whites, and was a convert to Christianity. Some years previous, while he was at Washington city with a delegation of his tribe, a rather good-looking white woman, who had lost caste in society, fell in love with him, married him, and followed him to his Indian home in Minnesota.

Other-Day took part in this deliberation. He arose and addressed the council, warning them against the consequences of the attack they were meditating. They might succeed in killing a few whites, he told them, but extermination or expulsion would be their fate if they did. But his pacific arguments produced no effect. Toward evening, the Yanktons, Sissetons, and a few of the Wahpetons rose from the council, and moved toward the houses of the whites, to prepare for the attack. All the afternoon the Indians had been busy taking their guns to the blacksmith shop to have them repaired, which the unsuspecting smith, being told they were going on a buffalo hunt, had done.

Other-Day now left the council, took his wife and his gun, and went to warn the whites of the impending danger. They had, up to this time, known nothing whatever of the council. At his suggestion, sixty-two persons assembled

in one of the Agency buildings, gathered their arms, and prepared to defend themselves. Part of the farmer Indians assisted Other-Day in standing guard round the house that night, part of them guarded the house of Rev. Mr. Riggs, their old missionary, to whom they were very much attached, and another part joined the insurgents.

Small bands of hostile Indians were seen prowling around the house during the night, and by the next morning it was nearly surrounded. At daybreak, several shots were fired near the warehouses, some distance away, and then a triumphant yell was heard from the Indians as they broke into the stores and killed the inmates. At this, the savages who had prowled around the house during the night ran off to the scene of the riot to share in the booty; and even the farmer Indians who had stood guard for the whites, excepting only Other-Day, followed them.

Other-Day now advised the whites to make their escape, and offered to pilot them out of danger. They were at first inclined to doubt his faithfulness; but in their extremity, finally consented to follow him. While the hostile Indians were occupied in the work of plundering the stores and warehouses, the whites managed to collect three two-horse wagons, and two buggies, and placing as many of the women and children as they could in these, the party, sixty-two persons in all, started off in a direction opposite to the usually travelled route. They reached and forded the Minnesota River, eluded pursuit, and after a three days' march of great severity and privation, under the faithful and successful guidance of Other-Day, they arrived at a place of safety. True among the treacherous, he should be gratefully remembered, and liberally rewarded and protected for the remainder of his life, by the people of Minnesota and the Government of the United States. When he reached St. Paul, after the escape, he wrote the following, in

answer to the many questions asked him :

"I am a Dakota Indian, born and reared in the midst of evil. I grew up without the knowledge of any good thing. I have been instructed by Americans, and taught to read and write. This I found to be good. I became acquainted with the Sacred Writings, and there learned my vileness. At the present time, I have fallen into great evil and affliction, but have escaped from it; and with fifty-four men, women, and children, without moccasins, without food, and without a blanket, I have arrived in the midst of a great people, and now my heart is glad. I attribute it to the mercy of the Great Spirit.

AN-PE-TU-TO-KE-CA.

(Other-Day.)"

Another party of about forty persons escaped from the vicinity of Yellow Medicine, under the guidance of the missionary, Rev. Mr. Riggs, who was also warned and aided by a few of the farmer Indians.

Having thus successfully attacked and destroyed the Lower Agency, at Redwood, and the Upper Agency, at Yellow Medicine, and having obtained large supplies of arms and ammunition from the stores and warehouses they sacked at these points, part of the Indians divided into small marauding bands, and scoured the country, attacking and murdering isolated settlers, burning houses, and stealing horses and cattle; but the larger portion remained together, and, under the leadership of Little Crow, planned further attacks.

Fifteen miles below the Lower Agency, on the north bank of the Minnesota, is Fort Ridgely; and twenty miles below the fort, on the southern bank of the river, is the town of New Ulm, which, as its name indicates, is mainly populated by German settlers. Early in the afternoon of Tuesday, August 19th, a party of citizens from New Ulm, returning from a neighboring village, where they had gone to aid in recruiting volunteers for the Union army, were fired upon from an ambush by a number of mounted Indians, and several of them killed. Those who

escaped had barely time to get back to New Ulm and give the alarm before the Indians advanced upon the town, and began firing at long range upon the distressed and panic-stricken inhabitants, who were huddled together, in helpless confusion, in a few of the more protected houses. Fortunately, a squad of eighteen armed men from one of the lower counties had arrived there an hour or two previous. Only six of the number had good guns; but they immediately organized themselves, and went forward to meet the savages. By dint of determined coolness and bravery, they held the Indians at bay, killing several of them, until, seeing the town reinforced by another small party of mounted whites, the savages retreated. The fight lasted two or three hours, and a number of the Germans were killed.

Beaten back from New Ulm, the Indians retraced their course up the river, and being joined by other bands, a concerted and deliberate attack was next made on Fort Ridgely. Like too many of our frontier forts, it is a fort only in name. Situated on a projecting spur of the river bluff, it is almost completely encircled by deep and wooded ravines, the edges of which are within a stone's throw of the buildings. A long, two story stone building with an ell, standing in the centre, and a number of log and frame houses ranged around it in an irregular circle, with several barns and outhouses beyond them, constitute what is called the fort, but what is really only barracks for a small number of troops.

When on Monday Captain Marsh left the fort to quell the disturbances at the Agency, only about twenty-five soldiers remained to protect it. After his party was cut up in ambush, only twenty-one, wounded and all, returned. Luckily, however, on Tuesday, two detachments of reinforcements, of about fifty men each, reached the garrison in safety. On the other hand, from the beginning of the outbreak,

the women and children of the surrounding country who had escaped massacre, sometimes a whole family, sometimes only a single member—now a mother, and then a child—fresh from the scenes of savage violence and blood, had been fleeing to the fort for safety, until the number had been swelled to some three hundred. Six cannon, a few old condemned muskets, and considerable supplies of provisions were fortunately in the fort. Such hurried preparations for defence as could be, were soon made. Small squads of Indians were seen prowling about during Monday and Tuesday, but they were promptly scattered by a shell from the howitzer, accurately planted by the veteran artillery sergeant who was in charge of the guns.

At a quarter past three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, about three or four hundred Indians, led by Little Crow, advanced under cover of the woods and ravines to the attack of the garrison. It was a complete surprise, the first announcement being a deadly volley through one of the north entrances into the parade ground of the fort. For a moment there was uncontrollable confusion and alarm among the whites, and had a storming assault immediately followed, the fort must have fallen. The garrison, however, quickly rallied, manned the guns, and poured a steady fire on their assailants. The Indians, as usual, took shelter behind every available cover—trees, ravines, outhouses, high grass and logs—the whites directing their return shots as best they could. In this way, a brisk fusilade was kept up until half-past six o'clock in the evening. A number of the outbuildings were fired by the enemy, but the flames did not reach the fort. The houses that remained nearer the fort were destroyed by the garrison after the enemy withdrew. The garrison lost twelve or fifteen men killed and wounded in this engagement.

A night of terrible anxiety and sus-

pense succeeded, but there was no further disturbance. On the next day, Thursday, two more attacks, each lasting about half an hour, were made, one at nine o'clock in the morning, and the other at six in the evening, but they were much feebler than the previous one, and easily repulsed.

The final and most desperate attack occurred on Friday, the twenty-second. The garrison was engaged in strengthening its defences, when, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the sentinel saw at two miles distance great numbers of Indians approaching on horseback. As they neared the fort they dismounted, and advancing from three different points under cover of the ravines, where the shells from the field pieces could do them but little damage, they opened a terrible fire on the garrison. But the previous two days' siege had steadied the nerves of the whites, and they received the onslaught coolly, reserving their fire until they could obtain a fair view of the enemy, and do effective execution. The "big guns," of which Indians stand in so great dread, were also well served. The fight raged all the afternoon, from two until half past six o'clock. Once the savages pressed up so near that the half-breeds in the fort could distinguish the shout of the chiefs ordering a charge for the purpose of capturing the guns. It was a concerted movement; a feint to draw the fire of the field pieces, and an immediate rush was made to secure them before they could be reloaded. But the old artillery sergeant was not to be trapped; he reserved the fire of his own gun, and when the storming party emerged into open view, he planted a shell among them which sent them howling back to their shelter. At nightfall the savages reluctantly gave up the siege and retired, carrying away a considerable number of killed and wounded. Those in the fort escaped miraculously; only one man being killed, and three or four slightly wounded.

The next morning, Saturday, the Indians were seen again approaching the fort, apparently to renew the attack; but it was soon discovered they were withdrawing, to wreak their thwarted vengeance on the devoted town of New Ulm. In the interim since the first attack, the town had been reënforced by about one hundred volunteers, and had also been put in a partial state of defence. Fire, murder, and pillage marked the way of the savages toward it; the garrison noted their approach by the clouds of smoke which the burning dwellings of the settlers sent up to heaven.

The Indians reached and again attacked New Ulm, on Sunday morning at about eleven o'clock. The commanding officer of the whites had placed pickets, and a considerable part of his force to support them, along the outer edge of the town toward the foe; but so fierce and impetuous was the attack, that the whites were forced back into the town at the first onset of the enemy, giving them possession of several of the outer buildings, from which they pushed their further operations. But the garrison soon rallied, and obstinately held their ground. Finding themselves so unexpectedly held at bay, the Indians, who were to the windward, set fire one after another to the buildings they held, thus literally burning their way into the town. All day long this continued. Toward evening, the whites found they had been forced back, inch by inch, by the fire and smoke and the swift leaden messengers of death, until nearly one half of the town was lost; but they rallied once more, made a vigorous charge on the foe, and drove them out. At this the Indians withdrew, forming themselves into three parties; and camped a short distance off, making the night hideous with fiendish yells and the horrid music of their war dances. During the night the garrison retreated into a still smaller and more defensible part of the town, committing the rest

to flames. A brief demonstration was made by the enemy on the following morning, but finding the whites so well posted, they finally abandoned the contest and withdrew. The whites, exhausted and cut up, joyfully welcomed a cessation of hostilities. During the day they evacuated the town, bringing off what remained of the garrison in safety. In this battle they lost ten killed, and about fifty wounded, while the Indians lost about forty. They were seen to haul off four wagon loads of dead.

The events thus far narrated cover a period of nine days, and, though forming the principal ones, were by no means the only events of that brief time. The contagion of murder, arson, and rapine spread over the whole area of country on which the Indians lived and roved, embracing a district one hundred miles in width by two hundred in length. Fort Abercrombie, situated at the upper end of this vast tract, was surrounded and besieged, as Fort Ridgely at the lower end had been. Throughout the intermediate region, scattering parties of the savages appeared in the isolated villages and settlements, spreading death and desolation. Local conditions exaggerated and heightened the horrors of the insurrection. The population of Minnesota, and particularly of these exposed regions, unlike that of the lower Western States, whose settlers, trained in border warfare, were familiar with savage craft and cruelty, and inherited the prowess and spirit of daring adventure which possessed Daniel Boone, was largely made up of foreign emigrants, Germans, French, Norwegians, and Swedes. They were unaccustomed to danger, and unused to arms. They had lived for years in confidence and daily intercourse with the Indians. Engaged in the absorbing labor of building and providing their new homes, they were without guns or other weapons of defence. Still worse, the war for the Union had called into

its ranks a large proportion of their young, active, and able-bodied men, and left only the women and children to gather the harvest and guard the hearthstone. Upon their heads this storm burst suddenly, and with a terror which deprived them of all courage and resource to resist it. Emboldened by the feeble opposition they met, and maddened by the carnival of blood in which they rioted, the savages indulged in cruelties and barbarities too horrible to recount in detail. The Governor of Minnesota, in a special message to the Legislature of the State, thus paints them:

‘Infants hewn into bloody chips of flesh, or nailed alive to door posts to linger out their little life in mortal agony, or torn untimely from the womb of the murdered mother, and in cruel mockery cast in fragments on her pulseless and bleeding breast; rape joined to murder in one awful tragedy; young girls, even children of tender years, outraged by their brutal ravishers, till death ended their shame and suffering; women held in captivity to undergo the horrors of a living death; whole families burned alive; and as if their devilish fury could not glut itself with outrages on the living, its last efforts exhausted in mutilating the bodies of the dead; such are the spectacles, and a thousand nameless horrors besides, which their first experience of Indian war has burned into the brains and hearts of our frontier people.’....

A wild panic ensued. Those who escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife fled in consternation and dismay, abandoning their little earthly all, leaving their cattle astray on the prairies, and their crops uncut and ungathered in the fields; some fleeing with such precipitation as to leave their food untouched on the table, where but a moment before it had been spread for the daily repast. Women and children wandered for days in the woods, subsisting on nuts and berries. Every road was lined with fugitives, and all the villages were crowded with their surrounding population. The refugees poured by hundreds into the city of St. Paul, situated from eighty to one hundred and fifty miles from the scenes of

the outbreak; and many, who were able to do so, embarked on the first departing steamers, and hurried away from the State. It is estimated that ten large and flourishing counties were almost completely depopulated.

It so happened that a portion of the volunteers recruited for the Union army had not yet been ordered out of the State. Though poorly equipped and supplied, they were at once sent into the field against the Indians, and they served as a nucleus around which the irregular organizations could rally. Every old gun, pistol, knife, or other weapon was cleaned up; every pound of powder and lead was bought and distributed; and horses were impressed by military authority, with which to extemporize cavalry companies. The surrounding States promptly sent what aid they could in men, guns, and cartridges. The Governor by proclamation authorized the formation of companies of scouts and rangers in the threatened neighborhoods. Very soon after the outbreak, Colonel H. H. Sibley, an experienced frontiersman, having a thorough knowledge of Indian habits and character, was on the march against them, with about one thousand men. The General Government augmented these forces as rapidly as possible, and sent Major-General Pope to assume command of the Indian Department.

Hearing of Colonel Sibley's approach, Little Crow retreated to Yellow Medicine, taking with him a large baggage train of plunder, and about one hundred white prisoners, chiefly women and children, whom he had captured at different places, and whom, with a few exceptions, they did not specially maltreat, but compelled to labor at camp drudgery.

Colonel Sibley pushed on with his forces, sending in advance a cavalry detachment, which reached and relieved Fort Ridgely on the 27th of August, after it had been besieged for nine days. He himself arrived at that

post with the remainder of his troops on the following day. On the 31st, he sent out a detachment of two companies, one mounted, a fatigue party of twenty men, and seventeen teams and teamsters, to reconnoitre the neighboring settlements and to bury the dead. They proceeded to the Minnesota river opposite the Lower Agency, and found and buried sixteen corpses the first day. The next day they continued their search, finding and burying fifty-four. That night they encamped on the open prairie, near the upper timber of the Birch Coolie creek, three miles from the Lower Agency. At about four o'clock of the next morning, September 2, one of their sentinels shouted, "Indians!" and almost immediately, a shower of balls rained upon the camp. From this first fire, and during the confusion attending it, the detachment suffered severely. They soon, however, gained the shelter of their wagons, and from behind them and the piles of dead horses which literally covered the ground, they returned a vigorous fire upon their assailants, meanwhile digging a rifle pit as they fought. It was a fierce morning's battle, and the foe, in largely superior numbers, had nearly surrounded and captured them when reinforcements arrived. So hot was the attack, that one of the tents was found to have one hundred and forty bullet holes through it.

The boldness and severity of this attack, demonstrated to Colonel Sibley the necessity for an increase of force and very cautious movements, and accordingly he fell back to the neighborhood of Fort Ridgely. Anxious also to obtain the release of the white prisoners in Little Crow's camp, and fearing that if he won a decided success in battle they would be murdered, he determined to resort to negotiation. He therefore wrote the following note and left it fastened to a stake, on the ground where the last battle had taken place:

'If Little Crow has any propositions to

make to me, let him send a halfbreed to me, and he shall be protected in and out of my camp.

H. H. SIBLEY,

Col. Com. Military Expedition.'

A day or two afterward, two half-breeds came into his camp under a flag of truce, bringing a note signed 'Little Crow, his mark,' excusing and justifying his attack on the whites. Colonel Sibley replied, 'Little Crow, you have murdered many of our people without cause. Return me the prisoners under a flag of truce, and I will talk with you like a man.' After the lapse of a few days, another message came from Little Crow, stating that he had one hundred and fifty-five prisoners, and asking what he could do to make peace. Colonel Sibley replied that his young men had been committing more murders, and that was not the way to make peace.

Having learned from several sources that serious dissensions had broken out in the Indian camp, and having also received the needed reinforcements, Colonel Sibley left Fort Ridgely on the 12th of September, and marched up the Minnesota river to Wood Lake, near Yellow Medicine, arriving there on the 22d following. Little Crow was encamped in the vicinity with his braves. The savages, however, had become demoralized, and he could no longer control them. Little Crow desired to make an attack that night, but his opponents told him in council that if he was a brave Indian he would fight the white man by daylight. Accordingly, next morning he attacked Colonel Sibley's forces with three hundred of his warriors, the others refusing to join in the fight. After a sharp two-hours' battle the Indians were completely routed, losing thirty killed, and a proportionate number of wounded. The whites lost four killed, and forty wounded.

This battle substantially ended the war. The Indians retreated, and the whites pursued them to Lac Qui Parle. Four days afterward, a camp of about

one hundred and fifty lodges of Indians and halfbreeds separated from Little Crow's party, met Colonel Sibley in council, surrendered themselves, and formally delivered up to him ninety-one white prisoners, and over one hundred halfbreeds, whom they had obtained. Other parties came in afterward, surrendering themselves unconditionally, until between two and three thousand Indians, of all sexes and ages, were in the hands of the troops as prisoners of war. A military commission was appointed to try the ring-leaders and worst offenders, and over three hundred of them were convicted and sentenced to death. Before this paper is printed, some, at least, of these, will have expiated their crimes on the gallows. Little Crow, with a small but desperate band of followers, succeeded in making his escape to Devil's Lake in Dakota Territory.

The future disposition of the Indians of the State of Minnesota is one of the most perplexing minor questions of the day. In their present location, the feud of race engendered by the insurrection will only die with the genera-

tion that witnessed its beginning. Humanitarian impulses and humanitarian duties are forgotten in the fierce thirst for private vengeance. With one voice, the people of that State demand the removal or threaten the extermination of their dangerous neighbors. But whither shall they go? The swallowing tides of civilization encompass them on the east, the north, and the south; and the only other avenue, the west, is guarded by the gaunt wolf starvation.

It is proposed by some to colonize them on the island of Isle Royale, in Lake Superior; by others, to purchase some small West India island, and transport them there, where tropical nature will feed them without expense to the Government. Perhaps the more practical measure would be to gather all that remains of the red race within the United States into one Territory, to establish a more thorough guardianship over them, and to subject them to a stricter and more absolute government, which should compel them to assume gradually the duties and customs of civilized life.

'DEAD!'

With chilling breath it comes :
 Again—and yet again ! on every gale,
 America ! from thy great battle field !
 Our hearts are hushed, and desolate our homes—
 Our lids are heavy, and our cheeks are pale—
 While thus we yield
 Our loved ones up to thee !

Dead ! dying at their posts !
 The young, the noble, and the loving ones !
 The widow's all ! the gray-haired father's hope—
 All thine, my country ! take the treasured hosts :
 Hold in thy faithful keeping all thy sons !
 We give them up—
 To thee and liberty !

Oh, keep our honored dead
 Within the folds of thy great-pulsing heart!
 Entwine their memory with thy polished lore:
 Cherish the sacred dust above *their* bed
 Who sprang to shield thee from the traitor’s dart!
 Bless evermore
 The dead who died for thee!

Silent the teardrops fall
 Down the pale mother’s cheek at close of day;
 For sorrow sitteth at the widow’s gate:
 Dark are the shadows gathered on the wall,
 And where the mourner bendeth low to pray—
 No more to wait
 The coming of her free!

For thee—‘dear native land!’
 What precious hopes are severed one by one!
 What hearts lie crushed and sick by ‘hope deferred!’
 How many dear ones, stretched along the sand,
 Bleed out their lives beneath a blighting sun—
 With but a word—
 ‘Mother!’ for plaint or prayer!

Shall they be vainly shed—
 The blood and tears that wash our stricken soil?
 Bringing no healing with their torrent streams?
 Vain the long requiem for the noble dead—
 Vain all the agony and all the toil—
 The soldier’s dreams—
 The patriot’s thought and care?

No! float upon the winds!
 Flag of my country! let thy stars give light
 To nations of the earth! proclaim afar
 The end of tyrant rule that madly binds
 Our millions down beneath a fearful blight!
 Float—*every star!*
 We have not one to spare!

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

'ALL of which I saw, and part of which I was.'

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER dinner, we rode over my friend's plantation. It contained about twelve hundred acres, mainly covered with forest trees, but with here and there an isolated patch of cleared land devoted to corn and cotton. A small tributary of the Trent formed its northern boundary, and bordering the little stream was a tract of three hundred acres of low, swampy ground, heavily timbered with cypress and juniper. Tall old pines, denuded of bark for one third of their height, and their white faces bearded with long, shining flakes of 'scrape turpentine,' crowned the uplands; and scattered among them, about a hundred well-clad, 'well-kept' negro men and women were shouting pleasantly to one another, or singing merrily some simple song of 'Ole Car'lina,' as with the long scrapers they peeled the glistening scales from the scarified trees, or, gathering them in their aprons, 'dumped' them into the rude barrels prepared for their reception. Preston had a kind word for each one that we passed—a pleasant inquiry about an infirm mother or a sick child, or some encouraging comment on their cheerful work; and many were the hearty blessings they showered upon 'good massa,' and many their good-natured exclamations over 'de strange gemman dat sells massa's truck.'

'He'm de kine, 'ou gals,' shouted an old darky, bent nearly double with age, who, leaning against one of the barrels, was 'packing down' the flakes as they were emptied from the aprons of the women: 'He'm de kine, I tell by him eye; de rocks doan't grow fass ter dat gemman's pocket!'

'Well, they don't, uncle,' I replied, tossing him a half-dollar piece, and throwing a handful of smaller coin

among the women. A general scramble followed, in which the old fellow nimbly joined, shouting out between his boisterous explosions of merriment:

'Dis am de sort, massa; dis am manna rainin' in de wilderness—de Lord's chil'ren lub dis kine—it'm good ter take, massa, good ter take.'

'Good as black jack, eh, uncle?'' I inquired, laughing, for I saw certain lines about his shrunken mouth, and underneath his sunken eyes, which told plainly he was rather too familiar with that delicious compound of strychnine and whiskey.

'Yas, massa, good as black Jack; dat's my name, massa, dat's my name—yah, yah,' and he turned his face, wet with merry tears, and distended in an uncommonly broad grin, up to mine. In a moment, however, his eye caught Preston's. His broad visage collapsed, his distended mouth shrank to a very diminutive opening, and his twinkling eyes assumed a peculiarly stolid expression, as he added, in a deprecatory tone:

'No, massa Robert, not so good as black jack; not so good as dat—'ou knows I doan't keer fur him; you knows I doan't knows him no more, massa Robert.'

'I know you never knew him,' replied Preston, playing on his name. 'He's a hardened old sinner. He has sinned away the day of grace, I'm sure. But you know better than to ask presents of strangers. Give it back to the gentleman at once.'

An indescribable expression stole over the old negro's visage as he thrust his hand through his thin, frosty wool, looked pleadingly up at his master's face, and, seeing no signs of relenting there, slowly and reluctantly opened his palm and offered me the money.

'No, no, Preston, let him keep it; it won't do him any harm,' I said.

'No more'n it woan't, good massa, not a morsel ob harm,' exclaimed the darky, his small eyes twinkling again with pleasurable anticipation, and his broad face widening into its accustomed grin: 'I woan't take nary a drop, massa Robert, nary a drop!'

'Well,' said his master, 'you can keep it if you'll promise not to drink it all to-morrow. So much whiskey would spoil your prayer at the meeting.'

'So it 'ould, massa Robert; so much as dat; but Jack allers prays de stronger fur a little, massa Robert, jess a little—it sort o' 'pears ter warm up a ole man's sperrets, and ter fotch all de 'votion right inter him froat.'

'I suppose it does; all the devotion you ever feel. You're an old sinner, Jack, past praying for, I fear,' replied Preston, good-naturedly, turning his horse to go.

'Not pass prayin' fur 'ou, massa Robert, not pass dat, an' ole Jack neber will be, nudder—not so long as he kin holler loud 'nuff fur de Lord ter yere. 'Ou may 'pend on dat, massa Robert, 'ou may 'pend on dat.'

As we rode away, I asked Preston if the old black led the services at the negro meetings.

'Yes, I am obliged to let him. He was formerly the plantation preacher, and, with all his faults, the blacks are much attached to him. A small rebellion broke out among them, five years ago, when I displaced him, and put Joe into the pulpit. I compromised the difficulty by agreeing that Jack should lead in prayer every Sunday morning. They think he has a gift that way, and *you* would conclude the day of Pentecost had come, if you should hear him when he is about half-seas-over.'

'Then he does pray better for a little whiskey?'

'Yes, a mug of 'black jack' helps him amazingly—it gives him the real power.'

After a two hours' circuit of the

plantation, we halted in the vicinity of the distilleries, which stood huddled together on the bank of the little stream of which I have spoken. There were three of them, each of thirty barrels' capacity—an enormous size—and they were neatly set in brick, and enclosed in a substantial framed structure, which was weatherboarded and coated with paint of a dark brown color. Near the only one then in operation were several large heaps of flake turpentine, three or four hundred barrels of rosin, and a vast quantity of the same material scattered loosely about and mixed with broken staves, worn-out strainers, and the *debris* of the rosin bins. Pointing to the confused mass, I said to my host:

'I've half a mind to turn missionary. I feel a sort of call to preach to you Southern heathen.'

'I wish you would,' he rejoined, laughing; 'you'd give me a chance to laugh at your sermons, as you have laughed at mine.'

'No, you wouldn't laugh. I'd make you *feel* way down in your pocket. I'd have but one sermon and one text, and that would be: 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.' You Southern nabobs do nothing but waste—you waste enough in one day to feed the whole North for a week. It's a sin—the unpardonable sin—for you know better.'

'Well, it *is* wrong, but how can we help it? We can't make the negroes anything but what they are—shiftless and careless of everything but their own ease.'

'I don't know about that. I think such a man as Joe ought to be able to manage them.'

'Joe! Well, he can't. He's all drive, and negroes are human beings; they should be treated kindly.'

We had approached the front of the still, and were fastening our horses to the trunk of a tree, when we heard loud voices issuing from the other side of the enclosure.

'Her'm what I owes you—now pack off ter onst, and don't neber show your face on dis plantation no more,' said a voice, which I at once recognized as that of 'boss Joe.'

'I shan't pack off till I'm ready, you d—d black nigger. I've been bossed 'bout by ye long 'nuff. Clar out, and 'tend ter yer own 'fairs,' rejoined another voice, which had the tone of a white man's.

'I reckon *dis* am my 'fair, and I shan't leff you git drunk and burn up no more white rosum yere; so take yer-seff off. Ef you don't, I'll make you blacker nor I is.'

'Put your hand on me, and I'll take the law on ye, *shore*,' returned the white man.

'Pshaw, you drunken fool, do you s'pose dese darkies would tell on *me*? Ef dey would, dar word ain't 'lowed in de law; so you trabble. I don't keer ter handle you, but I shill ef you don't leab widin five minutes.'

What might have followed will not go down in history, for just then Preston and I, emerging from around the corner of the building, appeared in view of the belligerents. The native—a respectable specimen of the class of poor whites—stood in a defiant attitude before the still-fire, while Joe was seated on a turpentine barrel near, quietly noting the time by a large silver watch which he held in his hand. He kept on counting the minutes, and gave no heed to his master's approach, till Preston said:

'Joe, what's to pay?'

'Nuffin, master Robert, 'cept I'se 'scharged dis man, and he say he won't gwo.'

'Do as Joseph bids you,' said Preston, turning to the white man, 'take your pay and go at once.'

The man stammered out a few words with a cringing air, but the planter cut him short with:

'I want no explanations. If you can't satisfy Joseph, you can't satisfy me.'

The native then leisurely took down a ragged coat that hung from one of the timbers, counted over a small roll of bank notes which Joe gave him, and meekly left the still-house.

Joe and his master devoted the next half hour to piloting me over the distilleries. I commented rather freely on the sad waste of valuable produce which was scattered about, and on the bad economy of keeping three 'stills' to do the work of one.

'It might have done years ago,' I remarked, 'before your trees ran to 'scrape,' and when they yielded enough 'dip' to keep all the stills busy; but now they are eating you up. You have fully four thousand dollars idle here. Sell them, Preston—that amount would help you out of debt.'

'Dat's what I tells master Robert, Mr. Kirke, but he sort o' clings to ole tings, *sar*,' said Joe, in the free, familiar tone usual with him.

'But *you* do just as badly, Joe,' I replied. 'You let these darkies waste more than they eat, and you keep four here to do the work of three. You are no better than your master.'

'Only half so good, Mr. Kirke,' rejoined the black, showing a set of teeth which a dentist might have used for a door plate; 'only *half* so good, 'case I'se only half white. But, if master Robert 'ould leff me handle de whip, I'd show him suffin'! I reckon de in-t'rest 'ouldn't be ahind den.'

'Why? don't you let Joe whip the negroes?' I asked Preston.

'No, not now; I did, till some years ago, when he almost killed one of them, and came near getting me into serious trouble. He could manage them well enough without whipping, if he'd curb his impetuous temper a little.'

'But I does curb it, master Robert, and it tain't ob no use. Dey knows I *can't* whip 'em, an' dey don't keer fur de starvin', or de tyin' up, or de talkin' to in de meetin'. Dey don't mind fur nuffin' but de whip, an' a little ex'cise wid dat does a nigger good when he'm

right down 'fractory. And you has 'lowed, master Robert, dat I warn't so much ter blame in dat 'fair ob Black Cale.'

'Well, perhaps you weren't. It's a good story, Kirke; did I ever tell it to you?'

'No; I'd be glad to hear it.'

'Come, Joe,' said his master, good-naturedly, 'you can tell it better than I. You know it by heart.'

'Well, master, if you says so,' replied Joe; and as we seated ourselves in a semicircle on some rosin barrels, the black proceeded to give the following illustration of the working of free and slave institutions:

'Well, you see, Mr. Kirke, de darky's name wus Black Cale, an' he wus a raised up 'long wid me by de ole gemman—dat am master Robert's gran'fer. He wus allers a hard-bitted, 'fractory darky, but he wus smart, awful smart, and could do a heap ob work when a minded to; but he wusn't a minded to bery of'en, an' ole master used to hab ter flog him—flog him bery hard. Well, finarly, de ole gemman grow'd tired ob doin' so much ob dat, an' he call Cale ter him one day, an' he say:

“Cale, you'se a likely nigger, an' I *don't* like ter flog you so much. Now, I'll leff you hire you' time, an' gwo down ter Newbern, an' shirk fur you'seff.'

'Ole master knowed Cale wus habin' a bad 'fect on de oder darkies, an' he 'lowed 'twould be cheap leffin' him gwo ef he didn't get a picayune fur him. Well, Cale, he took ter dat ter onst, an' he 'greed to gib ole master one fifty a year fur his time; an' so he put off ter Newbern. Well, ebery ting gwo on right smart till de ole gemman die. Cale, he work hard, pay master ebery year, and sabe up quite a heap. Well, ole master die widout a will, an' all de property gwo ter de two sons; dat am master James an' master Thomas—he war master Robert's fader. Now master James he neber lib'd on de plantation, so he sold all his half ob de nigs to master Thomas, an' put all de

'vails inter his bisness down dar ter Mobile, whar he am now, doin' a heap in de cotton way. But he didn't sell his half ob Cale, 'case master Thomas wouldn't buy him, nohow. Well, dey owned Cale tuggedder fur a spell, an' Cale he work on right smart, till one day master James come home, and he tells master Thomas dat on de way he'd a stopped at Newbern, and sole his half ob Cale ter Cale heseff, fur five hundred dollar, and giben him de free papers. Well, den Cale he want to buy de oder half ob heseff ob master Thomas, an' master Thomas he offer to take de same money; but Cale say de oder half not wuth so much as de fust, an' dat he wouldn't gib only two fifty.'

'Not worth so much—why not?' I asked.

'Why, Cale say 'case he could do what he like wid de free half, and he reckoned he shouldn't be quite so 'sponsible *den* fur de slave half,' and here Joe broke into a merry fit of laughter, in which Preston joined.

'Well, master Thomas an' Cale couldn't 'gree 'bout de buyin', but Cale promise to gib seventy-five dollar a year fur de use ob master's half, an' he gwo off agin ter Newbern. Den de time gwo by fur a yar or two, but master neber git nary dime out ob Cale fur his half. Cale would say dat only half ob him wus free, an' de oder half wasn't 'sponsible, and couldn't pay its debts, nohow. Finarly, master, seein' he couldn't git nuffin out ob Cale, only offers ob two fifty fur de oder half—and *dat* he wouldn't take, nohow—sent me down to Newbern to sort o' mediate 'tween Cale an' he. Well, I coaxed Cale to 'gree to wuck one monfh for heseff and de oder monfh fur massa, and I come home; but it warn't ob no use; Cale would wuck, but massa neber seed a fip ob de pay. Finarly, af'er he'd a gone on dat way 'bout ten yar, stowin' 'way what he arned whar nobody could fine it, an' allers off'rin' two fifty fur de oder half ob heseff, master

Thomas he die, and master Robert he come ter lib on de plantation. Den master Robert axed me what he should do wid Cale, and I tole him to take de two fifty, and leff him gwo. But he say, 'no,' dat he wouldn't sell him fur dat, nohow.' And here the black looked slyly at his master, and a merry twinkle came into his eyes. 'Well, den, I tole master Robert dat I tought I could fix Cale ef he'd leff me manage him jess as I like. He 'greed to dat, an' I gwoes down to Newbern, an' makes Cale come home, an' den I say to him:

"Now, Cale, you stay yere, an' gwo to wuck. Ebery monfh you wuck fur me, an' ebery oder monfh you wuck fur you'seff, an' when you wuck fur you'seff I pay you so much fur ebery barr'l ob dip, an' so much fur ebery barr'l ob scrape, an' so much fur ebery day when you wuck roun'; an' I makes you pay so much fur what you lib on. Well, Cale, he 'gree to dat. He wuck de fust monfh fur heseff, an' he *did* wuck—he done twice so much as any hand on de plantation; but de next monfh, when he wuck fur *me*, he don't do nuffin but lay 'bout, an' git drunk. I stood dat till de monfh wus up—fur I neber did take ter whippin' de nigs, an' master Robert know dat—an' den w'en Cale wus clean sober, I tied him up to gib him a floggin'. Well, w'en he wus a stripped, an' I was jess gwine to lay on de lashes, Cale say to me, says he:

"Look a yere, 'ou Joe, 'ou may whip massa's half ob dis nig jess so long as 'ou likes, but ef 'ou put de lash onter *my* half, I'll take de law on 'ou. I will, shore.'

'Dat sot me a tinkin'; fur de fac wus, I'd nary right to flog *his* half; but den it 'curred ter me dat none but dar-kies wus roun', an' so I tought I had him, *shore*. Well, I puts on de lashes, an' he keeps a tellin' me he'd hab de law on me, which make me sort o' 'zas-parated, till I put 'em on right smart, an' at lass he gib in. Well, w'en I'd a

got him a feelin' 'bout right, an' wus only jess puttin' de lass blows on to finish up makin' a decent nigger ob him, master Robert he come up, and when he seed de blood a runnin' down his back, he say Cale had been whipped 'bout 'nough, and I must stop. Cale turned up missin' dat night, an' got off to Newbern; an' shore 'nuff, de next evenin', long 'bout dark, de sherref he rode up to de house wid a writ fur master Robert fur habin' made 'salt an' bat-try on one collud man, called Caleb Preston, an' he pulled out a suspeny dat make massa Robert witness agin heseff! ha! ha! You see Cale wus smart; he know'd master Robert b'longed to de Baptist meeting, an' wouldn't lie fur all de niggers in Jones county; so he had him dar, ha! ha!'

Here Joe for some minutes was unable to continue the narrative. His merriment was contagious. I laughed till my sides were sore, and Preston enjoyed the story quite as much as I did.

'Well, what was the end of it?' I asked.

'Only, master Robert hed to be toted off to Newbern dat night, git bail or sleep in de jail, and de next mornin', af'er de nig hed a hed ten yars' use ob heseff fur nuffin, master Robert hed to do what *he'd* a said, an' his fader afore him hed said, dey neber would do—dat is, take two fifty fur de oder half ob Cale! Ha! ha! De next time I gwoes to Newbern I hunt Cale up, an' I tell him he must study fur de law, shore; an' dat ef he done it, I know'd master Robert would pay de 'spences, out ob lub to de country.'

The negroes who were attending the still had dropped their work to listen to Joe's story, and at its close guffawed in a chorus that made the woods ring. Hearing it, Joe sprang to his feet, shouting out: 'Yere—'bout you' wuck dar; leff me kotch you eavesdroppin' on gemmen agin, an' I'll gib you what I gabe Cale. 'Bout you' wuck, I say.' They turned

nimbly to their tasks, and Joe resumed his seat.

'I see the moral of that story, Preston,' I said, when the negro had concluded.

'What is it?'

'That a ducky may be as smart as a white man. Cale outwitted you.'

'Well, he did,' he replied, laughing; 'but that isn't the moral: it is that flogging never accomplishes its object.'

'I'm not so sure of that. Joe had brought Cale to terms, 'made a decent nigger on him,' when you, unluckily, interfered.'

'It ain't so much de floggin' on 'em, Mr. Kirke,' said Joe, 'as dar knowin' dat you *will* do it ef dey deserve it. Dar ain't a ducky on de plantation dat don't know master Robert an' de good missus 'ould rader be flogged demselves dan flog dem; an' dat wucks bad, Mr. Kirke, sorry bad;' and the negro shook his head with a grave, thoughtful air.

'Tell me, Preston,' I said, after a slight pause, 'how is it that your neighbor Dawsey, with only seventy-five negroes, sends us more produce than you do with a hundred and fifty?'

'Simply because he treats his hands like brutes, while I treat mine like men.'

'I hope you'll take no offence,' I replied, 'but it appears to me there must be some other reason. He has only *half* your number.'

'Well, I will tell you how he and I manage, and you can judge for yourself. Dawsey has seventy-five slaves; forty child-bearing women, twenty men, and fifteen children under five years. The sixty adults are all prime hands. They are given daily tasks, which they cannot possibly do in less than fifteen hours, leaving them only nine hours out of the twenty-four for eating, sleeping, feeding their children, and the waking rest necessary to working people. He never whips them on a week

day, because it wastes working time, but makes Sunday a general flogging season. He has two women where he has one man, and each woman is expected to bear a child a year. If she doesn't, she is sold. They are made to work in the field till the labor pains are on them; and they are allowed only two weeks' rest after confinement. Three of them have borne children in the woods this season. He keeps only one nurse for the fifteen children, and as soon as each child is five years old—the age at which it can be legally sold away from its mother—it is disposed of to the raders. In addition, three of these women are his own mistresses, and they are expected to have children as fast as the others. He serves their children like the rest; that is, rears them to the age of five, and then sells them as he would so many hogs.'

'My God!' I exclaimed, 'he's a monster.'

'There are different opinions about that. Dawsey passes for a jovial good fellow; keeps open house for his friends; spends money freely at the elections, and two years ago 'got religion' at a camp meeting. He merely regards his slaves as chattels, and manages his plantation in perhaps the only way that is profitable in an old section of country like this.'

'And how is it with you? How do you manage?' I asked.

'Leff *me* tell, master Robert,' said the black, smiling. 'I knows all de 'ticulars 'bout dat.'

'Well, go on,' said Preston, laughing, 'but don't be too hard on *me*.'

'We hab,' continued the black, 'countin' me in, a hundred an' fifty-one darkies, all in fam'lies—faders, mudders, children, and some on 'em gran'faders and gran'mudders, 'most all born on de plantation, an' some on 'em livin' on it fur forty, fifty, sixty, an' seventy yar. Out ob dese, we hab only forty-two full hands, 'case some ob de wimmin dat come in de ages fur full wuck am sickly, puny tings, only fit fur house wuck

or nussin'. From de whole I gits equal to fifty-four full hands. 'Cordin' to master Robert's direction, I gib 'em easy ten-hour tasks; but suffin' or anoder turn up 'most ebery day, so dat 'bout half on 'em don't do full wuck, an' I reckon dey don't make, on de whole, more'n 'bout nine hour a day. So you see, Cunnel Dawsey, he hab sixty, an' he wuck em fifteen hour a day; we hab only fifty-four, an' we wuck 'em nine hour a day; an' 'cordin' to my 'rithmetic, dat would make de Cunnel turn out 'bout twice as much truck as we does.'

'And you have twice as many mouths to feed as he,' I remarked; 'and the result is he makes money, while you—'

'Lose nigh onter two thousand a year, Mr. Kirke, an' hab done it ebery yar fur five yar, eber since master Robert come on to de plantation, an' gwo to workin' on human principles, as he calls 'em.'

This was said in so sad and regretful a tone, that, in spite of the serious manner of both the black and his master, I laughed heartily. When my merriment had somewhat subsided, I said:

'Joe, what would you do to mend this state of affairs?'

'It can't be mended if we stay in dis ole country, an' wuck 'cordin' to master Robert's notion.'

'Then you mean to say you can't apply humane principles to slave labor, in an old district of country, and make money?'

'Yes,' said Preston, rising and pacing up and down in the small semicircle formed by the rosin barrels, 'that is what he means to say, and it is true.'

'Then how do the majority of turpentine planters in this section make money? They *do* make it, that is certain.'

'By overworking their hands, as Dawsey does. All may not be as severe with them as he is, but all overwork them, more or less,' replied Preston.

'I don't know 'bout dat, master Robert, twelve and eben firteen hour a day

neber hurt a prime hand, if he hab good feed.

'Well, it is six o'clock, and supper must be in waiting,' said Preston, drawing out his watch; 'we'll talk more on this subject to-night. Joe, bring the books up to the house this evening. Mr. Kirke has promised to look into our affairs, and I shall need you.'

'Yas, master Robert,' replied the black; and, mounting the horses, Preston and I rode off to the mansion.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Preston and master Joe were on the piazza awaiting us, and in the doorway we were met by the younger children. Preston lifted one of them upon his shoulder, and taking another in his arms, led the way to the supper room. However disturbed might be my friend's relations with the outer world, all was peace by his cheerful fireside. No man was ever more blessed in his home. His children were intelligent, loving, and obedient; his wife was one of those rare women—seen nowhere more often than in the South—who, to a cultivated mind and polished manners, add the more homely accomplishments of a good housewife. It is years since she laid aside the weary cares of her plantation home, and entered on the higher duties of another life; but her gentle words are still as fresh in my memory, her kindly image as warm in my heart, as on that autumn day, when she placed her hand in mine for the last time, and spoke the last 'God bless you' which was to fall on my ears from her lips on this side of the grave. She was a perfect woman—a faithful mistress, a loving wife, a devoted mother. Anticipating every want of her husband, cheerfully instructing her children, overseeing every detail of her household, meting out the weekly allowance of the negroes, visiting daily the cabins of the sick and the infirm, and with her own hand dispensing the soothing cordial or the healing medicine,—or, when all medi-

cine failed, bending over the lowly bed of the dying, and pointing him to the 'better home on high,'—she was a ministering angel—a joy and a blessing to all about her. She wore no costly silks, no diamonds on her fingers, or jewels in her hair; but she was arrayed in garments all rich and beautiful with human love. She knew nothing—cared nothing—about the right or the wrong of slavery; but cheerfully and prayerfully, never wearying and never doubting, she went on in the lowly round of duties allotted her, leaning lovingly on the arm of the GOOD ALL-FATHER, and looking steadfastly to HIM for guidance and support. And, truly, she had her reward. 'Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, also, and he praised her.'

Supper was soon over, when my hostess rose and conducted me to the library. That apartment was in an L, detached from the mansion, and communicating with it by a covered passage way. It was plainly furnished, but had a cosy, homelike appearance. Its four walls were lined with books, some standing on end, some resting on their sides, and some leaning negligently against each other; and over the massive centre table were scattered open volumes, old newspapers, and unfinished manuscripts, in most delightful confusion. A half dozen old-fashioned chairs straggled about the floor, as if they did not know exactly what to do with themselves, and a score of old worthies—their faces white as chalk, and their long hair and beards powdered with a whole generation of dust, looked complacently down from the top of the bookshelves. Dust was on the table, on the chairs, on the floor, on the ceiling, and on the musty old volumes ranged along the walls, and dust everywhere told unmistakably that no profane hand ever disturbed the dusty repose which reigned in the apartment.

Two or three oaken logs, supported on bright brass andirons—the only bright things in the room—were blaz-

ing cheerfully on the broad hearthstone; and drawing our chairs near, we sat down before them.

'May I come in?' said master Joe, thrusting his head in at the half-closed doorway.

'No, my son,' answered his father; 'Mr. Kirke and I are to talk over business matters.'

'Do let him come, Robert,' said Mrs. Preston; 'he is old enough to learn something of such affairs.'

The lad entered, and seating himself on a low stool by the side of his mother, and burying his head in her lap, was soon fast asleep.

'This room, Mr. Kirke,' said the lady, 'is sacred to Robert and the dust. I beg you will not think I have the care of it.'

'Oh no, madam; it is plain that a *man* has exclusive dominion here; but your husband has been away from it for some time.'

'That does not account for the dust; it hasn't been stirred for a twelve-month;' and after a pause, she added, a thin moisture glistening in her eyes, 'I have not yet thanked you, sir, for saving Phyllis and the children from the clutches of that wretched trader.'

'No thanks are requisite, madam. It was a mere matter of business; we are in the practice of making advances to our consignors.'

'Nevertheless we thank you, sir; Robert and I will ever be grateful for it.'

'Do not speak of it, madam; I would be glad to serve you to a much greater extent.'

The lady made no reply, and a rather embarrassing silence followed for some minutes, when I said:

'Preston, Joe is a remarkable negro; I think I never met one so intelligent and well informed.'

'He *is* very intelligent,' he replied; 'he has fine natural abilities.'

'It is a pity Nature gave him so dark a skin, and made him a—slave.'

'Not a *pity*, Mr. Kirke,' rejoined

Mrs. Preston; 'Nature, or rather God, always puts us in our right places. Joseph is more useful where he is than he would be anywhere else.'

'I understood him that he was raised on the plantation,' I added.

'Yes,' replied my host; 'my grandfather bought his mother, who is a native African, when she was a girl; she was a favorite house-servant, and Joe was born in a room over where we are sitting. This building was then all there was of the mansion.'

'And how did he pick up so much information?'

'The old gentleman, who gave little heed to either law or gospel, taught them both to read and write.' (Years after the date of this conversation I learned that Joe was the son of that lawless, graceless old gentleman.) 'And Joe, when a boy, read everything he could lay his hands on. Since I brought my library here, he has devoured about half of the books in it. He devotes every night, from eight o'clock to twelve, to reading.'

'I am surprised that with so much reading he uses so entirely the negro dialect.'

'But he does not. In common conversation he expresses himself in it, for it is the dialect in which a black does his ordinary thinking; but let him get upon an elevated subject, as he does frequently in his sermons, and you will hear words as strong, pure, and simple as any found in the Bible, flow from him like a stream.'

'Does he preach every Sunday?'

'Yes; I usually catechize the people in the morning, and he preaches in the evening.'

'But do you learn all your negroes to read?'

'No, the law does not allow it. I teach them to repeat the catechism, texts of Scripture, and passages from good books, and I explain these to them.'

'And Joe is your overseer?'

'Not exactly that. My father made him overseer about thirty years ago, but

the law requires a white man in that situation; and when I took charge of the plantation, the neighbors made a clamor about my having a black. The result was, I 'whipped the devil round the stump,' by hiring a white distiller, and *calling* him 'overseer.' I let Joe, however, 'oversee' him, as you have seen to-day.'

A rap came then at the door, and master Joe, springing up, ushered the subject of our conversation into the room. He held his hat in his hand, and had under his arm a couple of account books.

'This is Joseph the First,' said the lad, taking the black by the coat-tail, and bowing gravely to me.

'And you are Joseph the Second, eh?' I said, laughing.

'Yas, sar, he'm dat 'stinguished gemman,' replied the negro, stroking affectionately the lad's head; 'and he don't dishonor de name, sar. He'm de true blue, dyed in de wool.'

'He was named for Joseph,' said the lady, smiling kindly on the black. 'Bring up a chair, Joseph.'

'Tank you, missus,' and the negro seated himself by the fire, between Preston and me.

'You have brought the documents, I see, Joe; let me look at them,' I said, reaching out my hand for the books.

'Yas, sar, and dey'm all written up till a week back. I reckon *you* kin pick 'em out, Mr. Kirke, dough master Robert he say he don't understand my way ob keepin' 'em.'

I opened the books, and any man of business will appreciate my surprise to find them kept by 'double entry.' Cotton, corn, and turpentine had each its separate account, and at a glance I could see how much had been made or lost by the production of each staple. The handwriting was plain and bold, and the general appearance of the ledger compared favorably with that of a much larger one I knew of, which was the pride of an experienced bookkeeper.

'Why, Joe, I'm astonished,' I ex-

claimed with unaffected gratification; 'you write like a schoolmaster.'

A flush, which would have been a blush on a lighter skin, overspread the negro's face, as he replied:

'I don't hab practice 'nuff, Mr. Kirke, to write bery well.'

'Practice!' said Preston, 'he has constant practice; he writes the love letters of all the darkies in the district.'

'It am so, dat's a fac, sar', said Joe, a quiet humor twinkling in his eye. 'One ob Cunnel Dawsey's folk came to me tother day—his wife had been sold down Souf, an' he wanted to say to har, dat dough ribers rose, and mountins run atween 'em, he'd neber hab nuffin to do wid no oder 'ooman—so he come to me, and I wrote de letter; an' when I'd a put in all de ribers, an' de mountins, an' eber so many runs, an' thought I'd done it right smart, I read it ober to him, but he say he sort o' reckoned it warnt quite done up 'pletely, not 'xactly 'cluded; an' he 'sisted dat I muss 'sert a pose scrip, axin' her to 'scuse de bad writin'.'

'And you did it?'

'Yes, sar, I done it.'

'Well, Joe, the important thing just now, is how much you owe. Give me a slip of paper, and let me put these balances together.'

'I'se done dat, Mr. Kirke; here dey am,' and he handed me a correctly drawn-up statement, showing Preston's exact liabilities. I glanced over it, compared it with the footings in the ledger, and said:

'I see by this, Preston, that you owe seventeen hundred dollars, floating debt; twelve hundred dollars, interest on your mortgage, and are overdrawn five hundred dollars on our house.'

'Yes, so Joe makes it, and I reckon he's correct.'

'But dar'm de six hunderd you 'cep-ted fur master Robert, de oder day, in Newbern—dat ain't counted in,' said Joe.

'Well, all told, it's four thousand, besides the note I have given for

Phyllis. What do you calculate on to pay it, Preston?'

'I don't know. How can we pay it, Joe?'

'We moight sell de two stills, and some ob de hosses; I reckon dey'd be 'nuff,' replied the black; 'but de raal trubble, master Robert, am what's cum-min'; we'm gwine ahind ebery day, 'case we lose money on ebery crop ob turpentine. Nuffin pay now but de corn and de cotton, and we don't raise 'nuff ob dem to do no good.'

I turned to the ledger, and found that it showed what the black said to be true—corn and cotton had made a handsome profit, but turpentine had 'paid a loss.'

'That is because your trees are old, and now yield scarcely anything but scrape,* I said.

'Yas, sar, and 'case dey am so thin like, sense we cleaned out de pore ones, dat it take a hand long time to git 'round 'mong 'em.'

'Why not drop turpentine, and cut shingles from the swamp? You've a fortune in those cypress trees.'

'My negroes are not accustomed to swamp work—it would kill them,' replied Preston.

'Mr. Kirke,' said Joe,—'you'll take no 'fence, master Robert, if I says dis?'

'No, go on,' said his master.

'De ting am right in a nutshell, an' jess so clar as apple jack: we owes a heap; we'se gittin' inter debt deeper an' deeper ebery yar; we lose money workin' de ole trees; we hain't got no new ones; an', dar's no use to talk,—master Robert *won't* put de hands inter de swamp. What, den, shill we do?'

Avoiding the darky's question, I said: 'I never before understood why

* 'Scrape' is the turpentine gathered from the face of the pine. On old trees, the yearly incision is made high above the boxes, and the sap, in flowing down, passes over and adheres to the previously scarified surface. It is thus exposed to the sun, which evaporates the more volatile and valuable portion, and leaves only the hard, which, when manufactured, is mostly rosin. 'Scrape' turpentine is only about half as valuable as 'dip.'

slavery is so clamorous for new fields. I see now—it can draw support only from the virgin soil. It exhausts an old country: like the locusts of Egypt, it blasts the very face of the earth!’

‘That is true,’ replied Preston; ‘but Joe has stated the case correctly. *What shall we do?*’

‘One of two things. Sell your plantation and negroes, or take your hands to a new section, where you can raise virgin turpentine.’ *

‘I cannot sell my negroes—they were all raised with me; and the plantation—it was my ancestors’, over a hundred years ago. I would move the hands to a new section, but I have not the means to buy land.’

‘Ay, dar’s de rub, as Shakspeare say,’ said Joe, with a pleasant humor, intended, I thought, to cheer his master, whose face was clouding over with grave thought; ‘dat’s de ting dat spile de ’gestion ob de king; and in him sleep, such dreams do come ob suffin’ better’n dis, some undiscovered country, whar de virgin trees weep tears so white as crystal, and turn to gole de moment dey’m barrled up, dat—’

‘Come, Joe, that’ll do,’ said his master, laughing; ‘don’t give us any more, or you’ll murder *us*, as well as Shakspeare.’

‘You don’t ’preciate dat great man, master Robert,’ rejoined Joe, also laughing.

‘No, I don’t—not just now.’

‘If you could satisfy your outside creditors that things were likely to go better with you in future, could you put off the payment of the three thousand dollars for a time?’ I asked.

‘I reckon I could—nearly all of it,’ replied Preston.

‘Well, then, I’ll make you a proposition. Buy ten thousand acres on the line of the Manchester railroad. It is finished to Whitesville, and you can buy land within twenty miles of that station, at seventy-five cents an acre.

We’ll advance the twenty per cent. you’ll have to pay down, and five hundred dollars more to start you there, and hold the deed of the land to secure us. Ship your produce to us, and agree to forfeit the land, if, at the end of three years, you have not paid all the original advance. Move your stills, and your able-bodied men and women there, leaving the old and the young negroes here to raise corn and cotton. *Hire* fifty more prime hands, and put Joe over the whole, with unlimited power to work them to death if he pleases.’

Preston leaned his head on his hand, as if bewildered. He seemed not to understand me, but Joe’s face lighted as if a stream of electricity were playing under his dark skin. Mrs. Preston was the first to speak. Rising and taking my hand, she said: ‘Robert will do it, Mr. Kirke; and how can we ever thank you enough for your generous—your *noble* conduct toward us? You have taken a weary load off our hearts.’

‘It is a simple business transaction, madam; I expect to make money by it. I insist on your husband’s consigning his produce to us, and I shall require the forfeit of the land and the improvements, if he does not pay our advances within three years.’

‘We kin pay ’em in *one* year, an’ you knows it, sar!’ exclaimed Joe, springing to his feet, and almost dancing around the room. ‘Come, master Robert, look up, an’ tell ’im we’ll do it, for ole Joe’ll make de chips fly as you neber seed ’em fly afore.’

Preston looked up, and a tear rolled down his face, as he said, ‘I thank you, my friend. I need not say more.’

‘You need not say *that*; only buy the land, and make Joe autocrat of the new plantation, and your bacon is cured.’

‘Joe’ll show you how bacon am cured, Mr. Kirke, an’ he’ll name his fuss boy after you—*shore*!’ shouted the black, grinning all over.

* “Virgin” Turpentine is twice as valuable as “Dip.”

'He can safely promise that,' said the lady, laughing through her tears; 'for Aggy is fifty, and never had a child.'

A half-hour's conversation over the details of the proposed arrangement followed; then Joe rose, and taking the account books under his arm, bade us 'good evenin'.' As he was leaving the room, I asked, 'Do you preach to-morrow?'

'Yas, sar, an' I'se gwine home to study ober de sermon. You'll come dar, sar? You won't har no raal preachin', 'less master Robert feel de sperrit move, fur de Lord don't gib de black man de tongue he gib de white.'

'I'm not sure of that; but I'll be there. Good night.'

'Good night, sar, an' de Lord bless you.'

When he had gone, I said to Preston: 'You have admitted me to your confidence, my friend, and asked my advice; therefore, I think you will pardon me, if I make you a few business suggestions.'

'Most certainly, and I shall be guided by what you say.'

'With a hundred hands in those thick woods, Joe will turn out a vast amount of produce. His ambition is excited with the idea of being his own master, and he will coin money for you; but you need to be prudent. You owe a mortgage of twenty thousand dollars—and mortgage debts are the worst in the world. Your plantation and negroes may be worth three times the amount, but they are in jeopardy so long as it exists. If it were called in on you suddenly, you couldn't pay it—your property would be sacrificed—everything might be lost. Now, I would suggest that you sell, at once, your three hundred acres of swamp land, all your surplus live stock and materials, and appropriate the proceeds to paying your floating debt, and reducing the mortgage.'

'And we might reduce our family expenses, Robert,' said his wife; 'we

have too many house-servants. We could hire out five or six of them in Newbern. And Joseph's schooling costs us five hundred dollars a year; he might come home—I could teach him.'

'You would take too much on yourself, Lucy,' replied her husband. 'You are not strong, and you can't spare a single servant.'

'How many have you?' I asked.

'Nine,' said Preston.

'For a family of two adults and three children?'

'It strikes you as too many, Mr. Kirke,' said the lady, 'and it *is*. It is our Southern way; but every additional servant makes additional work for the mistress.'

'I think you are right, madam,' I replied; 'a Northern lady that you know of, takes care of me, Frank, the two young children, and a large house, with only two servants and an errand boy; and she never has anything to do after two o'clock in the day.'

'But you have the Irish; they are better house-servants than our blacks; and you can discharge them if they won't work,' said Preston.

'I would rather have Phyllis than any servant I ever saw at the North. With her, the cook, and one more, I will promise to get on beautifully,' remarked his wife.

Preston gave her a look of indescribable tenderness and affection. What the negro trader had said to me, gave me a key to the thoughts that were passing in his mind. His wife's trust in him was so great, that she was willing to again admit into her family the woman who had made him forget, through long years, the promises he made her in their youth! Truly, the angel of perfect love and forgiveness makes its earthly home in the breast of woman.

Preston's voice quivered as he replied: 'I—I appreciate what you say—Lucy. Do as you think best.'

'But, madam,' I said, 'I think you are really taking too much on yourself—'

the care of the children will be a great tax on your strength. Would it not be better to employ a governess to instruct them? What is now expended on Joe would pay a competent person.'

'What do you say to that, Joe?' asked his father; 'would you like to come home, and have a woman teacher?'

'I'd like to do what mother wants me to,' said the lad, putting his arms about her neck, and kissing her.

'You're a good boy, Joseph,' said his mother.

'But, you'll let me keep the pony, won't you, father?' said the lad.

'Yes, my son, and if you learn well, you shall go with uncle James when you're fifteen.'

Shortly afterward we separated for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

On a gentle knoll, a few hundred yards from the negro quarters, and in the midst of a grove of pines, whose soft brown tassels covered the ground all around it, stood the negro meeting-house. It was built of unhewn logs, its crevices chinked with clay, and was large enough to seat about two hundred persons. Though its exterior resembled a backwoods barn, its interior had a neat and tasteful appearance. Evergreen boughs hid its rough beams and bare shingled roof, and long wreaths of pine leaves hung in graceful festoons from its naked walls and narrow windows. On the two sides of a wide aisle, which served to separate the sheep on the right hand from the goats on the left, were long rows of benches, with hard board bottoms, and rough open backs, and beyond them, divided from the rest of the interior by a rustic railing, was the 'family pew,' an enclosure about twelve feet square, neatly carpeted, and furnished with half a dozen arm chairs. Opposite to this was a platform elevated three steps from the floor, and on it stood a rustic settee, a large easy chair,

and a modest desk covered with green baize, and decorated with small sprigs of evergreen. On this desk rested a large Bible.

The enormous seashell which served as a bell to this 'house of prayer,' was sending its last blast in long echoes through the old trees, when, with Mrs. Preston and the children, I elbowed an opening through the thick group of grinning Africans that blocked the doorway, and 'worked a passage' down the crowded aisle to the family enclosure. Seating myself in one of its cane-bottomed seats, I glanced around on the assemblage. Such a gathering of woolly heads I had never seen. Every plantation within a circuit of five miles had sent in a representation, till the benches, the aisle, the small area around the pulpit, and the open space near the doorway, were all densely packed. On the left, the men, in gaudy cravats and many-colored waistcoats, were chatting merrily together, and enjoying themselves as heartily as a parcel of Yankees at a clambake; and on the right, the women, in red and yellow turbans, and flaming shawls and neckerchiefs, were bobbing about and flaunting their colors, like so many dolphins sporting in the sunshine. Preston was seated in the lone chair at the back of the pulpit, and Boss Joe and Black Jack occupied the settee near him. The latter shortly rose to open the services, and, in a moment, a deep silence fell on the noisy multitude. The old preacher had carefully combed his thin wool into a pyramid on the top of his head, and he looked, dressed in glossy black pants, long-tailed blue coat, ruffled shirt, and high shirt collar, like a stuffed specimen at an exhibition of wax figures. Stepping rather unsteadily to the front of the platform, he flourished his red cotton bandanna, and spreading his huge claws over the large Bible, said:

'Dear bred'rin, leff us begin de worship ob de Lord by singin':

'From all dat dwell below de skies
Leff de Creator's praise arise.'

A half dozen darky fiddlers at the left of the pulpit tuned their strings, and then the whole assemblage rose and burst into that grand old hymn. As its last echoes were dying away, Joe got up, and opening the large Bible, read, in a clear, mellow voice, a portion of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. When he had concluded, the old darky again came forward.

Gazing complacently around on the audience for a moment, he drawled out: 'My bred'rin, leff us raise our hearts to de Lord.' The whole congregation then kneeled, and Jack, closing his eyes, clenching his hands together, and throwing his head back, until his nose came nearly on a line with the roof of the building, 'lifted up his voice' and prayed.

After the fashion of very many white preachers, he began by telling the Lord all about Himself; all He had ever done, and all He is going to do; how long He had lived, and how long He is going to live; how great He is—'taller dan de mountin's, and bigger dan de seas.' How He made the world in six days, and then, 'gittin' tired, rested on de sevenf'h;' How He formed man out of the dust of the ground, and then out of his rib formed woman; how the woman tempted the man, and he fell, and how woman has 'raised Cain' on the earth ever since. How He sent the flood, and how Noah builded the ark; how Noah axed all the wild 'critters' into it, and how they all came in two by two, and how Noah and the wild beasts lay down lovingly together, till the 'wet spell' was over. How He chose the Jews—a meaner race than the 'pore whites'—to be his peculiar people; and how that proves His boundless love and unlimited goodness; 'fur no oder man in all creashun would hab taken *dem* folks up, no how.' How Moses, when he came down from the Mount, 'stumbled and broke de law;

and how 'ebery one of us dat hab come inter de worle sense, hab stumbled and broke de law, 'case he did.' How Noah, though he was a white man, and had a white wife, begat a black son; and how that black son was a great sinner, and how all his descendants have taken after him, and been mighty big sinners ever since.

Then he described the sinners, particularly the black sinners present; and if half of what he said was true, every one of them deserved to be sold 'down Soufh,' and kept on cold hominy and hoeecake all the rest of his days.

The prayer was a strange mixture of absurdity, presumption, and profanity, and I felt relieved to hear his long 'amen,' and to see Joe rise and again approach the pulpit.

Requesting some one present to raise a few of the windows (I took occasion, afterward, to thank him for that very considerate thought), Joe opened the Bible, and said: 'My friends, I am gwine to talk ter you from de tex, 'An' dey drew an' lifted up Joseph out ob de pit, an' sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites fur twenty pieces ob silver, an' dey brought Joseph inter Egypt.'

'You all knows,' he continued, 'de story ob Joseph an' his bred'rin; how dey wus raised up by dar fader Jacob in a wile country, whar dar warn't no schools, an' no 'telligence, an' no larnin'; and how his fader lub'd Joseph more dan all ob his bred'rin, an' make fur him a coat ob many colors. But p'raps you don't know dat de Lord lub Joseph a great sight better'n his fader did, an' 'case He lub him so, dat He hardened de hearts ob his bred'rin agin him, till dey sole him to de Ishmaelites—de slavetraders ob dem days, to be taken down inter Egypt. An' p'raps you don't know dat Egypt wus a great country, whar dar wus schools, an' churches, an' great libraries ob books, an' all manner ob sciences; an' dat Joseph wus made de lord ob all dat country, an' dat finarly he got his fader, an' his bred'rin, an' dar wives,

an' all dar little ones, to come down dar, an' stay; whar, dough de tasks war sometimes hard, an' dey hed to 'arn dar bred by de sweat ob dar brow, dey could git knowledge an' larnin'. An' p'raps, too, you don't know dat de chil'ren ob Israel, who war de chil'ren ob Joseph an' his bred'rin, when dey'd staid down dar in Egypt de 'pointed time, war taken by de Lord inter de lan' ob Canaan, which was a lan' 'flow-in' wid milk and honey; and dat dey war gib'n dat lan' fur dar possession. Now, my friends, and he paused and looked around on the congregation, 'de story ob Joseph am de story ob de brack man; *he* hab been taken out ob de pit; *he* hab been sole fur twenty pieces ob silver; *he* hab been brought inter Egypt, an', bless de Lord, *he* am bound fur de lan' ob Canaan.

'He hab been taken out ob de pit. A pit, my friends, am a dark place, whar de sun neber shine, an' de light neber come; an' Africa, de country whar our faders an' our gran'faders come from—am a pit; fur de darkness cowers dat lan', an' gross darkness de people dareof. Dey hab no cloes—dey lib in cabins made ob clay, an' in holes in de groun'—dey kill an' eat one anoder, an' dey'm allers at war wid one anoder. But de white man he gwoe dar, an' he buy 'em fur twenty pieces ob silver—dat's' zactly de price—twenty silver dollars—dey pay dat fur 'em up ter dis day—dem pore, ign'rant folks won't take nuffin' but silver. Well, de white man buy 'em, and he fotch 'em to dis country, which am like de lan' ob Egypt, full ob schools, ob churches, ob larnin', an' ob all manner ob good tings. Shore, we hab to wuck hard har; some ob us hab to bear heaby burdens, an' to make bricks w'en dey gib us no straw to make 'em wid; but we am in de lan' ob Egypt, whar we hab knowledge ob de Lord; whar de gospil am preach to us, an' whar we kin fine out de rode to de lan' ob Canaan. (To be shore, we karn't all larn out ob de books; but book larnin'

neber make a man, no how.) Yas, my friends, yere we kin fine out de road to de lan' ob Canaan; an' do ye know what dat lan' ob Canaan, dat'm waitin' fur de brack man, am? Do ye 'spose it am a lan' whar de days am hot, an' de nights am cole; whar we'll hoe de cotton, an' gader de turpentine, an' cut de shingles in de swamp? whar we'll wuck till we drop down; whar we'll hunger an' furst? whar de fever will burn in our veins, an' de nager will rattle our bones as de corn am rattled in de hopper? No, my friends, 'tain't no lan' like dat! It am de habitation on high, de city builded ob de Lord, de eberlasting kingdom founded by de Eternal God, who made heaben an' 'arth, de sea, an' all dat in dem is! Oh, tink ob dat, my friends, an' hab courage! Tink ob dat when you'm a faint an' a weary, an' leff you' hearts be glad, an' you' souls rejoice in hope. Fur dat lan' ain't 'spressly fur de white man—it am fur de brack man, too; an' ebery one ob us, eben de brackest, kin git to it ef we'll jess foller der road—ef we'll jess do our duty, bear meekly our burdens, an' lean humbly on de arm ob de Lord. I knows it am so, my friends. I *knows* it am so, fur de oder night, when de deep sleep fell upon me, I dreamed a dream. I fought dar come to my cabin, an' stood aside ob my bed, a great white angel, wid feet dat touch de 'arth, but wid head dat reach unto de heabens. He wore raiment shinin' like silver, an' on his head wus a girdle ob stars. His face wus dazzlin' as de sun, an' his eyes war like flamin' fire. He look at me, an' he say: 'Joseph, come up hither!' He reach out his hand an' he lift me up—above de 'arth—above de clouds—above de stars—'way up to de high heabens, whar am de sperrits ob just men made perfect, who hab been redeemed from among men, who hab gone fru great tribulation, whose garments hab been washed clean in de blood ob de Lamb! 'Dis,' he say, 'am de city ob de livin' God, de heabenly

Jerusalem, whose foundations am saf-fomires, whose walls am silver, whose streets am gold, whose houses am jewels an' all precious stones! Here de sun neber sets. Here de storm an' de hurricane neber come, an' here, Joseph, am a dwellin' prepared fur you—'here, ef you'm faithful an' 'bedient, you shill come when you' wuck on de 'arth am ober!'

The speaker had been gradually warming with his subject till he uttered this last sentence, when his voice trembled, his face glowed, and his upturned eye seemed gazing on the ineffable glories of the land he was describing. A stillness like that of death fell on the assemblage, and the simple blacks, hanging breathlessly on his words, looked up to where Joe's hand was pointing, as if they too had caught the vision on which his eyes were feasting. In a moment, he continued:

'I looked round, an' I saw dat beautiful city; I breafed its air; I walked its streets; I hard its music—de neber endin' song which its countless people send up to de throne ob de Great Father; an' I say to de angel: 'Do brack folks lib yere? Kin *dey* come to dis beautiful country?' an' he say: You shill sec.' Den he lead me fru dose shinin' streets, out inter de open fiel's whar war pleasant pastures, greener dan any on de 'arth, an' still waters, dat sparkle in de sun, jess like missus' diamonds in de light ob de fire.' (I did not know that Mrs. Preston wore diamonds—she certainly had not worn them in my presence.) 'He lead me out till we come to a great woods, whar fount'ins war playin', an' birds war singin', an' flowers war growin', an' de air wus full of fragrance; an' dar I seed a great crowd ob people gadered togeder, a listenin' to one dat wus a talkin' to 'em. Dar wus Ab'ram, an' Isaac, an' Jacob,—dar wus Moses, an' Joseph, an' Samuel—dar wus David, an' Solomon, an' de prophets—dar wus Paul, an' John, an' Peter,

—dar wus 'most all de great an' good men who hab libed in de worle; an' dar too, right aside ob de one dat wus speakin', wus de blessed Saviour, wid de woun' in his side, an' de print ob de nails in his hands. An' who do you tink wus a talkin' dar, to all dem great people? Who do you tink wus fought good 'nuff to stan' by de side ob de blessed Saviour? It wus a brack man! It wus a brack man, who, down yere had been ole, an' lame, an' blind, an' ob no account—so no account he wouldn't sell fur nuffin'. He wus tellin' dem great folks ob de great lub ob de Lord to him, an' dar tears rolled down as dey hard him. He tole 'em how he use to lib in Car'lina—how he wus a slave; how he'd 'most nuffin' to eat; how he wus wucked in de swamp; how, 'fore de sun rose, an' 'way inter de night, he use to stan' in de mud an' de water, till his bones war sore, his heart wus weary, his soul wus faint. How his massa flog him, 'cause he couldn't wuck no more, till de blood run down his back, an' it wus a ridged like de ploughed groun'. How his wife wus whipped to death afore his bery eyes; how his chil'ren—all 'cept one—war sole 'way from him; how dat one 'bused him, an' flogged him, an' tormented him, till he wus jess ready to die. How, when his hair wus white, his body wus bent, his strength wus gone, an' he was ole, an' lame, an' blind, his massa drove him 'way, and make him shirk fur himseff. How he beg in de roads; how he sleep in de woods; in de cole an' de rain, till a good gemman take him in, gib him a bed, tend to his wants, an' pray ober him when he die. He tole 'em all dat; but he say dat fru it all, he hab peace; fru it all, de Lord wus good to him; fru it all, he felt His lub in his heart; fru it all, de blessed Redeemer wus wid him; fru it all, he knowed dat mercy an' salvation am in de heabens! An' DEY AM DAR! Dey took him 'way, 'way from de 'arth; 'way from his suffrin's an' his sorrers down yere, to joy, an' peace, an' rest up

dar. Up dar, whar all great an' good men call him brudder—whar de Lord Jehobah call him son, an' whar de blessed Saviour will leff him stan' at his right hand, foreber and eber. An' he, my friends, wus a BRACK MAN! An' who do you 'spose he wus? Who do you 'spose he wus?'

He paused for a moment as he repeated the question, and then, in a slow, impressive manner, continued:

'It wus ole Cale—Cunnel Dawsey's Cale; an' dat good gemman dat take him in and pray ober him when he die—wus *my* master—yas, bless de Lord, he wus MY master!'

As Joe uttered these last words, Preston bowed his head, his wife sobbed aloud, and the black people gave out a low cry, as sad as the wail which their own mourners breathe over the dead. Fixing his eyes on a tall, stalwart negro in the audience, the preacher continued:

'An' he wus *you*' fader, Jake! You fader, who, when he wus down yere, you 'bused, an' persecuted, an' treated like a dog, but who up dar am fought worthy to stand at de Saviour's right hand! I *knows* it wus him, fur I seed him, I talked wid him, an' he gabe me suffin' to tell you. Stand up now, an' yere what he hab to say.'

The black man's face assumed a dogged expression; he moved uneasily on his seat, but showed no inclination to rise. In a firm, imperious tone, Joe again called out to him:

'Stand up, I say! Folks like you' fader am now, don't talk to sech as you when dey'm sittin' down: stand up, or I'll gib you what Cunnel Dawsey neber gabe you in all you' life.'

The negro reluctantly rose. Every eye was fixed upon him as Joe continued:

'He ax me to say to you, Jake, dat he lubs you—lubs you bery much—dat he fully an' freely furgibs you fur all de wrong you eber done him; fur all de

tears an' de sorrer you eber cause him. And he say to me: 'Tell Jake dat I'se been down dar an' seed him. I'se seed how he shirk his wuck; how he 'buse his wife an' chil'ren; how he hate his massa, an' mean to kill him—(dough his massa am hard on him, 'tain't no 'scuse fur dat). How he swar, an' lie, an' steal, an' teach all de oder brack folks to do de same. How he'm no fought ob his soul; no fought ob dyin'; no fought ob whar he'm gwine when de Lord's patience am clean worn out wid him. Tell him dat ef he gwo on dis way, he'll neber see his ole fader no more; neber see his ole mudder, an' his little brudders, who am up yere, too, no more; neber come to dis fine country, but be shet out inter outer darkness, whar am weepin' an' wailin' an' knashin' ob teeth. Oh! tell him dis, an' 'treat him, by all his fader's keer fur him when he wus a chile; by all his lub fur him now; by all de goodness ob de Lord, who hab borne wid him fru all dese long years, to turn round—to turn round, now, an' sot his face towards dis blessed country, whar he kin hab joy foreber! Tell him, too, dat ef he'll do dis, dat his ole fader'll leab his happy home an' come down dar an' help him; help him at his wuck; help him to bar ebery load; gib him strength when he'm weak; hole up his feet when he'm weary; watch ober him day and night, all de time, till he'm ready to come up yere, an' lib wid de Saviour foreber! Tell him—'

Joe paused, for a wild cry echoed through the building, and the negro fell in strong convulsions to the floor.

A scene of indescribable excitement and confusion followed, during which the black was carried out, and, more dead than alive, laid upon the ground. When quiet was somewhat restored, Preston made a short and feeling prayer, and then, after giving out a hymn, he dismissed the congregation with the usual benediction.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE REBELLION.

I I.

THE sturdy oak which is not prostrated by the storm that assails it is made thereby to take deeper hold, and to draw the sustenance for a larger growth from the torn and loosened soil into which it has opportunity to thrust new roots and tendrils. Reinvigorated by the resisted violence, its branches shoot upward to the skies and extend themselves laterally with majestic breadth. It gradually gains strength and becomes so firmly rooted in its place that it bids defiance to the repeated tempests vainly striving to overthrow it, and stands for centuries, sublime in its unconquerable might and proud endurance. Our noble Union, fiercely assailed in its early maturity, before its strength has been fully developed, now bends before the hurricane of civil war, swaying to and fro with fearful and threatening movements at every paroxysm of the tremendous blast. We look on with intense agony of suspense, to see whether it will stand the terrible ordeal, and outlive the unexampled convulsion of social elements in which its strength and endurance have been so sorely tested. Instinctively we know that if it survive the present momentous crisis, successfully resisting the attack of the enemy which assails it so furiously, its foundations will be immensely strengthened, and its power of resistance in future dangers will be indefinitely augmented. Prolonged and permanent existence, with assured security and repose, will be the best and most indisputable result of its triumph. Though shaken and torn by the deadly assault, and to a certain extent deprived of its usual resources, in the very effort of resistance it will have put forth new connections, which returning peace will multiply and

strengthen. The immense demand on its energy and enterprise will have aroused all its slumbering capacities and stimulated them to the highest point of exertion. Under the necessity of self-preservation, the nation will have been fully awakened to a sense of its gigantic power, which, when employed in the benign pursuits of peace, will be sufficient speedily to restore its prosperity to even more than former splendor. The resources of our broad domain are so unbounded, and the courage and persistence of our people so indomitable, that even the sacrifices and losses of so great a war will make no serious impression on the destined career of this youthful and growing nation. So long as the vigor and elasticity of the popular force is not absolutely overpowered and suppressed, the reaction will only be so much the stronger for all the mighty pressure which has been placed upon it. Returning strength, so invigorated and redoubled by repose, will enable the people to bear the burden patiently, and within a comparatively brief period to throw it off entirely; and then they will bound forward with renewed energy in that race of unexampled progress which has been sadly interrupted, but not by any means wholly arrested.

If peace had continued, and especially if no civil war had occurred to desolate our country, the labors of the population would have been directed chiefly to the increase of wealth, and to the improvement which always accompanies material prosperity. It would be a monstrous error to say that the interruption of these occupations has not been a calamity of the most serious character. Yet is it not altogether unmixed with good. Indeed, it is by no

means certain that, in the circumstances which gave rise to the war, there was not an actual necessity, of a moral nature, which made it on the whole advantageous to arouse the nation to this gigantic strife, and thus to exchange its ordinary struggle for wealth into a combat for a momentous principle. Is it questionable whether, in every case, the establishment of such a principle is not the most important of all objects, and whether every other pursuit and occupation ought not to be made secondary to it? In the sacrifices and sufferings which a nation undergoes for the sake of asserting an important moral or political truth, there is always a wholesome virtue that in some measure redeems the brutality and violence which are the inseparable accompaniments of all wars, and which peculiarly characterize the history of civil wars, in every age and country. It is not merely the elevated and unselfish sentiment of patriotism, as known in former ages, and expressed in the noble sentiment, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, which engenders lofty impulses and nourishes the rugged virtues of the soldier in the heart; but the still higher sentiment of love for humanity and universal freedom—a sentiment wholly unknown in what are called the heroic ages—sanctifies the labors, the wounds, and the glorious death of the martyrs who struggle and fall in such a contest. Men have often fought and willingly died in the cause of their country, regardless of the merits of the controversy between the opposing parties. There is a certain manliness and devotion to others in this species of patriotism, which commands respect and admiration; and this feeling of approbation rises still higher when the cause of the nation is undeniably just, and the self-sacrificing patriot is giving his life for the purchase of liberty to his country. But the highest and noblest of all exhibitions is that in which the sacrifice is made for the good of the race—for principles in which all men

are alike interested, and in which the martyr can claim no peculiar advantage to himself or to his own branch of the human family. The nation which accepts war for such a cause, and wages it with all her means and energies, exhibits a moral grandeur which, in spite of misfortune, has a saving power, capable of overcoming and compensating all calamities, of whatever nature and extent. That nation cannot be overthrown—not unless the laws of the Most High himself can be subverted, and the right be made permanently to succumb to the wrong. Let it be understood, however, that this assertion is made only with reference to wars which are essentially defensive; for no nation has the right to propagate even the best and noblest principles by the power of the sword. In our case, it is true, other motives concur in moving the nation to this tremendous struggle. Not merely the rights and interests of an inferior, degraded, and suffering race appeal to our humanity; but the unity and greatness of our country, its influence abroad, and its success and prosperity at home, are all involved. It is one of many instances in which the best and highest impulses of our nature are reënforced by the dictates of the noblest and most elevated of human interests—the interests of a nation, of a continent, yea, of the world itself; for our gates are still open to the ingress of our brothers from abroad, and our immense and fertile domain, as well as our priceless institutions, are freely offered to their participation.

But, aside from the principles involved in the war, there are results of an interesting character springing from it, which are well worthy the attention of the statesman and the patriot. Two very opposite effects are produced on the minds of the men engaged in such a contest as this, or, indeed, in any contest of arms whatever, when it assumes the proportions of a regular war. The volunteering of our young men of all

classes, in numbers so immense, is an extraordinary phenomenon. These soldiers by choice, many of them educated and intelligent, and impelled by deliberate considerations of principle, willingly undergo the hard labor of military training, of marches and campaigns, and the still more trying inactivity of life in camps and fortresses, in new and unfriendly regions and climates. They fearlessly face death in every ghastly form, on the battle field, by exposure in all seasons, by physical exhaustion, and by the most dreadful contagious diseases. They devote themselves unreservedly to the great cause, and in doing so exhibit the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice, and that on the grandest scale presented in history. Fortitude and courage, contempt of the most appalling dangers, disregard of suffering and privation, wounds, mutilation, and lingering death—these are the habits of soul which our citizen soldiers cultivate, and which tend to strengthen and harden the character, and to give it great moral force. The great qualities thus nurtured in the bosom of the multitudes destined soon to return to peaceful life will assuredly make a powerful impression on the whole society, which must be thoroughly pervaded with the manly virtues thence destined to be infused into it. Every man who has been conspicuous for his soldierly conduct and for the faithful performance of duty will be an object of general respect, though he may have passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal; while every maimed and wounded citizen will be regarded as bearing on his person, in his honorable scars and deficient limbs, the decorations which exalt and ennoble him in the eyes of his countrymen. Many a chivalrous deed will be recounted with pride and satisfaction, and handed down to immortality by the pen of history and poetry, and by the pencil and chisel of art. Even the undistinguished services of those who have fought in the war for the Union, and

who have passed unchallenged through the fiery ordeal, will be cherished by their children, and transmitted to their remoter posterity with patriotic pride and pardonable self-satisfaction. Thus the glory of noble deeds in this memorable war will everywhere shed its lustre on the national character, and will tend to stimulate the loftiest virtues in the present and succeeding generations.

But, on the other hand, the unavoidable dissipation of military life, the vices of the camp, the brutality and want of moral sensibility engendered by the necessity of slaughter and the horrible ravages of war, will tend largely to counteract the good results already noted. Those who may be nobly disdainful of their own sufferings, will sometimes be even more regardless of the sufferings of others; and perhaps sometimes, with the natural perversion of human passion effected by civil war, will seek to avenge their own misfortunes by ungenerous rigor and cruelty toward all within their power, suspected of favoring the enemy only in thought or sentiment. Even this imperfect discrimination is too often altogether omitted, and innocent loyalty is made to suffer losses and severities which ought never to be visited on non-combatants, even though they be of the enemy. The fearful disregard of human life, and of the accumulations of human labor in the shape of property, which marks the movements of our armies in almost all quarters, and even distinguishes the conduct of some of our high officials, constitutes one of the most serious evils which attend the contest, and which will leave their natural consequences as a permanent injury to the nation. The record of these misdeeds, now disregarded in the hurry and excitement of the conflict, will hereafter confront us with terrible effect. The bad acts themselves will long continue to bear fruit after their kind, and to scatter the seeds of vice over the land. Such drawbacks, however, accompany more or

less all great military operations, no matter how sacred the cause in which armies are engaged. Yet, we fear, no such example of generous and unselfish devotion to a holy cause can be found in our present experience as was exhibited by the French people in their violent and bloody revolution of 1789. The mercenary spirit has largely infected the military as well as the civil agencies of our Government. But a people struggling for great principles are compelled to use such instruments as may be at its command; and if the material of armies and their connections in civil life be often of a character to be degraded rather than elevated by the employments and experiences of war, it is nevertheless certain that these bad effects do not always, perhaps not generally, outweigh and overpower the good.

History does not present another example of large armies made up of such men as those who now constitute the defenders of the Union. For intelligence and moral worth, they are unsurpassed by the masses of any population in the civilized world, and certainly they are far superior in all respects to those usually constituting the armies of other nations. To our shame and regret, there are certainly some exceptions to this statement; but these are comparatively few, and mostly confined to those who have not enjoyed the full advantage of our noble system of universal education. In many instances, the best young men in the land have gone into the army as privates; while in the rural districts and from the Western States, the very bone and sinew of the population—the sober, steady, intelligent, industrious, and prosperous part of the people—have taken up arms in the cause of the Union, from a deliberate approval of the policy of the war on our part, and from the noblest and most unselfish motives of patriotism. The preponderance of such men in our armies evidently makes them, on the whole, sus-

ceptible to the good, rather than to the bad influences of war. Reflection, self-respect, rational views of the causes and objects of the war, and elevated motives of action, cannot fail to bring those who possess these qualities all the benefits of self-denial, of patriotic labor willingly expended, and of sacrifices made and sufferings endured in a good and noble cause. The mental cultivation and moral training of the American citizen constitute a shield, from whose solid and polished surface the missiles of temptation, which easily penetrate other defences, usually glance or rebound with harmless effect. The carnage of the battle field, the bombardment and capture of cities, and the ravages of armies, marching or in camp, which too often harden the hearts and blunt the sensibilities of the ordinary soldier, have no such effect, or, at least, a much less effect, in this particular, on the minds of humane and educated men. Hence we may fairly anticipate that the influence of this war on the men who compose the army, and who must sooner or later return to the occupations they have temporarily left, will be of a far better character than that of any war ever hitherto waged in any part of the world. No such conditions have ever heretofore existed in reference to any great national contest. Our immense volunteer army, so largely composed of intelligent and respectable men—men who are fully capable, and entitled by their votes, to influence the great measures of war or peace—presents a spectacle new and wholly unexampled in history; and the consequences of our contest to the moral and social condition of the people will be correspondingly unusual and important. We may safely assume from these considerations that the good will preponderate over the bad.

There is, however, another species of influence of a more questionable character, which is worthy of consideration in any attempt to anticipate the conse-

quences of this extraordinary rebellion. The nature of our institutions renders them accessible to popular impulses at very brief intervals of time; and it may well be expected, that, after the conclusion of the war, especially if it be successful, a sentiment nearly universal will prevail in favor of the elevation of the men who have been conspicuous in the military service. There will be a disposition to reward the successful soldier with civic honors, and to place the conduct of the Government in the hands of men who have exhibited only a capacity to lead and handle armies. The power of the military men will in this way be prolonged. Doubtless, a great soldier may be expected to show large executive abilities, and with proper experience may well be intrusted with the management of the highest offices in our country. There are times and occasions, of which the present is a most memorable instance, when the peculiar capacities of a great military leader would be of infinite service to the cause of freedom and humanity, provided, at the same time, he should possess undoubted integrity and patriotism, without any mixture of bad ambition. A Washington, or a Jackson, in the Presidential chair at the commencement of this rebellion, would have been of inestimable value to our country, outweighing the importance of mighty armies and countless treasure; for the value both of men and money, in such emergencies, depends wholly on the skill and wisdom with which they are used and directed. If God had vouchsafed us one grand will to control the human tempest now raging around us, our noble country would have been saved from many calamities and much disgrace, such as will require hard labor and heavy sacrifices to overcome.

It is not, therefore, the probability that military men may frequently be elevated to high office that need give any apprehension to the lover of his country. But it is the almost certain

prevalence of a blind and undistinguishing sentiment of caste, which will seek to control the elections in favor of the soldier under all circumstances, whether fit or unfit for the position sought. We are likely to have soldiers in all the executive offices, soldiers in the diplomatic service, in the legislative halls, and even on the bench. The danger is that the popular enthusiasm in favor of those who have served in the war will go to the extent of substituting gallantry and good conduct in the field for those very different qualifications demanded in responsible civil stations. A wound received, or a limb lost, will, in many instances, constitute a stronger recommendation for political preferment than long experience, coupled with ability and high character. This disposition to reward those who have faithfully served the country in time of war is an amiable characteristic of the American people, and proves that, in this particular at least, republics are not ungrateful. But it is clear, at the same time, that the public gratitude, thus turned into political channels, may be productive of great evil, by lowering the character of the men employed in performing public functions of importance. Already the results of our elective system have become the subject of intense anxiety in the minds of reflecting men. Notwithstanding the extensive provision made for the education of our people, of the universality and efficiency of which we justly boast, an almost equal extension of the elective franchise has not tended to improve the wisdom of the popular choice, or the character and qualifications of the men selected in latter times to fill high public offices. So seriously is this truth felt, that it is now a political problem of the first importance to devise some means by which the frequent elections in our country may be made to work more certainly and uniformly to the elevation of good and able men, who now too often shun rather than seek employ-

ment in the national service. If this indispensable improvement cannot be accomplished, our institutions are in danger of falling into contempt, as exhibiting no very great advance on the old modes of hereditary designation of political functionaries. The party machinery of the present day, adapted chiefly to the purpose of availability and the means of securing success at all hazards, is mostly responsible for the degeneracy which unquestionably characterizes the public men of this day, in comparison with those who in former times filled the same high stations. In view of these facts, it may be that the military régime about to be ushered in as a consequence of the great existing war, will of itself be an improvement, since it must be acknowledged there is some merit in the devotion and sacrifices of those who fight the battles of the Union, while it is notorious that corrupt political parties too frequently select and reward their leaders without regard to merit at all.

It may be said that there is inconsistency and contradiction in the views presented, inasmuch as the claim for remarkable intelligence and superiority in the rank and file of the army would imply too much patriotism and self-sacrifice to admit of the consequences suggested. But we must remember the immense numbers of our army, its large proportion to the whole population, the *esprit de corps* so naturally engendered in such a body, and the powerful influence it may wield by turning the scale in our inveterate and often nicely balanced partisan contests. We must also take into consideration that well known principle of human nature, as old as government itself, which seems to impel all men possessing irresponsible power to abuse it, and employ it for their own selfish advantage. This is peculiarly the case with *classes* which gain ascendancy, as such, over the other parts of the community. Political parties in our country will surely not fail to seek alliance

with the citizen soldiers at the close of the war, and to secure success by all the arts and devices which can be made available to that end. But let us hope the good sense and patriotism of our young men, their moderation and self-control, will be as conspicuous in future political campaigns, as in those more glorious ones which are yet destined to overthrow our enemies and restore our inestimable Union to its former greatness.

But it is not our purpose to confine these remarks to the loyal States and the Union armies; nor is it at all paradoxical to extend them to the region and the population controlled by the rebel government. Every good citizen, having confidence in the supremacy of right and the destiny of our country, anticipates the reunion of the States at the conclusion of the war. The bulk of the Southern army must likewise return to society, and carry with it such influence as it may derive from the peculiar character of its cause, the motives by which it is animated, and the acts, good or bad, noble or mean, which it may perform. It cannot be denied that the soldiers of the rebel army have exhibited the highest personal qualities, of daring courage, skilful enterprise, patient endurance, and the most indomitable perseverance, under difficulties apparently insuperable. Their cause is bad. The impartial judgment of mankind will pronounce it so, when the passions of the hour shall have completely subsided. But the masses of the Southern people evidently do not take this view of the war they are waging against the Government which has so long protected them, and under which they have acquired all the strength they are now ungratefully using to overthrow it. They have been artfully misled into the belief that they are engaged in a war altogether defensive—that they are fighting *pro aris et focis*—in short, that they have given themselves up to the holiest work which any people can ever be called on to un-

dertake. Doubtless, in frequent instances, and sometimes among considerable populations, different sentiments prevail and have been entertained from the beginning. A glimmering of the truth may occasionally dawn on the minds of those who went into the contest with entire confidence in the justice of their cause. But on the whole it is vain to deny the sincerity and the deep convictions of the Southern people. Nothing less than these could have sustained them in the appalling difficulties of their position. No people ever conducted a more brilliant and successful defensive war against the vast odds, on land and sea, with which they have had to contend. Let us be sufficiently magnanimous to confess the truth, unpleasant though it be, and acknowledge that they have hitherto outmanaged us in the general conduct of the war. They have exhibited an earnestness and determination, a gallantry and devotion, worthy of the highest purposes that ever call forth the energy of struggling nations. It is vain to say they are compelled by a military despotism; for, however strong and arbitrary their government may be, it evidently rests upon the support of the people, and it could never continue the present contest against popular disaffection at home joined with the mighty invading armies of the Union.

What then are to be the results of great efforts and sacrifices in a cause which, though we believe it to be bad, they consider holy? Are their chivalrous deeds to be less ennobling to the character of Southern men, than similar ones, springing from like motives, on the part of our armies? It is the motive which gives character to all actions, and mistake or error of the most perverse kind, when arising from honest conviction, cannot alter the merit of what is done or suffered. If it be said that the assumed convictions of the Southern people are incredible, it is only necessary to look back a few centuries, in order to see the whole Chris-

tian world entertaining sentiments equally abhorrent to the enlightened conscience of the present day. The universal participation in the slave trade, and the horrible persecutions for religious heresy, which everywhere prevailed, are sad evidences of the possibility of indulging the most disastrous errors with perfect sincerity. Besides, if we consider how great a diversity of opinion prevails among the people of the loyal States, on the subject of the rebellion and its causes, it will require no great degree of credulity to induce the belief that the Southern people are impelled by deep convictions in their present struggle.

Failure and defeat on their part will cast the usual discredit on the cause which is overthrown; and in this case we do not entertain a doubt that ultimately the right will prevail, and that the discomfiture and disgrace will fall where justice would require. Men will be deeply mortified to find themselves utterly overcome, and all their brave deeds and their magnanimous sacrifices and sufferings expended in a failing and a bad cause. It will be their great misfortune that serious reflection and conviction should come to them only after these great events, and when it is too late to recall them. But it is the peculiar characteristic of contests like this, that they do eventually make clear the subjects of dispute in which they originate. All the wranglings of politicians, and all the learning and logic of contending theologians in divided churches, could never accomplish the speedy and thorough decision of contested questions which will follow this tremendous war. Bold and extra-constitutional expedients necessarily grow out of the prevailing violence. They will soon test the possibility of measures which are too great for ordinary times, and will push the existing tendencies toward fundamental change into sudden and premature development.

Physical strength and success in war are by no means fair tests of truth and

principle; but in the present contest, such is the condition of our country and the character of its relations with the civilized world that, if the Union shall be restored to its former integrity, the result will give strong evidence of the righteousness of our cause. Such are the temptations to foreign interference, and such the evident disposition of the ruling dynasties in some powerful nations to destroy the influence and example of this great republic, as well as to break down her rivalry in commerce and manufactures, that nothing but a holy cause, appealing to the moral sense of mankind, could prevent the natural alliance between despotism abroad and the kindred system in the South which seeks to establish its tyranny on the ruins of our Government. Besides, the diverging systems of policy in the two sections have carried on their struggle for more than a quarter of a century, under conditions which make it demonstrable that their present inequality of strength and means is the direct consequence of these divergencies. Their long-continued emulation, passing through all the stages of envy, hatred, and political contention, has finally culminated in bloody civil war; and from the peculiar circumstances of the case, the termination of the contest, if the parties be left to themselves, will fully and fairly test the physical strength and moral force of the contending principles. The better principle, by virtue of its superior growth, will overthrow the worse and weaker one, which has relatively declined in power throughout all the long contest between the two. Enlightened convictions will grow up as the mighty conflict subsides; and institutions will be modified in conformity with the truths which are destined to appear through the blaze and smoke of battle.

Heaven forbid that we should confound moral distinctions, and place treason and rebellion on the same footing with patriotic devotion to the cause of

Union and liberty. Political and moral errors, however innocent in intention, stand on the same footing, as to their consequences, with all other violations of natural law. They bring retribution inevitable; nor can the blind and ignorant partisan of wrong entirely escape the shame of his misconduct, on the ground of erroneous judgment. But let us not arrogate to ourselves a superiority of virtue, which in reality we have no just right to claim. Are we sure that, even on our side, which we consider that of truth and humanity, all our individual motives are up to the level of the great principles involved? Are we not rather, to some extent, the blind instruments of social causes, stronger than our own will, and while seeming to follow the inclination of our own enlightened minds, are we not impelled by passion and ambition in the inevitable direction indicated, and even necessitated, by the circumstances surrounding us? Are not similar influences operating on the Southern mind, and forcing it, with a compulsion equally inexorable, into the fatal current of civil war? With the masses on both sides, this is undoubtedly true. Whole communities do not engage in such disastrous strife in mere wantonness and wicked advocacy of a bad cause. Either their judgment is distorted, or their passions aroused to such an extent as to render them utterly blind to the true nature of the principles involved, and to make them believe they are acting, under the strongest provocation, for the defence of their honor, their interests, and their acknowledged rights. Every liberal mind will readily concede the existence of these sentiments and motives.

But suppose the war ended by the overthrow of the rebellion and the restoration of the Federal authority: what is to be the effect in those States which have been the theatre of the great conspiracy, whence have issued all the mighty armies which have assailed so fiercely the Constitution and Govern-

ment of our fathers? Will the men who have shed their blood freely to destroy the Union ever again be brought to sustain it with sincerity and zeal? Can they be expected to acknowledge their profound error, and receive again heartily to their affections and willing obedience the authority which they have so haughtily spurned and sought to smite with utter destruction? This is a momentous question. It is the most important which can be presented to the country at the moment of its anticipated triumph, when the fearful clash of arms is about to subside and give place to the serious labor of conciliation and reconstruction. To conquer the rebellion will be, at least, to make all its aims utterly hopeless. Failure and disaster will be forever stamped upon the ideas on which the revolution has been founded, and they, with their inspiration, good or bad, will be permanently overthrown, together with the men who have used them so efficiently for the inauguration and continuance of this tremendous strife. There is wonderful power in the success of an idea, as there is a corresponding influence in the utter overthrow of its physical manifestations and efforts. A cause rendered hopeless by defeat ceases to sustain the passions which it has excited, under the influence of which it has made itself respectable and powerful. If it be founded in truth and right, it will have within itself the elements of resuscitation, and it can never become altogether hopeless. But if it have no such basis of substantial truth, its failure once is for all time. The hearts of men cannot long cling to such a cause. Its traditions even become odious, and the effort will be to ignore and forget its incidents, and to escape the discredit of having participated in its ambitious struggles.

But to conquer the rebellion is not to subjugate the South. This is a distinction of the utmost importance in attempting to estimate the conse-

quences of the great struggle. So far from the subjugation of the Southern people resulting, in any contingency, the success of the Union arms must be their regeneration and redemption. To overthrow the confederate government will be only to relieve the people from its grasp, and to reinstate them in the rights and liberties which they have hitherto enjoyed. A combination of force, fraud, and self-delusion has sustained the power of the rebel dynasty, and enabled it to wield the influence and authority of the whole people of the seceding States, with some few remarkable exceptions. To break up this combination will do more than merely defeat a hostile power: it will, in effect, annihilate the whole vicious organization, and leave its elements free to engage in other combinations, more in accordance with right, and better calculated to secure success and prosperity. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that they will eventually resume their former relations with the Federal Government, as most conducive to these ends. There are some men, perhaps one whole class, who can never escape the responsibility of all the overwhelming evils and calamities which the war has brought upon the South. The cordial acquiescence of these can hardly be anticipated; but their power will be completely destroyed, and the people may well be expected to disregard their murmurs and complaints. Indeed, it is not altogether unlikely that an injured and exasperated people may turn on the authors of their ruin, and wreak upon them a fearful vengeance, so far, at least, as to ostracize and banish them forever from the land they have blighted and destroyed. The masses of the people, holding few or no slaves, though involved in the war by force of the general delusion into which they have been artfully inveigled, will not consider themselves responsible for its consequences; they will rather look on themselves as the victims of designing

men, who, for selfish purposes, have partly seduced and partly impelled them into the perils and disasters of a gigantic but fruitless rebellion. This state of feeling will leave the minds of the Southern people in a condition to estimate fairly their own relations to the rebellion, and their obligations to the Union, which again calls them, with paternal tenderness, to its generous confidence and magnanimous protection. They will have no cause for apprehension that their restoration to good fellowship and perfect equality will not be complete and free from all unfriendly reservations.

But this influence will not operate on those alone who have few or no slaves, comprehending the great mass of whites: it will exert itself more notably on the large body of slaves themselves. This is an element in the calculation which, humble though it be, cannot be overlooked without great error in the results. A fundamental change will take place in the condi-

tion of the blacks. They will be emancipated, either gradually and safely, or with violent precipitation, with all its evils and disasters. Yet, however the decree may come, whether by the sudden blow of military power, or by the free and cheerful coöperation of the States and their people, the measure itself will be plainly the result of the rebellion, as met by the firm and noble stand assumed by the Federal Government, and maintained at so great a cost of treasure and of precious lives. The Government which, out of civil war and chaotic strife, brings such advantages—out of calamity and danger educes such blessings of security and progress will be entitled to the unbounded gratitude of those who will be the chief gainers by its policy. But experience will soon teach the whites that they will be equal gainers in the end; and, in time, we may justly expect not only their cheerful acquiescence, but their renewed allegiance and ardent support to the Federal authorities



MOTTOES FOR CONTRACTORS.

WHEN you contract for boots and shoes,
Be not contracted in your views.



When you agree to clothe the body,
Expand your soul and flee from shoddy.



No soul the difference can see
'Twixt chico-rye and chicoree.



'Tis wise to feed the soldier well:
For reason *why*—see Dante's 'Hell.'

SUNSHINE IN THOUGHT.*

THE genial pen of Mr. Leland has found an attractive theme in the title of this curious and suggestive volume. Without the formality of an inexorable system, it is written from the impulses of a large and sympathetic nature, more accustomed to the acute observation of details than to exact and rigid generalizations, but sending free and penetrating glances beneath the surface of social life, and presenting a variety of sagacious hints and comments, often admirable for their quaint, original illustrations, and seldom destitute of an important ethical bearing and significance.

In the composition of this work, Mr. Leland has aimed at the defence of that view of life which combines a cheerful earnestness of purpose with manly energy of action, as opposed to the melancholic, whining, lachrymose spirit, which has been affected by certain popular modern poets, and, through their vicious example, has been cherished as one of the essential qualities of genius. Of this style of character Mr. Leland has not the slightest degree of tolerance. Its manifestations are all abominable in his eyes, and unsavory in his nostrils. He cannot endure its presence; he regards its exercise as a nuisance: its permission in the plan of a kindly Providence is a mystery.

The influence of a morbid melancholy, whether affected or genuine, in the literature of the United States, is justly a matter of surprise and lamentation with the author. The American mind, as he remarks, has doubtless a strong tendency to humor. It delights in the expression of a mischievous irony or good-natured sarcasm. The querulous wailings which are the stock in trade of a certain class of writers are unnat-

ural and discordant sounds. We should expect rather a serene and cheerful melody from a young and brave-hearted race, which is in intimate relations with the external world. Instead of this, we have sucked in with the milk of our Puritan mothers a forlorn and sorrowful spirit. We celebrate our festivals with a sad countenance. We attempt to make merry by singing dismal psalms. We weave our woes into poetry, and expand our wretchedness in plaintive declamations.

This is a wide departure from the genius of Christianity, as well as from the healthy instincts of humanity. In the first ages after Christ, the newborn element of thought was a pure and beautiful spring, bubbling up from the moss-grown ruins of the temple of heathendom. A hopeful, joyous tone is indicated in the symbols of the early faith preserved in the Vatican. It contained the germ of republican freedom and of a benign and beneficent civilization. But it was driven by political convulsions toward the East, and returned in the melancholy robes of the dreamy and morbid oriental. It learned from Indian fakirs that laughter was a sin, that misery was meritorious, that the hatred of beauty and joy was a virtue in the sight of Heaven. The early Christians were imbued with the sentiment of moral grandeur and loveliness; they represented Christ our Lord as the fair ideal of humanity; but a darker age decreed that his form should be meagre and homely—misled by those pagan Syrian pictures, which still disfigure the churches in Russia, and whose original may be found in the avatars of violence, modified by old Persian influence. From the seventh to the twelfth century, the tendency to

* *SUNSHINE IN THOUGHT.* By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. 12mo, pp. 197. New York: Geo. P. Putnam.

asceticism was rampant. Beauty was proscribed as a temptation of the devil; deformed and crooked limbs were ranked among the beatitudes; even dirt was apotheosized, and, as a consequence, millions of men were mowed down by unheard-of forms of disease. Humanity did not submit to this rule of austerity and torture without a struggle. There was often a brave, vigorous resistance. A lively protest was uttered in the joyous strains of the troubadours and minnesingers. The glad spirit of nature could not be wholly suppressed, and from amid the social oppressions of the times sweet voices fell upon the ear, celebrating the praises of woman, the love of beauty, and the joyousness of life.

But, according to our author, none of the great names in literature have ever proclaimed the evangel of cheerfulness in all its health and purity. The world as yet has never been fit to receive it. Years may pass before it will be fully unfolded. Society is still in its earliest March spring. The fresh winds which blow are still wild and chill; the nights are long and dreary; and during these gloomy hours, the ancient crone still relates horrible legends to believing ears. If the elder or wiser ones only half believe them, most of the listeners still shiver at their weird, grotesque poetry, and when they make new songs for themselves, the old demoniac strains still linger on the air, showing the origin of their earliest lays.

In order to illustrate the lack of true joyousness in the literature of the world, Mr. Leland takes a rapid survey of some of the most distinguished writers in ancient and modern times. Aristophanes, he maintains, did not possess the genuine element in question. Allowing the claims of the great satirist to genius, he had not reached the perennial springs of cheerfulness in the depths of the human soul. In his gayest arabesques, we trace the eternal line of life, but the deep, monotonous echo of death

is always nigh. He still had the sorrows which grieve the strong humorist of every age. He could not escape the deep woe of seeing social right and human happiness trodden under foot by tyranny; and folly and ignorance, pain and sorrow were the great foundation stones on which the gay temple of Grecian beauty was built. For every free citizen who wandered through the groves of the Academy, holding high converse with Plato, and revelling in the enjoyment of the divinest beauty in nature and art, there was an untold multitude of slaves and barbarians, into whose lives was crowded every element of bitterness.

But surely, the great sage of humor, glorious Father Rabelais, of later days, was an exception to the prevailing rule of joyousness in literature? Not at all, contends our author. To the young mind which hungers for truth and joy, there is something irresistibly fascinating and persuasive in the jolly philosophy and reckless worldly wisdom of Rabelais. But after all, it will not do. It is anything but attainable by most of the world. It demands good cheer and jovial company. But it dies out in the desert, and is stifled among simple, vulgar associates. Rabelais believed that he sacrificed to freedom, when he only worshipped fortune. He went through the world, familiar with the ways of princes and peers, priests and peasants, travelling in many lands, exhausting the resources of art and learning, seeing through the sins and shams and sorrows of life, and laughing at everything, like a good-natured, large-hearted Mephistopheles. But he had never learned the true philosophy of joyousness in the sincere love of nature, the deep phases of humanity, and the affluence and purity of strong affection.

Nor do we find a better specimen in the renowned English humorists, Sterne and Swift. The former closely follows his French prototype in grotesque fancies: he abounds in tender and delicate pathos, though in the highest de-

gree artificial and forced ; but do we ever arise from reading him, like a giant refreshed by wine ? Sterne, in fact, has even less of the true philosophy of life than Rabelais. He affords no stimulant to joyous, healthy action, awakens no impulse to gladden life, or to make sorrow less and hope greater. It may be all very touching, very comic, very ingenious, but it is not healthy or joyous. And Swift ? An immense fund of laughter, doubtless, had the witty Irish dean ; but as little claim to be a joyous writer as the prophet Jeremiah, or the author of 'Groans from the Bottomless Pit.' The men who have been spoken of dealt largely in satire and humor ; but joyousness deals in infinitely more. Mirth and laughter are all very well, but they are not all in all. Cheerfulness requires something more than a well-balanced Rabelaisian nonchalance in adversity and a keen relish for all pleasure.

The relation of Christianity to the theme of the volume presents a delicate, and, it may be thought, a dangerous topic of discussion, for a so decidedly secular pen as Mr. Leland's ; but he touches upon it with freedom and boldness, though with frankest sympathy and reverence for the great Spirit, whose religion is the most significant fact in the history of the world. 'I must confess,' says he, 'that even regarded from a material and historical point alone, that is a poor, cowardly soul, which does not feel the deepest earnestness of truth in acknowledging the Wonderful One, Jesus Christ, as the Lord and Saviour of the whole world.' His sublime soul, profound, universal, loving beyond all power of human conception, introduced a new era for humanity. Under his teaching, philosophy became indeed truly divine, for it became infinite, and was thrown open to all. He first of all opened the consolations of free thought, of freedom from old superstition, of love, and strength, and inward joy, to the whole race of mankind. No narrow limits of

sect or caste or nationality cramped him, the first great Cosmopolite. We cannot sufficiently admire the infinite adaptability, the universal knowledge of humanity, the boundless sympathy with man, which are everywhere manifest in the original Christian philosophy of life. What a depth of meaning in the symbolic bread and wine, typical of the life which flows through eternity and all its changes, of human love and birth and death, of bounteous, beautiful nature, with its continually renewed strength—the whole given, not in funereal guise, not with sombre fasting, but as a joyous feast.

The New Testament abounds in symbols, parables, and proverbs, taken from ancient tradition, but beautifully woven into a purer faith, which taught that the healthy joys of life, and all knowledge of divine truth, should be given not to a few kings or priests, a few favored with initiation into divine mysteries, as of old, but to the whole world ; for the spirit of Christianity was identical with the genius of republicanism. As taught by our Lord Jesus Christ, it was eminently healthy, brave-hearted, and joyous. It did not commend celibacy, nor excess of fasting, nor too long prayers, nor righteousness overmuch. It did not approve of a plethora of outward goods, while the culture of our highest faculties was neglected. It condemned all excess of care, even in our daily duties, at the expense of that 'better part' which distinguishes us from mere ants or bees. It gave no warrant for the dismal dirges and melancholy groans which are raised in its name, by men whom Jesus would have been the first to reprove. 'It was a religion of life and of beauty, of friendship and temperate mirth, of love, truth, and manliness ; one which opposed neither feasting at weddings nor "going a fishing."'

The temptation to find a refuge from the evils of life in active exertion, instead of cultivating the sources of joy in our own nature, is the subject of an

ingenious and striking chapter. In a land, where enjoyment in many minds is connected with a sense of sin, it is doubtless better that the overflowing energy of character, which is a trait of the population, should seek vent in the excitements of labor, than in poisonous liquors, horse races, politics, and the gaming table. Where the natural support of life is wanting, partial methods of relief may be employed. He who can no longer swallow, may gain an imperfect nourishment by means of baths, or artificial transmission. So, the grim and hardened soul, which has lost the support of inward cheerfulness, may find strength in work, merely for the sake of work. But it is a fraud upon humanity to educate men solely as industrious animals. Hives are beautiful, honey is sweet, and wonderful is the cunning structure of the cell; but society is not a hive, nor the people bees. The day is dawning when it will be understood that cheerful songs are as essential to genuine manhood as work; that labor is not to be borne as a curse, with sighs and groans; but combined with mental culture, will become capable of self-support, and will supply its own enthusiasm.

The great problem of the age is the union of beauty with practical uses. In their highest forms, art and science blend and become identical, just as the Beautiful and the Good assimilate, as we trace them to their source in Truth. While art becomes more practical, it loses none of its beauty. In the infancy of science, it was mainly devoted to the illustration of the fanciful and ornamental. Even architecture, in the early ages, looked less to permanent comfort than to artistic effect. But everything now tends to realization. Poetry and art fall in with this influence of the age. Science is every day taking man away from the purely ideal, the morbid and visionary; from the fond fancies of old eras, and leading him to facts and to nature.

Mr. Leland never becomes formal or

spiritless in the treatment of his favorite topics, and often rises to a high degree of enthusiastic eloquence. Witness the following noble appeal in behalf of a cheerful earnestness in the cultivation of literature and art:

Young writer, young artist, whoever you be, I pray you go to work in this roaring, toiling, machine-clanking, sunny, stormy, terrible, joyful, commonplace, vulgar, tremendous world in *downright earnest*. By all the altars of Greek beauty themselves, I swear it to you; yes, by all that Raphael painted and Shakspeare taught; by all the glory and dignity of all art and of all Thought! you will find your most splendid successes not in cultivating the worn-out romantic, but in *loving* the growing Actual of life. Master the past if you will, but only that you may the more completely forget it in the present. He or she is best and bravest among you who gives us the freshest draughts of reality and of Nature. It lies all around you—in the foul smoke and smell of the factory, amid the crash and slip of heavy wheels on muddy stones, in the blank-gilt glare of the steamboat saloon, by the rattling chips of the faro table, in the quiet, gentle family circle, in the opera, in the six-penny concert, the hotel, the watering-place, on the prairie, in the prison. Not as the poor playwright and little sensation-story grinder see them, not as the manufacturers of Magdalen elegies and mock-moral and mock-philanthropical tales skim them, but in their truth and freshness as facts, around and through which sweep incessantly the infinite joys and agonies, the dreams and loves and despair of *humanity*. Heavens! is not *LIFE* as earnest and as mysterious and as well worth the fierce grapple of *GENIUS*, here and *now*, in this American nineteenth century, as it ever was under the cedars of Italy, the olives of Greece, or the palms of Morning Land? Are there not as much, or more vigor and raciness in the practical souls of the multitude and in their never-ending strife with Nature, as among the spoiled and dainty darlings of fortune and among the nerveless, mind-emasculated Victims of Society who sing us their endless *Miserere* from the Sistine chapels of fashionable novels? You know there is, and if you watch the time, you may see that it is the warm truth from real life, which is most eagerly read and which goes most directly to the hearts of all. Never yet in history was there an age or a country so rich in great ideas, in great developments, or which offered such copious material to the writer as these of ours. Be bold and seize it with a strong hand. Those who are to live after us will wonder as

we now do of the great eras of the past, that there were so few on the spot to picture them. Yet, why speak of *great* scenes, when humanity and Nature are always great—great in small things even, far beyond our utmost power of apprehension? Forget the spirit of the past, live in the present, and thus—and thus only—you will secure a glorious and undying reward in the future.

The fault of this volume, in the eyes of many readers, will be a certain confusion in the arrangement of the matter, and the want of sufficient expansion in the development of some of its leading suggestions. But it must be judged as the earnest utterances of a poet, rather than a grave didactic treatise. With the purpose which the author had in view, a spice of rhapsody is no defect. He presents a beautiful example of the smiling wisdom of which he is such an eloquent advocate.

He has an intuitive sense of the genial and joyous aspects of life, and has no sympathies to waste on the victims of 'carking care' or morbid melancholy. A more complete exposition of the conditions of cheerfulness in the nature of man, would furnish materials for an interesting volume; but it belongs more properly to an ethical or philosophical discourse. We will not complain of the author for not doing what he has not attempted—for what he had no inward call or outward occasion; what he could not have accomplished but at the sacrifice of much which constitutes the charm and grace of the present work; while we cordially thank him for this endeavor to speak a cheering word in behalf of the joyousness of life, and to spread 'sunshine in the shady place.'

R.



HOW THEY JESTED IN THE GOOD OLD TIME.

THERE is nothing which contributes so much to ease social intercourse as the jest. In comparison with it, the proverb is only a humble subordinate, and song itself, with all its power, but a weak influence. Yet the song and the proverb boast a critical literature, while the brief compendiums of merriment which never die, which, once written, live through every age, and force their way through every penetrable language, are undoubtedly less studied than any other popular medium of feeling.

What is a jest? It is as little worth the while to try to define its nature, as it is to analyze wit. We all know that the world laughs, and what it laughs at, and what the droll saws, anecdotes, rhymes, quips, and facetiæ are, which give fame to a Bebel, or a Frischlin, a Tom Brown, and a Joseph

Miller. Leave labored analysis to the philosophers, contenting ourselves with remarking that a jest is a laugh candied or frozen in words, and thawed and relished in the reading or utterance. And laughter? When a man is too lazy to think out an idea, and yet too active to dreamily *feel* it, he laughs. When he catches its leading points, and yet realizes that behind them remains the incomprehensible or incongruous, he settles it for the nonce with a smile. Hence it comes that we laugh so seldom with all our heart, a second time over a jest. It has been *comprehended*; the mystery, the sense of contradiction and incongruity, has vanished—we may revive it in others, and laugh electrically with them; but the first piquant gusto of *its* spice is gone forever.

Yet the jest, like the proverb, ac-

quires a value by becoming current. It often illustrates an opinion or an experience, and when it is much worn, it may still gain a new point, by being brought into illustrative relation with some event or idea. Esop's fables, or any fables, are, after all, only good jokes in a narrative form, which owe their fame simply to their boundless capacity for application. Sidney Smith's story of Mrs. Partington, who tried to mop out the Atlantic, was a jest, and so too was Lady Macbeth's 'cat i' the adage,' who wanted fish, yet would not wet her paws, and let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.' *Something* of our old enjoyment of a joke for the first time, always lingers around it, and we gladly laugh again—for, 'old love never quite rusts out.' And there are many jests, which, owing to their boundless variety of application, always come before us in a new light. Such are those which illustrate character. Woe to the man among the vulgar, who once becomes the scape-goat of a story on the subject of a joke-anecdote which 'shows him up.' Woe in truth, if it grow to a nick-name—for then he, of all persons, learns that there are jests which never lose their sting.

Some jests have been progressive—they have been re-made to suit the times. Diogenes, when asked which wine he preferred, replied, 'That of other people.' An Englishman answered to the same question, 'The O. P. brand,' referring the initials not only to Other People, but also to the far-famed Old Particular stamp which marked certain rare varieties—or, as others explain it, to 'Old Port.' The Scholastikos of Hierocles, having a house for sale, carried a brick around as a sample—a modern story says that a commander when asked of what material his fortifications were built, called up his troops, and said: 'There!—every man's a brick.' Here we have the 'living walls' of the Romans—two old stories blended into one, and the

whole greatly strengthened by a modern slang expression. When thus changed to suit the times, jests, instead of growing old, rather grow new again. Not unfrequently, a single joke becomes, in this manner, the parent of scores of others. I think that it is Mr. Wendell Phillips, who, in a lecture on Lost Arts, declares that there were never yet more than twenty-five original 'good stories,' and that all of those now current may be traced back to them. In a certain sense, the assertion is true; but it is a mistake to confound the result of a cause with the cause itself, and an error to declare the descendant to be one and the same with the ancestor. Max Muller has proved that hundreds of words of the most different meanings descend from the same root, and, in like manner, we might show, if the traditional links were supplied, that the last 'good one' current at Washington, originated at the court of King Pharaoh. Let no one laugh, for Chaucer's Clerke of Oxforde's Tale was for years told, with Daniel Webster and Henry Clay as the heroes, and we have even met with a bold Southron who *knew* that it was true of them!

In this connection it is worth while to observe that even the slang phrases of the day, which are popular, partly because they *save trouble in thinking*, and partly because the vulgar mind, like the vulgar ear, finds a relief or pleasure in monotony—are not unfrequently of ancient origin. The current expression, 'a high old time,' occurs in a Latin jest, given in an old German-Latin jest-book, which, as its preface asserts, consists entirely of a reprint from still older works. 'Henricus,' it says, 'was begged to make at a wedding (*Hoch zeit*—literally, 'high time') a wedding song, and complied with the following:

'Iste vetus Juvenis Socius prins
ad stationem arripit

Atque altum tempus habere cupit.*

* Erneuerte und vermehrte Lustige Gesellschaft
(*Comes facundus in via pro vehiculo*), von JOHANN

The expression is better in its old form, since *altum* means both high and old. Those who have laughed at the instance in 'Ferdinand Count Fathom,' of the Dutchman, who boasted that his brother had written a great book of poetry as thick as a cheese, may find its original 'motive' in an anecdote given in the same work.

'A peasant going to a lawyer, begged him to undertake a case for him, to which the man of law assenting, began to refer to and read in a very small book. But the peasant, who saw many large folios in the study, touched the advocate on the arm and said :

'Sir—please read some in a *great* book also, for this is certainly a big case which I have brought to you.'

Everybody knows the story of the fortune hunter who commanded his servant to duplicate in the affirmative, when he should be in conversation, all his assertions. 'I have a fine farm,' said he. 'Faith, ye mane ye have two on thim,' interpolated his Irishman ; and so it went on, until the master admitted that he had a cork leg. '*Two false liggs, an' ye know it,*' cried out the man. This is somewhat varied and enlarged from the old story as given in the *Facetiae* of Bebel, in which the nobleman, remarking to his lady-love that he was 'a little out of sorts,'—'*dixit ille, se pallidulum parumque infirmum,*' was interrupted by his servant with : 'And no wonder, since you suffer with such a terrible and incurable quotidian disease !' *

If all stories and jests are to be traced to a few originals, perhaps the many eccentric tales of Jack on horseback may be found in a very old anecdote of a certain *Venetus insuetus ac nescius equitare*—a Venetian unaccustomed to and ignorant of riding, who, when mounted on horseback, having inadvertently spurred the animal, exclaimed, as it reared and plunged :

PETRO DE MEMEL. Zippelzerbst im Drömbling. Im Jahr, 1657.

* *Facetiarum* HENRICI BEBELII, Poetæ. Tübingen, A.D., 1542. Date of Preface, 1506.

'Lord ! the waves of the sea are nothing to those on land,'—thinking that the leaping of his steed was caused by a sudden storm ! The anecdotes of absent-mindedness may find a prototype in a very old monk-Latin anecdote of a certain doctor who went riding '*cum Palatino Rheni,*' with the Prince Palatine, and who, on being told that he had no breeches on, replied : '*Credebam, ô princeps, mihi famulum ea induisse.*' 'I thought, oh prince, that my valet had put them on !' Domine Sampson and the magistrate who appeared un-breeched before General Washington, are both anticipated in these absent small-clothes.

Many of the capital extravagances contained in 'Baron Munchausen' are borrowed literally from the old Latin jest-books. The incident of the wild pig which led about by its tail a blind wild boar, so that when the former was slain the latter was taken home by simply giving it the tail to hold, is of very respectable antiquity—as is also the story of the horse cut in two—attributed by Bebel to a locksmith. The locksmiths, he tells us in the parenthesis, are the boldest of Major Longbows.

There are many jests current in all languages, quizzing the vanity of humble persons suddenly raised to some small dignity. 'Necbors, I am still but a mon,' remarked the Scotchman, who became mayor.* Perhaps their type is latent in the '*De rustica præfecti uxore*—the village magistrate's wife,—which runs as follows :

'When a certain man had been made a prefect of a small village, he bought his wife a new fur garment (*melotam*). She, proud of her finery and full of her new honor, entered church, *capite elato et superbo*, with her head raised, just as all the congregation rose to their feet, when the Gospel was to be read. When she, thinking it to be in her honor, and recollecting her former condition, said : Sit still ! I have not forgotten that I was once poor !'

A very great proportion of the shrewd retorts and witty replies attributed to

* Peter Cunningham's last Book, p. 45.

great men are very old. 'What do you think of soldiers who can endure such wounds?' remarked Napoleon, when showing a frightfully scarred grenadier to an Englishman. 'What does your majesty think of the men who gave the wounds?' was the reply. It is essentially the remark of Louis the Bavarian, who, on enlisting four soldiers famed for incredible bravery, and observing that they were scarred from head to foot, said to them: 'Ye are brave fellows; but I had rather see the men *a quibus tot vulnera accepistis*—from whom ye received so many wounds.' The number of witty retorts and droll stories associated with the names of Talleyrand, Piron, Voltaire—in fact, to a certain degree, of almost all great men—is so great as to almost persuade the reader who wanders in the neglected field of ancient humor, that no man of the later centuries was ever capable of a single witty and original thought. It is not long since I met with an anecdote, stating that Alexandre Dumas, who had a very unattractive wife, one day surprised a gentleman in the act of tenderly embracing her. In a compassionate and astonished tone the novelist exclaimed: 'Poor man! why do you act so? I am sure that nobody could have compelled you to it against your will.' '*Eh! monsieur, qui est-ce qui vous y obligeait?*' The jest is 'old as the hills'—it was old before Dumas was born. So, too, with the amusing bit of naïveté attributed to an English duchess, who, to express her deeply-seated religious prejudices, declared that she would sooner have a dozen Protestant husbands than one Catholic. The same point is expressed as follows, in a very witty but extremely wicked collection of facetiæ of the seventeenth century: *

Displicet, insignis, mihi Clericus ordo puella
Inquit et est valde gens odiosa mihi.
Malo decem certè me consociare colonis,
Unicum Clero quam coisise velim.

* *Hortu'i amœni, viridis et elegantis floribus
Historicis et Poeticis, &c. BALTHASARI SCHNURII.
Rotenburg. 1637.*

Sir Isaac Newton, and I know not how many other philosophers, have been made to learn by a current story how to bear coals—literally. A learned man, it is said, being asked by a little girl for a live coal, offered to bring her a fire shovel. 'It is not necessary,' replied the child, and having laid cold ashes on her palm, she placed a glowing ember on them and bore it away safely. 'With all my wisdom,' said the sage, 'I should never have thought of that!' The jest is of mediæval antiquity—possibly pre-Latin—it was in later days, however, versified by Schurras—an extremely aged and dying woman being substituted for the learned man.

'Nam nudâ poteris ignea ferre manu?
Parva puella refert: mater, perizomate prunas
Portabo flammæ ne nocuisse queant.
Quid facies igitur, Anus inquit? Serviet hiccæ
Mi cinis, illa refert; quo super hasce feram.
Mox exclamat Anus: disco, moriorque profecto.
En disco moriens quæ latuere senem:
O, ich lern und stirb!'

A very great number of the 'good stories' current at the present day with new names and faces, are to be found in the works of Rabelais, and in the *Moyen Parvenir*, now generally attributed to him. It is almost needless to say that few of these were however original with the great French humorist. We find them in the Macaronics of Merlin Coccaius, and in scores of older authorities. Still it must be borne in mind that a similarity does not always establish an identity. There are few persons who cannot cite some droll instance of a sharper or greedy fellow, who, expecting an undeserved reward for some sham service, has found himself drolly overreached. So Rabelais dresses up for us anew the fable of the woodman, who, having lost his hatchet, and wearied Jupiter with prayers for its recovery, was tempted by Mercury with a golden hatchet, and asked if it were the missing article. He answering 'No,' received the precious one for reward. Which being made known, excited great hopes

among his neighbors of becoming rich by the same means :

‘Ha, ha! said they—was there no more to do but to lose a hatchet to make us rich? Now for that; it is as easy as — —, and will cost us but little. Are then at this time of the year the revolutions of the heavens, the constellations of the firmament and aspects of the planets such that whosoever shall lose a hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? Ha, ha, ha! by Jove you shall even be lost and it please you, my dear hatchet! With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil of a one that had a hatchet left; he was not his mother’s son that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleared in that country, through want of hatchets. Nay, the Aesopian apologue even saith, that certain petty country gents of the lower class who had sold the Woodman their little mill and little field to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that his treasure was come to him by this only means, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

‘You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of mandates,—a penny-worth of a new-made pope.

‘Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and invoked Jupiter: ‘My hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet! on this side, my hatchet! on that side, my hatchet! ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet!’ The air round about rung with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

‘Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold, and a third of silver.

‘Every *he* was still for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver Jupiter; but in the very nick of time, that they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground, whip, in a trice, Mercury chopped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads thus cut off the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.’

This is but a small portion of the fable as amplified by Rabelais; but what is cited illustrates the *accretive* power of a jest when it involves a principle of general application. The same idea—that of roguery rewarded according to the letter—is involved in an anecdote, which tells us that a certain

alchemist having dedicated to Pope Leo the Tenth a book containing the whole art of making gold, received as recompense a great empty purse, with the words: ‘If thou canst make gold, thou art far richer than I; but herein is a purse wherein thou mayest put thy gold.’

In the German *Lallenbuch*, as well as other works, we find the story of the stupid fellow who, coming to the banks of a river, waited long and in vain until the water should all have rolled by. It is given in the following form in a very droll collection of jests: *

‘*Rustici cujusdam filius à patre in proximam urbem missus, quum ad flumen aliquod pervenisset, diu dum integrum deflueret, sicque transitum præberet, expectans, tandem ubi continuo aquam fluere vidit, domum reversus est, de eo quod sibi accidisset, parentibus conquestus.*’

But the story was old, centuries before the monks—for even Horace sums it up in two verses as one quotes a well-known popular proverb :

‘*Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis: at ille Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*’

‘The clown awaits until the flood be gone: It glides and whirls for ages ever on.’

The reader has probably heard of the apocryphal twelfth commandment, ‘Mind your own business.’ Possibly its existence was suggested by the discovery of the *first*, told as follows in the *Democritus Ridens*.

‘A certain soldier being asked by his pastor what was the first commandment given by GOD, replied, ‘Thou shalt not eat!’ At which answer the priest inquiring what he meant, received for reply that this was the first command to our first parents relative to the apple. *Quo audito, Pastor conticuit!* Which having heard, the priest was silent.’

Of the same family or parentage is the modern story of the clergyman who, wishing to preach against the extravagant head-dresses worn by the women of his congregation, took for a text, ‘Top knot come down!’ referring for

* *Democritus Ridens: sive Narrationum Ridicularum Centuria. Selecta JOHANNI PETRO LAN-
GIO. Ulmæ, anno 1667.*

his authority to Matthew xxiv. 17. In like manner a not over-learned brother is said to have expounded Genesis, chap. xxii. v. 23, as follows: 'These eight Milcah bear.' This shows us, my brethren, what hard times they had of old, when it took eight on 'em to milk a bar (and I 'spose get mighty little at that), when nowadays my darter kin milk a cow with nary help, as easy as look at her.'

Every one has heard of the Irishman crossing the brook. 'Sure, Paddy, if ye carry me, don't I carry the barrel of whiskey, an' isn't that fair and aiquil?' It is differently told in one of the old Latin jest books, where a certain Piero, pitying his weary jackass, which bore a heavy plough, took the latter on his own shoulders, and mounting the donkey, said: '*Nunc procedere poteris, non enim tu sed ego aratrum fero*,'—'Now you may go along, for not you but I now bear the plough.' Not a few of the jokes given to modern Irishmen originated centuries ago in other countries than theirs. The reader may recall the advice given by an Emeraldier to another at a tavern, when the latter found that his boiled egg was ready to hatch. 'Down wid it, Murphy, ye divil, before the landlord comes in and charges ye for a *chicken breakfast*!' The same occurs as an old Latin joke, with this difference, that, in the latter, the companion, when the breakfast was over, required that the chicken eater should pay the reckoning for both. '*Ni faxis, dicam carponi de pullo quem pro ovo absumpsisti, et solves largius*.' 'Unless you do, I will tell the landlord of the chicken which you ate for an egg, and then see what a bill you'll have to pay.'

The Germans of the present day have a story of a certain Englishman who, on being told that his coat was burning, politely replied: 'What the devil business is that of yours? I have seen your coat burning this half hour, and never bothered myself about it.' Tom Brown tells us of a roguish boy who

said to a traveller, warning his feet at a fire: 'Take care, sir, or you'll burn your spurs!' 'My boots! you mean,' quoth the traveller. 'No, sir, I mean your spurs; your boots be burned already.' But the best form of the joke is given by Erasmus in his *Adages*, as follows:

'A certain traveller in Holland lay so near the fire that his cloak was scorched. Which being observed by a guest, he said to the sleeper, 'Here—I want to tell you something!' To which the other replied: 'If it is bad news, put it off, for I don't wish to hear any in company where all should be jolly. *Post convivium, inquit, seria*—'save up the sorrow until after supper.' And when they had merrily supped, 'Now,' said he, 'I am ready to hear it.' Then the other showed him an immense hole in his cloak, and he began to rage that he had not been warned of it in time. 'I wished to do so,' replied the guest meekly, 'but you forbade me.'

The witty sayings of men about to be executed are numerous, but are in many cases far from being original or authentic. During the horrors of the French Revolution, when men 'became so accustomed to death that they lost all respect for it,' it became the fashion to make a jest with the last breath, and it is said that a volume of these sayings was collected and published. In the *Democritus Ridens*, already referred to, under the head of *Jocus sub necem*, the author gives several anecdotes, more than one of which has been attributed in modern times to some noted criminal:

'Those condemned to death are not infrequently so excited and confused as to lose their wits and joke most improperly. As an example, take that man who, when standing on the scaffold, said with a smile to the judge who was present: 'I wonder, old fellow, that you with such a turned-up nose can see anything!'

'Another when about to die asked for a parting cup. A goblet of beer was brought, from which he carefully blew away the froth, saying that it was 'unhealthy and conducive to the gravel.'

'Another on the way to the gallows, seeing a crowd hastening forward, said to them: 'There is no need of hurrying, children; even though you go as slowly as I, for depend upon it, the thing will not come off till I get there.'

'Another on quitting the prison, turning to his jailor, said privately: 'You needn't keep the house open beyond the usual time this evening on my account, for I shall not return.'

'Another is said, when about to be shipwrecked, to have called for salt meat. And being asked why? replied: 'Because I shall soon have to drink more than I ever did in all my life.' *O ridiculos et o insanos homunculos!* adds the old writer: 'O foolish and mad worms of men who could thus joke at the very opening instant of eternity!'

This last instance of dying recklessness has been used by Rabelais as one of the jests of Panurge. Much like it is the anecdote to the effect that in a storm at sea, when the sailors were all at prayers, expecting every moment to go to the bottom, a passenger appeared quite unconcerned. The captain asked him how he could be so much at his ease in this awful situation. 'Sir,' said the passenger, 'my life is insured.'

Somewhat allied to this spirit of blindness was the remark of the Greek to his slave during a terrible storm at sea. Seeing the latter weeping, he exclaimed, 'Why are you so troubled—I give you your freedom?' And allied to it is the well-known epigram:

'It blew a hard storm and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confessed
Was conveyed, as they thought, from themselves
to the priest:
To lighten the ship and conclude their devotion,
They tossed the poor parson souse into the ocean.'

One of the coarse jokes current with the last generation was that of a sailor who, when a duke with his lady was on board ship, and all expected soon to be lost, asked the mate if he had ever lain with a duchess? The other answering in fear and trembling, 'no,' was told by the reckless fellow: 'Well, we shall all have that pleasure soon.' The ship, however, was saved, and the sailor being asked by the duke what he meant by his insulting remark, replied: 'At the bottom of the sea, your grace, we all lie low in death together.' And he was pardoned. It is remarkable that in all ages wit has been suf-

fered to save men when better qualities would perhaps be of no avail.

We may class with these jests of men *in articulo mortis* the droll story told by Bebelius, to the effect that a certain duke having caught a miller in the act of stealing, asked his victim as he stood beneath the gallows, to swear by his faith if he believed that there was on earth a single man of his calling who was honest. To which the miller stoutly swore that to his knowledge there was not one who was not a greater thief than himself. 'If that be the case,' replied his judge, 'go in peace and live while you may, for I had rather be robbed by you than by some more rapacious rascal of your trade.'

An excellent illustration of the fact that old stories are frequently revamped to suit new times and men, may be found in the following 'original,' also given by Bebelius, as *Pulchrum factum cujusdam militis Tubigentis*—a fine deed of a certain soldier of Tübingen:

'Conrad Buhel of Tübingen, distinguished by his bravery among the captains of Cæsar Maximilian in the Hungarian campaign, was, once in camp, lying on the straw and expecting no evil, when there entered another soldier to whom Conrad had done an injury. Who, when he found him thus lying on his back, said with that noble magnanimity characteristic of the German mind: 'Wert thou not lying helpless, I would stab thee with my sword!' To which Conrad replied: 'Wilt thou do me no injury until I stand up and am ready for fight?' 'Not I,' replied his foe, 'for I hold it base to strike an unarmed man.' 'Then,' replied Conrad, 'I shall lie still all night.' But on the next day he transfixed the other with his spear.'

The same story is told of an eminent Irish lawyer, who had offended the client of a rival pleader. 'Will ye get up till I bate yees?' 'An' would ye strike a man lying down?' 'Divil a bit!' 'Then I'll jist go to slape again.' In the modern stories the foes are reconciled—in the old camp incident all is fierce and characteristic of the bloody feuds of the middle ages, and the final murder of the great-hearted enemy strikes us with a pang. The *sed postri-*

die alterum cuspidē transfixit seems brutal and ungenerous; but the event, whether literally true or feigned, had no such discord to the readers of those days. It was more essential to establish the thorough bravery of Conrad, than to reward the magnanimity of his foe. Truly, the history of jests is the history of civilization.

In relation to this transmission of the renown of stories of the olden times to lawyers of the later day, we may cite the well-known incident of the honest criminal who, travelling alone on foot, was met by Sir Matthew Hale, and in answer to the questions of the latter, admitted that he was going to a distant court to be tried for his life. The same noble truthfulness is beautifully set forth in the following, *Pulchra historia simplicis prætoris et furis*, or 'Fine Story of a Simple-hearted Superintendent and Thief.'

'My lord of Stœffel, of that free and excellent nobility which are called barons, had a superintendent of his serfs. And he, when a certain man was accused of theft, and condemned by him to the torture of the cross (*ad crucis tormentum damnasset*), with rustic simplicity sent the criminal to the church that he might confess his sins, first taking his word that he would return after confession. So he entered the shrine, confessed, and not heeding the privilege of ecclesiastical immunity (i. e., the right of sanctuary), 'whereby he might have escaped, kept his faith with the superintendent (*fidem prætori servavit*), and again returning underwent extreme punishment. And this I knew from my boyhood, that he went up to the place of punishment with such alacrity, that it would seem as if he truly desired death. But many curses were lavished on the priest to whom he confessed, because he did not warn the imprudent man not to quit the bounds of ecclesiastical freedom!'

There is a whole ballad—nay, a whole history of the middle ages in this story; for among thousands I can recall none as perfectly characteristic of the times. The absolute aristocratic control of the life of a white slave; its abuse by transferring it to the arbitrary will of an upper servant; the blind devotion to feudal service shown in the fidelity of the poor serf, the horrible

cruelty of his punishment; and finally, the cowardly supple fawning of the local priesthood, who were always either worms or dragons in their relations to the nobility, are all set forth here in a few lines.

I have said that the eminent lawyers of modern times are greatly favored in the inheritance of old jokes. Judge Jeffries, we are told, in examining an old fellow with a long beard, told him he supposed he had a conscience quite as long as that natural ornament of his visage. 'Does your lordship measure consciences by beards?' said the man; 'that is strange, seeing you yourself are shaven.' Among the monk-Latin tales there is one to the effect that a certain *pater*, priding himself on his beard, was informed that in a convent of he-goats he certainly deserved to be abbot. The same story, re-made into a gross form, is current in this country, and attributed to an eminent Virginia politician. In the *Antidotum Melancholiæ* (Frankfort, 1667), it is given in the form of an evidently very old Latin rhyme:

'Si bene barbatum faceret sua barba beatum,
Nullus in hoc circo fuerit felicior hirco.'

There is a modern story current in America, which is often circumstantially narrated, of some individual wearing a fine beard or 'whiskers,' and who is said to have sold them to a vulgar practical joker, who had one shaved off, but suffered the other to remain for a long time on the face of his victim, annoying him meantime with inquiries as to 'my whisker.' It is the true type of a great number of stories which originated in the Southern and South-Western United States, the point of which almost invariably turns on vexing, grieving, or maltreating some victim, who is an inferior as regards wit, fortune, or physique. It is worth remarking that the only really original and characteristic class of jokes which the slave States originated are strongly marked with that cruelty and vulgarity which naturally attend the morbidly

vain and semi-civilized man, who is so unfortunate as to have inferiors by fortune entirely in his power. I would ask the reader in confirmation of this to simply turn over the large collection of 'Georgia Major' and 'Simon Suggs' tales, which, emanating from the South, have contributed so much to brutalize and vulgarize the humorous tendencies of that portion of the more Northern public which reads them.

But to return to the story of the half shaven beard. It also is a very old one, being told in its original form as *Barba deceptus Judæus*—'The Jew deceived by a beard,' and is as follows:

'A nobleman of Frankfort, while being shaved in a barber's shop, was summoned by a Jew to whom he owed money. But at the request of his debtor the Jew consented to forego the arrest until the nobleman's beard should be shaved. Upon which the latter departed unshorn, and ever remained so.'

The old story—Jews, Cogots, serfs, negroes—the outwitting, persecuting, and swindling some outlawed class of poor helpless victims, who have been made worse than they should be by oppression. This anecdote—like that of the free lance Conrad—is a sad epitome of the middle ages, and to us of the present day, it rings like a curse on the olden time, in the form of a diabolical jest. It is, however, bitterest of all, to find the oppressed—as in the stories illustrating mere *feudal* fidelity,—so utterly degraded as to actually take part with their oppressors and with the foes of humanity, against their own rights. So, in this present struggle with that incarnation of evil, and of the old devilish feudal oppression, the Confederate South, we are still pained to find among its adherents men, who, having been socially trampled on in Europe, seek, by sheer force of slavish habit, masters to lord it over them here. There is but one type of man who is more pitiable—it is he who is recreant to the great cause of freedom for the sake of—money!

A brutal and disgraceful jest-story,

which stands in close relation to this last, is that of *Detrimentum barbæ propter Sanctos* ;' or, 'losing a beard for the saints,' which runs as follows:

'A Hebrew contending with a Catholic, affirmed there were more Jewish saints in Heaven than Christian. It was thereupon agreed that each should name his saints in turn, and as he named, pluck a hair from the beard of his adversary.

'Abraham,' said the Jew, and plucked a hair.

'Saint Peter,' said the Christian.

'Isaac.'

'Saint Paul.'

And so they kept up their litanies, until the 'Christian,' exclaiming: 'Saint Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins!' tore out the whole beard of the Jew by the roots, to the great laughter of all standing around.'

It would matter but little, that a fanatical and brutal crowd of the middle ages had laughed at seeing 'only a Jew' disgraced and dripping with blood, to point a scurvy jest. But, I confess that it struck me as singular, when I once found this story in a memoir, set down as having been narrated by an eminent Christian philosopher (now not long dead), as a capital thing. Granting its humor, is it worth while to inquire if he would have enjoyed it as much, had the Jew torn out the beard of the Christian in the name of the thousands who had been martyred for the faith of Israel?

The jokes of the middle ages on the subject of the beard, were numerous—it was a favorite ornament, as we may judge from the fact that Eberhard, the far-famed old warlike duke, sung in more than one poem by Uhland, is always spoken of in the old stories, as *noster princeps barbatus*, 'our bearded prince,' or, more familiarly, simply as 'our bearded one.' One of the table problems of the day was, '*Potestne probari mulierem quandam habuisse barbam?*'—'Can it be proved that any woman ever had a beard?' The answer to which was, 'Yes—when Judith bore the head of Holofernes.' It was singular that such a question could have been agitated, when the

legends of the saints contained the story of the bearded saintess of the Tyrol—a converted ballet-dancer, who was thus rendered hideous in accordance with her prayer, that she might be made so repulsive as to frighten away all lovers. And yet Mr. Barnum's Bearded Lady had a husband!

Jokes ridiculing red beards and heads were common in the old time; probably because a popular tradition declared that Judas, 'the arch rascal,' was so marked by nature. The anecdote of the good clergyman who never laughed but once in church, and that was, when he saw a youth trying to light a cigar, or warm his hands at a certain ruddy poll, finds its prototype in one of the old Latin stories:

'Our country people are wont to say, when they see a red-headed man: 'he would make a bad chimney-sweeper.' And when the reason is asked, they say: 'when his head came out of the chimney the country folks would think it was fire, and would ring the bells, assemble from every direction, and cause all the riot and trouble incident to a conflagration.''

It is worth noting in this connection, that the prejudice against red hair is rapidly being forgotten among cultivated persons, and is far from being what it was within the memory of man. The vulgar, who are the last to abandon an absurdity, still retain a few jokes on the subject; but these will probably be as unintelligible in time, as would be the jests of the middle ages on the *rufa tunica*, or red frock. The boorishness and cruelty of 'the good old times,' are strongly reflected in the following, which a scholar of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was not ashamed to record of himself:

'When lately during Lent, in the year 1506, we had several guests, among them a rustic from Weilsberg, who wore a long red beard, I asked him why he did so? and he replied, 'out of grief for the death of his father-in-law.' To which I replied: 'All wrong, for red is a color suited to rejoicing'—at which remark all the guests present began to laugh immoderately. But he with his rustic simplicity, being made ashamed, answered: 'Yes, sir—

that is very true, and yet I assure you that I feel as sorrowful in this red beard as any other man does in his black one.'

The man who does not—though three and a half centuries lie between—sympathize with the sad, honest simplicity of the poor red-bearded mourner, must be as gross and heartless as was the narrator of the incident. It gives one, indeed, strange subject for reflection, to pause among these old trifles of a by-gone day; jotted down for passing time in a rude age, and yet preserved so clearly, cut and freshly colored in the modern time! Conrad Bûhel, the free lance, and his enemy—the red-bearded mourner, the Baron von Stoeffel and his prætor, with the simple minded thief, and timid priests, and the genial but coarse scholar, Bebelius himself, were all real men in their day, who might have passed away without the slightest link to bind their names or natures to an after age—and now they live in a jest! Still they live—and it may be that when the page which you now peruse, O reader, shall be as old as the yellow leaves of the sixteenth century volume now before me, some one may revive them again. It is something to be near a scholar now and then, for no one knows who once crosses his path, but that he too may be noted down, to be borne by an anecdote across stormy centuries, into ages all unlike our own. No man ever yet died out of a printed book.

Many a happy thought dashed off by a modern writer, is only the adroit plagiarism of an old joke. 'But oh, the Latin!' says Heinrich Heine, in describing his boyish sorrows to a lady—'Madame, you can really have no idea of what a mess it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world, if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. Lucky dogs! they already knew in their cradles the nouns ending in *im*.' This is a very adroit theft from the *Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum*, attributed to Von

Hütten and others, in which a stupid monk, having argued with Erasmus, writes as follows to his master :

‘Then our host, who is a good scholar, began to talk of poetry, and greatly praised JULIUS CAESAR in his writings and deeds. Now when I heard this I was specially delighted that I had read so much, and that I had heard you lecture on poetry in Cologne, and I said : ‘Since you speak of poetry, I can no longer keep quiet, and I tell you plainly that I do not believe that CAESAR wrote those commentaries ; and I strengthened my assertion with this argument : ‘He who has his business in war and in constant labors, cannot learn Latin. Now, CAESAR was always in wars or in great toils, therefore he could not be erudite, or learn Latin.’ I think, however, that SUETONIUS wrote those Commentaries, for I never saw any writer whose style so much resembles that of CAESAR, as does that of SUETONIUS.’

Who has not heard the story of the hackney coachman, who, at the end of the day, was wont to divide his gains into ‘half for master and half for me, when the whole should have been given to the proprietor ? Or of the American public functionary, who said that his annual gains were ‘one thousand dollars salary, besides the cheatage and stealage ?’ Both seem to me to be foreshadowed in the following ‘*Sacerdotis jocus non illepidus*’ :

‘A certain priest named FYSILINUS who begged for a convent of Saint Sebastian, being asked what his annual salary was, replied : ‘Twenty gold crowns !’ ‘Little enough !’ answered the other. To which FYSILINUS replied : ‘Various, however, are the emoluments of mortals ; for I have also what is given to me, and what I steal. And very good is Saint Sebastian, who, whatever division I make with him, is always silent and contented.’

It is worth noting that this story and thousands which bore much more severely on the priests, were current for centuries before the Reformation. There were many anecdotes of this priest, all to his discredit, many of which were attributed, at a later day, to other unworthy monks. Among these, a very dull one is interesting, as connecting him with Eberhard, ‘our bearded prince,’ already referred to. Having begged of this truly noble man

a benefice, Eberhard, who was aware of his character, replied : ‘If I had a thousand vacant, you should not have the least of them.’—‘*Si mille, inquit, mihi beneficia, ego minimum tibi non conferrem.*’ To which Fysilinus impudently replied : ‘And if I should hold divine service a thousand times, I would never bear you in mind, nor pray once for your salvation.’

I have attempted in the foregoing remarks to set forth, or rather illustrate, the manner in which modern jests have flown directly or indirectly, from those of earlier generations ; and have, in so doing, called attention to a rare and curious class of humorous books, which have been but little cited for more than two centuries. The principal point which I would most gladly make clear, is the fact that in literature and the history of culture, there are two classes of critics : the ultra-modern and the ultra-conservative, both of whom are in the wrong. The one cries that every flash of genius is new, and that an old jest is an old abomination—the other vows that there is nothing new under the sun, and that every good story is hidden away, in all its excellence, somewhere in the storehouse of the past. Examination is, however, like Pietro D’Abano, always a *Conciliator*. We find the original *thema* in the past, often reduced to the careless illustration of some principle or characteristic common to all humanity ; but when we follow it down to the present, it becomes varied, improved, and enlarged into whole groups and families of new anecdotes, poems, jests, or proverbs ; any single member of which is, perhaps, better than the original.

The history of jests can, in turn, be made to furnish an extremely vivid and curious history of the social conditions of men, and their changes from the earliest ages—not to be surpassed in value by that of any other peculiarities. In nothing is a man so much himself as in his humor.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN HISTORICAL RESEARCH, respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, August 14, 1862. By GEORGE LIVERMORE. Boston: John Wilson & Son. 1862.

WITHIN the past two years we have met with two pamphlets referring to the negro question during the days of the Revolution—the one being a reprint with comments of the celebrated Laurens letter,* the other containing information as to the part taken by blacks in the struggle.† We inferred from these works that much remained to be told, and find our surmise verified by an examination of the neatly printed octavo of 215 pages, now before us, in which is given a mass of information, fully establishing the fact that the negro played no mean part in the army of the Revolution, and, we may add, suggesting the reflection that he may only need proper encouragement to do as much, again, unless he should have strangely deteriorated from the original stock of his ancestry. Such a work as this, thorough and full of plain facts, telling their own story, was greatly needed, and we congratulate all who are interested in the future of this country on its appearance. Published under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and warmly approved by EDWARD EVERETT and the venerable JOSIAH QUINCY, the work in question possesses, of course, the highest claim to consideration as a well written and perfectly digested *résumé* of its subject. It is curious to observe, from its documentary proofs, how fully the slaveholding arguments of the present day were once negatived by the experience of the past; and it is almost bitterly amusing that

men can learn so little from experience, and that in one generation the dense clouds of ignorance should gather so thickly over a subject of the most vital importance to the country.

From this work we may learn that 'no language of radical reformers in recent times surpasses in severity the honest utterances' of the first men of the Revolution on the subject of slavery. It is worth knowing what Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Laurens, Pinckney, Randolph, Sherman, and a host of others said—to realize that slavery was regarded by them as a curse; and it is grievous to learn that 'circumstances,' local feuds, and bewildering side-issues should have interfered to prevent 'abolition' at a time when it might have been safely carried out. The vast amount of historical research on this subject, and its results, are well set forth by Mr. Livermore; and had his work been limited to these chapters alone, it should have won him a distinguished place among those who have cast a light as of life upon the obscure difficulties which now beset the great question. More encouraging and extremely interesting is that second portion of the work which gives the opinions of the founders of the republic respecting negroes as soldiers, and facts establishing their military ability. That the first fight of the Revolution should have been led by a negro, who was its first martyr, is of itself deeply significant: so is the fact that the most remarkable incident at Bunker Hill—the death of Pitcairn—was due to the bullet of a brave black soldier. With the exception of the two Tory States, Georgia and South Carolina, blacks, *slave* blacks, were enlisted from all the States in great numbers, and fought well. It is remarkable that in the beginning the same absurd objections to employing them were raised as those which still abound in our 'Democratic' press; and it was not, indeed, until forced by stern experience and dire need, that 'the States' found out the folly of their prejudice.

* A South Carolina Protest against Slavery. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

† Historical Notes on the Employment of Negroes in the American Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE H. MOORE. New York: Charles T. Evans. *Vide* also THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, May, p. 324, vol. i.

All of these data in the history of slavery, and with them several of minor importance, are remarkably well set forth in the present volume, which may fairly claim to be the first work on the subject ever published—the ‘Historical Notes’ already referred to having been suggested, as we are told, by Mr. Livermore himself, and forming an *avant courier* to the ‘Historical Research.’ It is needless to say that we commend it with our whole heart to all who would study the question of negro slavery from the beginning in this republic, and know, what few do, the extent and importance of the early troubles on the subject, or settle for themselves the greatly vexed question whether negroes, when treated as men, will or will not fight. It is all there.

LIKE AND UNLIKE. By A. S. ROE. New York: Carleton. Boston: A. K. Loring.

MR. ROE’s novels are of the manufactured kind. Like those of many others who are in the business, they give the impression that they are easily written, and might possibly be turned out by a machine, had invention progressed a little farther than it has. Still his *pièces de manufacture* are very good of their kind, and sell very well—like the moral romances in China, which are disposed of by weight and in fragments, in such vast quantities, and which are so entirely a matter of mere pastime that the authors never think it worth while to affix their names to them. *Like and Unlike* may be safely intrusted by the most fastidious aunt to the most unsophisticated of nieces—and it is not unlikely that the niece would greatly enjoy its perusal. It is by no means devoid of interest, and indicates in many particulars that familiarity with the press which preserves any work of its nature—so far as style is concerned—from harsh judgment. There are better books—but certainly there are thousands which are much worse.

TITAN. From the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, by CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

To many men JEAN PAUL has always been the greatest of German writers, however they might protest their preference for some other idol. CARLYLE knows and names GOETHE as the intellectual culmination of the past age—and yet shows in every sentence the

influence of The Only One, with very barren traces indeed of The Old Heathen; reminding us of those devotees who profess a faith in God, but manifest it in the worship of some congenial saint. At the present day, Richter, instead of being overrated, is neglected. Already thirty years ago HAUFF bewailed that his works were not taken from public libraries; and yet it is as true as ever that he is, if not the greatest of German writers, at least the most German among the great ones of his fatherland. And it is here that the drawback lies—he carried to such excess all the peculiarities of his very peculiar country, and was a giant of grotesqueness. No one can really know German literature who knows not Jean Paul.

The work before us is Richter’s masterpiece, which cost him ten years of labor. We could sum up of his other writings some thousand or two of pages which we read with more pleasure; yet still commend ‘Titan’ as the best beginning and ending for those who intend to go through all of Richter’s writings. It is a romance *sui generis*—in the world, and yet most unworldly—full of unusual characters set forth in more unusual language—refreshing and delightful to the initiate, and most wearisome to commonplace minds. As regards the merit of the translation, we can only say that, having compared the first hundred pages with the original, we find them admirably and accurately rendered, and presume, of course, that the remainder is equally excellent. Will not Mr. Brooks at some future time give us a translation of Richter’s *Vorschule der Ästhetik*, a work sadly needed by some of our art-critics?

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories left out in ‘Line upon Line.’ New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

A JUVENILE work with an extremely awkward title; ‘Line upon Line’ having been a collection of Bible stories, adapted to the capacity of children, of which book the present volume is a continuation. While we credit the author for the best intentions, we must, however, suggest that it would have been better in every instance had the original text been given as well as the paraphrase, unless, indeed, it be assumed that the Bible is unfit for children to read, or above their comprehension.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER month of these most eventful times has passed by with mingled good and evil fortune, and we still find 'that great mystery, the American Republic,' strong and in good hope, careering in headlong speed, with accelerated motion, adown the great torrent of history. It is natural enough—yet it is still most unreasonable—that there should be so many who believe that every eddy and whirl should be its death-struggle or its final dart into the deep calm sea of safety. With every battle lost or won there are thousands who despair or exult—forgetting that, come what may, the cause of human progress is *never backward*, and that we might as soon hope to recall the middle ages as build up into prosperity the 'patriarchal' old slave South.

Every rebel's slave is free. Free on paper, if you will—theoretically free; but is *that* nothing? How many years will slavery, or the Southern system in its integrity, exist side by side with a rapidly growing free country no longer recognizing the existence of 'the institution?' How many months, in fact, *when* we shall have and hold—as we are absolutely determined to do—the whole west bank of the Mississippi and the confederate ports; which, by the way, *should* have all been secured at the outset at *any* cost? Let us win or lose in the field, we shall still, thanks to our fleet, hem them in. And will not *that*, with mere waiting, prove a complete victory? Whatever financial crises may be before the North, it will ever possess, in spite of the most terrible sufferings, its enormous recuperative power, and its old ability for hard work. But how is the exhausted, ruined South to arise, save through Northern aid? Will its poor whites labor in factories? They are expected to form a permanent standing army. The negroes? The day of slavery is passing away rapidly. Let the South gain battles, if it will—they are only defeats in disguise; and in the long run it will be found that God willed this war to be long and bitter,

that by it the last stronghold of the wrongs of man might be the more thoroughly exhausted.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

UPON the waves that rise and die
Along the banks of Severn's river,
Amidst the blue of broken sky,
I saw thy half-drawn image quiver
In changing gleams of golden light,
Now broadly spread, now vanished quite.

Late Golden Rod! in thought I deem
I still shall find thee swaying there,
As if some naiad of the stream
Gave to the wind her yellow hair,
Or, leaning o'er the margin, sought
The restless shape the waters wrought.

Though swaying, yet in quietude,
Thy beauty touched my very soul,
Like the calm eye of womanhood,
In stillness keeping all control.
And lo! as under sudden spell,
Thy presence shadowed all the dell.

The valley took October's crown,
I found thy glory still the same;
The sumach flung his red leaves down,
And lit his winter crest of flame;
The early elm and maple gave
Their burden to the patient wave.

I sought thee in the later year,
I sought, but found thee there no more;
Only a rigid stalk and sere
A withered head in silence bore,
Or swung, responsive to the sigh
Of the stray wind that passed it by.

Now Severn's banks in snow are still,
And Severn's stream is hushed and pale;
The sun shines on the whitened hill,
And glows like summer in the dale;
And yet I come, and half in gloom
And half in joy recall thy bloom.

Reader—do you want

SOMETHING NEW FOR DINNER?

It is not necessary to refer to a cook book to know what an excellent fish is the sheep's-

head; you may find it in Noah Webster's large dictionary, where it is described as "the *Sargus Ovis* of Mitchell; esteemed delicious food"; or, you can find it in market.

Mr. Withers was married to a lovely young lady who once worked an entire piano cover with worsted. They had commenced house-keeping but a few months, when one morning the husband informed his wife that he should invite a friend to dine with him that day.

Mrs. Withers was in despair at this announcement, but she smiled and hid her grief; or at least her grief, in the shape of a Celtic cook, was at that time not to be seen, being employed in the kitchen, where she had invited two of her friends to "come in and ate."

Mr. Withers went down town; his wife then gave directions to the cook, Biddy O'Shaughshenny by name, to buy a sheep's-head, beef, game, and so forth.

'By the way, Bridget, have you ever cooked a sheep's-head before?'

'A shape's hid is it? Then I'm thinking, ma'am, I've cooked the likes of them minny a time and oft in the owld counthry when I bided with Mister Maginnis the grate counsillor in Dublin. I did.'

This was sufficient: Mrs. Withers was relieved of all care, and soon wended her way out shopping and making calls, until nearly the dinner hour. Home came Mr. Withers and friend, an Englishman by the name of Molesworth, with keen appetites. The dinner was served; oysters and soup finished, the waiter brought on a large dish covered.

'Ha, what have we here?' asked Withers, the husband.

'Something new, my dear,' answered Withers, the wife. 'I knew they were in season, and I ordered it for a surprise.'

Withers lifted the cover!

There was a sheep's head—with horns on.

However a Sheep's Head is like a turbot—for a turbot—according to Albert Smith's account of the Frenchman learning English—is not unlike a *tire-botte* (or a boot-jack) which *has* horns. Is'nt *that* a frantic conciliation of differences, and one which might have done honor to Petrus d'Abano, the Conciliator, himself?

THERE are many conscientious men whose consciences tear at the first pull—as is shown 'in the subsequent:'

CONSCIENTIOUS.

DEAR CONTINENTAL: Perhaps the following incident will cause a smile to ripple the good-

natured features of some of your readers:—In the county of M—, the Draft Commissioner held an extra appeal for the 'conscientious men.' Now, in said county, there dwelt one Barney Mullen, who, not being exempted at the first appeal, on 'non-citizenship' grounds, was in 'great tribulation' in regard to the approaching draft. Some wag persuaded him to attend the second 'hearing,' telling him to swear that he was conscientious, and he would get his exemption papers. So Barney was at hand at the 'appointed time and place.' At last, 'it came to pass' that he got a hearing, and the Commissioner asked him what he had to say for himself.

'Shure, it's consyintious I am, an' exempted I want to be.'

The Commissioner had not forgotten Barney, so, to humor his whim, asked him if he would take the affidavit, having first read that paper to him.

'Aftther David, the divil! It's me exemption papers I'm aftther,' he replied.

'Have you conscientious scruples against fighting?' asked the Commissioner.

'Och, it's the schrupils an' dhrams both I have. I get 'em bad, too, yer honor.'

'Well, Barney,' said 'his honor'—putting the same question to him that he asked all others who offered the conscientious plea (and who always gave an affirmative answer)—'if your wife was being murdered, would you stand by a silent spectator?'

'Divil a silent spectator! D'yees take me fer a haythen? Be the howly! show me the scallywag that would harrum a hair o' the ole 'oman's hid, an' I'd give him sich a pelt on the gob, that he would think he'd got forninst a horse's hoof!'

'Then we can't exempt you, Mr. Mullen.'

'Mither ov Moses!' exclaimed Barney, as he left the room, 'not exempt a man because he wouldn't shtand by an' see the 'ole 'oman murdered!'

WE are indebted to a friend—who is requested to call again—for the following from

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 1862.

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

Did you ever study the language of signs?

I have—and a queer language it is. It is divided into two great families.

The first is of street signs.

The second of signs manual, optical, and otherwise by gesture sign-ificant.

An excellent illustration of this, latter class was witnessed lately in a police court of this city. I give it as narrated to me by a friend.

A deaf mute, whose banged and battered face spoke for itself, lately appeared before a local magistrate to complain of the sufferings

inflicted upon him by certain iniquitarians to ye court unknown.

'He's deaf and dumb as a nadder, your honor,' remarked the solemn policeman who introduced the silent man. 'But he kin tell his story bully.'

And he did.

Striking an attitude the dumb one pointed to his bruises, and then struck out one, two and three *à la* Heenan, to signify that his sorrows had been caused by a pugilistic attack.

The court nodded its perfect comprehension of the business thus far.

Raising the two fingers of his left hand, the mute bowed them up and down, so that they seemed to be human beings with solidified legs, making salaams to the court.

The court nodded.

Then the two fingers precipitated themselves fiercely against the forefinger of the right hand, which at once fell down, and was danced upon and bumped in a variety of ways by the inhuman digits of the sinister party.

The court nodded. It understood that the dumb man had been attacked by two persons.

But who were the two?

Elevating the forefinger of the left hand, the plaintiff first pointed to its face—or the place most suggestive of one, and then pressed his own nose flat.

The court nodded. One of the assaulters had been flat-nosed.

'A nigger, your honor!' exclaimed the constable in breathless admiration.

Raising the second finger the dumb man after a second crossed his two forefingers, and made upon his breast the sign of the cross. It was catholically done.

The court nodded.

'An Irishman, your honor!' exclaimed the constable, who like the complainant argued very promptly from religion to nationality. An Irishman and a nigger—and I'll find out in ten minutes all about it.'

And he did—a warrant was issued, and the guilty men punished.

"Thus he by gestes made knowne hys sufferance."

Yours devoted, Jot.

IN THE BATTLE.

THE drums are beat, the trumpets blow,
The black-mouthed cannon bay the foe,
Dark bristling o'er each murky height,
And all the field is whirled in fight.

The long life in the drowsy tent
Fades from me like a vision spent;—
I stand upon the battle's marge,
And watch the smoking squadron's charge.

Behold one starry banner reel
With that wild shock of steel on steel;
And ringing up by rock and tree
At last the cry that summons me.

I hear it in my vibrant soul,
Deep thundering back its counter roll;
And all life's ore seems newly wrought
In the white furnace of my thought.

No dream that made my days divine
But flashes back some mystic sign;
And every shape that erst was bright
Sweeps by me garmented in light.

High legends of immortal praise,
Brows of world heroes bound with bays,
The crowned majesties of Time
Rise visioned on my soul sublime.

Dear living lips of love and prayer
Come chanting through the blackened air;
And eyes look out of marble tombs,
And hands are waved from churchyard glooms.

"Charge! charge!" at last the captain's cry!

We pant, we speed, we leap, we fly;
I feel my lifting feet aspire,
As I were born of wind and fire!

On! on! where wild the battle swims,
On! on! no shade my vision dims;
Transcendent o'er yon smoky wreath,
I see the glory of great Death!

Come flashing blade, and hissing ball!
I give my blood, my breath, my all,
So that on yonder rocking height
The stars and stripes may wave to-night!

OUR Art writer is awakened. Listen to him.

DEAR CONTINENTAL: You were kind enough to inform me that you would be much obliged if I would let you know if there was anything stirring in the world of Art.

The last thing which stirred in my world—I mean in my workshop in the Studio Building—was a German of the carpenter persuasion. At least he had a side pocket, and folding two-feet rule, with a shaving on his left curl.

'Bees you a poor-trait bainter?' he inquired.

'Truly I am!' I replied.

'I wants you to baint de likeness to my fader.'

'With pleasure. Bring him here.'

'Yas—see now, dat is not bossiple. He lies geburied in the purying crount in Stuttgart in Shermany.'

'Well, have you a photograph of him?'
 'Nichts photograb.'
 'Or a bust?'
 'Nichts pust.'
 'Or a drawing?'
 'Nichts trawing.'
 'Or an engraving?'
 'Nichts craving.'
 'Well, then—what have you got?'
 'I got *dis* dings.'

Saying this, he brought forth a small book, greatly worn, which he slowly opened, and unfolded from it a broad leaf, adorned with German emblems, and cragged pot-hook inscriptions which looked like lager-bier signs.

'What is that?'

'Dis is mein fader's passport. Look ant readt! Plue eyes, proun hair, round *kinn*, pig mouf—and all dat, so fort. He hafe a goot deal of exbression like mine.'

(Where this latter could have been I could not imagine.)

'Yas—and he wear a plue gote.'

'Oh—a *goatee*, I suppose, on his chin?'

'No. It was a plue gote on his pack. He hafe a pearld like mein, und look like mein. Put mein fader was a more older man dan me.'

'Ah, indeed!'

'Yas. Baint him mit a piple on a taple, und mit a girl on his hands.'

'What!'

'Yas—mine leetle daughter. I prings her here to be colored.'

It was a bold thing to do; but on this small capital I went to work, and succeeded. At least, Jacobus Kirchelheimer said so—and *he* ought to know, for he was a first-rate fellow, and sent me over and above the price agreed upon, a dozen bottles of Rudesheimer. A suspicion seemed indeed to haunt his mind that the portrait resembled himself much more than it did the late Herr Kirchelheimer, *père*,—but he speedily found comfort in the following reflection:

'Ven I kits to be more older it will do shoost as goot for mine bicture as for de old one.'

It wasn't very self-flattering—that of hoping to resemble the Old One; but I said nothing. And no more at present from

Yours truly,

POPPY OYLE.

JAMES BUCHANAN—not satisfied with hoping for the parings of a nomination to the Senate after having eaten the Presidential apple, has pushed his impudence so far as to attempt to vindicate FLOYD from the charge of stealing, although the theft was by FLOYD self-confessed and gloried in. This is prov-

ing more than the record. What will FLOYD say for BUCHANAN?

The Raven said: 'Of birds I know,
 The very whitest is the Crow.'

The Crow declared: 'While birds endure,
 The Raven will be whitest, sure!'

The Raven said: 'I do believe
 The Crow knows not what 'tis to thieve.'

The Crow inquired: 'Who ever heard
 The Raven was a stealing bird?'

'He calls himself a thief, I know,
 But I can prove it is not so.'

The Raven swore by wet and dry,
 The Crow was never known to lie.

The Crow swore out by hot and cold,
 The Raven's word was good as gold.

The Crow flew o'er an old oak tree;
 'Caw me,' he croaked, '*and I'll caw thee.*'

It is an old story, and one which will last while rogues endure—be they broken-down politicians, craving, like Buchanan, a little more paltry notoriety, or any other variety of the great family of the Dishonest. And they will go their way adown the road of time and into history, properly brandmarked. The truth ever comes to light.

'And that isn't all—either.' For even as we write, the following is handed us by a friend:

Take, oh, take his pen away,
 That so feebly runs on paper:
 Keep him quiet, or he'll play
 Other trait'rous prank and caper.
 Why apologize for treason,
 Or for stealing give a reason?

Hide, oh, hide his pens and ink;
 Try to keep him silent: do!
 Would you let him lower sink,
 He'd defend the Devil too.
 Keep him silent, let him be:
 He has *not* escaped Scott-free.

Not he—nor the opinion of the whole world, either. There—let him go—*his* place in the future is at any rate decided on. And yet the vindicator of Floyd intends, we are told, to vindicate himself!

A LATE 'horrible and agonizing execution' of two murderers in cultivated and Christian England was witnessed by one hundred thousand people!—according to the

London *Times*. In the first-class English journals a large space is always devoted to police reports, in which the vilest and most vulgar criminal cases are always given in full detail, to gratify the almost universal British craving for filth and cruelty. A drunken vagabond cannot maim his wife but all England must know all about it. Let it be borne in mind that while English writers are never weary of speaking of the blackguardism of the American press, nine tenths of our journals abandoned many years ago the abominable practice of regularly publishing police cases; and that, making every allowance, English newspapers at present publish on an average ten times as much demoralizing matter as the American.

WE clip the following from the Boston *Post*:

'Speaking of the heathen names reminds the London Athenæum of what M. Salverte says with respect to that fairest of the heroines in that poem for all spring time, "Lalla Rookh." Everybody, in his happy turn, has been in love with that lady of the peerless enchantments: perhaps they will be taken a little aback when they hear that before the lord of the East gave her the name of Nourmahal, 'Light of the Harem,' or, in the later excess of his love, Nourdjihan, 'Light of the World,' she was known to her family and friends as Mher-ul-Nica, or, in equivalent Saxon, the 'Strapping Wench;' and that this 'tallest of women,' of whom it is said her lover, Djihanguyr,

—preferred in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd

Down her exquisite neck, to the throne of the world,

only became the light of his harem by the process of cutting the throat of her first husband. If this annotation, to be made in all copies of the poem, do not wring all charm out of the names by which the poet's lady is known to fame, then fiction again will prove stronger than fact.'

'And *that* isn't all, either.' For *Noor-Mahal*, albeit conventionally used as Light of the Harem, *does* mean Light of the Workshop in Arabic. We shouldn't in the least wonder if the lady in question, in her earlier and better-behaved days, had been chief engineer of a sewing machine at two shillings a day. However, we set that down to her credit side.

READER—you have travelled? If so, did you ever suffer from too much landlord?

The last time we were at Mackinaw, we had our boots blackened, our clothes 'swept,' and our cigars diminished by a very funny half-breed named Pierre, and noticed that when more cigars than usual were taken, we were always sure of receiving an extra amount of attention from him in the way of sweeping, brushing, and small talk.

'Mossu, how you lak Detroit?'

'I like it very well.'

'Zat fust-rate 'otel, ze Fiddle House; ze landlord he maks var' big fuss over ze grand persons as come zère—var' big fuss. Mamselle GRANDROSE she var splendid danseuse, she 'ave ze grande attentions: Madame COLSON she grande *chanteuse* 'ave ze grand care. Ah, bote zère comes zère oncet ze MARQUIS DE CHOUXFLEURS, zen you should see zat landlord; he bows and he smiles, and he rons round all ze time, viz, 'Muss shoe ze Markiss, vat you lak for to eat, for to drink, for to sleeps? can I do somesings fore you. At lass ze Marquis he call for his bill, and he goes for to leave ze hotel. Zen ze landlord he comes to ze door, and he bows, and he smiles, and he robs his hands togezzer, and says he:

'Muss shoe ze Markiss, *bone voyyaidge*;' (you see he spiks ze French var' bad;) 'I hope you have been satisfy wiz my ho-tel?'

Zen ze Marquis smiles var' moch pleasaunt, and viz ze air off grand seigneur he lokes down on ze landlord and spiks slowlee:

'Ze eat is var' good, ze sleep is not so var' bad, bote I 'ave notice one sing—zère is entairely TOO MOCHE LANDLORD!'

In American hotels, as strangers declare, unless one be acquainted, the complaint is apt to be of too *little* landlord. Then—oh, *then*, 'all goes as it does with a divinity in France,' as the European proverb hath it—that is to say, very Paradisiacally indeed. Which reminds us of a letter on the coming of the Millennium, from a friend who declares it to be his conviction that those who are afraid of the immediate realization of this consummation devoutly to be wished for, may lay aside their apprehensions, since it is evident that nothing of the kind is to come off *this* year at least.

'Of which, dear CONTINENTAL friend, there can be no doubt, albeit there may be somewhat pity. For I have lang syne awaited a mil-

lennium and a golden age, and, when FERNANDO WOOD was kicked out of the mayoralty into Coventry, hailed it as the beginning. Now, however, the old serpent lifts his head—Fernando has gone to Congress, and the devil is let loose again for a little season—to give seasoning by his sin to the great sea of gruel of excessive virtue with which the world is inundated. Oh for the wings of a dove, to be 'out of this'—cut loose from all such 'carryin's on,' and fairly calm in some silent Lubberland or Atlantis fairy realm of peace!

'Where, with glasses ever clinking,
The gentles, ever drinking
To their lady loves in winking,
Cry aloud *in júbilo*;
And the jolly plump old president
Calls out to every resident,
And, when they answer, says he meant
To pledge *in gaudio* :

'Where the bells all day are ringing,
Where the world is ever singing,
And the roasted ducks fly winging
Their way into your mouth :
Where doors are never banging,
Where tongues are never clanging,
Where the peach and grape while hanging
Turn *all* sides toward the south :

'Where you find no foolish fussing,
Where you hear no oaths or cussing,
Where the babies need no nussing,
But in smiles or sleep are found :
Where they all own herds and flockses,
Where we get in no 'bad boxes,'
And where all the paradoxes
Are made straight, or else come round.

'O land so sweet and sunny !
O land of milk and money !
O land of peach and honey !
O land withouten peer !
O land of good society !
O land of great variety !
And genial sobriety,
Oh, would that thou wert here !

'Or that I were 'over yonder !'
Free to rest and free to ponder,
Free to print, and free to wander
'Mid the maidens short and tall !
On 'the other side of Jordan,'
Where all is tuned accordin'
'To your leastest wish, my lord,' in
Every matter, great and small !

'Knowest thou, O Editor LELAND, of aught such, *where the board is cheap* ? Answer, I pray ye, forthwith. *Sono stancato*.'

Not we. When we hear of it, O friend, we will take passage for two—by the first boat.

A FRIEND communicates to us the following :

'PLATO, I think, PYTHAGORAS, I guess, and FO-HI, as I suppose—to judge from his eight KUA—believed that all knowledge was capable of mathematical representation.

'I don't know Miss Brown,' quoth a lady lately, in my hearing, 'she isn't in my Circle.'

'And I don't know her,' added Miss Black, 'for she doesn't live in my Square—and I never visit out of it.'

Dr. HOLMES has, however, declared that a person may be known by Triangulating the descent from the grandfather down.

From all of which I should judge that to mathematically set forth the knowledge of any person, it would be necessary to draw that slightly paradoxical figure popularly described as a triangular square with round corners !

Q. E. D.

Yes—we think we see it. Square—corner—tri—Here, Thomas—carry it off and have it set up. It's all right, we suppose. Somebody will find it out, at any rate. Let us continue by singing the following genial 'Soldier's Song,' which hath the good ring of the good old time, and which has just come to hand :

SOLDATENLIED.

The wide world is the soldier's home,
His comrades are his kin ;
His palace-roof the welkin dome,
The drum his mandolin.
He gives to air
All thought of care,
And trolls his serenade
To fiery Mars,
The king of stars,
That never love betrayed.

The banner is the soldier's bride,
The love of bold and brave ;
His wedding feast, the battle tide ;
His marriage bed, the grave.
Where bullets sing,
Death's leaden wing,
Light as a dancing feather,
When hero falls,
To glory's halls,
Wafts life and love together.

A TEACHER of the truly 'genial' stamp—that is to say one who takes delight, in exercising his or her genius, and in awakening that of the pupil is, we fear, a rarity; as much even in Art, as in any other branch of education. We believe, however, that we

may claim as an exception Mrs. ELIZA GREATORIX of this city, whom we believe to be honestly and earnestly interested in her calling as an instructor in drawing, and one who endeavors to make Art 'a living language by educating the eye through the intelligence.' The method which she pursues is that of drawing from objects, beginning with Harding's series of blocks, and thereby accustoming both eye and hand to greater accuracy than can be acquired from copying the usual plane surface pictures, which in most cases makes of the pupil a mere facsimilist. Mrs. GREATORIX may be found at Studio 12, No. 204, Fifth Avenue.

A WORD FOR THE TIMES.

THERE ne'er was harm in anything,
But it came by misgoverning:
For one word of evil guiding
May lose a kingdom or a king!
A sound truth this which all can feel
From the romance of Sir Greye Steele.
Ye rulers all who bear the bell,
Weigh it, I pray you, wisely, well.

IN this world nothing is constant save inconstancy. Nature changes all things, night and morn, and when she puts on again her former semblance, still it is only a semblance, and never the very same. Young ladies—when your lovers vow to be true forever to love—you may believe them; but whether they will be eternally true to you, admits of reflection. Such at least seems to have been the life-philosophy of him who penned the following poem:

BY THE STREAM.

ON water that ever art roving!
O fountain that never canst move!
Oh fancy—some new flame still loving!
O heart, ever constant to love!

The waterfall rustled and glistened,
Till it seemed like a musical flame,
And I lay and I looked and I listened
Till the nymph of the waterfall came.

It was no Undine or Lurley
(Though I thought her as beautiful still)
That came in the evening early—
But a bare-footed maid from the mill.

The pitcher too frequently laden
Must break and be lost at the worst,
But the young heart, when full of a maiden,
Of the twain will be broken the first.

But the pitcher, when cracked by a tumble,
Must be laid, till repaired, on the shelf,
While the heart, although shattered and humble,
Will be mended in time by itself.

And we vowed that we loved—but with laughter,
And we kissed with our feet in the brook;
She left me—my whistle rung after,
To win from the maid a last look.

And months have flown by since I missed her,
For afar with another she's flown;
And now I wait here for her sister,
To vow that I've loved her alone.

Oh water that ever art roaming!
Oh fountain that never canst move!
Oh fancy—some new flame still loving!
Oh heart ever constant to—love!

Sing it, reader, 'if thou canst sing.' A lady friend assures us that it goeth well unto voice and pianoforte.

YE JOLLIE POACHER.

'Twas I that kept a shoddy mill
In starving Lancashire;
And shaved the Yankees shamefully
For many and many a year.

The mill is stopped, I'm raving mad,
As from the *Times* you hear;
Oh it's my delight to bark and bite
At all times of the year.

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TURKEY.

THE decline of the Turkish Empire has furnished an eloquent theme for historians, who have ever made it the 'point and commendation of their tale.' Judging from its decline, they have predicted its fall. Half a century ago, the historian of the middle ages expected with an assurance that 'none can deem extravagant,' the approaching subversion of the Ottoman power. Although deprived of some of its richest possessions and defeated in many a well-fought field, the house of Othman still stands—amid crumbling monarchies and subjugated countries; the crescent still glitters on the Bosphorus, and still the 'tottering arch of conquest spans the ample region from Bagdad to Belgrade.'

Yet, how sadly changed is Turkey from her former self—how varied the fortunes of her classic fields! The physical features of the country are the same as in the days of Solyman the Magnificent; the same noble rivers water the fertile valleys, and the same torrents sweep down the mountain sides; the waves of the Ægean and Mediterranean wash the same shores, fertile in vines and olive trees; the same heaven smiles over the tombs of

the storied brave—but here no longer is the abode of the rulers and law-givers of one half the world.

It has been said, and with some degree of truth, that the Turks are encamped, not settled in Europe. In their political and social institutions they have never comported themselves as if they anticipated to make it their continuing home. Their oriental legends relate how the belief arose in the very hour of conquest that the standard of the Cross should at some future day be carried to the Bosphorus, and that the European portion of the empire would be regained by Christians. From this superstitious belief they selected the Asiatic shore for the burial of true Mussulmans; nor was it altogether a fanciful belief, for in the sudden rise of Russia, Turkey foresaw the harbinger of her fall, and recognized in Muscovite warriors the antagonists of fate.

A nation to be long-lived must rise higher and higher in the scale of civilization; must approach nearer and nearer its meridian, but never culminate. The Athenians reached the zenith of their glory in the age of Pericles, and lost in fifty years what they had acquired in centuries. The Turks attained their

meridian greatness in the reign of Solyman the Magnificent—from which time dates their decline.

If we make a comparison between Turkey and her formidable neighbor, Russia, we shall find that the latter adopted, while the former resisted reforms. Turkey was in the fulness of her power when Russia had not yet a name. The spirit of the Ottomans was remarkably exclusive. They regarded themselves as a separate and distinct people; they were conquerors, and as such thought themselves a superior race—men who were to teach and not to learn. In their intercourse with other nations, they borrowed nothing, and out of themselves looked for nothing. Their feeling of national glory was not extinguished by national degradation, but cherished through ages of slavery and shame. But the world is a world of progress. A nation cannot remain stationary; she must advance or retrograde. Turkey is not what she was, while Russia, with the rest of Christendom, has advanced; her faults grew with her strength, but did not die with her decay. It will not be sufficient for her merely to regain her former power: she must overtake Christendom in the progress made during her decadence. Her spirit of vitality is not yet extinct; it wants guidance and development to strengthen and elevate it. There is still hope of reforming the Turkish empire without that baptism of blood which many have urged and are still urging. Indeed, Lord Palmerston declared in Parliament that Turkey has made a more rapid advance and been improved more during the last ten years (he made this statement in 1854, and Turkey has been rapidly progressing since) than any other country in Europe.

Before considering the question of reform, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of Turkish history and character.

While the monarchs of Constantinople were waging war with Persia, and both

empires were tottering; while the Christian religion gave rise to different sects, hating each other with intense and fanatical hatred, a silent power was rising among the Turks, which was destined to subvert empires and found a new religion. Their original seat was among the Altai mountains, where they were employed by their masters in working iron mines. They rose in rebellion, threw off their allegiance, and made incursions into Persia and China, proving themselves formidable enemies. From being a weak and enslaved people they became the allies and conquerors of the Byzantine emperors. 'With the Koran in one hand,' says Macaulay, 'and the sword in the other, they went forth conquering and converting eastward to the Bay of Bengal, and westward to the Pillars of Hercules.' They became a terror to the nations that had beheld with contempt their rising greatness. Amid the expiring glories of the Roman world they made Constantinople the capital of their empire. It was all that the oriental imagination could desire. Rendered by its fortifications impregnable, and situated on the Bosphorus, whose dark blue waters flow between shores of unrivalled beauty, where nature and art had reared their grandest monuments, it surpassed in wealth and grandeur Nineveh and Babylon.

From this stronghold, which had been the cradle of Christianity, and which had witnessed the dying struggle of the Roman empire, the conquerors, maddened with the victories and crowned with the wealth which years of perpetual war had heaped upon them, mustered their armies and sallied forth. They subjugated many countries, but copied none of their virtues; and to-day their degenerate descendants still retain most of their original traits of character. Their religious sense is deep, but theirs is a religion which blunts and stupefies the intellectual faculties, and makes man fit only to perform a score of prostrations each

day. It inspires courage in war, but it also teaches blind resignation to defeat and disgrace: it teaches morality, but sensuality and ferocity are not inconsistent with its doctrines. Eat, drink, smoke—indulge all the passions to-day, for immortality begins to-morrow! No Turk is so high that he has not a master, none so low that he has not a slave; the grand vizier kisses the sultan's foot, the pasha kisses the vizier's, the bey the pasha's, and so on. Yet their many virtues half redeem their faults. They are proverbial for their hospitality, and charity, which 'covereth a multitude of sins,' is an oriental virtue. They have, too, great love of nationality. The beggar who seeks alms of the Turk with cries and entreaties, will not ask a single para of the Frank (a name applied to all foreigners).

Turkey in Europe, though smaller in extent than the Asiatic division of the empire, is by far the wealthier and more important. It extends from Russia to the Adriatic, and from Hungary to the Euxine sea, the command of which it shares jointly with Russia. The Straits of Constantinople, the Dardanelles, and the Sea of Marmora are free to all friendly nations. The situation of the country, its numerous and safe harbors, are all favorable to commerce. There is every variety of climate, and the soil in every part of the empire is fertile, and, when cultivated, yields productions in the greatest abundance. The agricultural, like the manufacturing industry, owing to the indolence of the people, is much neglected. This indolence is, in a great measure, the result of oppression. Before Russia extended her protection over the provinces, the Turks left agriculture to their tributaries, whom, when wealthy and prosperous, they plundered.

Let us now consider the causes which led to the decline of the empire. In the reign of Solyman, poetry, science, and art flourished. New privileges were conferred upon the ministers of

religion; the Janissaries received increased pay; the coffers of the empire were filled to overflowing; the condition of the rayas was ameliorated; security to life, honor, and property was given to all, without distinction of creed or race. But even then there were causes at work destined to effect a decline. The sultan in person was ever at the head of his troops. Thus the vizier, or prime minister, who remained in the capital, became, by degrees, a more influential personage than 'the grand seignior' himself. The intrigues of the eunuchs in the imperial harem began to exert their baneful influences on the administration. The seraglio—in which many hundred females are immured, the most beautiful that can be found in the contiguous realms of Europe and Asia, wherever the Turk bears sway—from being the most beautiful appendage, became the moving spring of the Ottoman Porte. The inmates formed a faction hostile to the ministers of religion. The administration was transferred to Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, who filled the treasury of the sultan and enriched themselves by impoverishing the people, who, since they could no longer enjoy the fruits of their labor, became indolent. The army was more eager for booty and captives than for glory; slaves were multiplied; the higher classes revelled in wealth and luxury, while the poorer classes with difficulty obtained a livelihood.

It would be strange, indeed, if in an empire so extensive and with an immense and motley population, we did not find it difficult to introduce reforms, and instruct the people in the arts of more civilized nations, and remove old abuses, guarded by the fanaticism of the clergy. Political reforms can be made only by those in high places of authority; and to be sanctioned by the prejudiced and infatuated Ottoman they must assume the garb of religion. The sultan himself, wielding the sceptre over millions of subjects, uniting in

his own person all the powers of the state, claiming to reign by divine commission, and profanely styling himself the shadow of God—even he dares not venture to vary one iota from the teachings of the Koran and the Sunnah.

Selim III was the first royal reformer. While Europe was shaken to its very centre, and the continental monarchs trembled on their thrones, he applied himself assiduously to those civil and military reforms, which his successors promoted, and without which Turkey could not have maintained her position as a European power. Selim made a new organization of the army, made innovations in the judicial and administrative branches of the government, changed the system of taxation, and gave a decidedly new organization to the divan, where reform was most needed. He also attempted to make innovations in the financial department, but by depreciating the coin, in order to fill an exhausted treasury, signally failed. He deposed the then reigning hospodars of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, and established others more favorable to his work of reform. Russia and England remonstrated at this measure, and war was declared. The Turkish army was defeated and driven across the Danube. The Janissaries, ignorantly attributing their defeat to Selim's reforms in military discipline, rose in rebellion. The well-meant but too mild sultan fell a victim to their violence, and was succeeded by Mustapha, who had instigated the insurgents to revolt. His short reign is signalized by the vigorous measures he took to destroy Selim's reforms. Shortly after his accession to the throne, the defeat of the Turkish fleet by the Russians spread consternation and terror through the capital. It was at this critical juncture that an Asiatic pasha, a friend of the deposed sultan, advanced with a powerful army, and laid siege to Constantinople, which yielded to him after a vigorous resistance of one year. Mahmoud ascended the throne. From

Selim, his cousin, he had learned the lamentable condition of the empire and the necessity of reform. He had no sooner ascended the throne, than the Janissaries began to manifest a feverish anxiety for revolt. No time was to be lost; and Mahmoud acted with that energy which was one of the few redeeming traits of his character. Mustapha, the murderer of Selim and the destroyer of the work of a lifetime, was put to death; his son and wives shared his fate. Mahmoud was now firmly established. He was the last scion of the Othman race, and as such was vested with *sacrosancta potestas*. He resolved to annihilate the unruly corps and anathematize their name. He engaged the services of their aga, or commander-in-chief, to whom he made known his plans. His next step was to issue an order commanding each regiment to furnish one hundred and fifty men to be drilled after the manner of European soldiers. The friends of Mahmoud asked: 'Is he mad?' The soldiers exclaimed: 'Bismillah! he wants to make infidels of us. Does he think we are no better than infidel dogs?' The Janissaries reversed their kettles (the signal of revolt) in the Byzantine hippodrome, and calling upon their patron saint, proceeded to attack the royal palace. But Mahmoud was prepared to receive them. All his other troops, artillery, marines, and infantry, were under arms and at his command. The ulemas pronounced a curse of eternal dissolution upon the insurgents. Mahmoud unfurled the sacred standard of the prophet, and called on his people for assistance. A hundred cannon opened fire upon their barracks, and in an hour twenty-five thousand Janissaries were mowed down by grapeshot and scimitars. Their bodies broke the lingering fast of the hungry dogs, or were cast into the Bosphorus, and hurried by its rapid currents into the Sea of Marmora. The annihilation of the Janissaries took place in 1826.

It is more than probable that Mah-

mould could have effected a salutary reform in the military system without resorting to extreme violence. He was naturally of a cruel disposition, and was also deficient in prudence and moderation. He gave the Janissaries cause to revolt; he made frivolous innovations in their long-cherished customs, by commanding them to shave their beards and forbidding them to wear the turban, a beautiful headdress, an ornament at once national and religious. These measures excited the disgust of all 'true believers,' while his enemies called him an infidel, and his warmest supporters and the strongest advocates of reform despaired of success. Innovations are expedient only when they remove evil, and when men are prepared to receive them. Command a Turk to shave his beard—by which he swears—the idol of his life! As well bid him cut off his right arm or pluck out an eye—he would obey one as soon as the other. The impolicy of changing the customs and dress of a half-civilized, warlike nation, has been made obvious in many instances—none more impressive than the mutiny of the Anglo-Indian army at Vellore in 1806.

Mahmoud in destroying the Janissaries took for his model Peter the Great. Never were two sovereigns more unlike each other. Peter, generous and humane, leaving his throne and traveling in disguise to educate himself, stands in bold contrast with the parsimonious and cruel sultan. Moreover, Mahmoud's was a more difficult undertaking. The Strelitzes whom the czar annihilated were unsupported, were famous by no illustrious victory, and had not an enthusiastic religious feeling. The Janissaries, on the other hand, had strong family interests; they, too, had decided the fate of the empire at the battle of Varna, where their bravery established the Ottoman power, whose brightest triumphs were clustered around their names; they had fought many a bloody battle, and had

never turned their backs to the foe; their leader was chosen from their own ranks, and no nobility controlled their ambition or prevented them from receiving the honor due to enterprise and valor; they held the sultan in check; the ulemas gave sanction to their laws, and they in turn sustained the authority of the ulemas with their swords. As long as they experienced no change in their discipline and customs they were invincible. But they too had participated in the universal degeneracy. Like the Prætorian bands of Rome, they had become the absolute masters of the empire. They pulled down and set up sultans at their will; their valor had departed, but their unconquerable pride remained as part of their heritage. Their ranks were filled with crowds of Greeks, Jews, and Moslems, without discipline and without order. Many who had purchased the privilege of being numbered in this formidable body, lived outside of the barracks, and assembled only on pay day or in times of tumult and rebellion. They despised all laws, civil and religious, and were a constant source of annoyance to the people, whose lives and property were at their mercy. Such were the subjects upon whom Mahmoud was to operate. In the destruction of the Strelitzes and the Janissaries, Peter and Mahmoud may be compared to two physicians: one practises on a healthy savage, while the other attempts to cut out a malignant cancer reaching the vitals, from the pampered sensualist. In annihilating these troops, as in his other reforms, Mahmoud began where he should have ended his labors; he mistook the end for the means.

Had he stopped with this act of violence, his supporters might defend him on the doubtful ground of expediency; but he did not stop here. For centuries the tyranny of the sultans had been restrained by the derebays, or lords of the valleys. They had been confirmed in the possession of their lands by Mohammed II, from which

time they had continued to pay tribute to the sultan, and furnished him with quotas of troops. The sultan had no control over their lives or property. The subjects who tilled the productive lands of the valleys were suitably rewarded for their labor. The happiest and wealthiest peasants of the empire were found among the vassals of the beys, to whom they showed great devotion. These feudal lords, at a moment's warning, could summon twenty thousand men before their palace gates. They furnished the greater part of the sultan's cavalry force in war; and, unlike the pashas, had never raised the standard of rebellion; they had never wished for revolutions, and had never sanctioned insurrections. The possession of their property was guaranteed to them by inheritance, and they had no need of money with which to bribe the Sublime Porte.

Mahmoud was bent on depriving them of their wealth and curtailing their privileges. They were rich, did not bribe him, and held hereditary possessions. These were unpardonable crimes in the sight of this exemplary reformer. The beys, who never dealt in treachery, were unsuspecting of others, and fell an easy prey. The peasants ceased to cultivate the lands from which they could no longer profit; and many of the wealthiest possessions became desolate. We must not think it strange, therefore, that the military power was prostrated, when, after having annihilated the Janissaries, Mahmoud deprived the derebeys of their ancient authority; for the military power of the empire rested chiefly in these two bodies. These innovations were made in the midst of a destructive Greek war, and at a time when the Danube and the Balkan were no longer formidable barriers to the Muscovite descendants of Ivan the Terrible, who brought back memories of the past, and threatened to avenge deeply treasured wrongs. Even at this critical period, when his army was annihilated, his

fleet defeated, and the legions of Russia within a few days' march of Constantinople, Mahmoud threatened to feed his horses at the high altar of St. Peter's, and proclaim the religion of the prophet in the Muscovite capital. A threat that savored more of the seraglio than of the throne!

His next step was to assail the privileges of the great provincial cities, the inhabitants of which elected from their own number ayans, or magistrates, distinguished for their wisdom and virtue. These magistrates had much influence among the people; they had always resisted exorbitant taxes and unjust decrees; their protection was extended to Mussulmans and Christians without distinction. Their power of veto was almost as effective as that of the *tribuni plebis* of Rome; they could point back to Solyman, the Solon of his time, as the author of their protective system. But their power originated with the people. To this Mahmoud would not submit. All power must emanate from him, the all-wise and innovating sultan, who raised the low and humbled the great, not as they were honest or corrupt, but as they fawned upon him, or refused to yield implicit obedience to his nod.

In their endeavors to institute a new financial system, the predecessors of Mahmoud reduced the standard of money gradually, in order not to produce a panic. But he wished to accomplish in one day the work of years. He issued a decree commanding the people to bring all their coin, gold and silver, to their respective governors—where they would receive less than half its value! He threatened the refractory with death. The capital resounded with the dreaded cry of rebellion; and the exasperated multitude that had surrounded the royal palace was not appeased until it witnessed the public execution of the mint officers, whose only crime was obedience to their master. This impolitic measure in the financial department impoverished the

people, and left the treasury still empty. Foreign speculators bought the money—the circulation of which had become illegal—and resold it to the sultan for sterling value!

Shortly after this he expelled about thirty thousand Christians from the capital, which they had embellished and enriched by their labor. Their fidelity had never been doubted. For this despicable act—their expulsion—Mahmoud could adduce no better reason than that ‘it was solely on political grounds.’ Strange politics this, for a sovereign, who professed to have the magnanimity of Christian rulers! On the expulsion of the Christians, Russia commenced hostilities, and a war followed, in which the sultan paid dearly for his rashness.

In short, Mahmoud could not have given a better lesson to his subjects than by reforming himself. He was cruel beyond measure—if the grand seignior can ever be so called, who is taught that he may lop off a score of heads each day ‘for divine inspiration.’ Still if he had been as thoroughly skilled as he professed to have been, he should have shown himself a humane as well as an innovating sovereign. Those who assisted him in his reforms, he rewarded with the bow-string. His character was blackened by ingratitude, an instinctive vice in oriental rulers. Obstinate as he was suspicious, deceitful as he was cunning, he could not rule his own passions, much less could he control the corrupt morals of his people. He was to an extraordinary degree avaricious, a quality everywhere odious, but especially in a land where generosity measures love—where in the highest and in the lowest stations liberality is the moving spring. While he mistook parsimony for economy, he did not scruple to make war on trifling pretexts and waste his amassed treasures in a hopeless cause.

In every attempted reform he wounded Ottoman pride and prejudice. Unlike his cousin, he did not humor the

faults of the people while making innovations; he neither amused them with imposing shows, nor flattered them by the pompous spectacle of his appearance in public—in one word, he wanted the tact of a reformer. Selim, while he increased the navy and established manufactories, built gorgeous palaces, and by his magnificence dazzled the people, who were blind to his real designs; they even permitted him to set up printing presses in the large cities, on receiving assurance that the Koran would not be submitted to the unholy process of squeezing!

Mahmoud thought, or pretended to think, that he could reform the empire by imitating only the vices of Christianity, and manifesting a contempt for Moslem virtues. While he drank wine—and in many other breaches of the teachings of the sacred book provoked the faithful—his proclamations breathed a most orthodox and fanatical spirit. He was a sceptic; neither Mussulman nor Christian, but surprisingly inconsistent and capricious. His, we fear, were ‘hangman’s hands,’ and ‘not ordained to build a temple unto peace.’

Under Solyman the Magnificent, at once the most warlike monarch and munificent patron of literature and art, the constitution of the Janissaries was wise and effective. The children of Christians, taken by the Turks in war or in their predatory incursions, were exposed in the public markets of Constantinople, whence any person was at liberty to take them into his service, on making a contract with the government to return them at the demand of the sultan. These children were instructed in Islamism, and were trained by manly exercise and labor, calculated to strengthen the body and give elasticity to the spirits. From these hardy orphans the ranks of the Janissaries were recruited. They came eagerly to the camp; for they had been taught to regard it as the theatre of their future glory. From earliest infancy they looked forward with joy to the time

when they should be numbered among those brave soldiers, whose arms had maintained for a long series of years the supremacy of the crescent. There was no rank, no dignity in the Turkish army to which a Janissary could not aspire—a strong incentive to the display of bravery. Such was the constitution of the army when it was the most powerful in Europe: then it gained its victories, not by force of numbers, but by superior military discipline and valor. In the middle of the nineteenth century the capture of Christian children was abandoned. The land forces degenerated into a wretchedly organized army of less than three hundred thousand men, drafted from the lowest classes. Mothers put their children to death that they might be spared the pangs of seeing them torn away to pass their days in scenes of shame and disipation.

Not till the army had become a laughing stock to the weakest European power did the sultans perceive the necessity of military reform. Selim III established a school for artillery and naval officers, and engaged Europeans, especially Frenchmen, as instructors in military science. We can readily comprehend the degeneracy of the Turkish army, when we remember that since the establishment of the school at Sulitzi for engineers, the Turks have learned from foreign teachers military tactics of which their own ancestors were the inventors, and which had been forgotten, although full accounts of them lay hidden in musty volumes in their military archives.

Foreign officers were at first regarded with contempt by Turkish soldiers, whose unconquerable pride has ever proved a great impediment to the regeneration of the empire. Moslem talent was not equal to the exigencies that arose from the impolitic measures of Mahmoud. We find a parallel case in Russia. Had Peter trusted to Muscovite genius to form and command the troops which superseded the Strelitzes,

Charles XII would have quartered in the Kremlin.

Kutchuk Husseyin, the relative and favorite of Selim, made valuable additions to the navy in which his master took such pride. Husseyin, who had the welfare of his country at heart, was liberal and disinterested. Vested with the office of captain pasha, he sent to Greece for architects and engineers, with whose assistance he fortified Stamboul, Sinope, and Rhodes; he built arsenals and extensive docks, which he supplied with the necessary equipments of a powerful fleet. In a short time, twenty sail of the line, constructed on the newest European models, rode at anchor within sight of his palace. He also erected barracks for the troops, and greatly improved the naval school. The sudden death of Selim paralyzed the navy, which soon resumed its accustomed languor.

The events of 1821, in which the Turkish fleet was defeated by armed merchant vessels of Greece, gave a fresh impulse to the navy. Experienced officers were placed in command, who, as they grew in strength, grew in confidence, and trusted more to their own resources than to the protection of Allah. Six years after the defeat, the navy was in a state of greater practical efficiency than at any other time. After a protracted struggle of five years it had gained the undisputed supremacy of the Archipelago; and had it not been for the disastrous defeat at Navarino, it would have proved equal, if not superior, to the Russian fleet in the Black sea. The Turkish navy, today, numbers about sixty war vessels, six of which are ships of the line, and six steam frigates, built partly at London and Toulon.

The standing army in times of peace consists of 150,000 regulars; 60,000 auxiliaries (such as the Egyptian forces); and those of the northern provinces, 110,000; with a corps de reserve of 150,000—an aggregate of 470,000 men. The army is recruited by lot and con-

scription (as in France), and not as formerly, by arbitrary compulsion. Christians are excluded from service in the infidel ranks, but pay a military tax. Partial infringements, however, have been made in this exclusion, by employing Armenians in the marine service and at the arsenals. Active service in the army continues for a period of seven years; and the discharged soldiers belong to the reserved force for five years more. The organization of the corps de reserve is the same as that of the regular army. Their arms and equipments are kept in the state arsenals, and are produced only when the soldiers are called out, which takes place once a year, after the harvest season. During one month the members of this corps de reserve lead a military life, and receive regular pay.

The army is divided into six divisions of 25,000 each. The artillery is modelled after the most approved Prussian system, while the infantry and cavalry drill according to French tactics, and use French accoutrements and arms. Thus, Turkey, with a standing army of 150,000 men, can muster a force of nearly 500,000 at a few hours' notice; provided, however, she has money to pay the troops, for the religious prejudices of the Osmanlee do not tolerate the system of loans. So that Turkey, though she has neither the formidable land force of France nor the navy of England, is not crushed by the weight of a public debt, the principal of which can never be paid. This military system is the result of the labors of Rija Pasha and Redschid Pasha, by turn rivals and colleagues, disputing on matters of secondary importance, but ever cordially coöperating in the regeneration of the empire.

More attention has been given to military than to political reforms. The intolerant Moslem spirit manifests direct opposition to all innovation in the administration. As their fathers were, so they wish to be. Before the time of Selim no reform movements of importance

had been made in the administrative branches. For five centuries the sultans had received, as an aphorism in their political education, that the subjects existed for the good of the sultan, and not the sultan for the welfare of the people. Selim proclaimed the rights of his subjects and their supremacy; and his words were confirmed by his deeds.

The administrative system was purely oriental, and bore scarcely any analogy to that of any other country. From the reign of Solyman to that of Selim—the protector (from whom there is no appeal) was kept closely confined in the seraglio walls; indeed, he was a state prisoner from his cradle to the day when he girt around him the imperial sabre. As the sultan reigned by divine commission, no education was considered good enough for him. Moreover, since his power was absolute, it had been received as a recognized principle of state policy that he should be as ignorant as possible, in order that he might prove more faithful to the will of Allah. Selim banished these antiquated notions, and instituted a new system—not that he lessened his own power, but established representative bodies to assist him in making laws, and tribunals to pass judgment upon and execute them.

The sultan is assisted by a divan, or council of ministers, and others, who are nominated to that dignity by himself. The grand vizier presides over this body, and is responsible for all measures adopted by it.

The legislative as well as the military system is borrowed from the French; but the sultan is the source of all law, civil and military; he is the summit, while the municipal institutions are the base, of the political fabric. In theory at least, these institutions are established on the broadest principles of freedom. Each community, like the communes of France, sends an aga, or representative, to the supreme council. By the famous ordinance of Gulhana,

Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians are represented, without distinction, in proportion to their number.

The administration of the interior belongs to the prime minister, who appoints civil governors to take charge of the general administration. The pashas had hitherto been both civil and military officers; purchased their appointments at extravagant prices, and repaid themselves by extortions practised upon the unfortunate subjects over whom they ruled. The appointment of civil governors removed this old abuse, and left the pashas vested only with military power. Each of the military chiefs has command of one of the six divisions of which the army is composed. All these officers receive a fixed salary; and the people, no longer subject to their avarice and tyranny, pay regular rates of taxation.

The reforms I have mentioned, great as they were, were only preliminary to the publishing of the hattî-scheriff of Gulhana, the magna charta and bill of rights of Turkey. The son of Mahmoud, Abdul Medjid, on ascending the throne, published this ordinance, which was to effect a reform in the internal administration more beneficial than any other, either before or after the destruction of the Janissaries. The ulemas, state officers, foreign ambassadors, and a vast multitude of subjects had assembled on the plains of Gulhana. The illustrious writings (as the name signifies) were read aloud in the presence of this solemn assembly by Redschid Pasha. The sultan, 'under the direct inspiration of the Most High and of his prophet,' desired to look for the prosperity of the empire in a good administration. The ulemas addressed a thanksgiving to heaven amid the acclamations of the assembled thousands. These reforms were threefold: The first guaranteed security to life, honor, and property; the second is a new system of taxation; the third, a remodelled plan for levying soldiers, and defining their time of service. The subject can

best be illustrated by quoting a few extracts from the hattî-scheriff itself:

'The cause of every accused person shall be adjudged publicly, in conformity to our divine law, after due inquiry and investigation; and as long as sentence shall not have been regularly pronounced, no one shall, either publicly or privately, cause another to perish by prison or any other deadly means.'

'It shall not be permitted to any one to injure another, *whosoever* he may be.'

'Every man shall possess his own property, and shall dispose of it with the most entire liberty. Thus, for example, the innocent heirs of a criminal shall not be deprived of their legal rights, and the goods of the criminal shall not be confiscated.'

'The imperial concessions extend to *all* subjects, whatever may be their religion or sect; they shall reap the benefit of them without exception.'

'As to the other points, since they must be regulated by the concurrence of enlightened opinion, our council of justice, with whom shall assemble, on certain days to be fixed by us, the notables of the land, shall meet together to lay down guiding laws on the points that affect the security of life, honor, and fortune, and the assessment of imposts.'

'As soon as a law shall be defined, in order to render it valid and binding, it shall be laid before us to receive our sanction, which we will write with our imperial hand.'

'As these present institutions have no other object than to give fresh life and vigor to religion, the government, the nation, and the empire, we pledge ourselves to do nothing to counteract them. Whoever of the ulemas or chief men of the empire, or any other sort of person, shall violate these institutions, shall undergo the punishment awarded to his offence, without respect to his rank, or personal consideration and credit.'

'As all the functionaries of the government receive at the present day suitable salaries, and as those that are not sufficient shall be increased, a vigorous law shall be enacted against traffic in posts and favors, which the divine law reprobates, and which is one of the principal causes of the decline of the empire.'

As a pledge of his promise, the sultan, after having deposited the documents in the hall that contains the 'glorious mantle' of the prophet, in the presence of the ulemas and chief men, swore to them in the name of God, and administered the same oath to the priests and officers. The hattî-scheriff was published in every part of

the empire, and was well received, except by a few of the retrograde party, who lived by the old abuses, and vigorously resisted all attempts at reformation.

By this ordinance, the sources of the revenue consist of the frontier customs, the tithes, and a property tax. In two of these three sources of revenue there are great abuses. In collecting the taxes, the tax gatherers make exorbitant demands, for which (owing to the partiality of justice) there is no redress. The *salguin*, or land tax, is also the cause of constant complaint. It presses equally upon the richest and the poorest provinces; in consequence of which many of the most fertile districts have been deserted. The government is not ignorant of these facts. Abdul Medjid, a short time previous to his death, ordered a new registration of property to be made, which will, in a great measure, remedy this evil. This new registration caused not a little astonishment and fear among the peasants, who could not approve of persons taking an inventory of their property and their flocks. We must not be surprised at this, for a parallel case is close at hand. When the Emperor Joseph endeavored to introduce the mode of distinguishing houses in the principal streets of *Vienna*, by numbers instead of the antiquated mode by printed signs, the people were impressed with the idea that the numbers were affixed for the purpose of more conveniently collecting a new house tax!

The new system of farming the revenue proved especially beneficial to the Christians. Under the old regime the Turks had been greatly favored. The poll tax formerly levied on all who were not professed followers of the prophet, has been abolished.

The empire is wealthy—immensely wealthy; but the money is in the hands of the few. If we except the province of *Servia*, feudal lords, and tax collectors, the whole Turkish population consists of peasants, who till the soil

on an equality of wretchedness. Yet it is to these same suffering peasants, the bone and sinew of the land, that reformers must look for support. It was the peasantry of *Servia*, headed by George the Black, that in 1800–1812, rose in rebellion, and whose success infused life and vigor into the more passive provinces. They, too, were peasants—those brave and resolute men who expelled from the provinces the robber princes, and almost gained a national existence. Many of these same peasants, men in whose breasts still lingered the valor that made their ancestors famous, joined the Grecian army in the successful struggle for independence; even Moslem peasants left their ploughs in the furrow and their herds unattended, to join the insurgents, to whose success they greatly contributed. The heroes of all Turkish rebellions have been peasants—the men of strong arms and unswerving energy. They are naturally of a passive disposition, but when once roused to action by religion or patriotism, they are as firm and unyielding in their purpose as their own

‘Pontic sea,

Whose icy currents and compulsive course
Ne’er feels returning ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont.’

In the hands of the peasantry lies the destiny of the empire, its regeneration or its fall. By ameliorating their condition and gaining their good will, the sultans cannot fail to succeed in their reforms. By working in opposition to them and exciting their enmity, success is impossible.

The social system introduced by the victorious Othmans among the conquered nations was not as oppressive as is generally believed. The Turks, unlike the Germanic nations, the Huns and Normans, did not take forcible possession of private property and divide it among their conquering hordes. From those who acknowledged themselves subject to their rule, the Turks exacted tribute, but protected their liberties and political institutions.

The conquerors introduced their laws into the country, but not forcibly. To those who still adhered to the Christian religion, they extended the rights of self-government, subject, however, to a military tax. This was very far from degrading the cultivators of the soil to servitude; this did not deprive them of their possessions, inherited or purchased. But by a gradual change in the government this civil equality and liberty in the possession of property was superseded by an aristocratic and almost absolute despotism. The Ottomans came in contact with a people ruling under Byzantine law, of which (as of the feudal system) they had but a confused knowledge. The feudal system having taken root in Greece, and having been already introduced into Albania, had necessarily much influence on the contiguous provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, Servia and Bulgaria. Here the Greek emperors, with correct notions of right and wrong, had governed wisely and justly in a simple administration, which gave place to a complicated system of laws and refinements, as unintelligible as they were useless and ineffective. In the double heritage of Greece and Rome, the conquerors imitated only their faults, moral and intellectual, and thus made more prominent the fall of the two countries. The Turks were not sufficiently enlightened to understand the laws and customs of the Greeks and Romans, and profit thereby; nor could they resist the charm thrown around aristocracy and venality, but succumbed to their baneful influences. The degeneracy of the laws caused the misery of the peasantry, and paralyzed the energies of the empire. The pashas gained almost unlimited power, founded on the ruins of civil liberty. They did not scruple to persecute the suffering peasant, even in the sanctuary of his family—held in the highest veneration by the Turk. The peasants in many instances had no other alternative than to fly to the mountains for safety, and lead a wretch-

ed existence by rapine and murder. Some left Turkey to settle in Russia and Austria, in search of that liberty and protection which was denied them at home.

The Turkish peasants are not insensible to the degradation in which they are languishing. But accustomed, in suffering and privation, to find consolation in fatalism—which teaches implicit acquiescence in and obedience to the will of Allah—they drag out their days in passive submission. Seditions are almost always excited by unbelievers, who feel their wrongs more deeply. The devout Turkish peasant seeks no better fortune than the means wherewith to build a little cabin, with windows and doors religiously closed to vulgar eyes. He finds comfort in the words of his holy book: 'He is the happiest of mortals to whom God has given contentment.' He performs his daily labor, makes his prostrations, smokes his chibouk, and lives oblivious of care. He is far from being indifferent to reforms, but is loth to take the initiative in political innovations and social wars. His heart is with the cause, but here also he is resigned: 'God is great—His will be done.' This same spirit of resignation and submission to the divine will, from being a virtue becomes his greatest curse.

The Servians, a hardy and vigorous race, who pride themselves on their victories over the Moslems, stand in the van of the reform movement. By the new constitution given to Servia in 1838, there exists no longer any distinction of classes. All pay taxes, in proportion to the value of their property, to the municipal and general government. All the peasants are proprietors, and all the proprietors are peasants. The Servians and Albanians have never refused foreign aid. They gave a kind welcome to the legions that Nicholas sent across the Pruth, and worked in concert with the brave warriors of the north, in the hope of gaining a nationality and a recognized name.

The moral condition of the Bulgarians does not differ essentially from that of the Servians; but there is a wide difference in their political organization. The Bulgarians are yet only peasants, unprotected against the violence and exactions of the sultan. They are more enterprising than the Servians, and, could they enjoy an equitable legislation, would soon vie with them in wealth and prosperity. They envy the national and democratic institutions of the Servians, who are related to them by blood, by religion, and a common tongue. They are eager for reforms, both social and political, which shall give them a constitution similar to that of Servia. In this they must ultimately succeed. The two people are one in their sympathies: one cannot enjoy privileges without exciting the jealousy of the other. Unless concessions are made, the day is not far distant when the Bulgarians will revolt, as the Servians did under Tzerny George, and gain the right of self-government.

The Illyrian peasants have not as promising a future. They are divided among themselves, both in politics and religion; the several clans and parties are engaged in ceaseless strife and bickering. On the most trivial pretence a community will rise in arms and carry ruin and desolation to its neighbor. The face of the country everywhere shows signs of the terror under which it groans. In many districts the humblest dwellings are fortified citadels, gloomy and threatening; observatories are stationed in trees and on high cliffs, to guard against surprisals; the streets of the towns and villages are traversed by gloomy figures of athletic savage warriors, with fierce and sinister expression of countenance, and their right hand resting on a belt garnished with its brace of pistols. They are in such a deplorable state of ignorance, and so blinded by mutual hatred, that they are incapable of perceiving their wants and obtaining their rights by concerted action.

The Servians and Bulgarians, although by nature not less warlike than the Illyrians, are more pacific. This quality is, to a certain degree, attributable to a better government; but their great advantage consists in their being friends of labor. They are not divided by internal factions; their pistols serve for ornaments, not offensive weapons; their rude exterior hides within a gentle, childlike nature. Though laborious, they seek not to amass wealth; kind to each other, to strangers they are hospitable and generous. They are extremely courteous and polite, and theirs is not the humility of the Austrian peasant, who kisses the scornful hand of his superior; it is the deference and respect that youth bears to age, or the attention which the host gives to a welcome guest.

In Servia and Bulgaria, Christianity has gained the ascendancy; the light of the gospel imparts comfort and happiness to all; but the Illyrians, through a blind zeal in their social dissensions, have debarred themselves from its vivifying and soothing influence.

During the early part of the last century, the peasants of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces were enfranchised, but have not yet obtained the right of property legislation. Being contiguous to Poland and Hungary, their attention is naturally called to all the noise of reform and to all the social questions that agitate the two countries. Unless concessions are made, unless the peasant is recognized as proprietor of the soil of which to-day he is but the farmer, a revolution will take place, in which the Sublime Porte will lose these provinces as effectually as it did the pashalics. It is not absolutely necessary, though it would be judicious, to give Moldavia and Wallachia the same political organization as Servia enjoys. The question now, is not of rulers, whether they shall be sent from the divan or chosen from the people; but is of property legislation and municipal institutions.

In all his reforms, the sultan should remember that the material upon which he is to operate lies in the peasantry.

The empire, however, cannot be thoroughly reformed merely by enfranchising the peasants, by introducing European customs, by organizing new armies, building barracks, and establishing custom houses. These improvements are the sign of a vigorous national impulse and prosperity; they are the result, not the rudiments of civilization. The fact that the sultan wears French boots and supplies his seraglio with the latest Parisian modes signifies nothing.

In its palmy days, Turkey relied for success on its courage and love of military glory; now its welfare and very existence depend upon the peaceful arts of civilized life. The prosperity of the people measures the condition of the empire. But how can an ignorant people prosper? The time has come when a reform in the educational system of Turkey is emphatically demanded. There must be intelligence among the people, and educated men in the cabinet as well as brave men in the field. The innovating sultans of the last century have done much for the reconstruction of the broken political fabric of the empire; they have organized a new and powerful army and navy; they have facilitated commercial intercourse, but have done scarcely anything for the diffusion of knowledge among their subjects.

All the knowledge in the empire is concentrated in the ulemas and lawyers. The members of the Sublime Porte and other state officers, with but few exceptions, are unlettered men, who owe their elevation to partiality or bribery. Under Mahmoud, beauty of person was the best recommendation to favor and promotion!

But Turkey has had her golden age of letters as well as her age of military glory. Her libraries and archives are filled with unread, musty manuscripts, comprising treatises on philosophy and

metaphysics, histories, biographies, and poems, rich in the classic erudition of the Orient. In 1336, Sultan Orkan found leisure from war and conquest to establish, at Brusa, a literary institution, which became so famous for its learning, that Persians and Arabians did not disdain to avail themselves of its instruction. But with the death of its founder its glory passed away. It was no longer the fountain head of learning in the East.

The Turks, forgetful of the fact that antiquity is the youth of the world, still follow Aristotle as their guide in philosophy and metaphysics, and Ptolemy in geography! Missionaries have succeeded in introducing modern text books into some of the schools, but owing to the peculiar system of Turkish education, the result has not been so favorable as was anticipated.

To each mosque is attached a school, where the pupils devote several years in acquiring the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic; which completes their education. But few foreign instructors are employed to teach in the schools, because the government is unwilling to pay a suitable salary. While on state officers wealth is lavished with the prodigality of oriental munificence, instructors receive only a nominal recompense, often not exceeding six cents a day!

A few favored youths receive a European education, especially in French and Austrian colleges. The oriental academy, established at Vienna by Maria Theresa for the education of diplomatists to conduct intercourse with the Porte, has formed many illustrious Turkish scholars. It is a singular but not unpleasant commentary on the vicissitudes of fortune, that Turkey should send her sons to be educated at Vienna, which only two centuries ago a sultan besieged at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men, and before whose gates he was defeated by the combined Christian forces, who recovered eighty thousand Christian cap-

tives, among whom were fourteen thousand maidens, and fifty thousand children of both sexes !

The Christian subjects of the empire have made visible progress in their educational system, although it is yet in a very imperfect state. In the middle of the last century a body of Armenian monks formed a society for promoting the educational interests of their countrymen. These pious and benevolent men dwell alone on the little island of San Lazzaro, and publish works on literature, science, and religion, which are distributed among the Turkish Armenians.

Printing presses have lately been set up in the large cities, and books are rapidly multiplying. In Constantinople several newspapers are printed in French, Turkish, and Arabic ; they are read in every coffee house and barber shop, the common lounging places of the Ottoman, where he smokes his pipe and discusses politics. Their columns are chiefly devoted to the discussion of state affairs, and notices of public functionaries. The sultan is the virtual editor, and consequently the papers are popular, as containing opinions on state policy *ex cathedra*. These presses were established with the reluctant sanction of the ulemas, and the vigorous opposition of the scribes, an influential body, protesting against the introduction of machinery, which was to supersede the use of their fingers.

The council of public instruction at Constantinople has established a medical and polytechnic school ; in both, French, English, and German teachers are employed. To the medical college is attached a botanical garden and a natural history museum. The medical library consists chiefly of French works. The implements used to experiment in the physical sciences were made at Paris, London, and Vienna, and are of the most approved kind. The number of students in attendance, on an average, is seven hundred, comprising Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and

Jews, all of whom not only pay no tuition, but receive pecuniary assistance from the government. As science cannot well be taught in Turkish, French is the language of the school.

It should be borne in mind that Turkey, in her reform movement, commenced this century, four hundred years behind Europe. When we consider this, her advance in educational reformation appears in a better light. The present law makes it a penal offence in a Turkish parent not to send his children to school.

The universities, as well as the mosques and hospitals, are under the control of the ulemas, who have always been a privileged and a sanctioned order, and by their sanctity and great wealth are rendered the most formidable body in the empire. Selim and his successors somewhat lessened their power. By the innovations of 1854 an important change was effected in the vacoof, or church property. The church had hitherto held enormous possessions ; and had not a check been placed on the system, in the course of a few centuries all the lands would have belonged to the priests. The property annexed to the mosques is held sacred by all, both high and low. True believers, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, alike, by a reversion of their property on failure of male issue, transferred it to the ulemas. The decree above mentioned restricted this privilege of the priests. The entire system will soon be abolished.

As before stated, the ulemas have charge of the schools connected with the principal mosques. The average number of scholars in each school, in the reign of Mahmoud, was four hundred. They were, for the most part, worthless, indolent fellows, and entirely under the control of the ulemas, who used them as tools, and made them figure conspicuously in all tumults and revolts. Their attempted assassination of Abdul Medjid was their death warrant. Each ulema was restricted to

four, in place of four hundred scholars. This measure caused not a little ill feeling among those opposed to reform; but as the most successful attempt at restricting the despotic power of the religious order, the decree was of vital importance, and gave the ulemas to understand that the power on the throne was paramount to theirs.

The ulemas—whose functions do not differ materially from those of the old doctors of the law among the Hebrews—have always claimed and enjoyed both magisterial and ecclesiastical authority; and, indeed, since the Mussulman's law and religion are convertible terms, we would expect priests to be vested with the same powers, and performing the same duties. Mohammed designed it should be so, and as long as war was waged in the name of religion, as long as the Koran and the sword went hand in hand together, the two professions were not incompatible; but when Islamism had gained undisputed ascendancy, there arose an obvious discrepancy between the peaceful adoration of Allah and the settlements of disputes between man and man. Priest and jurist, each had distinct and qualified duties to perform. Before justice can be administered properly the religious and legal professions must be separated; the statutes must be distinct from the Koran and Sunnah, in the obscurities of which they are at present involved. The sheik-ul-Islam (pontifex maximus) is the head of the church and the bar; he appoints the bishops and the judges; and in his twofold character of minister and lawyer, he is the expounder of the Koran, the source of all laws, civil and religious; his decisions serve as precedents, and are as incontrovertible as the Koran itself.

By the late reforms, Christian testimony is admitted in courts of justice. But this is merely a nominal privilege; for what avails it that Christian evidence is received, if the Koran and Sunnah are to constitute the law, and a Mussulman judge is to be the expound-

er? Is it not evident that the 'true believer,' whether right or wrong, will be shielded by the strong arm of prejudice at the expense of the Christian? The purity of Turkish justice may be understood from the following humorous account given by Dr. Hamlin:

'I once had a case of law with a Turkish judge. It was tried nine times, and each time decided against me. After the ninth trial, the judge sent me word that if I gave him 9,000 piastres (about \$800), he would decide the case in my favor, for all the world knew that justice was on my side!'

I look, however, upon the religious toleration extended to Christians in 1854 as the most important of all reforms; it is the keystone of the arch. Christianity has been on a gradual increase in Turkey; and it may not be deemed extravagant to hope that when a few generations shall have passed away, its supremacy will be acknowledged. As Constantine, finding the Christian element predominant in the Roman empire, made the religion of Christ that of his people, so some Selim or Abdul Medjid, urged by a power behind the throne, and more potent than the throne itself, will substitute the Bible for the Koran!

The fall of Islamism does not imply the downfall of Turkish rule. The one is religious, the other a civil power; the one may wane, the other rise.

The wars which brought the European powers in Turkish waters made a deep impression upon the Turks, and convinced them that they had been rescued from annihilation by foreign arms. This led to an important measure, viz.: the promulgation of the imperial edict of 1850, which was translated into all the languages of the empire, and read in all the mosques and churches. Besides securing the freedom of conscience and the equality of rights, it grants the right of apostasy, which had hitherto been a capital offence: 'As all forms of religious worship are and shall be freely professed in the empire, no person shall be hin-

dered in the practice of the religion which he professes; nor shall he in any way be annoyed in this kind: in the matter of a man *changing* his religion and *joining* another, no force shall be applied to him.' The decree bore directly upon Islamism. Turks, both private and official, now discuss freely the doctrines of the New Testament. The Bible, to-day, is widely circulated among the Turks. About seven thousand copies are sold annually to Mohammedans, while ten years ago they would not have been accepted as gifts. By all classes of people the Bible is purchased, read, and made the subject of discussion. The sultan himself reads it. Discussion leads to investigation, and investigation to the establishment of truth. This is one of the causes that have been silently at work, destined to effect the fall of Islamism.

In all parts of the empire, the Christian element is growing stronger and stronger; the Mohammedan weaker. Even in Asia, the chosen abode of the faithful, we find Christian cities and villages prosperous, and Mohammedan cities falling to decay. In another century the Sublime Porte will depend chiefly on the Christian element for its influence. To-day, the Mussulman mosque, the pagoda of the Hindoo, the fire temple of the Parsee, the Roman and Greek churches, meet together.

The adoration and prostrations of the Turk afford an imposing sight even to the Christian. 'Praises be to God, for He is great,' resounds at sunrise and at sunset, from ship to ship at sea, from kiosk to minaret on land.

According to the Koran, there is a paradise for all true believers. This paradise, Al Janat, signifies a pleasure garden, from which flows a river, the river of life, whose water is clear as crystal, cold as snow, and sweet as nectar. The believer who takes a draught shall thirst no more. Even the oriental imagination fails to describe the glories of this paradise—its fountains and flow-

ers, pearls and gems, nectar and ambrosia, all in unmeasured profusion. To crown the enchantment of the place, to each faithful Moslem is allotted seventy-two houris, resplendent beings, free from every human defect, perpetually renewing their youth and beauty. Such is the Mohammedan conception of the future world.

The Turks, in common with other Mohammedans, believe in angels, and in the prophets Adam, Noah, Moses, and *Jesus*. One might suppose that such a belief would assist missionaries in converting the infidel; but far from assisting, its tendency is to make more difficult the inculcation of Christian doctrines. When asked to accept the religion of Christ, the Turk's ready answer is: 'We believe in Jesus! we believe in him already; you know only a part of the true faith; Mohammed has superseded Jesus.' Notwithstanding this, many Turks in Europe and Asia believe that in a long series of years, Jesus will return to earth, reanimate their faith and ancient valor, and with one unbroken religion, give them dominion to the end of the world. They, in short, expect Jesus—the same Jesus whom Christians worship—in the fullness of time to accomplish the work which their prophet only began. Christian missionaries should avail themselves of this remarkable belief, and turn it to the spiritual advantage of those who entertain it.

'Let the Turkish Government remain, if by her standing Islamism may fall! that we may carry back a purer literature to the land of Homer, a purer law to the land of Moses, and the Gospel of Christ to the land of the apostles.'

It only remains for me to say one word in regard to the now reigning sovereign. The ulemas—who have become what the Janissaries were, the hotbed of fanaticism—in their endeavors to overthrow the late sultan, Abdul Medjid, looked upon the present sultan as their champion. If he per-

mits himself to become a tool in their hands, Turkey will lose during his reign what she gained in a century. If, on the other hand, he has the energy of Mahmoud, the humanity of Selim, and practises the conciliatory policy of his brother, a glorious future awaits the empire.

FALSE ESTIMATIONS.

As one, who under pay of priest or pope,
 Painteth an altar picture boldly bad,
 Yet winning worship from the common eye,
 Is less than one, who faltering day by day
 Before the untouched canvas, dreams, and feels
 An unaccomplished greatness: so is he
 Who scrapes the skies and cleaves the patient air
 For rhyming ecstasies to cheat the crowd,
 That sees not in the stiller worshipper
 The truer genius, who, in heights lone lost,
 Forgets to interpret to a lesser sense.

O there do dwell among us minds divine,
 In which th' ethereal is so subtly mixed,
 That only matter in its outward mien
 To the observer shows. Such ever live
 Unto themselves alone, in sweet still lives,
 And die by all men misinterpreted.

Within a churchyard rise two honored urns
 O'er graves not far removed. The one records
 The 'genius of a Poet,' whose fitter fame
 Lies in the volumes which his facile pen
 Filled with the measure of redundant verse:
 Before this urn the oft frequented sod
 Is flattened with the tread of pensive feet.
 The other simply bears the name and age
 Of one who was 'a Merchant,' and bequeathed
 A fair estate with numerous charities:
 Before this urn the grass grows rank and green.

I knew them both in life, and thus to me
 They measured in their lives their effigies:
 He who the pen did wield with facile power,
 Created what he wrote, and to the ear
 With tact, not inspiration, wrought the sounds
 To careful cadence; but the heart was cold

As the chill marble where the sculptor traced
Curious conceits of fancy. Let him pass,
His name not undervalued, for his fame
Shall in maturer ages lie as still
As doth his neighbor's now.

Turn we to him.

He was a man to whom the general eye
Bent with the confidence of daily trust
In things of daily use : a man 'of means,'
—Sagacious, honest, plodding, punctual,—
Revolving in the rank of those whose shields
Bear bags of argent on a field of gold.
His life, to most men, was what most men's are,—
Unceasing calculation and keen thrift ;
Unvarying as the ever-plying loom,
Which, moving in same limits day by day,
Weaves mesh on mesh in tireless gain of goods.
But I, that knew him better than the herd,
Yet saw him less, knew that in him which lives
Still gracious and still plentiful to me
Now he hath passed away from me and them.
This man, whose talk on busy marts to men
Teemed with the current coin of thrifty trade,
—Exchanges, credits, money rates, and all,—
Hath stood with me upon a silent hill,
When the last flush of the dissolving day
Fainted before the moonlight, and, as 'twere
Unconscious of my listening, uttered there
The comprehensions of a soul true poised
With elemental beauty, giving tongue
Unto the dumbness of the blissful air.
So have I seen him, too, within his home,
When, newspaper on knee, his earnest gaze
Seemed scanning issues from the money list ;
But comments came not, till my curious eye
Led out his meditation into words,
Thought-winding upward into sphery light,
So utterly unearthly and sublime,
That all the man of fact fled out of sense,
And visual refinement filled the space.
Oft hath he told me, nothing was so blind
As the far-seeing wisdom of the world,
And none within it knew him, save himself,
And that so scantily, that but for faith
In a redeeming knowledge yet to come,
He would lie down and let his weakness die
In self-reclaiming dust.

After his death,
I searched his papers, vainly, for a scrap

Whereon some dropped memento might record
 His inner nature ; but he nothing left—
 Nothing of that deep life whose wondrous light
 Guided him onward through the realms of sense,
 And in a world of practical self-need
 Sustained him with a glory unexpressed.

And thus it is that round the Poet's urn,
 The sod is beaten down with pensive feet :
 And thus it is that where the Merchant lies,
 The grass, untrodden, groweth rank and green.



THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

I HAD passed my last examinations, and had received my diploma authorizing me to practise medicine, and I still lingered in the vicinity of Edinburgh, partly because my money was nearly exhausted, and partly from the very natural aversion I felt from quitting a place where three very happy and useful years had been spent. After waiting many weeks—for the communication between the opposite shores of the Atlantic were not then so rapid as now—I received a large packet of letters from 'home,' all of them filled with congratulations on my success, and among them were letters from my dear father and a beloved uncle, at whose instance (he was himself a physician) my father had sent me abroad to complete my medical education. My father's letter was even more affectionate than usual, for he was highly gratified with my success, and he counselled me to take advantage of the peace secured by the battle of Waterloo to visit the continent, which for many years (with the exception of a brief period) had been closed to all persons from Great Britain; he enclosed me a draft on a London banker for a thousand pounds. My uncle's letter was scarcely less affectionate; my Latin thesis (I had sent

my father and him a copy) had especially pleased him; and after urging me to take advantage of my father's kindness, he added that he had placed a thousand pounds at my disposition, with the same London banker on whom my draft was drawn. A letter of introduction to a French family was enclosed in the letter, and he engaged me to visit them, for they had been his guests for a long time when the first Revolution caused them to fly France, and they were under other obligations to him; which I afterward learned from themselves was a pecuniary favor more than once renewed during their residence with him. Ten thousand dollars was a good deal of money to be placed at the disposition of a young man as his pocket money for eighteen months, even after a large deduction had been made from it for a library and professional instruments.

Before I quitted Edinburgh, I received a letter from the gentleman to whom my uncle had given me an introduction; he acquainted me that my uncle had informed him that I was about visiting France, and that he had taken the liberty of introducing me to him. The Marquis de —— (such was his title—his name I omit for obvious rea-

sons) expressed with great warmth his delight at having it in his power to exhibit the gratitude he felt to my uncle, and urged me with the most pressing terms to come at once to his home, and pass away there at least so much time as might accustom me to the *spoken* French language (I could easily read it), that my visit to Paris might be more profitable and agreeable—and it should be both, he was so good as to say, at least as far as it depended on himself and his friends. I wrote him by the return mail to thank him for his kindness, and to inform him that I should at once set out for his hospitable home. I shall never forget the six months I passed away in the Chateau de Bardy: the happiness of those days was checkered only by my departure and by the incident I shall presently relate. And even after I quitted that noble mansion, the kindness of its inmates still watched over me, and opened homes to me even in that great Maelström of life—Paris.

It was toward the end of the month of October—the most delightful month of the seasons in France—as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the Chateau de Bardy, from a rather prolonged pedestrian exploration in that interesting neighborhood, where I had accurately examined all of the curiosities, thanks to an ample memoir of my noble host (in those days ‘Handbooks’ were unknown, and Murray was busy publishing Byron and Moore), when I thought I caught a glimpse of some soldiers. I was not mistaken: on the road before me a Prussian regiment was marching. I quickened my pace to hear the military music, for I was extremely partial to it; but the band ceased playing, and no sound was heard except an occasional roll of the kettle-drum at long intervals to mark the uniform step of the soldiers. After following them for a half hour, I saw the regiment enter a small plain, surrounded by a fir grove. I asked a captain, whose acquaintance I had made, if his men were about to be drilled.

‘No,’ said he, ‘they are about to try, and perhaps to shoot, a soldier of my company for having stolen something from the house where he was billeted.’

‘What,’ said I, ‘are they going to try, condemn, and execute him, all in the same moment?’

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘those are the provisions of the capitulation.’

This word ‘capitulation’ was to him an unanswerable argument, as if everything had been provided for in the capitulation, the crime and the punishment, justice and humanity.

‘And if you have any curiosity to see it,’ added the captain, ‘I will place you where you may see everything. It won’t be long.’

It may be from my professional education, but the truth is, I have always been fond of witnessing these melancholy spectacles; I persuade myself that I shall discover the solution of the enigma—death—on the face of a man in full health, whose life is suddenly severed. I followed the captain. The regiment was formed in a hollow square; in the rear of the second rank and near the edge of the grove, some soldiers were digging a grave. They were commanded by the third lieutenant, for in the regiment everything was done with order, and there is a certain form observed even in the digging of a man’s grave. In the centre of the hollow square eight officers were seated on drums; a ninth officer was on their right, and some distance before them, negligently writing something, and using his knees as his desk; he was evidently filling up the forms simply because it was against the ‘regulations’ that a man should be killed without the usual forms. The accused was called up. He was a tall, fine-looking young man, with a noble and gentle face. A woman (the only witness in the cause) came up with him. But when the colonel began the examination of the woman, the soldier stopped him, saying:

‘It is useless asking her any ques-

tions. I am going to confess everything: I stole a handkerchief in that lady's house.

THE COLONEL. What! Piter! You have been stealing! We all thought *you* incapable of such a thing!

PITER. It is true, Colonel, I have always tried to pass as an honest man, and a good fellow. Oh! I tell you, it wan't for me I stole the handkerchief. 'Twas for Mary.

THE COLONEL. Who is Mary?

PITER. Mary? Oh! she lives yonder at home just outside of Areneberg don't you remember the big apple-tree? Oh! I shall never see her again

THE COLONEL. I don't understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

PITER. Why, Colonel but read this letter.

He gave the colonel a letter, which the latter read aloud, and every word of which was engraved on my mind, and still is as present to my memory as though I heard them an hour ago. It was as follows:

MY DEAR, DEAR PITER:—I take advantage of recruit Arnold's leaving, for he has enlisted in your regiment, to send you this letter, and a silk purse I have made for you. Oh! I have hidden from father to work it, for he is always scolding me for loving you so much, and is always telling me that you will never come back. But you will come back, won't you! Even if you never come back, I will always love you just the same. I promised myself to you the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Areneberg dance, and brought it to me. Oh! when shall I see you again? The only pleasure I have is to hear that your officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. Everybody says you are an honest man and a good fellow. But you have still two years to serve. Serve them quickly, because then we shall be married. Good-by, dear, dear Piter, and believe me, your own dear

MARY.

P. S. Try to send me, too, something

from France, not because I'm afraid I shall forget you, but I want something from you to carry always about me. Kiss what you send me. I know I shall find at once where you kissed it.

When the colonel finished reading the letter, Piter said:

'Arnold gave me this letter last night when I received my billet paper. For my life's sake I could not sleep; I lay awake all night long, thinking of home and of Mary. She asked for something from France. I had no money. I drew three months' advance last week to send home to my brother and my cousin. This morning, when I got up to go, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was hanging on a clothes line; it looked like Mary's; it was the same color, the same white lines; I was so weak as to take it, and put it in my knapsack. I went out into the street; I was sorry for what I had done; I was going back to the house with it just when this lady ran after me. The handkerchief was found in my knapsack. This is all the truth. The capitulation orders me to be shot. Shoot me, but don't despise me.'

The judges could not conceal their emotion; but when the balloting took place, he was unanimously condemned to death. He heard his sentence with sang-froid; after it was passed on him, he went up to his captain and asked him to lend him four francs. The captain gave them to him. I then saw Piter go to the woman to whom the blue handkerchief had been restored, and I heard him say:

'Madame, here are four francs; I don't know whether your handkerchief is worth more, but even if it is, I pay dear enough for it to engage you to knock off the rest.'

Taking the handkerchief from her, he kissed it, and gave it to the captain.

'Captain,' said he, 'in two years you'll be returning home; when you go toward Areneberg, ask for Mary; give her this blue handkerchief, but don't tell her how dearly I purchased it.'

Piter then kneeled and prayed fervently; when his prayers were ended, he arose and walked with a firm step to the place of execution. I forgot that I was a scientific man, and I walked down into the woods to avoid seeing the end of this cruel tragedy. A volley of musketry soon told me that all was over.

I returned to the fatal spot an hour afterward; the regiment had marched

away; all was calm and silent. While following the edge of the grove, going to the highway, I perceived at a short distance before me traces of blood, and a mound of freshly heaped earth. I took a branch from one of the fir trees, and made a rude cross.

I placed it at the head of poor Piter's grave, now forgotten by every body except by me, and perhaps by Mary.



G O L D .

GOLD, next to iron, is the most widely diffused metal upon the surface of our globe. It occurs in granite, the oldest rock known to us, and in all the rocks derived from it; it is also found in the veinstones which traverse other geological formations, but has never been found in any secondary formation. It is, however, much more common in alluvial grounds than among primitive and pyrogenous rocks. It is found disseminated, under the form of spangles, in the silicious, argillaceous, and ferruginous sands of certain plains and rivers, especially in their junction, at the season of low water, and after storms and temporary floods. It is the only metal of a yellow color; it is readily crystallizable, and always assumes one or more of the symmetrical shapes, such as the cube or regular octahedron. It affords a resplendent polish, and may be exposed to the atmosphere for any length of time, without suffering any change; it is remarkable for its beauty; is nineteen times heavier than water, and, next to platinum, the heaviest known substance; its malleability is such, that a cubic inch will cover thirty-five hundred square feet; its ductility is such, that a lump of the value of four hundred dollars could be drawn into a wire which would extend around the

globe. It is first mentioned in Genesis ii, 11. It was found in the country of Havilah, where the rivers Euphrates and Tigris unite and discharge their waters into the Persian gulf.

The relative value of gold to silver in the days of the patriarch Abraham was one to eight; at the period of B. C. 1000, it was one to twelve; B. C. 500, it was one to thirteen; at the commencement of the Christian era, it was one to nine; A. D. 500, it was one to eighteen; A. D. 1100, it was one to eight; A. D. 1400, it was one to eleven; A. D. 1613, it was one to thirteen; A. D. 1700, it was one to fifteen and a half; which latter ratio, with but slight variation, it has maintained to the present day. Gold was considered bullion in Palestine for a long period after silver had been current as money. The first mention of gold money in the Bible is in David's reign (B. C. 1056), when that king purchased the threshing floor of Ornan for six hundred shekels of gold by weight. In the early period of Grecian history the quantity of the precious metals increased but slowly; the circulating medium did not increase in proportion with the quantity of bullion. In the earliest days of Greece, the precious metals existed in great abundance in the Levant. Cabul and Little Thibet

(B. C. 500) were abundant in gold. It seems to be a well ascertained fact, that it was obtained near the surface; so that countries, which formerly yielded the metal in great abundance, are now entirely destitute of it. Croesus (B. C. 560) coined the golden *stater*, which contained one hundred and thirty-three grains of pure metal. Darius, son of Hystaspes (B. C. 538), coined *darics*, containing one hundred and twenty-one grains of pure metal, which were preferred, for several ages throughout the East, for their fineness. Next to the *darics* were some coins of the reigns of the tyrants of Sicily: of Gelo (B. C. 491); of Hiero (B. C. 478); and of Dionysius (B. C. 404). Specimens of the two former are still preserved in modern cabinets. *Darics* are supposed to be mentioned in the latter books of the Old Testament, under the name of *drams*. Very few specimens of the *daric* have come down to us; their scarcity may be accounted for by the fact that they were melted down under the type of Alexander. Gold coin was by no means plenty in Greece until Philip of Macedon had put the mines of Thrace into full operation, about B. C. 360. Gold was also obtained by the Greeks from Asia Minor, the adjacent islands, which possessed it in abundance, and from India, Arabia, Armenia, Colchis, and Troas. It was found mixed with the sands of the Pactolus and other rivers. There are only about a dozen Greek coins in existence, three of which are in the British Museum; and of the latter, two are *staters*, of the weight of one hundred and twenty-nine grains each. About B. C. 207, gold coins were first struck off at Rome, and were denominated *aurei*, four specimens of which are in the institution before alluded to. Their weight was one hundred and twenty-one grains. Gold coins were first issued in France by Clovis, A. D. 489; about the same time they were issued in Spain by Amalric, the Gothic king; in both kingdoms they were called *trientes*. They were

first issued in England A. D. 1257, in the shape of a penny. Florins were next issued, in 1344, of the value of six shillings. The guinea was first issued in 1663, of Guinea gold. In 1733 all the gold coins—nobles, angels, rials, crowns, units, lions, exurgats, etc., etc., were called in and forbidden to circulate. The present sovereign was first issued in 1817.

From the commencement of the Christian era to the discovery of America, the amount of gold obtained from the surface and bowels of the earth is estimated to be thirty-eight hundred millions of dollars; from the date of the latter event to the close of 1842, an addition of twenty-eight hundred millions was obtained. The discovery and extensive working of the Russian mines added, to the close of 1852, six hundred millions more. The double discovery of the California mines in 1848, and of the Australia mines in 1851 has added, to the present time, twenty-one hundred millions; making a grand total of ninety-three hundred millions of dollars. The average loss by wear and tear of coin is estimated to be one-tenth of one per cent. per annum; and the loss by consumption in the arts, by fire and shipwreck, at from one to three millions per annum.

A cubic inch of gold is worth (at £3 17s. 10½d., or \$18.69 per ounce) two hundred and ten dollars; a cubic foot, three hundred and sixty-two thousand eight hundred and eighty dollars; a cubic yard, nine millions nine hundred and seventeen thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars. The amount of gold in existence, at the commencement of the Christian era, is estimated to be four hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars; at the period of the discovery of America, it had diminished to fifty-seven millions; after the occurrence of that event, it gradually increased, and in 1600, it attained to one hundred and five millions; in 1700, to three hundred and fifty-one millions; in 1800, to eleven hundred and twenty-five millions; in 1843, to two

thousand millions; in 1853 to three thousand millions; and at the present time, the amount of gold in existence is estimated to be forty-eight hundred millions of dollars; which, welded into one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-four feet. Of the amount now in existence, three thousand millions is estimated to be in coin and bullion, and the remainder in watches, jewelry, plate, etc., etc.

The Russian gold mines were discovered in 1819, and extend over one third of the circumference of the globe, upon the parallel of 55° of north latitude. Their product, since their discovery to the present time, has amounted to eight hundred millions of dollars. The California gold mines were discovered by William Marshall, on the ninth day of February, 1848, at Sutter's Mill, upon the American Fork, a tributary of the Sacramento, and extend from 34° to 49° of north latitude. Their product, since their discovery to the present time, has amounted to one thousand and forty-seven millions of dollars. The Australia gold mines were discovered by Edward Hammond Hargraves, on the twelfth day of February, 1851, in the Bathurst and Wellington districts, and extend from 30° to 38° of south latitude. Their product, since their discovery to the present time, has amounted to nine hundred and eleven millions of dollars. The finest gold is obtained at Ballarat, and the largest nugget yet obtained weighed twenty-two hundred and seventeen ounces, valued at forty-one thousand dollars. In shape it resembled a continent with a peninsula attached by a narrow isthmus. The annual product of gold at the commencement of the Christian era is estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars; at the period of the discovery of America it had diminished to one hundred thousand dollars; after the occurrence of that event it gradually increased, and in 1600 it attained to two millions; and in 1700, to five millions; in 1800, to

fifteen millions; in 1843, to thirty-four millions; in 1850, to eighty-eight millions; in 1852, to two hundred and thirty-six millions; but owing to the falling off of the California as well as the Australia mines, the product of the present year will not probably exceed one hundred and ninety millions.

Since 1792 to the present time, the gold coinage of the United States mint has amounted to seven hundred and forty millions of dollars, of which six hundred and fifty-five millions have been issued since 1850. The gold coinage of the French mint, since 1726, has amounted to eighty-seven hundred millions of francs, of which fifty-two hundred and fifty millions have been issued since 1850. The gold coinage of the British mint, since 1603, has amounted to two hundred and eighty millions of pounds sterling; of which seventy-five millions have been issued since 1850. The gold coinage of the Russian mint, since 1664, has amounted to five hundred and twenty-six millions of roubles, of which two hundred and sixty millions have been issued since 1850. The sovereign of England contains one hundred and twelve grains of pure metal; the new doubloon of Spain, one hundred and fifteen; the half eagle of the United States, one hundred and sixteen; the gold lion of the Netherlands, and the double ounce of Sicily, one hundred and seventeen grains each; the ducat of Austria, one hundred and six; the twenty-franc piece of France, ninety; and the half imperial of Russia, ninety-one grains. A commissioner has been despatched by the United States Government to England, France, and other countries of Europe, to confer with their respective governments upon the expediency of adopting a uniform system of coinage throughout the world, so that the coins of one country may circulate in any other, without the expense of recoinage—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

The fact that the large amount of gold which has been thrown into the

monetary circulation of the world within the last fourteen years, has exercised so little influence upon the money market or prices generally, is at variance with the predictions of financial writers upon both sides of the Atlantic. The increase in the present production of gold, compared with former periods, is enormous; and it would not

be surprising if, in view of the explorations which are going on in Africa, Japan, Borneo, and other countries bordering upon the equator, the product of the precious metals within the next decade should be a million of dollars *daily*. The price of gold has not diminished, although the annual product has increased fivefold within twenty years.



LAST WORDS.

I AM at last resolved. This taunting devil shall possess me no longer. At least I will meet him face to face. I have read that the face of a dead man is as though he understood the cause of all things, and was therefore profoundly at rest. I will know the cause of my wretched fate, and will be at rest. My pistols lie loaded by my side—I shall die to-night. To-morrow, twelve awestruck and trembling men will come and look at me. They will ask each other: 'What could have been his motive for the rash act.' Rash! my face will be calmer than theirs, for my struggles in this life will be over; and I shall have gained—perhaps knowledge, perhaps oblivion, but certainly victory. And to-night, as the clock strikes twelve, there will be shrieks and horror in this room. No matter: I shall have been more kind to those who utter them than they know of, for they will not have known the cause until they have read these lines.

And yet most people would esteem me a happy man. I am rich in all that the world calls riches. I sit in a room filled with luxuries; a few steps would bring me into the midst of guests, among whom are noble men and women, sweet music, rare perfumes, glitter and costly show. My life has

been spent amid the influences of kind friends, good parents, and culture in all that is highest and worthiest in literature and art; and I can recall scenes as I write, of days that would have been most happy but for the blight that has been upon me always. I think I see now the pleasant parlor in the old house at home. Here sits our mother, a little gray, but brisk and merry as a cricket; there our father, a well-preserved gentleman of fifty, rather gratified at feeling the first aristocratic twinges of gout, and whose double eyeglass is a chief feature in all he says; there is Bill, poring over Sir William Napier's 'Peninsular War;' there is Charles, just rushing in, with a face the principal features in which are redness and hair, to tell us that there is another otter in the mill stream in the meadow; there is my little sister, holding grave talk with dear Dollie, and best (or worst) of all, there is cousin Lucy—cousin Lucy, with her brown hair, and soft, loving eyes and quiet ways. Where are they all now? Charley went to London, was first the favorite of the clubs, next a heartless rake, and finally, being worn out, and, like Solomon, convinced that all was vanity, went into the Church to become that most contemptible of all creatures, a fashionable preacher; my

father and mother are laid side by side in the aisle of the old church on the hill, where their virtues are sculptured in marble, for the information of anxiously curious mankind; sister Mary no longer talks to dolls, though a flock of little girls, who call her mother, do. Bill, poor Bill, lies far away in the Crimea, with the bullet of a gray-coated Russian in his heart. And Lucy—but it is to her I owe what I am, and what I am about to do.

I loved her—love her still. Will she *know* what these words mean, when she finds them here? I cannot tell. They are enough for me. Not for you are they written, ball-room lounge, whispering of endless devotion between every gaudrille; not to you, proud beauty, taking and absorbing declarations as you would an ice; not for you, chattering monkey of the Champs Elysées, raving of your *grande passion* for Eloise, so *charmante*, so *spirituelle*; nor for you, Eloise aforesaid, with your devilish devices, stringing hearts in your girdle as Indians do scalps; not for you, dancing Spaniard, with your eternal castagnets, whispering just one word to your dark-eyed señorita, as you hand her another perfumed cigarette; not for you, lounging Italian, hissing intrigues under the shadow of an Athenian portico, or stealing after your veiled incognita, as her shadow flits over the place where the blood of Cæsar dyed the floor of the Capitol, or where the knife of Virginius flashed in the summer sun—not for one of you, for I have seen and despise you all. To you all love is a sealed book, which you shall never open—a tree of knowledge that will never turn into a curse for you—a beautiful serpent that, as you gaze upon its changing hues, will never sting you to the death.

I never told her. I would wait for hours to see her pass, if she went out alone—but I never told her. I would trace her footsteps where she had taken her daily walk; I would wait beneath her window at night, to see but her

shadow upon the blind, until she put out her lamp, and left the stars and myself the only watchers there—but I never told her. I would lay flowers in her way, happy if she wore them on her bosom, or wreathed them in her hair, as she sometimes would—but she never knew from whom they came. I sickened at my heart for her; I pined, oh! how I pined for her, and worshipped her as a saint, the hope, the glory, the heaven of my life—but I never told her.

Did she love me? No. And, while I loved, I feared her. She never made me her companion, never took my arm; would always sit opposite me in the carriage instead of by my side; if in a game of forfeits, I forced the embrace I had won, she would struggle with tears of anger, though she had given her cheek to William with a blush but a few minutes before. If I had not been her abject slave, I could have torn her in pieces. Alas! alas! we were but boys, and she a girl still. How many long years I have suffered since then!

One night I could not sleep, but sat up in my room thinking. Why should she not love me? I am esteemed well-looking and intelligent, thought I, looking into the glass, as if to confirm my satisfactory judgment of myself. I gazed long and earnestly. Yes, certainly handsome, said I with my lips, but—fool! fool! said my mocking eyes; for at that moment there came out of their depths—there came a devil! Yes, a devil that glared at me from the glass! a devil that was, and yet was not, myself! a devil that had my form, and looked out of my face, but with its own cruel, mocking eyes! And he and I confronted each other in that horrible glass. I know not how long, but they told me afterward that I was found next morning making ghastly faces at myself.

And then I was carried by spirits into a land of visions, where for a hundred years, or for a moment of time, I was flying through space, and clouds, and fire!

—groping through dark caverns, millions of miles long, crying wildly for light and air; now a giant, entangled in myriads of chains that I could not break; now a reptile, writhing away from footsteps that made the earth reel and tremble beneath their tread; and at last waking, as if out of sleep, a poor, puny thing, with limbs like shadows, laughing or crying by turns for very feebleness.

* * * *

As I arose from that bed I knew that I was changed. It was a secret thought, a secret that I have kept till now. I was not quite sure at first, but it thus fell out that I knew it well:

One day William and I had been sitting for some time in the library, he reading and I looking at the faces that glowed in the red-hot coal, and thinking of Lucy and him.

‘Where is Lucy?’ said I, at length.

‘Gone out into the village,’ he answered, without looking from the book; ‘first to buy gloves, then to see Miss Trip, the dancing mistress, who is ill, then to Hurst Park to tea, whence I am to fetch her at nine o’clock.’

‘You seem to know all her movements,’ I said, with a sneer.

‘Certainly,’ he rejoined, ‘she told me all that I have told you.’

‘You always *are* in her confidence,’ said I, very angrily, as my blood rose.

‘I believe so,’ said he, calmly; though he looked at me with some surprise.

‘And I never,’ said I, between my teeth.

‘That,’ he said, ‘is a matter with which I have no concern.’

I ground my teeth, but I kept quiet. I kept quiet, though every nerve in my body tingled with rage, and my boiling blood rushed into my eyes till I could hardly see. ‘Do you know,’ I shouted, ‘do you know that I love her—would die a thousand deaths for her?’

He clasped his hands with a quick motion, as he said in a low voice, ‘And so do I; and so would I.’

‘Beast, fiend!’ I screamed, ‘does she—does she——’ I could not get out the accursed words.

‘We have been engaged,’ he answered, divining what I would have asked, ‘we have been engaged for some time, and——’

He did not finish the sentence, for I sprang at him, crushed him to the floor, squeezed his throat till his face grew black and the froth oozed out from his lips, beat his head upon the hearth-stones till he lay still and bleeding, and then sought my knife. It was up stairs. I flew to get it. It lay upon my dressing table before the glass, and I snatched at it. Great God! as I did so, another arm was thrust forth—not mine, I swear, if I live a thousand years; and as I recoiled, I saw in that glass a fiend step back. Not me, not me!—but a fiend with bloody hands, and a foul leer upon its face, and a fierce, cruel laugh in its glittering eyes. It was he, it was he! It was the devil that had possessed me before, come back again. And as I shuddered and gasped, and turned away, and then looked again into those eyes that pierced *me* through, and saw the cold, bitter smile that was on the face before me, I knew that the fiend would leave me never more, and that I was mad!

What was a quarrel with my brother now? I stole back, and, lifting him up, carried him to his room, where I washed the blood from his face. When he came to himself I fell at his feet and besought his pardon, and that he would keep what had happened a secret. He forgave me. And I believe the only lie he ever told in all his life was when he told Lucy that he had cut his head by falling on a jagged stone.

Oh, how often after that my fingers itched to be at his throat again; but I always quailed before his steady eye.

I pass over the next few years, except to say that I went to college, where I was shunned by all, though never alone; was a dunce, and plucked twice. Perhaps it was I who shunned others, for

had I not society in the constant presence of my Familiar? I was of course a dunce, for my brain was never steady enough to carry me over the *Pons Asinorum*, or to make a Latin verse with even decent correctness. I went away in disgust. I think if I had stayed longer I should have torn somebody, or else myself.

I went next into the army. It was a new era in my life, and, strange to say, my devil left me for a while, so that I was able to master the details of my profession, and to be esteemed a good and careful officer. There was hope, too, of active service; for the Russian Eagle was slowly unfolding his vast wings for a new descent into the plains of Europe. William, married to Her now, who was a lieutenant in the Foot Guards, wrote to me to say that he hoped we should be really brothers, now that we were to meet before an enemy; and the next day out came the declaration of war. When I had read it, I drew my sword, and, as I ran my eye along its cold, sharp blade from hilt to point, I thought how strange was its power to let out a man's life, and turn him, in a moment, into a heap of inanimate carrion.

Of course I am not going to tell the history of the great siege in the Crimea, for every child knows by heart the tale of the clambering fight up the Alma's steeps, of the withering volley that suddenly crashed out of the gray twilight on the hill of Inkerman, of the long months of starvation, of the final *feu d'enfer*, beneath which the Russian host crowded over the narrow bridge that saved them from their foe. But of the fatal charge of the Six Hundred I must speak, for I was one of them, and I have cursed its memory a thousand times.

I well remember that day—how restless I was the night before, and how I listened to the dropping shots on either side, hoping almost that one would find its way to my heart.

We were brigaded by daylight. Some manœuvres on an extensive scale

were to be attempted, I believe, one of which was to outflank some batteries of field artillery by which we had suffered much loss. They were drawn up at the side and end of the valley of Balaklava, and we were at the other end, and were ordered, it has since been said in error, to charge down the valley upon them.

How beautiful the sun rose that day! The dewy odors from a thousand flowers came floating up from that green valley as he rolled away the mists from the mountain tops, and showed us the dusky masses far below, from which the shot came whizzing every now and then. Gods! how we exulted at the sight. Along our line rose a wild cheer, as our horses tugged and strained at their bits, and every man's bridle was drawn tight. Soon a puff of smoke came from a hillock near, and the stern command 'draw swords' ran along from troop to troop, as the bright steel flashed in the sunshine like a river of light. Then out pealed the trumpets, and away we went, amidst a storm of ringing harness, and clashing scabbards, and flying banners, and thundering hoofs that made the ground shake. On we dashed, straight across the valley, in front of a point-blank fire, that emptied many a saddle as we flew along, straight upon the mass of smoke and flame which hid those fatal batteries—straight at the gunners, dealing out wild blows upon them, while they fought with swords, or axes, or clubbed muskets, or gun spongers, or anything that could cut or strike a blow.

As for me, I only know that I was in the first line, and among the first in the mêlée, where my first blow lighted upon the bare head of a Russian, whose blood spouted high as I cut at him with all my force; for after that a mist came over my eyes, and I fought in the dark, and then came oblivion.

When I awoke to consciousness, which I did not for several days, I found that I was wounded, and had been in danger of my life, though I should most probably recover. As soon as I was strong enough to talk much, I

was told that my bravery had been very conspicuous, and that I had been honorably mentioned in the order of the day. Four Russians, it seemed, had died by my hand, and being at last cut on the head by a sabre, I was with difficulty held on my horse when the retreat was sounded. I had raved, it also appeared, incessantly; but now the fever had left me. Good. It was fever, they thought, which had held possession of me. But those who said so did not know what power it was that nerved my arm, and then, having worked his devilish wile, flung me away like a broken toy. Fever! They did not know that it was a 'fever' that had cursed me for twelve long years.

But I got well, as those who were about me said, and, having been reported fit for duty, made my appearance at parade, and afterward, the same day, at mess.

My brother was dead. One day, while I lay ill, he and a party of his brother officers were idly chatting in one of the more advanced trenches, when a minié ball struck him, and he died without a word or groan. They carried him out, and he lies at the little graveyard at Scutari, with thousands of others who fell in the Great Siege. His sword and other relics had been kept for me, and among them was a portrait of Cousin Lucy, which he had worn next his heart. I should have to take it to her. The general in command had already written to her, with the news of her bereavement.

I was saying that I rejoined the mess. All my comrades congratulated me but one. He was a young fellow, recently exchanged from another regiment, who would one day wear the strawberry leaf upon his coronet—a cold, supercilious, prying puppy, whom I hated at once. When we were introduced, our mutual bow was studied in its cold formality—on his side so much so as to be almost insulting, considering the place and circumstances. To this day I believe that he, the only one of all

there, had suspected me, and I felt that I must be perpetually on my guard against his curious glances. I was sure that one day we should have to strive for the mastery. And we did—sooner than I expected; for, as the colonel filled his glass, and, calling upon the rest to follow his example, drank a welcome to me back among them, this knave, sitting opposite at the time, fixed his eyes upon me as he lifted his glass to his lips, and did not drink. As our looks met, I knew that he mocked me, and I flung my wine in his face, and raved.

Those present forced me away, and took me to my tent, where they made me lie down. I was supposed to be delirious from weakness and the effects of my wound, and I heard them say, 'He has come out too soon; that wine he drank at dinner was too much for him.' Good again! It was the wine! 'But,' thought I, 'as soon as this arm shall be able to strike or thrust, I will have the life of that sneering devil, or he mine.' And I kept my word. I met him within ten days afterward, walking at some distance from the camp, quite alone, as I was myself.

'Good morning,' said he; 'you are about again, as I am glad to see.'

I said to him, 'Do you forget the time when I was out before?'

'Surely not,' said he; 'but I knew that you had been ill, and was not master of yourself.'

'And so forgave me?' I rejoined, in a passion.

'And so forgave,' said he; 'why not?'

'Then learn,' said I, 'that I *was* master of myself; that I am now; that you insulted me grossly; that the only words I have for you are—draw, sir, draw!'

'Stop!' he cried, as I drew my sword; 'pray come back with me to the camp. You are ill; pray, come back; I have no quarrel with you, believe me.'

But I struck him on the breast with

my swordhilt, so that he nearly fell. Then he recovered himself, and, still crying out that he had no quarrel with me, drew and stood upon his guard, while I rushed upon him.

He was cool, and I furious. I believe he could have killed me easily if he had wished, but he only parried my rapid blows. At last, however, as I pressed him more closely, he grew paler, and began to fight in earnest. What *then* could he do against a madman? I bore him back, step by step, till a mass of rock stopped him; and there I kept him, with the hissing steel playing about his head, until he dropped upon one knee and his sword fell from his hand. Then I paused, waiting to see him die as I would a wounded hare, as die I knew he must, for I had pierced him with twenty wounds. He knelt thus, and looked, not at me, but at the setting sun; and then his head drooped and he rolled over, and was dead.

And as I wiped my sword on the grass, I shouted with glee.

Of course, I told no one. It was but another secret added to the many that had torn my heart and brain. Nor, when the body was found, stripped by camp followers, and supposed to be killed by a reconnoitring party of the enemy, did I betray myself by word or look.

At last the war was over, and we were ordered home. I bade farewell to the blue hills of the Crimea with secret joy, and as the shore faded from my sight, the memory of all that had happened to me during the Great Siege faded from my memory like a dream.

Upon our landing, I went as soon as possible home. How green the hedges were, how sweet the scent of the violets, how soft the grass, how grand the arching oaks and giant elms, as I journeyed along on foot. Surely I have suffered enough, I said to myself, as I passed through meadow, and copse, and lane, and over stiles, and to the old

park at last. Surely I have suffered enough, I said, as I came to the lodge gate, where the keeper's wife looked curiously at my uniform and bronzed face, and the crape on my arm, and then ran into the lodge to tell her husband that here was Master Horace come back. Surely there was peace in that old house, with its pointed gables, and moss-clad turrets, and ivied walls, and little gothic windows—where the old butler grasped my hand; and the maids came peeping out; and the old dog licked my face; where poor Lucy wept upon my breast—wept for that I had come back alone; and then put her little girl into my arms, to kiss dear Uncle Horace, come home once more.

But, when I went to bed that night, in the same glass that showed me my Enemy years before, I saw him looking at me, with his cruel smile, shining out of my own eyes.

What more remains to be told? But little; for it was but the old story. It is enough to say that I struggled on, hoping against hope; that I cheated myself with the maddest hope of all—that she might be brought to love me; that I one day prayed her to become my wife, and that she broke from me with terror and loathing; that I fled her presence, and was once more a wanderer over the earth; that my weary feet dragged me over the snows of Siberia, where the furred noble and the chained serf worked side by side; over the burning sands, where the brown Arab careers along upon his steed, his white burnous fluttering in the hot wind; over the broad prairies of America, where the Indian prowls with his trusty rifle, waiting for the wild beast; over the paths of the trackless deep; over the still wilder deserts and still more lonely deeps of revelry and vice;—what more than that I have come back again; that many guests are here to do honor to my return; that these are the last words which I shall ever write!

P A R T I N G .

WHEN 'mid the loud notes of the drum
 And fife tones shrilling on the ear,
 The music of our nation's hymns
 Rose 'neath the elm trees loud and clear ;
 When on the Common's grassy plain
 The city poured her countless throng,
 And blessings fell like April rain
 On each one as he marched along ;

We parted,—hand close clasped in hand,
 Telling the thoughts tongue could not speak ;
 Was it unmanly that our eyes
 O'erflowed with love upon the cheek ?
 I hear thy cheery voice outspcak,
 ' Courage, the months will quickly fly,
 And ere November chill and bleak
 We meet at home, Ned, you and I.'

A livelier strain came from the band,
 ' God bless you ' went from each to each ;
 A gazing eye, a waving hand,
 Where hearts were all too full for speech.
 He marched, obeying duty's call,
 Of noblest nature, first to hear ;
 I, bound by fond domestic thrall,
 In path of duty lingered here.

Slowly the summer months rolled on,
 October harvested the corn,
 November came with shortening days,
 Passed by in mist and rain,—was gone,—
 Yet still he came not ; winter's snow
 In feathery vesture clothed the trees,
 Or, iceclad in a jewelled glow,
 They sparkled in the chilly breeze.

Spring glowed along Potomac vales,
 While north her footsteps tardier came,
 For him the golden jasmine trails
 O'er bright azaleas all aflame ;
 Still upon Yorktown's trampled fields,
 O'er grassy plain and wooded swell,
 Her sunny wealth the summer yields,
 And still the word comes, ' All is well.'

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

'ALL of which I saw, and part of which I was.'

CHAPTER XII.

IN the afternoon the exercises at the meeting house were conducted by Preston, who publicly catechized the negroes very much in the manner that is practised in Northern Sunday schools. When the services were over, and the family had gathered around the supper table, I said to him :

'I've an idea of passing the evening with Joe ; he has invited me. Would it be proper for you and Mrs. Preston to go ?'

'Oh, yes ; and we will. I would like to have you see his mother. She is a wonderful woman, and, if in the mood, will astonish you.'

'I think you told me she is a native African ?'

'Yes, she is. She was brought from Africa when a child. She has a dim recollection of her life there, and retains the language and superstitions of her race,' replied Preston, rising from the table. 'I think you had better go at once, for she retires early ; Lucy and I will follow you as soon as we can.'

* * * * *

Joe's cabin was located nearly in the centre of the little collection of negro houses, and a few hundred yards from the mansion. It was of logs, a story and a half high, and had originally been only about twenty feet square. To the primitive structure, however, an addition of the same dimensions had been made, and as it then stretched for more than forty feet along the narrow bypath which separated the two rows of negro shanties, it presented quite an imposing appearance. A second addition in its rear, though it did not increase its dignity in the eyes of 'street' observers, added largely to its proportions and convenience.

The various epochs in Joe's history

were plainly written on his dwelling. The original building noted the time when, a common field hand, he had married a wife, and set up housekeeping ; the front addition marked the era when his industry, intelligence, and devotion to his master's interest had raised him above the dead level of black servitude, and given him the management of the plantation ; and the rear structure spoke pleasantly of the time when old Deborah, disabled by age from longer service at 'the great house,' and too infirm to clamber up the steep ladder which led to Joe's attic bedrooms, had come to doze away the remainder of her days under her son's roof.

The cabin was furnished with two entrance doors, and suspecting that the one in the older portion led directly into the kitchen, I rapped lightly at the other. In a moment it opened, and Joe ushered me into the living room.

That apartment occupied the whole of the newer front, and had a cheerful, cosy appearance. Its floor was covered with a tidy rag carpet, evidently of home manufacture, and its plastered walls were decorated with tasteful paper, and hung with a number of neatly framed engravings. Opposite the doorway stood a large mahogany bureau, and over it, suspended from the ceiling by leathern cords, was a curiously contrived shelving, containing a score or more of well-worn books. Among them I noticed a small edition of 'Shakespeare,' Milton's 'Poems,' Goldsmith's 'England,' the six volumes of 'Comprehensive Commentary,' Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a 'United States Gazetteer,' and a complete set of the theological writings of Swedenborg. Neat chintz curtains covered the small windows, a

number of brightly burnished brass candlesticks ornamented a plain wooden mantle over the broad fireplace, and a yellow-pine table, oiled and varnished, on which the 'tea things' were still standing, occupied the centre of the apartment.

Through an open door, at the right of the bureau, I caught a glimpse of the dormitory of the aged Africaness. As on the exterior of the building a brief epitome of Joe's history was written, so in that room a portion of his character was traced. Its comfortable and almost elegant furnishings told, plainer than any words, that he was a devoted and affectionate son. With its rich Brussels carpet, red window hangings, cosy lounge, neat centre table, and small black-walnut bureau, it might have been mistaken for the private apartment of a white lady of some pretensions.

It was a little after nightfall when I entered the cabin, but a bright fire, blazing on the hearth, gave me a full view of its occupants. Aggy, a tidily clad, middle-aged yellow woman, was clearing away the supper table, and Joe's mother was smoking a pipe in a large arm chair, in the chimney corner.

The old negress wore a black levantine gown, open in front, and gathered about the waist by a silken cord; a red and yellow turban, from underneath which escaped a few frosted locks, and a white cambric neckerchief that fell carelessly over her shoulders, and almost hid her withered, scrawny neck. She was upward of seventy, but so infirm that she appeared nearly a hundred. One of her lean, skinny arms, escaping from the loose sleeve of her dress, rested on her knee; and her bowed, bony frame leaned against the arm of her chair, as if incapable of sitting upright. Her features, with the exception of her nose, which curved slightly upward, were thin and regular; and her eyes were large, deep, and densely black, and seemed turned inward, as if gazing with a half-wonder-

ing stare at the strange mechanism which held together her queer framework of bones and gutta percha.

She was the old woman who had greeted Preston so affectionately on our arrival.

Turning to her as he tendered me a chair, Joe said:

'Mudder, dis am Mr. Kirke.'

Making a feeble effort to rise, and reaching out her trembling hand she exclaimed, in a voice just above a whisper:

'You'm welcome yere, right welcome, sar.'

'Thank you, aunty. Pray keep your seat; don't rise on my account.'

'Tank *you*, massa Kirke, fur comin' yere. It'm bery good ob you. Ole nussy lub you, sar; you'm so good ter massa Robert. He'm my own chile, sar!'

This was undoubtedly a figure of speech, for the old woman's skin was altogether too black not to have given a trifle of its shading to the complexion of her children. It was not only black, but blue black, and of that peculiar hue which is seen only on the faces of native Africans.

Seeing that she had relinquished smoking, I said:

'Never mind me, aunty; I smoke myself sometimes.'

'Tank you, sar,' she replied, resuming her pipe, and relapsing into her previous position; 'ole wimmin lub 'back-er, sar.'

The low tone in which this was said made me conclude that further conversation would be exhausting to her, so turning to Joe and Aggy—the latter had hurried through her domestic employments, and taken a seat near the fire—I entered into a general discussion of the old worthies that occupied Joe's book shelves.

I found the negro had taxed them for house room. He had levied on their best thoughts, and I soon experienced the uneasy sensation which one feels when he encounters a man who can 'talk him dry' on almost any

subject. On the single topic of the business to which I was educated, I might have displayed, had it not been Sunday night, a greater amount of information; but in the knowledge of every subject that was broached, the black was my superior.

The conversation had rambled on for a full half hour, the old negress meanwhile puffing steadily away, and giving no heed to it; when suddenly her pipe dropped from her mouth, her eyes closed, her bent figure became erect, and a quick, convulsive shiver passed over her. Thinking she was about to fall in a fit, I exclaimed:

‘Joe! See! your mother!’

‘Neber mind, sar,’ he quietly replied; ‘it’m nuffin’. Only de power am on her.’

A few more convulsive spasms succeeded, when the old woman’s face assumed a settled expression; and swaying her body back and forth with a slow, steady motion, she commenced humming a low chant. Gradually it grew louder, till it broke into a strange, wild song, filling the room, and coming back in short, broken echoes from the adjoining apartments. Struck with astonishment, I was about to speak, when Joe, laying his hand on my arm, said:

‘Hush, sar! It am de song ob de kidnab slave!’

It was sung in the African tongue, but I thought I heard, as it rose and fell in a wild, irregular cadence, the thrilling story of the stolen black; his smothered cries, and fevered moans in the slaver’s hold; the shriek of the wind, and the sullen sound of the surging waves as they broke against the accursed ship; and, then—as the old negress rose and poured forth quick, broken volumes of song—the loud mirth of the drunken crew, mingling with what seemed dying groans, and the heavy splash of falling bodies striking the sea.

As she concluded, with a firm, stately step—showing none of her previous decrepitude—she approached me:

Seeing that I regarded her movements with a look of startled interest, Joe said:

‘Leff har do what she likes, sar. She hab suffin’ to say to you.’

Taking a small bag* from her bosom, and placing it in the open front of my waistcoat, she reached out her long, skinny arm, and placing her skeleton hand on the top of my head, chanted a low song. The words were mostly English, and the few I caught were something as follows:

‘Oh, bress de swanga buckra man;
Bress wife an’ chile ob buckra man.’
Bress all dat b’long to buckra man;
Barimot bress de buckra man;
De good Lord bress de buckra man;
Bress, bress de swanga buckra man.’

As she finished the invocation, she took both my hands in hers, and leaning forward, and muttering a few low words, seemed trying to read the story imprinted on my palms. Her eyes were closed, and thinking she might be troubled to see me without the use of those organs, I looked inquiringly at her son.

‘She don’t need eyes, sar,’ said Joe, answering my thought; ‘she’ll tell all ’bout you widout dem.’

As he said this, she dropped one of my hands, and raising her right arm, made several passes over my head, then resting her hand again upon it, she began chanting another low song:

‘What der yer see, mudder?’ asked Joe, leaning forward, with a look of intense interest on his face.

‘A tall gemman—de swanga gemman—in a big city. De night am dark an’ cole—bery cole. Pore little chile am wid him, an’ he cole—bery cole; him cloes pore—bery pore. Dey come to a big hous’n—great light in de winders—an’ dey gwo in—swanga gem-

* This was the conjuror’s bag of the Africans. It is called ‘waiter,’ or ‘kunger,’ by the Southern blacks, and is supposed to have the power to charm away evil spirits, and to do all manner of miraculously good things for its wearer. Those that I have seen are harmless little affairs, consisting only of small pieces of rags sewed up in coarse muslin.

† The name of the African god.

man an' pore chile. A great room dar, wid big fire, an' oh! sweet young missus. She jump up—swanga gemman speak to har, an' show de pore chile. She look sorry like, an' cry; den she frow har arm 'roun' de pore chile; take him to de fire, an' kiss him—kiss him ober an' ober agin.'

It was the scene when Kate first saw Frank, on the night of his mother's death. I said nothing, but Joe asked:

'Any more, mudder?'

'Yas. I sees a big city, anoder city, in de daytime. In dark room, upstars, am swanga gemman an' anoder buckra man—he bad buckra man. Buckra angel dar, too, a standin' 'side de swanga gemman, but swanga gemman doan't see har. She look jess like de pore chile. De swanga gemman git up, an' 'pear angry, bery angry, but he keep in. Talk hard to oder buckra man, who shake him head, an' look down. Swanga gemman den walk de room, an' talk fasser yit, but bad buckra man keep shakin' him head. Den swanga gemman stan' right ober de oder buckra man, an' de strong words come inter him froat. Him 'pears gwine to curse de buckra man, but de angel put har han' ober him mouf, an' say suffin' to him. Swanga gemman yeres, dough he doan't see har. Den he say nuffin' more, but gwo right 'way.'

It was the scene in Hallet's office, when I told him of his victim's death, and entreated him to provide for, if he did not acknowledge his child. The words which flashed upon my brain, and stayed the curse which rose to my lips, were those of the dying girl: 'Leave him to God!'

'Go on. Tell me what she *said*,' I exclaimed.

'Mudder doan't yere; she only see de pictur ob what hab been. Listen!' said Joe; and the old woman again spoke:

'I sees a big city—de fuss city, an' great hous'n—de fuss hous'n. De young missus am dar, wid de pore

chile, an' a little chile dat look jess like she do; an' dar'm anoder bery little chile dar, too. Dey'm upstars in a room, wid a bed an' a candle burnin'. Dey'm gwine to bed. Young missus kneel down wid de two chil'ren, an' pray. An' side de pore chile, an' kneelin' down wid har arm roun' him neck, am de buckra angel. She pray, too. Swanga gemman in anoder room yere dem aprayin', an' he come an' look. He say nuffin', but he stan' dar, an' de big tear run down him cheek. De time come back to him when *he* wus a little chile, an' he pray like dem. He doan't pray 'nuff now!'

It was the last night I had passed at home. A feeling of indescribable awe crept over me, and I rose halfway from my seat.

'Sit still, sar,' said Joe, almost forcing me back into the chair. 'You'll break de power.'

'You know the past, old woman,' I exclaimed. 'Tell me the future!'

'Hush!' she replied, with an imperious tone. 'Dey'm comin'.'

During all this time she had stood with her hand on my head, as immovable as a marble statue. Her voice had a deep, strong tone, and her face wore a look of calm power. Nothing about her reminded me of the weak, decrepit old woman she had been but an hour before.

'Dey'm yere!' she said; and in another moment the door opened, and Preston and his wife entered.

Without rising or speaking, Joe motioned them to two vacant chairs. As they seated themselves, I exclaimed:

'She has told me all things that ever I did!'

'She has strange powers,' replied Preston.

'Hush, Robert Preston! De swanga gemman ax fur de future!'

Shading then her closed eyes with one hand, and leaning forward, as if peering into the far distance, the old negress laid her other hand again on my head, and continued:

'I see a deep, wide riber flowin' on to de great sea. De swanga gemman, in strong boat, am on it; an' de young missus, an' de pore chile, an' one, two oder chile, am wid him. De storm strike de riber, an' raise de big wave, but de boat gwo on jess de same. De swanga gemman he doan't keer fur de storm, or de big wave, fur he got 'em all dar! An' I see anoder riber—not so deep, not so wide—flowin' on 'side de big riber, to de great sea; an' you' (looking at Preston), 'an' de good missus, an' one, two, free, four chile am dar. De wind blow ober dat riber an' raise de big wave, but de swanga gemman reach out him hand, an' de wave gwo down. An' I see a little riber flow out ob de big riber, an' de pore chile in a little boat am on it. An' a little riber come out ob de oder riber an' gwo into de oder little riber, an' a chile am on dat, too. De two little boats meet, an' de two chile gwo on togedder, but—de storm come dar, an'—de great rocks—oh! oh!' and, covering her face with her hands, she turned away.

'What more do you see? Tell me, Deborah!' exclaimed Preston, bending forward with breathless eagerness.

She raised her head, and seemed to look again in the same direction; then, in a low tone, said:

'I sees no more.'

'What of the other river? What of that?' he exclaimed, with the same breathless anxiety.

'I sees—de boat 'mong de rocks—de great rocks—an' you—dar—all by you'seff—all by you'seff—an'—O Barimo!' and, giving a low scream, she started back as if palsied with dread.

Springing to his feet, Preston seized her by both arms, and screamed out:

'What more! Tell me WHAT MORE!'

Drawing her tall form up to its full height, and looking at him with her closed eyes, she said, in a voice inexpressibly sad and tender:

'I sees de great rocks—de great fall

—de great sea!' then pausing a moment, and pointing upward, she added: 'Robert Preston! Trust in God!'

Overcome with emotion, she staggered back to her seat. A few convulsive shudders passed over her; her eyes slowly opened, and—she was the same weak, old woman as before.

The next morning I bade adieu to my kind friends, and started again on my journey. Preston accompanied me as far as Wilmington, where we parted; he going on to Whitesville, in search of the new turpentine location; and I, proceeding by the Charleston boat, southward.

CHAPTER XIII.

On my return to my home, a few weeks after the events narrated in the previous chapter, in pursuance of a promise made to Preston, I inserted an advertisement in the papers, which read somewhat as follows:

'WANTED, a suitable person to go South, as governess in a planter's family. She must be thoroughly educated, and competent to instruct a boy of twelve. Such a one may apply by letter;' etc., etc.

A score of replies flowed in within the few following days, but being excessively occupied with a mass of personal business, which had accumulated in my absence, I laid them all aside, till more than one week had elapsed. Then, one evening I took them home, and Kate and I opened the batch. As each one was read by my wife or myself, we commented on the character of the writers as indicated by the handwriting and general style of the epistles. Rejecting about two thirds as altogether unworthy of attention, we reserved the remaining half dozen for a second inspection. Among these, the one with the cramped, precise chirography was thought to come from an old maid. Another, whose five lines of rail fence covered a sheet nearly as large as a ten-acre lot, was the production of a strong-minded woman. A third, on tinted

paper, and dotted with blots and erasures, was from a fat lady, who wore her shoes down at the heel, and got up too late for breakfast. 'But here, Kate,' I exclaimed, as I opened the fourth missive, 'this one, in this firm yet lady-like hand—this one will do. Hear what it says :

SIR:—I think I can answer your requirements. A line addressed to Catharine Walley, B——, N. H., with full particulars, will receive immediate attention.

'That's the woman, Kate. A business man in petticoats! *She* can manage a boy of twelve!'

'Or a man of twice that age,' said Kate, quietly reading the letter. 'I wouldn't have that woman in *my* house.'

'Why not? She has character—take my word for it. Her letter is as short and sweet as a 'promise to pay.''

'She has too much character, and not of the right sort. There is no womanliness about her.'

'You women are always hard on your own sex. She'll have to manage Joe, and she'll need to be half man to do that. I think I had better write her to come here. I can tell what she is when I see her. I can read a woman like a book.'

There was a slight twinkle in my wife's eyes when I said this, and she made some further objections, but I overruled them; and, on the following morning, dispatched a letter, inviting Miss Walley to the city.

Returning to my office from 'Change,' one afternoon, a few days afterward, I found a lady awaiting me. She rose as I entered, and gave her name as Miss Walley. She was prepossessing and lady-like in appearance, and there was a certain ease and self-possession in her manner, which I was surprised to see in one directly from a remote country town. She wore a plain gray dress, with a cape of the same material; a straw hat, neatly trimmed with brown

ribbon, and, on the inside, a bunch of deep pink flowers, which gave a slight coloring to her otherwise pale and sallow but intellectual face. Her whole dress bespoke refinement and taste. She was tall and slender, with an almost imperceptible stoop in the shoulders, indicative of a studious habit; but you forgot this seeming defect in her easy and graceful movements. Her brown hair was combed plainly over a rather low and narrow forehead; her face was long and thin, and her small, clear gray eyes were shaded by brown eyebrows meeting together, and, when she was talking earnestly, or listening attentively, slightly contracting, and deepening her keen and thoughtful expression. Her nose was long and rather prominent; and her mouth and chin were large, showing character and will; but their masculine expression was relieved by a short upper lip, which displayed to full advantage the finest set of teeth I ever saw.

Referring at once to the object of her visit, she handed me a number of credentials, highly commendatory of her character and ability as a teacher. I glanced over them, and assured her they were satisfactory. She then questioned me as to the compensation she would receive, and the position of the family needing her services. Answering these inquiries, I added that I was prepared to engage her on the terms I had named.

'I have been in receipt of the same salary as assistant in a school in my native village, sir,' she replied; 'but what you say of the family of Mr. Preston, and a desire to visit the South, will induce me to accept the situation.'

'When will you be ready to go, madam?' I asked.

'At once, sir. To-day, if necessary.'

Surprised and yet pleased with her promptness, I said :

'And are you entirely ready to go so far on so short notice?'

'Yes, sir. The cars leave in the morning, I am told. I will start then.'

'And alone?'

'Yes, sir. We Yankee girls are accustomed to taking care of ourselves.'

'I admire your independence. But you pass the night in town; you will, I trust, spend it at my residence?'

'Thank you, sir.'

Ordering a carriage and stopping on the way at a hotel to get the single trunk which contained her wardrobe, I conveyed her at once to my residence.

After supper we all gathered in the parlor, and I set about entertaining our guest. I had to make little effort to do that, for her conversation soon displayed a knowledge of books and people, and a wit and keenness of intellect, as decidedly entertained me. She was not only brilliant, but agreeable; and in the course of the evening made some pleasant overtures to the children. Frank, with a book in his hand, had drawn his chair off to another part of the room, and showed, at first, uncommon reserve for a lad of his warm and genial nature; but gradually, as if in spite of himself, he edged his chair nearer to her. Our little 'four year old,' however, resisting the offered temptation of watch and chain, and even sugar-plums, repelled her advances, and hid his curly head only the more closely in the folds of his mother's dress. Kate listened and laughed, but I caught occasionally, as her eyes studied the visitor attentively, a troubled expression, which I well understood. After a while the lady expressed a readiness to retire that she might obtain the rest needed for an early start by the morning train, and Kate conducted her to her apartment.

I felt highly delighted with the idea of being able to send Mrs. Preston so agreeable a companion, and not a little vexed with my wife for not sharing my enthusiasm. When she returned to the parlor, I said:

'Kate, why do you not like her?'

'I can hardly tell *why*,' she replied, 'but my first impression is confirmed. I would not trust her. Why does she

go South for the same salary she has had in New Hampshire?'

'Because she wants to see the world; she's a stirring Yankee woman.'

'No; because you told her of Mr. Preston's position in society; and because she hopes to win a plantation and a rich planter.'

'Nonsense,' I replied. 'You misjudge her.'

'I tell you, Edmund, she is a cold, selfish, sordid woman; all intellect, and no heart. If I had never seen her face, I should have known that by her voice, and the shake of her hand.'

But it was too late—I had engaged her; and at seven o'clock on the following morning she was on her way to the South.

I soon received information of her safe arrival at her destination, and the warm thanks of Preston for having sent him so agreeable a person, and one so well fitted to instruct his children.

* * * * *

The turpentine location was soon secured, and early in the following spring, Joe, with about a hundred 'prime hands,' commenced operations in the new field. Constantly increasing shipments soon gave evidence of the energy with which the negro entered upon his work; and by the end of the year, Preston had not only paid the advances we made on receiving the deed of the land, but also the note I had given for the purchase of Phyllis. For the first time in five years he was entirely out of our debt.

The next season he hired a force of nearly two hundred negroes, and generously gave Joe a small interest in the new business, with a view to the black's ultimately buying his freedom. His transactions soon became large and profitable both to him and to us. Shortly afterward he paid off the last of his floating debt, and his balances in our hands grew from nothing till they reached five and seven and often ten thousand dollars.

But heavy affliction overtook him

in the midst of his prosperity. His wife and two eldest daughters were stricken down by a prevailing epidemic, and died within a fortnight of each other. A letter which I received from him at this time, will best relate these events. It was as follows :

MY DEAR FRIEND :—I have sad, very sad news to tell you. A week ago to-day I followed the remains of my beloved wife to the grave. Overcome by watching with our children, and grief at their loss, about three weeks since she took their disease, and sinking rapidly, soon resigned her spotless spirit to the hands of her MAKER. Overwhelmed by this treble affliction, I have not been able to write you before. Even now I can hardly hold a pen. I am perfectly paralyzed ; I can neither act nor think—I can only *feel*.

You, who have seen her in our home, can realize what she was to my family, but none can know what she was to me : companion, friend, guide ! My stay and support through long years of trial, she is taken from me just as prosperity is dawning on me, and I was hoping to repay, by a life of devotion, some part of what she had borne and suffered on my account. Another angel has been welcomed in heaven, but I am left here—alone—alone with my grief and my remorse !

My son is inconsolable, and even little Selly seems to realize the full extent of her loss. The poor little thing will not leave me for a moment. She is now the only comfort I have. Miss Walley has been unremitting in her kindness and attention, taking the burden of everything upon herself. Indeed, I do not know what I should have done without her.

Time may temper my affliction, but now, my dear friend, I am not

ROBERT PRESTON.

* * * * *

Nothing worthy of special mention occurred to the persons whose history I am relating till about a year after the

death of Mrs. Preston. Then, one day late in the autumn, I received information of her husband's approaching marriage with the governess. In the letter which invited me to be present at the ceremony, Preston said : 'No one can ever fill the place in my heart that is occupied, and ever will be occupied by the memory of my sainted wife ; but Miss Walley has rendered herself indispensable to me and my family. My studious habits and ignorance of business made me, as you know, even in my full health and strength, a poor manager ; and during the past year, grief has so broken my spirits that I have been utterly unfitted for attending to the commonest duties. But for Miss Walley, everything would have gone to waste and ruin. With the efficiency of a business man, she has attended to my household, overseen my plantation, and managed my entire affairs. In the first moments of my bereavement, when grief so entirely overwhelmed me that I saw no one, I did not know to what censurious remark her disinterested devotion to my interests was subjecting her ; but recently I have realized the impropriety of a young, unmarried woman occupying the position she holds in my household. Miss Walley, also, has felt this, and some time since notified me, though with evident reluctance, that she felt it imperatively necessary to leave my service. What, then, could I do ? My people needed a mistress ; my children a mother. She was both. Only one course seemed open, and after mature deliberation I offered her my hand, frankly stating that my heart was with the angel who, lost to me here, will be mine hereafter. Satisfied with my friendship and esteem, she has accepted me ; and we are to be married on the 26th inst. ; when I most sincerely trust that you, my dear friend, and your estimable wife, will be present.

That night I took the letter home to my wife. She read it, and laying it down, sadly said :

'Oh, Edmund! He is, indeed, 'among the rocks!''

* * * * *

Two years went by, and I did not meet Preston, but our business relations kept us in frequent correspondence, and his letters occasionally alluded to his domestic affairs.

Very soon after his marriage with the governess, his son went to live with his uncle, Mr. James Preston, of Mobile, a wealthy bachelor, who long before had expressed the intention of having the boy succeed to his business and estate. 'Boss Joe' continued in charge of the turpentine plantation, and had built him a house, and removed his wife and aged mother to his new home. On one of my visits to the South I stopped overnight with him, and was delighted with his model establishment. Two hundred as cheerful-looking darkies as ever swung a turpentine axe, were gathered in tents and small shanties around his neat log cabin, and Joe seemed as happy as if he were governor of a province.

His operations had grown to such magnitude that Preston then ranked among the largest producers of the North Carolina staple, and his 'account' had become one of the most valuable on our books. Though we sent 'account currents' and duplicates of each 'account sales' to his master, our regular 'returns' were made to Joe, and no one of our correspondents held us to so strict an accountability, or so often expressed dissatisfaction with the result of his shipments, as he.

'I think a heap of you, Mr. Kirke,' he said at the close of one of his letters about this time; 'but the fact am, thar's no friendship in trade, and you *did* sell that lass pile of truck jess one day too sudden.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Two more years rolled away. Frank was nearly sixteen. He had grown up a fine, manly lad, and never for one moment had Kate or I regretted the

care we had bestowed on his education and training. He was all we could have wished for in our own son, and in his warm love and cheerful obedience we both found the blessing invoked on us by his dying mother.

His affection for Kate was something more than the common feeling of a child for a parent. With that was blended a sort of half worship, which made him listen to her every word, and hang on her every look, as if she were a being of some higher order than he. They were inseparable. He preferred her society to that of his young companions, and often, when he was a child, seated by her knee, and listening, when she told of his 'other mother' in the 'beautiful heaven,' have I seen his eye wander to her face with an expression, which plainly said: 'My heart knows no 'other mother' than you.' Kate was proud of him, and well she might be, for he was a comely youth; and his straight, closely knit, sinewy frame; dark, deepset eyes; and broad, open forehead, overhung with thick, brown hair; only outshadowed a beautiful mind, an open, upright, manly nature, whose firm and steady integrity nothing could shake.

About this time I received a letter from his father, which, as it had an important bearing on the lad's future career, I give to the reader:

Boston, September 20th, 185-.

DEAR SIR:—A recent illness has brought my past life in its true light before me. I see its sin, and I would make all the atonement in my power. I cannot undo the wrong I have done to one who is gone, but I can do my duty to her child. You, I am told, have been a father to him. I would now assume that relation, and make you such recompense for what you have done, as you may require. I am too weak to travel, or indeed, to leave my house, but I am impatient to see my son. May I not ask you to bring him to me at once? Then I will arrange all things to your satisfaction.

I need not tell you, after saying what I have, that I should feel greatly gratified to once more possess your confidence, and regard.

I am, sincerely yours,

JOHN HALLET.

In another hand was the following postscript:

MY DEAR BOY:—John is sincere. Thee can trust him. He has told me *all*. He will do the right thing. Come on with the lad as soon as thee can. Love to Kate. Thy old friend,

DAVID.

After conferring with my wife, I sent the following reply to these communications:

NEW YORK, *September 22d*, 185-.

DAVID OF OLD:—Thou man after the Lord's own heart. I have Hallet's letter, seasoned with your P. S. He is shrewd; he knew that nothing but your old-fashioned hand would draw a reply from *me*, to anything written by *him*.

I've no faith in sick-bed repentances; and none in John Hallet, sick or well:

'When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well,
The devil a monk was he.'

However, as Hallet is capable of cheating his best friend, even the devil, I will take his letter into consideration; but it having taken him sixteen years to make up his mind to do a right action, it may take me as many days to come to a decision on this subject.

Frank is everything to us, and nothing but the clearest conviction that his ultimate good will be promoted by going to his father, will induce us to consent to it.

I do not write Hallet. You may give him as much or as little of this letter as you think will be good for him.

Kate sends love to you and to Alice; and dear David, with all the love I felt for you when I wore a short jacket, and sat on the old stool,

I am your devoted friend.

* * * * *

It was a dingy old sign. It had hung there in sun and rain till its letters were faint and its face was furrowed. It had looked down on a generation that had passed away, and seen those who placed it there go out of that doorway never to return; still it clung to that dingy old warehouse, and still Russell, Rollins & Co. was signed in the dingy old counting room at the head of the stairway. It was known the world over. It was heard of on the cotton fields of Texas, in the canebrakes of Cuba, and amid the rice swamps of Carolina. The Chinaman spoke of it as he sipped his tea and plied his chopsticks in the streets of Canton, and the half-naked negro rattled its gold as he gathered palm oil and the copal gum on the western coast of Africa. Its plain initials, painted in black on a white ground, waved from tall masts over many seas, and its simple 'promise to pay,' scrawled in a bad hand on a narrow strip of paper, unlocked the vaults of the best bankers in Europe. And yet it was a dingy old sign! Men looked up to it as they passed by, and wondered that a cracked, weather-beaten board, that would not sell for a dollar, should be counted 'good for a million.'

It was a dingy old warehouse, with narrow, dark, cobwebbed windows, and wide, rusty iron shutters, which, as the bleak October wind swept up old Long Wharf, swung slowly on their hinges with a sharp, grating creak. I heard them in my boyhood. Perched on a tall stool at that old desk, I used to listen, in the long winter nights, to those strange, wild cries, till I fancied they were voices of the uneasy dead, come back to take the vacant seats beside me, and to pace again, with ghostly tread, the floor of that dark old counting room. They were a mystery and a terror to me; but they never creaked so harshly, or cried so wildly, as on that October night, when for the first time in nine years I turned my steps up the trembling old stairway.

It was just after nightfall. A single gas burner threw a dim, uncertain light over the old desk, and lit up the figure of a tall, gray-haired man, who was bending over it. He had round, stooping shoulders, and long, spindling limbs. One of his large feet, encased in a thick, square-toed shoe, rested on the round of the desk; the other, planted squarely on the floor, upheld his spare, gaunt frame. His face was thin and long, and two deep, black lines under his eyes contrasted strangely with the pallid whiteness of his features. His clothes were of the fashion of those good people called 'Friends,' and had served long as his 'Sunday best' before being degraded to daily duty. They were of plain brown, and, though not shabby, were worn and threadbare, and of decidedly economical appearance. Everything about him, indeed, wore an economical look. His scant coat tails, narrow pants, and short waistcoat showed that the cost of each inch of material had been counted, while his thin hair, brushed carefully over his bald head, had not a lock to spare; and even his large, sharp bones were covered with only just enough flesh to hold them comfortably together. He had stood there till his eye was dim and his step feeble, and though he had, for twenty years—when handing in each semiannual trial balance to the head of the house—declared that was his last, everybody said he would continue to stand there till his own trial balance was struck, and his earthly accounts were closed forever.

As I entered, he turned his mild blue eye upon me, and, taking my hand warmly in his, exclaimed:

'My dear boy, I am glad to see thee!'

'I am glad to see *you*, David. Is Alice well?'

'Very well. And Kate, and thy babies?'

'All well,' I replied.

'Thee has come to see John?'

'Yes. How is he?'

'Oh, better; he got out several days ago. He's inside now,' and opening the door of an inner office, separated from the outer one by a glass partition, he said, 'John, Edmund is here.'

A tall, dark man came to the door, and, with a slightly flurried and embarrassed manner, said:

Alh, Mr. Kirke! I'm glad to see you. Please step in.'

As he tendered me a chair, a shorter and younger gentleman, who was writing at another desk, sprang from his seat, and slapping me familiarly on the back, exclaimed:

'My dear fellow, how are you?'

'Very well, Cragin; how are *you*?'

I replied, returning his cordial greeting.

'Good as new—never better in my life. It's good for one's health to see you *here*.'

'I have come at Mr. Hallet's invitation.'

'Yes, I know. Hallet has told me you've a smart boy you want us to take. Send him along. Boston's the place to train a youngster to business.'

The last speaker was not more than thirty, but a bald spot on the top of his head, and a slight falling-in of his mouth, caused by premature decay of the front teeth, made him seem several years older. He had marked but not regular features, and a restless, dark eye, that opened and shut with a peculiar wink, which kept time with the motion of his lips in speaking. His clothes were cut in a loose, jaunty style, and his manner, though brusque and abrupt, betokened, like his face, a free, frank, whole-souled character. He was several years the junior of the other, and as unlike him as one man can be unlike another.

The older gentleman, as I have said, was tall and dark. He had a high, bold forehead, a pale, sallow complexion, and wore heavy gray whiskers, trimmed with the utmost nicety, and meeting under a sharp, narrow chin. His face was large, his jaws wide,

and his nose pointed and prominent, but his mouth was small and gathered in at the corners like a rat's; and, as if to add to the rat resemblance, its puny, white teeth seemed borrowed from that animal. There was a stately precision in his manner and a stealthy softness in his tread not often seen in combination, which might have impressed a close observer as indicative of a bold, pompous, and yet cunning character.

These two gentlemen—Mr. Hallet and Mr. Cragin—were the only surviving partners of the great house of Russell, Rollins & Co.

'Have you brought him with you?' asked Hallet, his voice trembling a little, and his pale face flushing slightly as he spoke.

'No, sir,' I replied; 'I thought I would confer with you first. I have not yet broached the subject to the lad.'

Some unimportant conversation followed, when Hallet, turning to Cragin, asked:

'Are all the letters written for to-morrow's steamers?'

'Yes,' said Cragin, rising; 'and I believe I'll leave you two together. As you've not spoken for ten years, you must have a good deal to say. Come, David,' he called out, as he drew on his outside coat, 'let's go.'

'No, don't take David,' I exclaimed; 'I want to talk with the old gentleman.'

'But you can see him to-morrow.'

'No, I return in the morning.'

'Well, David, I'll tell Alice you'll be home by nine.'

'Oh, that's it,' I said, laughing. 'It's Alice who makes you leave so early on steamer night.'

'Yes, *sir*; Alice that *is*, and Mrs. Augustus Cragin that *is to be*—when I get a new set of teeth. Good night,' and saying this, he took up his cane, and left the office.

When he was gone, Hallet said to me:

'Do you desire to have David a witness to our conversation?'

'I want him to be a *party* to it. We can come to no arrangement without his coöperation.'

Hallet asked the bookkeeper in. When he was seated, I said:

'Well, Mr. Hallet, what do you propose to do for your son?'

'To treat him as I do my other children. Do all but acknowledge him. That would injure *him*.'

'That is not important. But please be explicit as to what you will do.'

'David tells me that his inclinations tend to business, and that you have meant to take him into your office. I will take him into *mine*, and when he is twenty-one, if he has conducted himself properly, I will give him an interest.'

'I shall be satisfied with no *contingent* arrangement, sir. I know Frank will prove worthy of the position.'

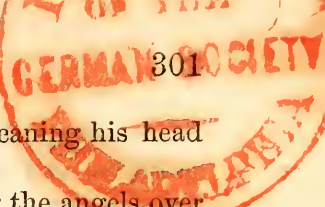
'Very well; then I will agree definitely to make him a partner when he is of age.'

'Well, Mr. Hallet, if Frank will consent to come, I will agree to that with certain conditions. I told his mother, when she was dying, that I would consider him my own child; therefore I cannot give up the control of him. He must regard me and depend on me as he does now. Again, I cannot let him come here, and have no home whose influence shall protect him from the temptations which beset young men in a large city. David must take him into his family, and treat him as he treated me when I was a boy, and—this must be reduced to writing.'

Hallet showed some emotion when I spoke of Frank's mother, but his face soon assumed its usual expression, and he promptly replied:

'I will agree to all that, but I would suggest that the fact of his being my son should not be communicated to him; that it be confined to us three. I ask this, believe me, only for the sake of my family.'

'I see no objection to that, sir, and I think, Frank, for his own sake, should not know what his prospects are.'



Hallet signified assent, and turning to David, I asked:

'David, what *you* say? Will you take him?'

'I will,' said the old bookkeeper, showing in his expenditure of breath the close economy which was the rule of his life.

'Nothing remains but to arrange his salary and the share he shall have when he becomes a partner,' I remarked to Hallet.

'Will an average of seven hundred a year, and an eighth interest when he's twenty-one, be satisfactory?'

'Entirely so. An eighth in your house will be better than a quarter in ours. As it is now all understood, let David draw up the papers. We will sign them, and leave them with him till I see Frank.'

'Very well. David, please to draw them up,' said Hallet; and then, his voice again trembling a little, he added, 'All is understood, Mr. Kirke, but the compensation I shall make you for your fatherly care of my much neglected son. Money cannot pay for such service, but it will relieve me to reimburse you for your expenditures.'

'I have had my pay, sir, in the love of the boy. I ask no more.'

Hallet was sensibly affected, but without speaking, he turned to the desk, and took down his bankbook. In a few moments he handed me a check. It was for five thousand dollars. I took it, and, hesitating an instant, said:

'I will keep this, sir; not for myself, but for Frank. It may be of service to him at some future time.'

'Keep it for yourself, sir, not for him. He will not need it. He shall share equally with my other children.'

'I am glad to see this spirit in you, sir. Frank will be worthy of all you may do for him.'

'It is not for *his* sake that I will do it,' replied Hallet, his voice tremulous with emotion; 'it is that I may have the forgiveness of the one I—I—'

He said no more, but leaning his head on his hand, he wept!

If there is joy among the angels over one that repents, was there not, then, forgiveness in *her* heart for *him*?

No one spoke for some minutes; then David rose, and handing me one of the papers, laid the other before Hallet.

'This appears right,' I said, after reading it over carefully.

'Yes,' replied Hallet, taking up a pen and signing the other. Passing it to me, he added: 'Keep them both—take them now.'

'But Frank may not wish to come.'

'Then I will find some other way of helping him. He is my son! Take the papers.'

'Well, as you say,' I replied. 'David, please to witness this.'

Hallet pressed me to pass the night at his house, but I declined, and rode out to Cambridge with the old bookkeeper. With many injunctions to watch carefully over Frank, I left him about twelve o'clock, rode into town with Cragin, and the next morning started for New York.

That night, as I recounted the interview to Kate, I said:

'I never did believe in these double-quick conversions; but Hallet *is* an altered man.'

'Then, indeed, can the leopard change his spots.'

As usual, her womanly intuitions were right; my worldly wisdom was wrong!

CHAPTER XV.

Not long after the events I have just related, the mail brought me the following letter from Preston:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—Circumstances, which I cannot explain by letter, render it *imperatively* necessary that I should provide another home for my daughter. Her education has been sadly neglected, and she should be where she can have experienced tutors, and good social surroundings.

With her delicate organization, and sensitive and susceptible nature, she needs *motherly* care and affection, and I shrink from committing her to the hands of strangers. I should feel at rest about her only with *you*. You have been my steadfast friend through many years; you have stood by me in sore trials—may I not then ask you to do me now a greater service than you have ever done, by receiving my little daughter into your family? I know this is an unusual, almost presumptuous request; but if you knew her as she is—gentle, loving, obedient—the light and joy of all about her, I am sure you, and your excellent lady, would love her, and be willing to make her the companion of your children. She is my only earthly comfort, and it will rend my heart to part with her, but—I *must*.

Write me at once. You are yourself a father—*do not refuse me*.

To this, on the next day, I sent the following reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I would most cheerfully take your daughter into my family, did my wife's health, which has been failing all the summer, allow of her assuming any additional care.

I think, however, I can provide Selma with a home equally as good as my own; one where good influences will be about her, and she will have the best educational advantages. I refer to the family of Mr. David Gray, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was my father's friend. The years I was a boy with Russell, Rollins & Co., I was an inmate of his house, and my adopted son, Frank, is now in his care. His daughter Alice is a most suitable person to have charge of a young girl. She is like a sister to me, and to oblige me, would no doubt take Selma.

Please advise me of your wishes; and believe, my dear friend, I will do all in my power to serve you.

I was sitting down at supper, one evening, about a fortnight after sending this letter, when a gentleman was announced as wishing to see me. I rose and went into the parlor. It was Preston, and with him was Selma, then a beautiful little girl of about eleven years.

Asking Preston to lay aside his outside coat, I was struck by his altered appearance. It was four years since we had met, but looking at him, I imagined it might be ten. His eyes were sunken, deep furrows were about his mouth, and his brown hair was thickly streaked with gray.

'My dear friend,' I exclaimed, as I grasped his hand a second time, 'you are not well!'

'I am as well as usual, Kirke. Time has not done this!'

Fatigued with the long journey, Selma had retired, and our own little ones were in bed, when Kate joined us in the parlor.

'You *do* look ill, Mr. Preston,' she said, seating herself beside him. 'You must stay a while with us, and rest.'

'I would be glad to stay here, madam—anywhere away from home.'

'The care of two plantations, such as yours, must be a burden.'

'It is not that, madam; Joe relieves me entirely from oversight of one of them. My difficulty is at home—mine is not what yours is.'

Kate's sympathizing words soon drew him out (she has a way of winning the confidence of people, and is the depositary of more family secrets than any other woman in the State); and he told us what his home had become since his union with the governess.

Within two months after the marriage her real character began to display itself, and she soon developed into a genuine Xantippe. Getting control of Mulock, who had been made overseer, she had the negroes dreadfully whipped and overworked; she treated young master Joe so badly that the lad rebelled, and in his father's absence ran

away to his uncle at Mobile; and locking Selma up in a dark room without food, or beating her till her back was actually discolored, she made the child's home intolerable to her.

After master Joe went away, no one dared complain; and shut up in his library, brooding over his still fresh grief for the death of his wife, Preston knew nothing of the real state of affairs till more than a year had elapsed. Then one day he found Selma in tears. He questioned her, and learned the whole. A scene followed, in which Mrs. Preston asserted her rights as mistress of the plantation, and defied him. She had run into all sorts of extravagance, the yearly bills which had come in a short time previous were appallingly large, but to secure peace, Preston consented to buy and furnish a winter residence at Newbern. To that she had removed, but with the coming spring she would return to the plantation, and in the mean time Selma must be provided with another home.

'Feel no anxiety about her, sir,' said Kate, as he concluded; 'if Alice Gray will not take her, we will.'

'I thank you, madam; I cannot thank you enough for saying that,' replied Preston, his eyes filling with tears.

I wrote at once to David, and soon received a letter from Alice consenting to take charge of the little girl. Thanksgiving, at which time Kate made annual visits to her early home, was approaching, and it was decided that Selma should accompany her to Boston.

This being arranged, Preston, at the end of a fortnight, took leave of us, and returned to the South. The parting between the father and the child gave evidence of what they were to each other. Preston wept like a woman; but as Kate brushed back the brown curls from the broad forehead of little Selly, she raised her eyes to my wife's face, and while her thin nostrils dilated, and her sensitive chin slightly quivered, said:

'I must not cry for poor papa's sake—it is so *very* hard for him to go home alone; and he will miss his little girl so much.'

'You are right, dear child,' said Kate, and, as if looking into the far future of the woman, and feeling that such a nature must suffer as well as enjoy keenly, she inwardly thanked God that with her delicate organization He had given her the unselfish and brave heart which those words expressed.

* * * * *

Four years had wrought great changes in David's quiet home. Alice had become Mrs. Augustus Cragin, and a little Alice tottled about the floor; but after supper, David still found his evening cigar on the oak stand, his needlework slippers—wrought by Alice's own hand—in their place before the fender, and his big armchair rolled up close to the gas burner in the little back parlor at Cambridge.

Frank was twenty, and had fulfilled all the promises of his boyhood. His father, after the honeymoon of his repentance was over, showed no great interest in him, but Cragin, who knew nothing of my arrangement with Hallet, had given him all the advantages in his power.

Selma was only fifteen, but, like the flowers of her own South, she had blossomed early, and was already a woman. Preston had visited her every summer, but she never returned with him, having preferred passing her vacations at my house.

In David's loving household nothing had occurred to disturb her peaceful life. Beloved by her teachers and schoolmates, she everywhere received the homage due to her beauty and her goodness; and in the gay world into which her joyous nature often led her, she was the acknowledged and *unenvied* queen! Her father had spared no pains in her education; the best tutors had trained her fine ear and sweet voice, and taught her to give form and coloring to the pictures her glowing

imagination created; and, whether her fingers ran over the keys of a musical instrument, or wielded the brush, there was a delicacy and yet *spirit* in her touch which were the wonder and admiration of all.

I was not surprised, when visiting Boston about this time, to have Frank tell me that he loved her, and ask my consent to his regarding her as his future wife.

* * * * *

Kate and I were to leave for home the following day, and, calling at the office in the afternoon, I said to Frank:

'I have tickets for the opera, including Selma; of course you'd like to have her go.'

'Yes, father; she has never been, and I have promised to take her this winter. She'll be able now to appreciate it.'

The box I had selected was at a happy distance from the stage, and we gave Selma a front seat, that she might see to the best advantage. She was in high spirits; indeed, she was radiant in her beauty. She wore a dark blue dress of silk, fitting closely to her neck, and its short sleeves allowed the plump, fair arms to half disclose themselves from beneath the scarlet mantle which fell around her shoulders. Her hair fell over her neck in the same simple fashion as in her childhood, except that the thick curls, which had lost their golden tint, and were darker and longer, were looped back from her broad brow, with a few simple flowers. There was the same contour of face and feature, but ennobled by thought and culture; the same sensitive mouth, only that the lips were fuller and of a deeper color; and as she talked or listened, the same rose tint deepened and faded beneath her rich, soft, dark skin, as sunlight shifts and fades across the evening sky. Her eyes, in whose dark depths the soul was reflected, met a stranger's calmly, but took a soft look of loving trust when meeting Frank's. They were shaded by long lashes, as black as the night; and when the lids

fell suddenly, as they often did, and her face became quiet, and almost sad, you felt that she was communing with the angels.

The overture burst forth, and with glowing face, and eyes fixed upon the stage, Selma seemed lost to all but the enrapturing sounds; even Frank's whispered words were unheeded. As the opera—'Lucia di Lammermoor'—proceeded, I saw that every eye was attracted to our box, and, bending forward to catch Selma's expression, I called Kate's attention to her. With her head thrown slightly back, a bright spot burning on either cheek, her breath suspended, the large tears coursing from her eyes, and motionless as a statue, she sat with her small hands clasped on the front of the box, as if entranced, and all unconscious of the hundred eyes that were fixed upon her. I thought of the pictures I had seen in the old galleries of Europe, but I said, 'Surely, art cannot equal nature!'

When it was over, she took Frank's arm; I turned to question her, but Kate said:

'Let her alone; she cannot talk now.'

* * * * *

The transactions of Russell, Rollins & Co. extended the world over; but, since the death of Mr. Rollins, which occurred prior to Frank's going with them, they had cultivated particularly the Southern trade, and their operations in cotton had grown to be enormous. They bought largely of that staple on their own account, and for some extensive manufacturing establishments in England. Their purchases were mainly made in New Orleans, and, to attend to this business, Hallet had passed the winters in that city for several years.

His wealth had grown rapidly, and at the date of which I am writing, he ranked among the 'solid men' of Boston. Cragin was not nearly so wealthy. Being on intimate terms with the latter, I remarked, as we were enjoy-

ing a cigar together one evening at David's, on the occasion of the visit to which I have referred in the last chapter :

'How is it, Cragin, that you pass for only a hundred thousand, when Hallet is rated at a million ?'

'Because, Ned, I'm not worth any more.'

'But how is that, when you have two fifths of the concern ?'

'Well, Hallet went into cotton like the devil some eight years ago ; and I told him I wouldn't stand it ; I like to feel the ground under me. Since then he has speculated on his own account—he and old Roye go it strong, and I guess they've made some pretty heavy lifts.'

'That's uncertain business.'

'Yes, devilish uncertain ; but somehow they manage always to hold winning cards. Hallet has told me his New Orleans operations have netted him five hundred thousand.'

'And that, with what he got by his wife, has rolled him into a millionaire before he's forty-five ! He's a lucky fellow.'

'Lucky ! I wouldn't stand in his boots. What goes up *may* come down. He has no peace. His wife's a hyena. She makes home too hot for him ; and somehow he's never easy. He walks about as if treading on torpedoes.'

'If you dislike speculation, why don't you increase your legitimate business ?'

'Hallet's away so much, I can't do it. I'm glued to the old office. I should have been in Europe half of the time the last three years, but I haven't been able to get away.'

'Why not send Frank ? He's old enough now.'

'I mean to, in the spring, and I'm d—d if he shan't be a partner soon, and take some of this load off my shoulders. But do you know that Hallet has a decided dislike to him ?'

'No ! On what account ?' I exclaimed. I had met Hallet only twice during four years, but on both occa-

sions he had spoken favorably of his son. Frank himself had never alluded in other than respectful terms to his father.

'Well, I don't know, and it makes no difference. I'm captain at this end of the towline, and I swear he shall go in.'

'As you feel so kindly toward Frank, I'll give him a chance to conciliate Hallet. I'll take him South this winter, and introduce him to our correspondents. With his address he ought to do something with them. Will you let him go ?'

'Yes, and be right down glad to have him. When do you start ?'

'About the middle of December.'

A fortnight afterward, with Selma and Frank, I again visited Preston's plantation.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was Christmas morning when we rode up the long, winding avenue, and halted before the doorway of 'Silver Lake'—the new name which the Yankee schoolmistress, aping the custom of her Yankee cousins, had bestowed on Preston's plantation. The day was mild and sunshiny, and the whole population of the little patriarchate was gathered on the green in front of the mansion, distributing Christmas presents among the negroes. When we came in sight, from behind the thick cluster of live oaks which bordered the miniature lake, the whole assemblage sent up a glad shout, and hurried up to welcome us. And such a welcome ! As she sprang from the carriage, Selma was caught in her father's arms, then in 'master Joe's,' and then, encircled by a cloud of dark beauties, each one vying with the others in boisterous expressions of affection, she was the victim of such a demonstration as would have done the heart of Hogarth good to witness. In the midst of it a slight, delicate woman rushed from the house, and, crowding into the thick group around Selma, threw her

arms about her neck, and, nearly smothering her with kisses, exclaimed :

'My chile ! my chile ! I sees you at last !'

'Yes, Phylly !' said Selma, returning her caresses ; 'and haven't I grown ? I thought you wouldn't know me.'

'Know you ! Ain't you my chile—my own dear chile !' and pressing Selma's cheeks between her two hands, and gazing at her beautiful face for a moment, she kissed her over and over again.

My arms had been nearly shaken off, when I noticed 'Boss Joe' limping toward me, his head uncovered, and his broad face shining from out his gray wool like the full moon breaking through a mass of clouds.

'How are you, old gentleman ?' I exclaimed, grasping him warmly by the hand.

'Right smart ! right smart, massa Kirke. Glad you'm come, sar.'

'And you're home for Christmas ?'

'Yes, sar. I'se come to see massa Robert, an' to tend to hirin' a new gang. But darkies am high dis yar, sar.'

'How much are they ?'

'Well, dey ax, round yere, one fifty, an' 'spences dar an' back ; an' it'm a pile, when you tink we hab used up 'most all de new trees.'

'But you must have many second-year cuttings.'

'Yas, right smart ; but No. 2 rosum doan't pay at sech prices fur darkies.'

Turning to Preston in a moment, I said :

'Do not let us interfere with the 'doin's'—it's just what we want to see.'

'Well, come, you folks,' said Joe, hobbling back to the green ; 'leff us gwo on now.'

Preston, Selma, and Phylly went into the house, but the rest of us followed the grinning group of Africans to the centre of the lawn, where several large packing boxes, and a long table, something like a carpenter's bench, were

piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of dry goods and groceries.

'Now, all you dat hab heads, come up yere,' shouted Joe, seating himself on the bench ; 'but don't all come ter onst.'

One by one the men and boys filed past him, and, selecting a hat or cap from a couple of boxes near, he adjusted a covering to each woolly cranium that presented itself ; interspersing the exercise with humorous remarks on their respective phrenological developments :

'Pomp, you's made fur a preacher, shore. Dat dar head ob your'n gwoes up jess like a steeple. I'll hab ter gib you a cap, Dave ; you'm so big ahind de yeres none ob dese hats'll fit, nohow. Jess show de back ob you' head to any gemman, an' he'll say you'm one ob de great ones ob de 'arth. None ob dese am big 'nuff fur you, Ally,' he continued, as a tall, well-clad mulatto man stepped up to him. 'You' bumps hab growed so sense you took to de swamp, dat nuffin 'll cober you 'cept massa Robert's hat, or de gal Rosey's sunshade.'

The yellow man laughed, but kept on trying the hats. Finding one at last of suitable dimensions, he turned away to make room for another candidate for cranial honors. As I caught a full view of his face, I exclaimed :

'Why, Ally, is that you ?'

'Yas, massa ; it'm me,' he replied, making a respectful bow.

'And you live here yet ?'

'Yas, massa. Hope you's well, massa ?'

'Very well ; and your mother—how is she ?'

'Oh, she'm right smart, sar.'

'Yas, massa, I'se right smart ; an' I'se bery glad ter see 'ou, massa,' said a voice at my elbow. It was Dinah, no longer clad in coarse osnaburg, but arrayed in a worsted gown, and a little grayer and a little bulkier than when I saw her eight years before.

'Why, Dinah, how well you look !'

I exclaimed, giving her my hand. 'And you've come up to spend Christmas with Ally?'

'No, massa, I *libs* yere. I'se FREE now, massa!'

'Free! So you've made enough to buy yourself? I'm glad to hear it.'

'No, massa. Ally—de good chile—he done it, massa.'

'Ally did it! How could he? He's not more than twenty now!'

'No more'n he hain't, massa; but he'm two yar in massa Preston's swamp, wid a hired gang. Massa Preston put de chile ober 'em, an' gib him a haff ob all he make, an' he'm doin' a heap dar, massa.'

'And with his first earnings he bought his mother!'

'Yas, massa; wid de bery fuss.'

'Ally, give me your hand,' I exclaimed, with unaffected pleasure; 'you're a man! You're worthy of such a mother!'

'Yas, he am dat, massa! He'm wordy ob anyting, an' he'm gwine to hab a wife ter day, massa. Boss Joe am gwine ter marry 'em, an' ter gib 'em him own cabin fur dar Chrismus giff.'

'Well, Joe *is* a trump. I'll remember him in my will for that, aunty, sure.'

'Dat'm bery good ob 'ou, massa; but I reckon 'ou can't tink who Ally'm gwine ter hab, massa,' said the old woman, her face beaming all over.

'No, I can't, Dinah. Who is she?'

'It'm little Rosey, dat 'ou buy ob de trader, massa; an' she'm de pootiest little gal all roun' yere; ebery one say dat, massa.'

'Indeed! And they are to be married to-day?'

'Yas, massa, ter day—dis evenin'. 'Ou'll be dar, woan't 'ou, massa?'

'Yes, certainly I will.'

The old woman and Ally then mingled with the crowd of negroes, and I turned my attention once more to Joe's operations. The men had been supplied with head gear, and the women were receiving their turbans—gaudy pieces of red and yellow muslin.

'Now, all you boys an' gals,' shouted Joe, as he dealt out a handkerchief to the last of the dusky demoiselles, 'you all squat on de groun', an' shovel off you' shoes.'

Down they went in every conceivable attitude, and, uncovering their feet, commenced pelting each other with the cast-off leathers. When the sport had lasted a few minutes, Joe sang out:

'Come! 'nuff ob dat; now ter bissen. Yere, you yaller monkeys (to several small specimens of copper and chrome yellow), tote dese 'mong 'em.'

The young chattels did as they were bidden, and, as each heavy brogan was fitted to the pedal extremity of some one of the darkies, the newly-shod individual sprang to his feet, and commenced dancing about as if he were the happiest mortal in existence.

'Dat'm it,' shouted Joe; 'frow up you' heels; an' some ob you gwo an fotch de big fiddle. We'll hab a dance, an' show dese Norderen gemmen de raal poker.'

'But we hain't hed de dresses—nor de soogar—nor de 'backer—nor none ob de whiskey,' cried a dozen voices.

'Shet up, you brack crows! You can't hab anudder ting till ye'se hed a high ole heel-scrapin'. Yere, massa Joe; you come up yere, an' help me wid de 'strumentals,' said Boss Joe, grinning widely, and getting up on the carpenter's bench.

In a few moments, the 'big fiddle,' one or two smaller fiddles, and three or four banjoes were brought out, and the two Joes, and several ebony gentlemen, seating themselves on the boxes of clothing, began tuning the instruments. Soon 'Boss Joe' commenced sawing away with a gusto that might have been somewhat out of keeping with his gray hairs, his sixty years, and his clerical profession. 'Massa Joe' and the others striking in, the male and female darkies paired off two by two, and to a lively air began dancing a sort of 'cotillion breakdown.' Other

dances followed, in which the little negroes joined, and soon the air rang with the creak of the fiddles and the merry shouts of the negroes. In the midst of it my arm was touched lightly, and, turning round, I saw Rosey and Dinah.

'Pse got de little gal yere, massa,' said the latter, looking as proud as a hen over her first brood of chickens. 'She glad to see 'ou, massa.'

I gave Rosey my hand, and made a few good-natured compliments on her beauty and her tidy appearance. She had a simple, guileless expression, and met my half-bantering remarks with an innocent frankness that charmed me. She was only sixteen, but had developed into a beautiful woman. Her form was slight and graceful, with just enough *embonpoint* to give the appearance of full health; and her thin, delicate features, large, wide-set eyes, and clear, rosy complexion bore a strong resemblance to Selma's. It was evident they were children of the same father; and yet, one was to be the wife of a poor negro, the other to marry the son of a 'merchant prince.'

As the dancing concluded, Boss Joe's fiddle gave out a dying scream, and, turning to me, he sang out:

'War dar eber sprightlier nigs dan dese, massa Kirke? Don't dey beat you' country folks all holler?'

'Yes, they do, Joe. They handle their heels as nimbly as elephants.'

I spoke the truth; most of them did.

The distribution of the presents was resumed; and, as each negro received his full supply of flour, sugar, tea, coffee, molasses, tobacco, and calico, grinning with joy over his new acquisitions, he staggered off to his quarters. When the last box was nearly emptied, with young Preston and Frank, I adjourned to the mansion.

The exterior of the 'great house' was unchanged, but its interior had undergone a complete transformation. The plain oak flooring of the hall had

been replaced by porcelain tiling, and the neat, simple furniture of the parlors by huge mirrors; rosewood and brocette sofas and lounges; velvet tapestry carpets, in which one's feet sank almost out of sight; and immense paintings, whose aggregate cost might have paid off one half of the mortgage that encumbered the plantation.

Selma and her father were engaged in earnest conversation when we entered the drawing room, and, being unwilling to interrupt them, I was about to retire, but he rose, and said:

'Come in, Kirke; I will call Mrs. Preston. She will be glad to see you.'

The lady soon entered. It was eight years since we had met, but time had touched her gently. Her face wore its old, decided, yet quiet expression, and her manner showed the easy self-possession I had noticed at our first interview. She was richly dressed, and had on a heavy satin pelisse, and a blue velvet bonnet, as if about to ride out.

When the usual greetings were over, she remarked:

'You have been here some time, sir?'

'Yes, madam; we arrived about two hours ago; but I met some old friends outside, and the pleasure of seeing them has made me a little tardy in paying my respects to you.'

'The negroes, you mean, sir,' she replied, with a slight toss of the head, and a look of cool dignity which well became her.

'Yes, madam. I have many friends among the blacks. On many plantations they look for my coming as they do for Christmas.'

'It is quite rare to find a white gentleman so fond of negroes,' she rejoined, with an air slightly more supercilious.

I remembered her as the humble schoolmistress, whose entire possessions were packed in one trunk; and, forgetting myself, said, in a tone which bore a slight trace of indignation:

'More rare, I fear, than it should be; and you and I, madam, who are Yan-

kees, and have 'worked for a living,' surely cannot despise the negroes because they are *compelled* to work for theirs.'

'Oh! no, sir! not by any means! But you must excuse me; the carriage is waiting to take me to church;' and, rising, she bowed herself stiffly out of the door.

'Ah, you hit her there!' exclaimed Joe, springing to his feet in great glee, and striding to the window. 'See here, Mr. Kirke! See what a turnout the Yankee 'schulemarm' has worried out of father!'

'My son, you must not speak so; she is your mother!' said Preston.

'No, I'm d—d if she is! Call her anything but that, father; that's an—he checked himself; but I thought he would have added—'insult to my dead mother!'

Preston made no reply.

Looking out of the window, I saw Mrs. Preston being handed into a magnificent barouche by one of the black gentry she so much despised. Another one in gaudy gold livery sat on the box, and a mounted outrider, also bound up in gold braid, stood behind the carriage.

'There's a two-thousand-dollar turnout, and two fifteen-hundred-dollar niggers, to tote a woman who ought to go afoot. It's a poor investment, I swear,' said Joe, turning away from the window.

Preston made no reply; but I laughingly remarked:

'Come, Joe, she isn't *your* wife. Let your father spend his money as he pleases; he can afford it.'

'He *can't* afford it; that woman is running him to the devil at a two-forty gait. You have more influence with him than any one, Mr. Kirke—*do* try to stop it!'

The young man spoke in a decided but regretful tone, and his manner showed more respect to his father than his words implied. Unwilling to interfere in such an affair, I said nothing; but Preston, in a moment, remarked:

'It is true, Kirke! Her extravagance has ruined my credit at home, and forced me to use Joe's indorsements; besides, I have had to borrow ten thousand dollars of him to keep my head above water.'

[Mr. James Preston—the Squire's uncle—had died the year before, and the young man had succeeded to his large property and business.]

I was thunderstruck; but, before I could reply, Joe said:

'I don't care a rush for the money. Father can have every dollar I've got; but I *do* want to see him rid of that woman. I've been here sick for two months, and I've seen the whole. She is worrying the very life out of him. She's made him an old man at forty.'

It was true. His face was lean and haggard, and his hair already thickly streaked with white.

Preston rose, and, walking the room, said:

'But what am I to do? You yourself, Joe, would not have all this made public. You've as much pride about it as I have.'

'I've not a bit of pride about it, father; and it's public now. Everybody knows it, and everybody says you ought to cut her adrift.'

'What had I better do? Tell me, my friend,' said Preston, still walking the room.

'I cannot advise, you, Preston. An outsider should express no opinion on such matters.'

In a moment Preston said:

'Well, Joe, no more of this now. I'll do what is right, however much it may wound my pride.'

The conversation turned to other subjects, till Mrs. Preston's return from church, shortly after which dinner was announced. The lady presided at the table with as much ease and grace as if she had been born to the position; and in her charming conversation, I almost forgot the revelations of the morning. The rest of the day I

spent with Joe and Frank, strolling over the plantation and mingling among the negroes, who, freed from work, were enjoying themselves in a very 'miscellaneous manner.' Preston remained at the house with Selma.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was nearly dark when we returned to the mansion. Looking in at the parlor, and not finding his father there, Joe led the way at once to the library. The door was ajar, and, as we entered the passage way, loud voices were issuing from it.

'I tell you, Mr. Preston, I am mistress of this plantation. He shall NOT go!'

'Pardon me, madam, he *shall*, and to-night,' returned a mild but decided voice, which I recognized as Preston's. Being unwilling to overhear more, I turned away, but Joe caught me by the arm, exclaiming:

'If you are my father's friend, go in. If you don't, he will back down; he has done so forty times.'

Preston was a man of more than ordinary firmness, but his wife had the stronger will. She seemed possessed of a sort of magnetic power, which enabled her to control others almost arbitrarily.

Reluctantly I followed the young man into the room. Preston was seated before the fire; and Selma, with her arm around his neck, was standing near him. Mulock, better clad than when I witnessed his purchase by the 'fast' young planter, and wearing a sullen, dogged expression, was leaning against the centre table; and Mrs. Preston, gesticulating wildly, and her face glowing with mingled rage and defiance, stood within a few feet of her husband. Not heeding our entrance, she exclaimed:

'I *will* have my way. If you send him off, I will never darken your doors again.'

'That is as you please, madam,' replied Preston. 'Mr. Kirke and Frank, pray be seated.'

Stung by her husband's coolness, the lady turned fiercely upon Joe, and, shaking her clenched hand in his face, cried out:

'This is *your* work. I will teach you better than to meddle with my affairs.'

'Madam, you act well,' said the young man, taking a step toward the door. 'Pray come out to the quarters; poor as they are, every negro will give a bit to see *you* play.'

In uncontrollable rage, she struck him a smart blow in the face, and rushed from the room.

When she had gone, Preston turned to Mulock:

'Now go. The amount due you I shall retain to offset, in part, what you have tempted the negroes to steal. You can come here once a week—on Sunday—to see Phylly; but if you have any more dealings with the hands, I will prosecute you on the instant.'

Mulock rose, put on his slouched hat, and, a dull fire burning in his cold, snake-like eyes, slowly said:

'Wall, Squire, I'll gwo, but 'counts 'tween you an' me ain't settled yit.'

As he went, Selma leaned forward, and, kissing Preston's cheek, said:

'O father! I'm so glad *you* didn't speak harshly to her.'

Preston put his arm about her, and replied:

'You helped me, my child. I should be a better, happier man, if you were with me.'

'And I will be, father; I won't go away any more.'

'But Frank?' said Preston, again kissing her.

'Oh, you know we're not to be married for a good while yet. I'll stay with you *till then*, father.'

'Ah! there she goes,' said Joe, looking out at the window, which commanded a view of the *porte cochere*; 'she can't get to Newbern till ten, but the night air won't hurt *her*.'

'Then she makes Newbern her home now?'

'Yes, she spends the winters there; she came here only yesterday.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ally and Rosey were to be married* in the little church, and, directly after supper, we all went to the wedding. The seats had been removed from the centre of the building, for, though duly consecrated to the use of the saints, the sinners were to exercise their heels in it after the ceremony was over. At its farther extremity, the carpenter's bench of which I have spoken, elongated at both ends, and covered with a white table cloth, was piled high with eatables; indicating that a time of 'great refreshment' was at hand. The bounteous supply of ham, chicken, wild duck, roast pig, fish, hoecake, wheat bread, tea, coffee, milk, and pumpkin and sweet-potato pies under which the bench groaned, showed that some liberal hand had catered for the occasion.

Black Joe, dressed in his 'Sunday best,' was seated on the rustic settee at the back of the desk, and Phyllis and Dinah occupied chairs inside the low railing, which faced the pulpit. Phyllis looked careworn and sad, but Ally's mother was as radiant as a brass kettle in a blaze of light wood. She wore a white dress, stiffly starched and expanded by immense hoops, and a crimped nightcap, whose broad border flapped about like the wings of a crowing rooster; and she looked, for all the world, like a black ghost in a winding sheet, escaped from below, and bound on a 'good time generally.' Two 'shining lights,' on either side of the pulpit, held aloft blazing torches of pine, which illuminated the sea of grinning darkness, and sent up a smoke like that arising from the pit which is said to be bottomless. About a hundred darkies were present; and the number of glossy coats, fancy turbans, gaudy bonnets,

red shawls, and flaming dresses, which the light disclosed, was amazing. The poor worm that grubbed in the earth, had appeared ('for that occasion only') as a butterfly; and Lazarus, rid of his rags, had come forth dressed like a Broadway dandy.

Any person of sensitive olfactories would have halted in the doorway; but I elbowed through the woolly gathering, and followed Frank and Selma to the family pew. Tittering, laughing, and flaunting their red and yellow kerchiefs, the black people were enjoying themselves amazingly, when 'Dar dey comes,' 'Dar'm de happy pussons,' went round the assemblage, and the bride and groom, attended by two sable couples, entered the building. After some ludicrous mistakes, they got 'into position' in front of the railing, and Black Joe took a stand before them.

Rosey was dressed in white, with a neat fillet of pink and blue ribbon about her head; and Ally wore a black frock coat, with white vest, and white cotton gloves. One of the groomsmen—a rustic beau from a neighboring plantation—wore an immensely long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, a flaming red waistcoat, yellow woollen mittens, and a neckerchief that looked like a secession flag hugging a lamp-post. Both of these gentry had hats of stove-pipe pattern, very tall, and with narrow brims; and—they wore them during the ceremony.

'Silence in de meetin',' cried Joe.

The boisterous sea of black wool subsided to a dead calm. Those not already standing rose, and Joe commenced reading the marriage service of the Episcopal Church.

The parties immediately interested appeared to have conned their lessons well; for they made all the responses with great propriety; but some of the congregation seemed less familiar with the service. When Joe repeated the words, 'If any man kin show cause why dese folks should not be lawfully jined togedder, leff him now speak, or else for-

* Usually there is no marriage ceremony performed at the union of slaves. They simply agree, tacitly or otherwise, to live together till death or their master parts them.

eber hole his peace,' Dinah turned to the audience, and cried out :

'Yas, jess leff him come out wid it *now*. I'd like ter see de man dat's got onyting agin it.'

No one appeared to have 'onyting agin it,' and Joe proceeded to read the words: 'I require and charge you, if either of you know any impediment,' etc. In the midst of it a voice called out:

'Dar ain't no 'pedimen', Boss Joe; I knows dat. Gwo on, sar!' 'Dat's so, brudder,' said another voice. 'Dat's de Lord's truf h,' echoed a third. 'Doan't be 'sturbin' de meetin'; de young folks want de 'splicin' done,' cried a fourth; and 'Amen,' shouted a dozen.

'Shet up, all on you,' yelled Joe, turning on them with an imperious gesture; 'ef you hain't no more manners dan dat, clar out.'

Silence soon ensued, and Joe went on without interruption to the place where the minister asks the bridegroom: 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' Then Dinah, unable to contain herself longer, joyfully exclaimed:

'Ob course he will—ony youn' feller'd be glad to hab *har*.'

[Never having gone through the ceremony herself, the poor woman could not be expected to know what was appropriate to the occasion.]

No further interruption occurred, and soon the happy couple were 'bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh.' The assemblage still standing, Joe then turned to Ally and Rosey, and, with a manner so solemn and impressive that he seemed altogether a different person from the merry ducky who had entered so heartily into the 'high ole heel scrapin'' of the morning; he spoke somewhat as follows:

'My chil'ren, love one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be faithful to one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand

togedder; love one anoder; an' no matter what come enter you, you will be happy—fur love will sweeten ebery sorrer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot, burnin' sand; ben out togedder in the cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung to one anoder; we hab loved one anoder; and fru eberyting, in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, an' sent him blessed rays down inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed way 'part, fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—dem war our bad ways—war atween us; but love, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. And dough we'm old trees now, an' sometime de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru de tops, and freaten to tear off de limbs, an' to pull up de bery roots, we'm growin' closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day. And soon de old tops will meet; soon de ole branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine round one anoder; soon de two ole trunks will come togedder an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom foreber!

'Yas, my chil'ren, you hab started on a long journey, an' nuffin' will git you fru it but *love*. Nuffin' will hole you up, nuffin' will keep you faithful to one anoder, nuffin' will make you bar wid one anoder, but love. None ob

us kin lib widout it; but married folks want it most ob all. Dey need it more dan de bread dey eat, de water dey drink, or de air dey breafe. De worle couldn't gwo on widout it. De bery sun would gwo out in de heabens but fur dat! An' shill I tell you why? You hab heerd massa Robert talk 'bout de great law dat make de apple fall from de tree, de rock sink in de water; dat bines our feet to de round 'arth so we don't drop off as it gwo fru de air; dat holes de sun an' de stars in dar 'pointed places, so dat, day after day, an' yar after yar, dough dey'm trabblin' fasser dan de lighntin' eber went, dey'm right whar dey should be. He call it 'traction, an' all de great men call it so; but dat ain't de name! It am LOVE. It am GOD, fur GOD am love, an' love am GOD, an' love bines de whole creashun togedder! An' shill I tell you how it do it? Does you see dis hand? how I open de fingers; how I shet'm up; how I rise de whole arm? Does you see dis foot, dat I does wid jess de same? Does you see dis whole body, how I make it, in a twinklin', do jess what I like? Now what am it dat make my hand move, an' my whole body turn round so sudden, dat I'se only to say: 'Do it,' an' it'm done? Why, it am ME. It'm *me*, dat libs up yere in de brain, an' sends my *will* fru ebery part—fru ebery siner, an' ebery muscle, an' ebery little jint, an' make'm all do jess what I like. Now man am made in de image of GOD, an' dis pore, weak ole body am a small pattern ob de whole creashun. Eberyting go on jess as *it* do. Eberyting am held togedder, an' moved 'bout, jess as *it* am—but it'm GOD dat move it, not me! He libs up dar in de sky—which am His brain—wid de stars fur His hands, de planets fur His feet, an' de whole univarse fur His body; an' He sends His will—which am love—fru ebery part ob de whole, an' moves it 'bout, an' make it do jess as He likes. So you see, it am my will sent fru ebery muscle, an' ebery little siner, dat moves my

body; so it am *His* will sent fru what de 'stronomers an' de poets call de heabenly ether, dat moves *His* body—which am de 'arth, an' de sun, an' de stars, an' you an' me, an' ebery libin' ting in all creashun! His will move 'em all; AN' HIS WILL AM LOVE! An' don't you see dat you can't do widout His love? Dat it am de bery breafe ob life? Dat, ef it war tooken 'way from you, fur jess one moment, you'd drop down, an' die, an' neber come to life agin—no, not in dis worle, nor in any oder worle? It am so, my chil'ren; an' de more you hab ob dat love, de happier you'll be; de more you'll love one anoder; de easier you'll gwo fru you' life—de more joyfuller you'll meet you' deafh—de happier you'll be all fru de long, long ages dat'm comin' in de great Yereafter! Den, O my chil'ren! Love God, Love one anoder! You can't be happy widout you love God, an' you can't love Him widout you love one anoder!'

When Joe had concluded, he saluted the bride in a manner that many another sooty gentleman present would have been glad to imitate, and then took a stand at the head of the supper table. An immense tureen, filled with steaming oysters, was soon brought in and placed before him, and looking up, he said grace, in which he thanked Him who feedeth the ravens for putting it into his master's heart to feed His other black creatures, the darkies present on that occasion. He asked for his master many a happy 'Chrismus down yere,' and an eternal 'Chrismus in heaben,' and he added: 'An' knowin' dat dou hatest long prayers, an' long faces, an' dose folks dat gwo 'bout grumblin', as ef dy happy 'arth war nuffin' but a graveyard; may we enjoy dis feast an' dis day as dy true chil'ren—de chil'ren ob a good Fader, who am all joy an' all gladness—an' while we'm eatin' an' drinkin' an' dancin', may we make merry in our hearts to *Thee*. Amen.'

When he concluded, Preston stepped

to his side, and taking the big ladle from his hand, said :

'Stand aside, Joe, you have done work enough for to-night ;' and turning to 'we white folks' in the family pew, he added : 'If any man among you would be master, let him now be the servant of all. Let him try his hand at the waiter business, and see if he can't throw these shady people into the shade.'

Selma, Frank, 'massa Joe,' and I went forward, and tying the negroes' aprons about our waists, took appropriate places around the table.

'Now all of you find seats,' cried Preston ; and amid a hurricane of giggling and merry laughter, the black people seated themselves on the floor, on the platform, and on the row of benches ranged along the walls. Preston proceeded to fill up the bowls with the savory stew, and we dispensed the eatables among them, and for half an hour I witnessed as much enjoyment as often falls to the lot of black sinners in this 'vale of tears.'

'Now, ef dis doan't beat all,' exclaimed old Dinah, as I handed her a huge chunk of gingerbread ; 'ef 'ou ain't right smart at waitin', massa Kirke, I'd like ter know it.'

'Keep dark, ole 'ooman,' shouted Black Joe ; 'doan't you say nuffin' 'bout dat, or de traders'll be a hole ob him. He'd sell fur a right likely hand, shore.'

'I woan't do nuffin' but keep dark, Boss Joe,' rejoined Dinah, grinning till her face opened from ear to ear. 'I'll hab 'ou know, sar, dat none but white ladies paints !'

'Good fur you, ole lady,' cried the preacher. 'After dat you'll gib me de pleasure ob your hand in de fuss dance.'

'Ob course, I will, *mister* Joe ; an' ef 'ou'm tired ob de ole 'ooman, I'll gib 'ou my han' in anoder dance.'

'No, you woan't, I doan't gwo fur second marridges,' rejoined Joe, look-

ing slyly at Preston ; 'dey ain't made in heaben.'

'No more' dey ain't,' said the old woman, heaving a long sigh, and also looking at Preston.

'You ain't a gwine to leff dese folks dance in de church, am you, Boss Joe ?' asked a prim, demure-looking darky, in a black suit, with a white neckerchief and stiff shirt collar ; probably some neighboring preacher.

'I reckon so,' replied Joe, dryly.

'An' I reckons so, too, mister I scare-you-out (Iscariot),' cried the old negress. 'Ain't de planets de Lord's feet, an' doant dey dance ! I reckons we ain't no better dan de Lord is ; an' ef He mobes him feet, 'ou'd better mobe 'our'n. We b'lieve in sarvin' Him wid our han's an' our feet, too ; we does, mister I-scare-you-out.'

She did scare him out, for the 'pious gemman' left suddenly.

When about all of the eatables had found their way down the cavernous—and ravenous—throats of the darkies, Boss Joe rose and called out :

'Yere, you massa Joe, you pull off you' apern, an' take de big fiddle—I'm 'gaged fur de fuss dance.'

Young Preston seated himself on the platform, and several sable gentlemen with banjoes and fiddles took places beside him.

'Now all you men folks s'lect you' pardners,' cried the preacher, taking Dinah by the hand, and leading her out to the middle of the floor.

They all paired off, the fiddles broke into a merry tune, and soon the little church, which had so often echoed with the groans of the saints, shook with the heels of the sinners. When the first dance was over, Boss Joe again called out :

'Now, massa Joe, strike up de waltz—Dinah an' I am gwine to show dese folks some highfalutin dancin'.'

The waltz struck up, and off they whirled ; Dinah went into it as if she were working for pay, and as Joe held her closely in his arms, her wide hoops expanded till she looked like a

topsail schooner scudding under bare poles.

As Joe was wiping the perspiration from his face, at the end of the waltz, an old negro entered, and whispered something in his ear. Joe's countenance fell in an instant, and, without saying a word, he left the room.

'Massa Joe,' relinquishing the big fiddle, then took the floor with Rosey, and gave the audience a genuine breakdown. His heels bobbed around like balls at a cricket match, and Rosey's petticoats fluttered about like the contents of a clothes line caught out in a

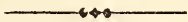
hurricane. A better-looking couple were never seen in a ball room.

'He's a natural born ducky,' said his father, laughing; 'he takes to dancing as a duck takes to water.'

A general dance followed. In the midst of it the old negro who had called Joe out, again came in, and making his way to where Preston and I were standing, said, in a low tone:

'Massa Robert, Ole Jack am dyin'; will 'ou come?'

'Dying!' exclaimed Preston. 'Yes, I'll be there at once. Kirke, you remember the old man—come with me.'



THE CAPTAIN OF '63 TO HIS MEN.

COME to the field, boys, come!
Come at the call of the stirring drum—
Come, boys, come!
Yonder's the foe to our country's fame,
Waiting to blot out her very name—
Where is the man that would see her shame?
Come, boys, come!

Form, my brave men, form!
Stand in good order to 'meet the storm'—
Form, men, form!
Sacred to us is our native land!
Shrivelled for aye be each traitor hand
Lifted to shatter so bright a band—
Form, men, form!

Charge, my soldiers, charge!
From the steep hill to the river's marge,
Charge! charge! charge!
Think of our wives and mothers dear;
Think of the hopes that have led us here;
Think of the hearts that will give us cheer—
Charge, boys, charge!

Die with me, boys, die!
There's a place for all in yon bannered sky,
If we die, boys, die!
Think of the names that are shining bright,
Written in letters of living light!
Rather than give up the sacred Right,
Let's die, boys, die!

THE VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

'Tis the soft twilight. 'Round the shining fender,
 Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
 Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
 And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
 My fairy, small and slender,
 Listen to what befel
 Monk Gabriel,
 In the old ages ripe with mystery—
 Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man, with grave, but gentle look—
 His silence sweet with sounds
 With which the simple-hearted Spring abounds :
 Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
 Chirping of insect, and the building rook,
 Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell ;
 Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
 Flitting across the pages of his book,
 Until the very words a freshness took—
 Deep in his cell,
 Sate the Monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
 The words the Master to His dear ones said :
 ' A little while and ye
 Shall see,
 Shall gaze on Me ;
 A little while, again,
 Ye shall not see Me then.'
A little while !

The monk looked up—a smile
 Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed :
 ' O Thou, who gracious art
 Unto the poor of heart,
 O Blessed Christ ! ' he cried,
 ' Great is the misery
 Of mine iniquity ;
 But would I now might see,
 Might feast on Thee ! '
 The blood, with sudden start,
 Nigh rent his veins apart—
 (O condescension of the Crucified !)
 In all the brilliancy
 Of His Humanity,
 The Christ stood by his side !

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
His cheek out blushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows :
And His deep eyes within,
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair hand, in each fair foot, there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary :
Around His brows, in tenderest lucency,
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn ;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling, that the room was filled
With heaven : and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing !
'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet Presence, lo ! a something broke :
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,
And, through the open windows of the cell,
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task,
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait ;
But rose up, saying in his humble way :
' Fain would I stay,
O Lord ! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty—
But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey ;
Help me to do my duty !'
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo ! his reward was won !
Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One—
(Praised be His Holy Name !)
Who, for our sakes, our crosses made His own,
And bore our weight of shame !

Down on the threshold fell
 Monk Gabriel,
 His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay ;
 And, while in deep humility he lay,
 Tears raining from his happy eyes away,
 ' Whence is this favor, Lord ? ' he strove to say.
 The Vision only said,
 Lifting its shining head :
 ' If thou hadst staid, O son ! I must have fled ! '

PHILADELPHIA.

THE CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

CONTAINING A FEW COMMENTS ON THE WORK OF THAT NAME, PUBLISHED
 BY THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER, IN 1663.

THERE is nothing which the world dreads so much as an un pitying truth. The history of ideas is that of men trying to persuade themselves that special miracles of amiability are ever being worked, from the cradle to the grave, in their favor. Of the tremendous inconsistency and destructiveness which such miracles imply, they take no heed. The most unpalatable fact in physics is that of the Struggle for Life.

Ideas once born may never die, but it is worth noting how many men must die ere their ideas can live. The Indo-Germanic race has always been blessed with many of those self-cursed martyrs, the Anticipators, or the men who have outstripped their age. Like the advance guard of the summer swallows, they have generally died by frosts and lived in fables.

Germany is very proud of her Berchtold Schwartz, and in her pride has made a proverb declaring that his invention was the proof of supreme wisdom. When they describe a fool, they say there that he did not discover gunpowder. But ' the first handful of gunpowder ' did not, as Carlyle claims, drive Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling. Long before Schwartz,

lived Bacon ; and a century or so before Bacon, there were in existence Norman-Latin recipes, says Palsgrave—who had seen them—*ad faciendum le craké*, for making firecrackers—at least, for making gunpowder which would crack merrily when fired. Stained glass windows, according to the cheap and easy explanations of those who used to send us to natural scenery for every origin in architecture, were suggested by beholding the winter sunset lines of the sky through the bare gothic-window tracery of a leafless forest. Recent research finds the stained window in the antique burning East, where no studies were made by frost or forest light—nay, the leaves carved by tradition-loving Gothic Free Masons in churches often keep a peculiar Eastern form.

I am not, however, lecturing of Lost Arts in the strain which sings ' there is nothing new under the sun,' and which in a chilling manner benumbs the faith in progress by shaking with a grin before the wearied inventor some skeleton puppet of buried ages, which resembles his great thought as a hut resembles a palace. On the contrary, I find in this strange frequency of anticipation among Indo-Germanic races, and

in its premature failures, a vast proof of inventive vitality and of promise of great rising truths into all future ages. 'Steam power is nothing new,' say the advocates of the genius of the past. Hero of Alexandria invented a steam toy—as he who can read his *Spiritualia* published by the Jesuits in 1693 may learn for himself. But the power now roaring and whizzing all over the world, and which would build every pyramid and every monument of Egypt now extant in twenty-four hours, is no toy. When I think of this, there is no ingenious trifle for amusement which does not inspire a droll awe. Possibly those walking dolls now performing their weary pilgrimages on level glass-pane floors in Broadway windows—gravely lifting those enormous gilded boots, which remind me of Miss Kilmansegg and Queen Berta *à grands piés*, in one—have a good reason for their dignity of gait. For may they not be golden-footed and solemn, like her who rose from the waves of old to prophesy to her son?—and if she was *silver-footed*, it makes no difference, for so are some of the *autoperiper*—nay, *that* word finishes me, and I go no further. Such a block of Greek would bring even a German sentence down with a crash to a verbless conclusion. What I would have said was, that it may be that these dolls are heralds of greater dolls yet to come, which shall be wound up to fetch and carry, to sew on buttons—nay, it is even possible (in the wildest of dreams) that they may be made to boil potatoes properly. And I have been told that a recent improvement in boys' rocking horses, by means of which a trotting motion is given to the legs of those docile animals, has suggested to a mechanic of this city the construction of a very good automatic steed, whose only fault is slowness. May I suggest that a very great improvement indeed may yet be made on that horse, and that the two-forty of a coming generation may be the result, not of oats and hay, but of steel springs

and cylinders? The first wooden horse burnt Troy—what will the last do?

I have been reminded of the strange tendency in man—but more especially of the Indo-Germanic or Aryan man—to anticipate by invention the wants of an age, sometimes centuries before-hand—by turning over that very curious work, the 'Century of Inventions,' by the Marquis of Worcester, in which, as in the commonplace book of an author, one may find jotted down many an undeveloped idea of great promise. In this connection we may be allowed to borrow somewhat from a biography by Charles F. Partington, published in 1825.

Edward Lord Herbert, the sixth earl and second Marquis of Worcester, was born at Ragland near Monmouth; and his family, long distinguished for the most devoted loyalty, possessed the largest landed estate of any then attached to the British court. What this was in those times is set forth by the fact that in 1628 the father of the marquis had a revenue of upward of twenty thousand pounds. In 1642, the year in which his son was created marquis, the young heir raised, supported, and commanded an army of 1,500 foot and near 500 horse soldiers.

He had a stormy life before him, this young marquis, with many more scenes, adventures, and changes than are to be found in Woodstock and Peveril of the Peak. How he fought well, recapturing Monmouth among other things from the Puritan General Massey, how he was appointed, in consequence of his daring cavaliering raids, by Charles II to negotiate with the Irish Catholics; how the king often visited him at Ragland, is all a fine story, well worth reading. We can get glimpses of that REGAL life—as Mr. Partington admiringly small-caps his climax, from the 'list of the Ragland household' with the earl's order of dining—castle gates closed at eleven o'clock in the morning, the entry of the earl with a grand escort, 'the retiral of the steward'—the

advance of 'the Comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended by *his* staff'—'as did the sewer, the daily waiters, and many gentlemen's sons, with estates from two to seven hundred pounds a year, who were bred up in the castle, and my lady's gentlemen of the chamber.' Therein, too, we see the rattling of trenchers, and hear the gurgling of bottles, at the first table, of the noble family, and such stray nobility as came there; at the second table, of knights and honorables—at the second 'first table' in the hall of 'Sir Ralph Blackstone, Steward; the Comptroller, the Master of the Horse, the Master of the Fish Ponds, my Lord Herbert's Preceptor,' and such gentlemen as were under degree of a knight—these all being 'plentifully served with wine.' Of the second table there is no note of much wine, but it still had 'hot meats from my Lord's table,' and at it sat the Sewer with gentlemen waiters and pages to the number of twenty-four—and even now we are not yet come to the vulgar. For at the *third* table sat my Lord's Chief Auditor, his Purveyor of the Castle, Keeper of the Records—Ushers of the Hall—Clerk—Closet Keeper—Master of the Armory—and below these divers Masters of the Hounds—Twelve Master Grooms of the Stables, Master Falconer—Keepers of the Red Deer Park—and below these yet one hundred and fifty 'footmen, grooms, and other menial servants.'

Bright gleams vanish—the stately dinner parties grow dim, Masters of Horses and Hounds go to battle, the plate is melted down, and all is sad and sere. The young lord is sent by King Charles abroad, and Parliamentary Fairfax comes thundering at the gate, where admittance is refused by the venerable old marquis. Fairfax besieges boldly and is gallantly attacked by repeated sallies. I had rather the Puritans, with whom all my head goes, and with it half my heart, had behaved better than they did on this occasion. For after the venerable old marquis had

fought nobly and surrendered on honorable terms, I am sorry to say he was most dishonorably treated, the conditions of capitulation being disgracefully violated, and the old marquis put in close prison, where he soon died in his eighty-fifth year.—Well, well—there was abundance of such false faith and dark villany on both sides ere the war was over. Be it remembered that these same nobles had kept the honor too closely to themselves, and ridiculed it out of life quite too sharply in the 'base mechanicals' to fairly expect mastery in gentility from them. And in these same Partingtonian Biographies, I am often inclined to suspect that the lions do some of their own carving.

Puritans sequestered and smashed the estate right and left—lead sold for six thousand pounds, woods cut down and sold for one hundred thousand more. 'Pity!' do you say? Reader mine, there is enough land in parks at this present day in broad England to feed that wretched one eighth of her population who are now buried at public expense. That dis-parking business was at any rate not badly done.

Little more is seen of the young lord through the war. In 1654 he is at King Charles's court in France—is sent to London to procure supplies of money for the king—is caught and Towered, where he rests for several years, sorrowfully poor, if we may judge from a letter to Colonel Copley, in which he declares that 'I am forced to begge, if you could possible, eyther to helpe me with tenne pownds to this bearer, or to make vse of the coache and to goe to Mr. Clerke, and if he could this daye helpe me to fifty pownds then to paye yourself the five pownds I owe you out of them.' A melancholy letter, after all that glittering Arthur's-court splendor of first, second, and third tables of nobility, Masters of Robes and Records—a letter in which there seems some trace of getting money by 'projects' and 'bubbles'—whether of do-

ing little bills or by Notable Inventions, I will not say. Prison does not, it is true, last forever, but its doors open on a scene of baseness blacker than that which brought the brave old marquis with sorrow to his grave. The tale is told in a paragraph :

‘On the king’s restoration, the Marquis of Worcester was one of the first to congratulate his Majesty on the happy event, though the situation of the unfortunate nobleman was little bettered by the change ; indeed it appeared but as the signal for new persecutions, as one of the earliest public acts of the ungrateful monarch may be characterized as an insidious attempt to set aside the claims of his earliest and best friend.’

‘Put not thy trust in princes.’ To contrast this treatment of poor Worcester with the fervent written promises of the ungrateful ‘C. R.’ or Carolus Rex, might have shook the faith of Dr. Johnson in his beloved ‘merry monarch.’ The earlier letters of the king to the marquis, when something was expected of the ‘gallant cavalier,’ and the latter had ‘money to lend,’ are painfully amusing :

OXFORD, Feb. 12. * * ‘I am sensible of the dangers y^u will undergo, and y^e greate trouble and expences you must be at, not being able to assist y^w who have already spent about a Million of Crowns in my Service, neither can I saye more then I well remembre to have spoke and written to you that allready words could not expresse your merits nor my gratitude : and that next to my wife and children I was most bound to take care of you, whereof I have besides others, particularly assured yor Cosin Biron as a person deare unto you. * * And rest assured, if God should crosse me wth your miscarrying I will treat your Sonne as myne owne, and that y^w labour for a deare friende as well as a thankfull Master when tyme shall afforde meanes to acknowledge how much I am

‘Yo^r most assured real constant
and thankfull friend
‘CHARLES R.’

There are other letters from Charles R., very little to his credit as regards the keeping of promises, and likewise several strange papers of the Worcester people, showing that they had their clouds and humors, like other families. Of our marquis—the reader will readily

pardon me all that I have digressed to say of his early history—it must suffice to tell that, after the Restoration, he appears as a poor inventor, and that on the 3d April, 1663, a bill was brought into Parliament for granting to him and his successors the whole of the profits that might arise from the use of a water-raising engine, described in the last article in the ‘Century’ of Inventions.’ The ‘Century’ itself had been presented to the king and commons some months previously. This invention, coupled with its penultimate and antepenultimate ninety-ninth and ninety-eighth inventions, may indeed be justly considered as the wonder of the ‘Century,’ since, when united with the sixty-eighth, they appear, in Partington’s opinion, to suggest all the data essential for the construction of a modern steam engine. The injustice which he encountered during life, seems to have followed Worcester for two centuries after death ; for Lord Orford declares that the bill granting the marquis such advantages as his invention might give birth to, was passed on a simple affirmation of the discovery that he (the marquis) had made. ‘His lordship’s want of candour in this statement will be apparent when it is known that there were no less than seven meetings of committees on the subject, composed of some of the most learned men in the house, who, after considerable amendments, finally passed it on the 12 May.’

It is touching to see the absolute, extreme, life-giving faith in the merit of his invention which inspired the marquis—and in this strange faith, like a prophecy, even more than in his invention itself, considering the way in which he probably came by it, do we recognize that Genius which rises here and there in the past history of the Aryan races, and that so all-sidedly and confidently as to seem miraculous. I confess that when I look closely and deeply into the knowledge of Dante and Lionardo da Vinci, of Fiar Bacon, and the Cavalier Marquis of Worcester,

an awe comes over me. All of them seem to have been so great, some of their order so *unearthly* great; and they held the keys to so many mysteries, and to doors of science which were not unlocked for long centuries after their death; and there was in all of them such a strange sympathy and knowledge with the other great men as yet unborn, who were to come after them, and for whom they seem to have labored, and to whom they talked with the confidence of friends. I never pause before a certain passage in Dante's 'Inferno,' without the feelings of one standing before a great prophet—some marvellous earthly ancient of days, who foresaw all to come:

'Di là fosti cotanto quant'io scesi:
Quando mi volsi, tu possasti 'l punto
Alqual si troggon d'ogni parte i pasi.'

'Thou wast on the other side so long as I
Descended; when I turned thou didst o'erpass
That point to which from every part is dragged
All heavy substance!'

It was well thought by Monti that, had this passage been noted by Newton, it might have given him a better hint than the falling apple. Perhaps it did, for Newton was no poet, and it is the poetic, associative-minded men of genius who have always preceded the greatest, strictly scientific minds, and far surpassed the latter in the comprehensiveness of their views. Bear with me, ye men of Induction, for I believe in the coming age, at whose threshold we even now stand, when ye and the poets shall be one.

The Marquis of Worcester was not like the indifferentist philosopher, so well set forth by Charles Woodruff Shields in his *Philosophia Ultima*,* as one who would not invade, but only ignore the province of revelation, regarding its mysteries as matters entirely too vague to be taken into the slightest account in his exact science. For our good Lord Herbert thought Heaven had a great deal to do with his inven-

tions, as is proved by his 'ejaculatory and extemporaneous Thanksgiving Prayer, when first with his corporeal eyes he did see finished a perfect trial of his Water-commanding Engine, delightful and useful to whomsoever hath in recommendation either knowledge, profit, or pleasure.' And—never mind the delay, reader—we will even look at that prayer, in which this world and the next blend so strangely:

'Oh! infinitely omnipotent God! whose mercies are fathomless, and whose knowledge is immense and inexhaustible; next to my creation and redemption I render thee most humble thanks from the very bottom of my heart and bowels, for thy vouchsafing me (the meanest in understanding) an insight in soe great a secret of nature, beneficent to all mankind, as this my water-commanding engine. Suffer me not to be puffed up, O Lord, by the knowing of it, and many more rare and unheard off, yea, unparalleled inventions, tryals, and experiments. But humble my haughty heart, by the true knowledge of myne owne ignorant, weake, and unworthy nature; proane to all euill. O most merciful Father my creator, most compassionatting Sonne my redeemer, and Holyest of Spiritts the sanctifier, three diuine persons and one God, grant me a further concurring grace with fortitude to take hould of thy goodnesse, to the end that whatever I doe, unanimously and courageously to serve my king and country, to disabuse, rectifie, and convert my undeserved yet wilfully incredulous enemyes, to reimburse thankfully my creditors, to reimunerate my benefactors, to reinhearten my distressed family, and with complacence to gratifie my suffering and confiding friends, may, voyde of vanity or selfe ends, be only directed to thy honour and glory everlastingly. Amen!'

How this great invention faded and was forgotten till the days of Watt and Fulton, is hardly worth surmising. It had been born and died long before. Was it not in 1514 that Blasco de Garay set a steamboat afloat on the Tagus? Sometimes, as in the case of John Fitch, it seems to have grown spontaneously from the instinctive impulse to create, as Fichte calls art. I have seen old men, who had known Fitch: their account of his severely won improvements, and more recently his 'Life,' make me believe that he owed noth-

* *Philosophia Ultima*, CHARLES WOODRUFF SHIELDS. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott, 1861.

ing to precedent. But the marquis, I am sorry to say, notwithstanding his prayer and his bold claim to originality, cannot come off with so clear a record, so far as invention is concerned. He certainly gave a good, plausible account of the discovery, or it was given for him, and this went current for many years in books of inventions. It was said that the marquis, while confined in the Tower of London, was preparing some food in his apartment, and the cover of the vessel, having been closely fitted, was, by the expansion of the steam, suddenly forced off and driven up the chimney. 'This circumstance, attracting his attention, led him to a train of thought, which terminated in the completion of his 'water-commanding engine.'

E ben trovato. Unfortunately, within a few years, and since Partington published the 'Century of Invention,' there was unearthed from the gossiping letters of a gay French court-belle, who little dreamed what ill service she was doing her gallant, and what good service to history, a chance bit of trifling, as she probably deemed it, which sends the marquis's story exploding up the chimney after the lid of his apocryphal kettle. It seems that when the marquis was in France, he, in accordance with the elegant and refined custom which prevailed there and in England, as the reader may gather from Boswell's 'Johnson'—went with this lady to visit the madmen confined in the public prison.

I have already digressed so widely in this article, that a sin more or less, of the kind, need not be noted too severely. Reader, if you are one of those who think that mankind do not progress in heart, what think you of this pretty custom of the last century, according to which gentlemen and ladies of the highest rank, 'persons of quality,' made up parties to visit public mad-houses, which, by the way, were common shows, at one penny entrance fee, and where the young gentlemen poked

the mad people with sticks, and pelted them, shook their chains, and jeered them, till they foamed and raved, and the young misses giggled and gave pretty screams, and cried, 'Oh, fie!' and 'lor!' and then the visitors all laughed together? Then Miss —, a little bolder, hissed at the lunatics herself, and poked them with a stick—and then there was a fresh storm of tears and howls and blasphemy and obscenity; and the keepers, rushing in with heavy cudgels, beat the 'patients' right and left like cattle—and it was all 'so horrible!' *Bad*, think you? These were the ladies and gentlemen of the old school—the Grandisons and Chesterfields and their dames. At the present day there are still vulgar people who haunt insane asylums and prisons, and scenes of domestic affliction and courts, for the sake of gratifying a gross love of excitement, which they disguise to themselves under various ingenious pretences. But the tendency of the age is to discourage such meddling and prying into the mysteries and miseries of humanity. It is low, it is mean, and the better nurtured and higher minded leave it to boors—be they of Peoria or the Fifth avenue.

Well, our marquis, then the first gentleman in Great Britain, one of 'the barons of England who fought for the crown,' when in France as particular friend of His Majesty Charles II, went one day on such a party of pleasure, and somewhat annoyed his pretty companion by persisting in listening to the drivelling talk of a madman—one Solomon de Caus—who, while he rattled his chains, talked of a great invention he had made, whereby chariots were to go by steam, and weights be raised, and all manner of brave work be effected, at small cost or labor to man. And the marquis talked to the madman, and the lady laughed, and the chains rattled, and the straw rustled, and—well, it *has* been made the subject of a very good picture—which you, reader, may have seen, either in original or engraving.

I will not pretend to say how far what is known of the life of this French inventor is reconcilable with this story of the madhouse. It is certain that Solomon de Caus, a French engineer, architect, and author, died about 1635, that he was born probably at Dieppe, and devoted himself to mathematics. The marquis might have met him in a better place than a bedlam, since in 1612 De Caus went to London, where he was attached to the Prince of Wales, and afterward to Charles I. From 1614 to 1620 he lived in Heidelberg at the court of the Elector Frederic V, and returned to France in 1624, where he received the title of royal engineer and architect. More than this, he wrote books on mechanics, in one of which, *Les Raysons des Forces Mouvantes*, he speaks of the expansion and condensation of steam in a manner which has been supposed to suggest the alternate action of the piston, the principle of the steam engine, and, finally, 'the great discovery' of and to the Marquis of Worcester. How far all this may be supposed to contradict the lady's story, I will not say. Certain it is, that many a man who has done quite as well in worldly honors, has, after all, come to misery and madness through unfortunately making an invention.

Inventors have, on the whole, a little easier time of it in these days—and yet not so very much easier, as the reader who has chanced, like myself, to study law in an office where there are many 'patent cases,' will bear witness. Eighteen hundred years ago, the inventor was crucified—lest his malleable glass should injure Ephesian or other silver-smiths. During the middle ages, they burnt him alive. In the times of Worcester he seldom escaped prison, for to be a 'projector' was a charge which greatly aggravated that of treason; while in France, where they managed these things better, according to the views of the day, they simply cast him into a dungen among madmen. In America in the nineteenth century he

has indeed occasionally better luck, and yet in most cases not so much better as most think. For, apart from the fact that he must generally sell his invention to richer men endowed with business faculty, who get nearly all the profits, and, not unfrequently, by clapping their names to the project, all the credit, he must also wage a weary, heart-breaking legal war on infringers of patents and other thieves; so that by the time his time has expired, he has seldom much to show for his brain-work.* 'Serves him right, he has no business capacity,' cry the multitude. We need not look far for examples. I am not sure that Eli Whitney, when he fell with his cotton gin among the thieves of the South, did not fare quite as badly and suffer quite as much as Solomon de Caus. For to be clapped fair and square into a dungeon is at all events a plain martyrdom, with which one can grapple philosophically or go mad *à discretion*, while to be only half honored and nine-tenths plundered, dragged meanwhile through courts and newspapers, may be better or worse, according to one's measure. After all, the good old Roman plan of putting a man to death for inventing malleable glass had its advantages—it was at least more merciful from a Christian point of view, and would, at the present day, save a vast amount of yards of Patent Law red tape.

Artis et Naturæ proles, 'the offspring of Nature and of Art.' Such is the motto with which the Marquis of Worcester prefaced his 'Century of the Names and Scantlings of such inventions as he could in the year 1663 call to mind,' and which he presented to Government in the bold hope that by their purchase or other disposition he might even out-go the six or seven hundred thousand pounds already sac-

* One of the greatest inventors of this or of any age, and one whom the world regards as 'successful,' is said to have advised an ingenious friend, never in any case or under any circumstances to take out a patent for an invention. He 'had been through the mill,' and knew what it cost.

rificed for the king, as he asserts, but rather meaning, I imagine, that he might get some portion of it back again. Let no one laugh at the character of many of these 'Scantlings.' Science was young then; thaumaturgy, or the working of mere wonders, was still the elder sister of art; astrology might be found in every street; alchemists still labored in lonely towers all over England; and witches were still burned to the glory of God. The 'Mathematicall Magick, or the VVonders that may be performed by Mechanicall Geometry'—now by chance open before me—by Bishop Wilkins, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, with its disquisitions on 'Perpetuall Motion,' 'Volant Automata,' and 'Perpetuall Lamps,' passed for sound sense, and with it passed much occult nonsense of a darker dye. Manners and morals were as yet badly organized. Gambling was a daily amusement with all the gentry, and its imitators; for the Revolution, though it had very promptly driven out of England the very little merriment and cheerfulness which the Reformation had spared, had by no means taken away vice, and to cheat at cards was a part of all play in the best society—which it had not been in the olden time. Political plots were still rife, and cipher alphabets, signals by knots and signs, deadly secret weapons, and devices to escape prison were in daily demand, just as patent apple-parers and ice-cream freezers are at the present day. The marquis, who had lived well through his times, knew what would be popular, and, though a man of honor as times went, and a pious Christian, never dreamed that he did not play his part as a good citizen in supplying such grotesque wants.

First among his Inventions is one which, revived in modern times, meets the eye of every one daily on the face of every letter. As he designed it, it was, however, very elaborate, embracing 'several sorts of seals, some showing

by screws, others by gauges, fastening or unfastening all the marks at once: others by additional points and imaginary places, proportionable to ordinary escutcheons and seals at arms, each way palpably and punctually setting down (yet private from all others but the owner, and by his assent) the day of the month, the day of the week, the month of the year, the year of our Lord, the names of the witnesses, and the individual place where anything was sealed, though in ten thousand several places, together with the very number of lines contained in a contract, whereby falsification may be discovered and manifestly proved.' Upon these seals, too, one could keep accounts of receipts and disbursements, from one farthing to millions, and, finally, as a climax to their mystery, by their means any letter, 'though written but in English, may be read and understood in eight several languages, and in English itself, to clear contrary and different sense, unknown to any but the correspondent, and not to be read or understood by him neither, if opened before it arrive unto him.'

It is believed that the secret of these seals is simply this: a number of movable metallic circles are made to slide within each other, on one common centre, the whole being enclosed in an outer frame. Within these circles may be placed either movable types, or letters and figures may be engraved on the circles themselves, and these, according to a key, of which the corresponding parties must possess a duplicate. To fully understand the secret of the composition of a sentence 'in eight several languages,' we must have recourse to invention No. 32 of the 'Century,' teaching 'how to compose an universal character, methodical and easily to be written, yet intelligible in any language . . . distinguishing the verbs from the nouns, the numbers, tenses, and cases, as properly expressed in their own language as it was written in English.' Such a system was com-

posed by the Bishop Wilkins already referred to; Bacon had busied himself with a 'pasigraphy' long before; Leibnitz, Dalgarn, Frischius, Athanasius Kircher, Père Besnier, and some twenty others have done the same. The most practical solution of the problem seems to have been that of John Joachim Becher, who in 1661 published a Latin folio, which, apart from its main subject, is valuable from its observations on grammar, and on the affinities existing between seven of the ancient and modern tongues. With this he gives a Latin dictionary, in which every word corresponds with one or more Arabic numerals. 'Every word is assumed as distinctive, or denoting the same word in all languages; and consequently nothing more is required than to compose a dictionary for each, similar to that which he has given for the Latin.' Certain determinate numbers being given for the declensions and conjugations, and the cases, moods, tenses, and persons, the whole grammar becomes extremely easy of acquisition. Let us suppose that a Frenchman wishes to write to a German: *La guerre est un grand mal*—'War is a great evil.' He seeks in his index *guerre*, and finds 13. The verb *être*, 'to be,' is 33. *Grand*, or 'great,' is 67; and *mal*, or 'evil,' is 68. The sentence then reads:

13 . 33 . 67 . 68.

The sentence might be understood by these four numbers, but the author perfects it. *Guerre*, or 'war,' is the nominative case, and is appropriately designated by the Arabic numeral 1. The third person, singular, present tense, of the indicative mood of a verb, is characterized by 15. *Grand* and *mal* being each in the nominative case, also require the figure 1. He will therefore write:

13 . 1 | 33 . 15 | 67 . 1 | 68 . 1

—the numbers being separated by a vertical dash, to avoid confusion. The German, inverting the process, turns to

his dictionary, and finds *Der Krieg ist ein grosses Uebel*.

If the world were to be persuaded to adopt these dictionaries, and with them some uniform oral system of counting, such as might be learned in a day, who shall say in what conversation might result! Fancy an orator counting '83. 1—10. 16—225. 2'—interrupted by enthusiastic cries of '2. 30' and '11. 45!' Fancy a lover breathing his tender passion in '837. 25—29. 1,' and extracting a reluctant '12' from his adored. Fancy a drunken Delaware Democrat—a SAULSBURY—flourishing a revolver, and gurgling out '54. 40' to the Sergeant-at-Arms in particular, and decency in general, as a proof of his fitness to be regarded as a mate for his Southern colleagues. Fancy Brignoli singing '1. 2. 3,' as he reminds us by his good singing and wooden acting of a nightingale imprisoned in a pump—

Or fancy the appearance of a page of Shakspeare or Homer thus metamorphosed.

'He lisped in numbers for, the numbers came.'

It is something to the marquis's credit that he evidently, to judge from the sixth article of his 'Century,' had discovered the telegraph, an invention not much used in Europe until the commencement of the French Revolution. It had indeed been understood in a rude form by the ancients. 'Polybius describes a method of communication which was invented by Cleoxenus, which answered both by day and night,' but that of Worcester's is thought to have been far superior to anything known before his time. The following paragraphs all indicate inventions greatly in advance of his age:

'No. IX.—An engine portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened in the inside of the greatest ship, *tanquam aliud agens*, and at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irrecoverably sink that ship.'

A bombshell filled with gunpowder, a gunlock, and a small clock, have been suggested as forming the 'compo-

nents of this invention. I am satisfied, however, that several very dangerous detonating powders were well known to the alchemists; and the condensed pocket size of the machine described, would evidently require some such preparation.

‘No. X.—A way from a mile off to dive and fasten a like engine to any ship so as it may punctually work the same effect either for time or execution.’

Precisely the same experiment has within a week of the time at which I am now writing, been made at Washington, as it was by Mr. Fulton half a century ago with his Torpedo-harpoon. If the marquis contemplated simply human agency as the aid to apply his portable powder-machine, it must be admitted that he had at least contemplated a more effective diving bell than any known to modern times. Submarine transit was indeed a subject to which he had devoted special study.

‘No. XI.—How to prevent and safeguard any ship from such an attempt by day or night.

‘No. XII.—A way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot at an hundred times between wood and water by cannon, and should she lose a whole plank, yet, in half an hour’s time, should be made to sail as fit as before.’

It is thought that a great number of airtight compartments was the secret here hinted at; but the spirit of positive confidence with which the marquis speaks, and the great number of successful shots which he defies, seems to hint at something like the Ericsson Monitor of these days. Not without interest is the following:

‘No. XIII.—How to make such false decks as in a moment should kill and take prisoners as many as should board the ship, without blowing the real decks up, or destroying them from being reducible; and in a quarter of an hour’s time should recover their former shape, and to be made fit for any employment, *without discovering the secret.*’

The words italicized set forth the startling marvel of the whole. It is said that a false deck of thick plank

may be easily blown into the air, when a number of small iron boxes, open at the top, and filled with gunpowder, are placed beneath. How this could be done and yet kept secret is indeed a wonder, and we must therefore conjecture that the marquis had some other device in his mind. Certain it is, that the idea of converting vessels into traps of destruction, or of so defending them as to destroy assailants after boarding the decks, has not been very extensively developed.

‘No. XVI.—How to make a sea castle or a fortification *cannon proof*, capable of a thousand men, yet sailable at pleasure to defend a passage, or in an hour’s time to divide itself into three ships, as fit and trimmed to sail as before; and even whilst it is a fort or castle, they shall be unanimously steered, and effectually be driven by an indifferent strong wind.’

It is to be regretted that Parliamentary or other inducements were not employed to obtain from the marquis, at least the publication of his views as regards making vessels cannon proof. From the general character of his inventions, and from comparison of them, it appears he had full faith in cannon-proof floating batteries as a means of defence, and, we may consequently and justly infer, as superior to the latter. Among his inventions there are but two in reference to ‘fortifications,’ and both of these are after a manner a transfer of the floating battery to land, or an application of the principle of mobile defences. These are as follows:

‘No. XXIX.—A portable fortification, able to contain five hundred fighting men, and yet, in six hours’ time, may be set up and made cannon proof, upon the side of a river or pass, with cannon mounted upon it, and as complete as a regular fortification, with halfmoons and counterscarps.

‘No. XXX.—A way in one night’s time to raise a bulwark, twenty or thirty foot high, cannon proof, and cannon mounted upon it; with men to overlook, command, and batter a town, for though it (the bulwark) contain but four pieces, they shall be able to discharge two hundred bullets each hour.’

There can be but little question, from all I have cited, that the Marquis of Worcester was singularly in advance of his age as regarded the great principles of warfare. We have found him thus far, in all probability, acquainted with the construction of permutable seals, and indeed of the grand principle of permutation applied to technology in several respects (vide "*Century*" Nos. III, IV, V,) of the telegraph, of sinking vessels by torpedoes, and, finally, of floating batteries and cannon-proof vessels. In No. 30, we have, however, a hint that the marquis had studied the principles of revolving firearms, when he speaks of four cannon discharging two hundred bullets each hour. That he had, theoretically, at least, anticipated Colt, appears from

'No. LVIII.—How to make a pistol discharge a dozen times with one loading, and without so much as once new priming requisite, *or to change it out of one hand into the other, or stop one's horse.*'

I call attention to the words which I have italicized. It is well known that the mere principle of revolving barrels in firearms was already old, even when Worcester wrote. I have seen guns of the kind over three hundred years old, and they are not uncommon in foreign museums. But it would appear that the marquis was acquainted with the principle of the self-cocking pistol. How else could he propose to discharge a gun a dozen times, without changing it from one hand to another? And this, I believe, was not known before his day. But how this could have been conveniently carried out, without some application of detonating powders in place of flint, steel, and gunpowder, I do not understand. That he was very probably familiar with the application of such chemical detonating agents has already been suggested. In another number, he suggests the application of this principle to 'carbines.' So in No. LXII, he proposes 'a way for a harquebuss, a crock, or ship musket, six upon a carriage, shooting with such expedi-

tion as, without danger, one may charge, level, and discharge them sixty times in a minute of an hour, two or three together.' To which he adds the following :

'No. LXIV.—A seventh, tried and approved before the late king (of ever blessed memory), and an hundred lords and commons, in a cannon of eight inches and half a quarter, to shoot bullets of sixty-four pounds weight, and twenty-four pounds of powder, twenty times in six minutes; so clear from danger, that after all were discharged, a pound of butter did not melt, being laid upon the cannon brith, nor the green oil discoloured that was first anointed and used between the barrel thereof, and the engine having never in it, nor within six foot, but one charge at a time.'

Several improvements of this kind are suggested in the '*Century*,' which evidently involve different principles from that of the modern revolver, in reference to which difference we are informed in a 'note by the author,' that 'when I first gave my thoughts to make guns shoot often, I thought there had been but one only exquisite way inventible; yet, by several trials, and much charge, I have perfectly tried all of these.'

I cannot venture in a single article to exhaust the suggestions in the *Century*, and must refer my reader to the volume himself, assuring him that he will there find many curious hints, several of which have, since its publication, been very practically realized. It is worth noting, however, that the author seems to have fully anticipated a very remarkable modern invention, in declaring that 'a woman even may with her delicate hand, vary the ways of coming to open a lock ten millions of times, beyond the knowledge of the smith that made it, or of me who invented it.' From this, as I have already suggested, it appears that he had, far in advance of his age, mastered a very great principle in mechanics; and as he appears to have understood, in theory at least, several others, it is no more than justice to rank him far above those mere charlatans of science,

and hunters for marvels by means of isolated observation and experiment, with whom many would place him. That the 'Century' contains much which would be very discreditable to any man of science at the present day, is very true. Perpetual motion, perfect aerostation, devices for idle tricks and mere thaumaturgy, appear in company with schemes to take unfair advantages at card playing, and for the construction of false dice boxes—of which latter it is indignantly observed by honest Partington, that, there are few who profess the science of cheating at cards or dice, or to be encouragers of those who do; and it may fairly be conceded that there are not two periods in our regal annals, in which this detestable meanness had become fashionable enough to sanction a nobleman in inscribing to a king and his parliament a method by which it might be advantageously effected! We may, however, believe that a second period has at the present dawned over England, not much inferior as regards 'detestable meanness,' to that of Charles the Second. A recent transaction has shown that noblemen and their friends in the year 1862, are not above ascertaining from Johnson's Dictionary, the obsolete spelling of a word, such as *rain-deer*, betting a hundred pounds with an American as to its true orthography, and agreeing with him to abide by Johnson's authority; a piece of swindling quite as detestable in its meanness as the using of loaded dice. Neither can I see that the conduct of a majority of the British people, in fomenting Abolition for many years, and then giving her aid and countenance to our Southern rebels, on the flimsy, and, at best, brazenly selfish plea of the Morrill Tariff, is less detestable or less mean. We may regret to see a vice in individuals tolerated in high places; but when the blackest inconsistency, and the most contemptible avarice are elevated by a Christian nation into principles of conduct toward another

nation struggling to free the oppressed, we may well doubt whether another period has not approached in England, over which the future historiographer may not sigh as deeply as over that of Charles the Second.

I attach no serious value to the efforts of the Marquis of Worcester, save as illustrating the principle with which I prefaced this article: that according to the mental peculiarities of the most vigorous of races—the Indo-Germanic above others—there is a tendency in certain active minds to generalize and draw practical conclusions, not unfrequently centuries in advance of the wants of their age. The partial and premature forcing of these principles into practice, is sometimes quoted in after years as derogatory to the merit due to modern inventors, and as illustrating to a degree never contemplated by him who uttered it, the maxim that there's 'nothing new under the sun.' *Nothing?* Why, *everything* is new under the sun when it first assumes fit time and place. Were this not true, we might as well return to 'Nature's Centenary of Inventions,' as set forth by a pleasant pen in *Household Words*:

'Before the first clumsy sail was hoisted by a savage hand, the little Portuguese man-of-war, that frailest and most graceful nautilus boat, had skimmed over the seas with all its feathery sails set in the pleasant breeze; and before the great British Admiralty marked its anchors with the Broad Arrow, mussels and pinna had been accustomed to anchor themselves by flukes to the full as effective as the iron one in the Government dockyards. The duck used oars before we did; and rudders were known by every fish with a tail, countless ages before human pilots handled tillers; the floats on the fishermen's nets were prefigured in the bladders on the sea weed; the glowworm and firefly held up their light-houses before pharos or beacon-tower guided the wanderer among men; and, as long before Phipps brought over the diving bell to this country as the creation, spiders were making and using airpumps to descend into the deep. Our bones were moved by tendons and muscles long before chains and cords were made to pull heavy weights from place to place. Nay, until quite lately—leaving these discoveries to themselves—we took no

heed of the pattern set us in the backbone, with the arching ribs springing from it, to construct the large cylinder which we often see now attaching all the rest of a set of works. This has been a very modern discovery; but, prior even to the first man, Nature had cast such a cylinder in every ribbed and vertebrate animal she had made. The cord of plaited iron, too, now used to drag machinery up inclined planes, was typified in the backbone of the eels and snakes in Eden; tubular bridges and hollow columns had been in use since the first bird with hollow bones flew through the wood, or the first reed waved in the wind. Strange that the principle of the Menai Straits' railway bridge, and of the iron pillars in the Crystal Palace, existed in the Arkite dove, and in the bulrushes that grew round the cradle of Moses! Our railway tunnels are wonderful works of science, but the mole tunnelled with its foot, and the pholas with one end of its shell, before our navvies handled pick or spade upon the heights of the iron roads: worms were prior to gimlets, ant-lions were the first funnel makers, a beaver showed men how to make the milldams, and the pendulous nests of certain birds swung gently in the air before the keen wit of even the most loving mother laid her nursling in a rocking cradle. The carpenter of olden time lost many useful hours in studying how to make the ball-and-socket joint which he bore about with him in his own hips and shoulders; the universal joint, which filled all men with wonder when first discovered, he had in his wrist; in the jaws of all flesh-eating animals his huge one-hinge joint; in the graminivora and herbivora the joint of free motion;

for grinding millstones were set up in our molars and in the gizzards of birds before the Egyptian women ground their corn between two stones; and the crushing teeth of the hyena make the best models we know of for hammers to break stones on the road. The tongue of certain shell fish—of the limpet, for instance—is full of siliceous spines which serve as rasp and drill; and knives and scissors were carried about in the mandibles and beaks of primeval bees and parrots.

Yes, they were all there—and if the undeveloped germ may be taken for the great fruit-bearing tree, there is nothing new under the sun, labor and effort are of no avail, and it is not worth while for man to live threescore years and ten, since a much less time would suffice to show his utter worthlessness. But the bee and the wild bird, the pearly nautilus driving before the fresh breeze, and the reed waving in the wind, should teach us a higher lesson. They teach us that life is beautiful and to be enjoyed, that infinite laws and infinite ingenuity were not displayed to be called idle and vain, and that, as the insect works according to his instinct, man should labor, from the dictates of reason, with heart and soul to do his best to turn to higher advantage the innumerable advantages afforded him.



THE LADY AND HER SLAVE.

A Tale.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO MY SISTERS IN THE SOUTH.

'Nor private grief nor malice holds my pen,
I owe but kindness to my fellow men.
And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer
Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
In holy lives, to me is holy ground.'—WHITTIER.

'My young mistress! frown not on me! come! my heart is beating low!
Softly raise the quilt—my babe! Ah, smile on her ere I go!

Yes, the smile comes warm as sunshine, and it falls on my sick heart
As if Heaven were shining through it, and new hopes within me start.

Your clear eyes shine blue upon me through the clouds of sunny curls,
Sadder now, but still as kindly, as when we were little girls.

Your poor slave and you, fair mistress, were born in the same hour,
As if God himself had marked me from my birth to be your dower.

Oft have I laid my dusky hand upon your neck of snow,
To see it sparkle through the jet—how long that seems ago !

So long ! before young master came to woo Virginia's daughter,
And tempt her to the cotton fields on Mississippi's water.

I could not leave you, mistress, so I followed to the swamp,
Where fevers fire the burning blood and the long moss hangs damp.

I left poor Sam, he loved me well, but you were my heart's god ;
My mother's tears fell hot and fast—I followed where you trod.

Sin and sorrow fell upon me ! and soon you felt it shame
To have lost Amy near you, and you blushed to hear her name.

Reared near virgin purity, you could not understand
How I could break from virtue's laws, and form a lawless band.

Then you questioned kindly, sternly,—but you could not make me tell ;
I would not wring your trusting heart with tales scarce fit for hell !

You deemed me hardened, sunk in vice ; I choked down every moan,
Turned from your breast the poisoned dart to bury in my own.

Driven from your presence, mistress, in agony and shame
I bore a wretched infant—she must never know her name !

How I crawled around your windows when your joyous boy was born,
To hear your voice, to catch a glimpse,—the sun rose fair that morn.

Ah ! not mine to hold your darling ! not mine to soothe his cries
When the stern death-angel seized him and bore him to the skies !

Then judgment came—the fever fell—young master gasped for breath—
God's hand was on him—vain were prayers,—how still he lay in death !

I heard you shriek—I rushed within—I held you in my arms
That frenzied night when sudden woe had wrought its worst of harms.

When reason dawned on you again, sweet pity stirred within,
You heard my cough, my labored breath, and saw me ghastly, thin.

Then you took my hand so kindly, gazing on my faded face :
'Speak, and tell me truly, Amy, how you fell in such disgrace.'

If he had lived, sweet mistress, I had borne it to the grave ;
I would not mar your happiness, child, self or race to save.

Say ! must I speak of one you loved now sleeping 'neath the sod ?
Your 'yes' is bitter ; but we owe the naked truth to God !

The truth to God, for guiltless you must stand before His face,
Nor wrong my pallid baby, nor scorn my suffering race.

Am I too bold? Death equals all—my heart beats faint and low;
Turn not away, sweet mistress, hear the truth before I go!

Gaze upon my shivering baby, scan the little pallid face,
Mark the forehead, eyes of azure—Ha! you do the likeness trace!

Nay, start not in horror from me! Oh, it was no fault of mine;
I would have died a thousand deaths ere wronged a thought of thine.

He came at midnight to my hut—abhorrent to my sense—
Force—threats of shame—foul violence—a slave has no defence!

Wronged—soiled—and outraged—sick at heart—what right had I to feel?
He deemed his chattel honored,—God! how brain and senses reel!

We're women, though our hair is crisped, and though our skin be black:
Men, ask your virgin daughters what's the maiden's deadliest rack!

I scorned myself! I hated him! but felt a living goad
Writhe and crawl beneath my bosom—shameful burden! sinful load!

Sick and faint, I loathed my master, loathed his inant, loathed my life
Till its flame burned dim within me, choked by shame, rage, hate, and strife.

Better feelings woke within me when the helpless girl was born;
Mother's love poured wild upon her: how love conquers rage and scorn!

But my tortured heart was broken, and a slave girl ought to die
When a tyrant master wrongs her, and she dreads her mistress' eye:

Dreads one she loves may read in her, in spite of silence deep,
That which would blight all happiness, and pale the rosy cheek:

Dreads that a wife may shuddering read a husband's naked heart—
Humbled and crushed by treachery, may into madness start.

But Amy dies: she has forgiven—forgive with her the wrong!
Smile on the helpless baby—make her truthful, pure, and strong.

Let her wait upon you, mistress; twine your ringlets golden still;
Take her back to old Virginia, to the homestead by the hill.

My heart clings to you with wild love—wherefore I scarce dare whisper—
Forgive—I am your father's child! pity your ruined sister!

The hot white blood in my baby's veins, though mixed with duskier flow,
Will make her wretched if a slave; let her in freedom go!

Oh make her free, sweet mistress, that such a fate as mine
Blanch not her cheek with agony, nor blast her ere her prime!

You smile—I need no promise; angel-like to me you seem;
Will you open heaven for me? bring the seraphs? how I dream!

I go to God. He made me. All His children, black and white,
Will meet in heaven if pure and true, clad in the eternal Light.

I die—God bless you, mistress !' . . . Sigh, and gasp—then all is o'er !
And the lady kneels beside a corpse upon the cabin floor.

Her thoughts are busy with the past, with love in falsehood spoken,
While her dusky sister's faithful heart had in silent anguish broken.

She takes the cold hand in her own : ' Poor Amy, can it be
That thou wert of a race accursed, unworthy to be free ?

Man's falsehood ! God ! Thy right hand rests upon the dusky brow ;
Thou starr'st it round with virtues brighter than our boasted snow !

I have learned a bitter lesson ; to my slave I've been to school ;
God has humbled me, but chastened ; I will keep His Golden Rule.

Slaves and chattels ! God forgive us ! they are men and women—Thine !
If Christ may dwell within them, shall I dare to call them *mine* ?

No woman must be outraged, nor owned by man, if we
Would hold *our* sanctity intact—all women must be free.

Sacred from every touch profane, yes, holy things and pure ;
A wrong to one is wrong to all ; we must the weak secure.

United we must strike the shame ; if known aright our power,
Slavery and crime would perish : Sisters, peal their final hour !

Mothers, maidens, wives, no longer aid your dusky sisters' shame !
Strike for our common womanhood, uphold our spotless fame !

Its majesty is in your hands, trail it not in the dust,
Nor keep your shrinking slaves as prey for lovers', husbands' lust !

All womanhood is holy ! it shall not be profaned !
Our sanctity is threatened : Men ! it shall not thus be stained !

Break up your harems ! free our slaves ! we will not share your shame !
O mothers of the living, chaste must be life's sacred flame !

Fathers, brothers, sons, and husbands, their chains must be untwined !
Touch not the ark where purity in woman's form is shrined !

Poor Amy ! love has conquered ! the veil is raised, I see
Sister spirits 'neath the dusky hue ; thy people shall go free !'

The lady rose with high resolve upon her pale sad face ;
And moved among the slave girls, the angel of their race.

Angel of freedom, charity, she breathes, and fetters melt,
And the holy might of Purity in Southern heart is felt.

Ah ! the stars upon our banner, driven apart and dimmed with blood,
Might again in glory cluster through a perfect womanhood !

FOR AND AGAINST.

WHEN his father called Fred Fontevrault, then a boy of fifteen, into his sick chamber, and made him subscribe to the whimsical conditions of the will, the female *gendarmerie*, so well versed in my affairs, declared that my husband had wretchedly repented his early marriage, and resolving his son should walk into fate with eyes unbandaged, forbade his alliance before the age of twenty-six. Though Mr. Fontevrault was fifty and I sixteen when I married him, he was not unhappy. He occupied himself in looking after his money, and making a collection of mosaics. We never had any matrimonial disturbances. I think they are vulgar. Any woman can do as she pleases without a remonstrant word, provided she has mind enough. It is the brainless women who scold. But scolds do not rule.

Fred was unreasonably fond of his father, and assented to his wishes without demur, even when the great Fontevrault estates hung on his fidelity to a useless oath. Then he died, and I settled into the blank stupidity of my widowhood. I, who had known no master but my own sweet will, now found myself in a hundred ways restricted. I was ruled through Fred. He must graduate at Harvard; the great establishment, splendid but tedious, must be maintained. So our residence in Boston was necessitated. I shut myself up in the legitimate manner, and—mourned of course. If it had not been for novels, worsted work, and my beauty, I should have gaped myself out of existence the first year. What nonsense it is to say the prime of a woman's loveliness passes before the thirties! For, look at me, am I old or faded? Would you believe that Fred, so tall and splendidly developed, was my son? From me he took his wealth of nature, for Mr. Fon-

tevrault was one of those dried, wrinkled old men, women like me often marry; not because of the settlements only, but because of the foil. My figure was moulded like the Venus they copied in the colder marble from Pauline. Shoulders and arms, delicious in their curves, shining with a rosy fairness. A creamy skin, with a faint coralline tinge in the cheeks. The forehead is too low, some say; and yet artists have praised its bend, and the Greek line of the nose; not intellectual, but womanly, you know. Hair of a bright brown, feeling like floss silk. Eyes, I believe, few people ever fairly saw. Men are bewitched by them, women cannot understand their charm. Perhaps you have seen Wilson's portrait of me, the one with the grayish green background; you notice that the eyes' were turned from the spectator, and half shaded by white lid and gilded lash. He could not catch the flitting spark that made them mine, and refused to paint them at all. My son promises to be as perfect in his way as I in mine. Just now a student, he is too Raphael-angel-like to suit me; but the very fellow to bewilder girls and set the boarding schools crazy. Luckily he is bound against inthralment.

By and by the house grew so lonely that I was fain to send for Leonora to make durance less vile. It was positively refreshing to hear her voice sing through the solemn old hall. Very warm was the welcome she received from both Fred and me. He had often said she was the only woman he could talk to without suppressing a yawn. It was ungallant of him, but I could sympathize with the sentiment. Women usually weary me. I told Leonora she must make up her mind to stay with me, as long as she remained unmarried.

Fred, holding her hand, laughingly made her promise never to take a husband without his consent. While I passed on, he drew her back; the mirror above the door framed a picture prettier than I liked to see.

'There is but one man I will authorize you to marry,' said my son.

Then it suddenly flashed on my mind that Fred was of the age of Scott's heroes, and would be sure to fall in love with a woman older than himself. The love did not matter so much, but marriage would be an absurdity. I expected to have a daughter-in-law some day or other; but it was never to be Leonora. In a hundred ways she had resisted me, and overcome me. I was as resolutely opposed to her, as if she had been my enemy. She was a connection of the family, independent, yet in some sort alone in the world. If it had been conferring a favor on her, to ask her to stay with me, be sure I never would have uttered a persuasive word. But it was asking her to leave gay society, and the incense of admiration, to bury herself in a dull house. Then she was 'ornamental;' I liked to see her about; she was satirical, and pleased me by a little spicy abuse. They called her handsome. She *was* too small, I think, too slight, perhaps; and then her complexion was almost swarthy. But her hair was fine, her eyes large and brilliant, and her mouth mobile and sweet. The face was nothing to me; but her companionship was enlivening.

The young lady professed herself glad of a winter of exclusion, and when I saw how she set herself at work with books and embroidery, I confess I was astonished at her resignation. Then I saw her look at my son, and perceived she did not find it so *very* stupid after all. Slowly she snarled him in her meshes.

One time my husband had a friendless youth for his secretary, called Denis Christopher. His name attracted me before his person. Mr. Fontevrault became so deeply interested in his char-

acter and talents, that he used his extensive influence, and gave Mr. Christopher an enviable lift over the world's rough places. Fontevrault was like a grieved child when he left us. I was sorry, but concealed it. One of the young man's agreeable privileges had been to attend me in public, thus relieving Mr. Fontevrault. I assure you he was more knightly than his master, whose stiff protection I never missed while under Launcelot's tender care. I never fully admitted to myself the power I found in the hitherto unknown fascination of a *young* man's society; nor how much pleasure I took in touching those hidden chords that only respond to a woman's touch. That he adored me, I saw in his eyes. I liked it well, and the strange, unwonted feeling that shivered through me, now, when by chance my hand touched his.

Well—people began to talk, as people will, and Mr. Fontevrault sent him to Malaga. He came to bid me good-by; 'forever,' he thought; ah me! It was forever in one sense. Fred was a mere boy then, who heard and saw everything. I had hard work to get him out of the house that morning. I wanted Denis's last look all to myself. Before he left me, Christopher offered me a bracelet of cornelians, cut rarely as seals. Each gem bore an exquisite device. On one were a few words in Latin. When I was alone, I pressed the seal on a drop of hot wax, and read his dedication.

All that was years ago; he is here again, and I am free. I sat before the glass long the day I expected him, threading my brown hair, and longing to wear his color—blue. But then the widow's cap suited me divinely, and the folds of crape set off my peculiar tints as nothing else can. I came before him; he started forward to seize both hands, and gaze in my face, to find no change. Then he pressed his lips to my warm white fingers. A new boldness became his, a new timidity mine.

Fresh from lessons of my own, I could read a change in Léonora, and perceive mischief in the air. Her extreme quietness when my son entered the apartment, the faint shade of shyness in his manner of addressing her attracted me curiously. He began to linger in our haunts so long and on such frivolous pretexts, that I began seriously to think what was to be done with such a lovesick page. To oppose Fred would be worse than useless. Opposition determined him. If I could have sent her away, solitude would be my bane; for not one of the Fontevaults could I endure. Then as I pondered, I laughed at the absurdity of the whole thing. Not only was Leonora older than the student, a woman in society, but she had been engaged (with that fact I resolved to frighten Fred), nor would she wait five years for him to declare his passion. And his flickering fancy the slightest breath of doubt would change: a nature easily moulded by the inexorable. I resolved to let affairs take their own course, and trust her common sense, and my own gentle diplomacy.

What memorable meetings had we four during those sharp winter days! I lived as in an Arabian dream. There was Denis Christopher, with his brown face and thrilling eyes; Fred lackadaisical, but handsome as Antinous; Leonora, and I.

A very orderly company, but what hot feeling repressed, what romantic possibility, what fates unfulfilled lay under the courteous conventionality of the time! Fred leaned over Leonora at the piano. Their voices sounded well together, and if he could not declare his admiration of her, no doubt he conveyed it to her in some tender refrain or serenade. Their blended, passionate voices often moved me in a strange excitement, for I was not musical. I had no way of relieving myself, as these singers and painters have, who crystallize an emotion or a sorrow into a picture or a cadence. I can only

gnaw the bedpost, or tear up something, in the mere need of expression. Denis watched them awhile, and then it became a trio instead of a duet. Mr. Christopher brought Spanish music. Light, rippling airs, dances, whose strange swaying rhythm had been borne to his ears in the Malaga nights.

My son grew jealous, therefore unreasonable. He would not play subordinate, so left Leonora no choice but to lend herself gracefully to Denis's companionship. These two were sure to misunderstand one another. Fred was contradictory. With intense and variable feeling, he possessed the traits of slower natures. A kind of natural prudence retarded him. He puzzled Leonora. One moment he cooed over her, the next became Horatian. Painfully sensitive, and proud withal, she was never sure of his opinion of her. Having little faith in the firmness of any man's admiration of *her*, she believed less than was avowed. And Fred, exacting much, was too inexperienced to understand her. They were drifting apart, I thought; but in avoiding Scylla, had I not plunged into Charybdis?

I had been a widow a year when Mr. Christopher left Spain. Another had now passed, and with it my seclusion. While Denis had talked to me, I had cared to hear no other man speak; but now, in a kind of thirst, I drank deep of pleasure. I played with the warm avowals of men past the reasoning age, and made Fred's classmates melancholy. Denis did not even disapprove. He was often near me now, but silent as a shadow.

How it stormed the night of the seventh of February, and like the whirling snow I danced! Christopher led me through the last Lancers, and then we stopped to rest. Hanging on his arm, and heedless of to-morrow, was I not happy? We passed through the long rooms, while the soft waltz music began to swell, and the untiring dancers took the floor.

I remember he asked for Leonora, and then if Fred meant to marry her. I would not say no, but would acknowledge that his fancy was heated.

'She will be a pleasant vision of boy-love a few years hence,' I said. 'Leonora has too much good sense to marry him, Mr. Christopher.'

'I don't know,' said he, meditatively, and drew my hand through his arm. The cornelian bracelet slipped into view. 'Mrs. Fontevrault,' uttered he, in a ceremonious tone—my warm pulse grew still—'do you never forget?'

'Do you desire it?' I answered, gaily:

'If to remember, or forget,
Can give a longing, or regret,

command me.'

He smiled, and, stopping at a side table, poured out two glasses of wine.

'Here's to the past,' said he, eagerly; 'drink Lethe.'

We drained the glasses. Then I understood he withdrew his claim.

I wanted to go home after *that*; so Mr. Christopher summoned the carriage. The walks were white, and I trembled—was it with cold?—as he handed me in, and bade me good night.

The house at midnight was silent and warm. I went up stairs, and stood in the threshold of the library. The sleet driving against the window panes prevented their hearing me, I suppose. They seemed to be translating something or other. Fred's arm lay over the back of her chair. Very fast and earnestly he was talking. Marginal notes suggested by the text of Sismondi?

'What, home so early!' was his exclamation, on discovering me.

Leonora looked, up with a deep rose in her dark cheeks, a dangerous fire melting in her eyes. I had left her pale, with a headache.

'You are better, I conclude. I expected to find you among your pillows,' said I, accusative.

'I have cured her,' said Fred, coming forward and clasping my hands in

his firm, cool hold. 'What ails you, mamma? You look as if you had a fever, and wickedly handsome. What have you been about?' He slipped off my ermine cloak, and kissed me with a mixture of pride and love. The boy bewildered me.

As fate would have it, Fred was right. I felt very ill. I believe I *resisted* a fever, for I have a sensation of struggle connected with that sickness. But I cannot separate the pictures of my distempered fancy from the actualities of the time. Leonora took devoted care of me. Night after night Fred sat by me, and they relieved each other. Like one bound in an enchantment, I lay unable to prevent their mutual confidence, and the return of her young lover's adoring regard.

He sat beside her as the fire burned low; his blonde hair touched her dusky cheek as he bent over her.

'Leo, darling, I wish I was sick, like mamma.'

'Hush!' said she.

'Then you would soothe me, and part my hair with your soft fingers, that refuse to touch mine now. You would be sorry for me, and give me a little caressing, and I should be so happy I would not get well.'

'Don't talk so, Fred. You used to be an even-tempered, comfortable kind of young man to know. But now you are really teasing.'

'Do I really annoy you?'

'Very much.'

'And you don't believe in me. Sometimes a dumb kind of philosophy possesses me, and I say to myself, let her think of me as she will. I cannot be frank, and must take the consequences. Then again——'

Here she rose, and he put both arms around her. Audacious boy!

'Fred!' was uttered in a stifled voice.

'Promise me to send off Christopher,' ejaculated the young man.

The corners of the room seemed to stretch away indefinitely. A heavy

perfume suffocated me. I groaned. In another moment Leonora was beside me, and the fresh air was blowing in from a window my son had opened.

I made haste to get well. The physicians say my constitution and good nursing saved me; but it was all resolution. My *will* was stronger than the disease. As soon as I could sit up and see him, Denis Christopher was admitted. I used to hear a dulcet strain on the stairs, formed by her delicate note and his melodious base, and then he would follow Leonora in to pay his respects to me; always bringing something to brighten up my boudoir, and render her imprisonment less unendurable. Afterward he would never be exiled to the drawing rooms. Fred frowned at the ease with which he invaded our retirement, but only frowned. He and I began to wonder if Christopher would win her. Valiantly but cautiously was he wooing. Fred went off on a boating excursion, and I grew weary. I wished I had died. The secret of my good looks was confessed. Perfect health had kept my beauty undimmed. But colorless and hollow-eyed the fever left me. I could look at myself no more; so I looked at Leonora. She was pretty, with a charm that did not depend on tint or outline. Her new friend was penetrated by her real graces and his ideal rendering of them; but would he conquer? I was sure not. Because separation is sure alienation at a certain age, I resolved on Fred's speedy withdrawal from the scene. Why not go abroad immediately after his graduation, which was to occur in a few weeks? On his return I suggested it. He gloomily consented.

'Will you come, too, mamma?'

'Not yet; in the course of a year perhaps;' and I looked over to the corner where Leonora was winding worsted from Mr. Christopher's fingers.

'Come, now,' said he, 'take Leonora, and we will set up housekeeping in the easy continental style.'

'She has her hands full just now.' Literally as well as figuratively true, for she had wound two enormous green balls.

'Perhaps she will go over with Mr. Christopher. Would you like a call from the bride and groom?'

My young Fontevault looked at me.

'Do you speak as you know, mamma?'

'Look for yourself, my hoodwinked Cupid. Girls are all alike, Fred. He can ask her to marry him, and has that advantage over you.'

So it was decided that Fred should go to Paris, and be happy. Mrs. Blanchard gave him a farewell party, and all the young ladies were at their sweetest. Fred behaved with sullen dignity, as a lion should. He refused to be comforted by Adelaide and Rose, walking about with one or another, and looking at Leonora, at whom all mankind were gazing that night. She was in dashing spirits, a glorious color diffused her cheeks, her eyes fairly danced. Her dress was of feathery black tulle, and a broad silver ribbon, like an order, went over her shoulders. In the shining black braids glistened fern leaves of silver filigree. Fortunately, Fred and I discovered them—Leonora and her inseparable cavalier, Denis, I mean—in an alcove of roses and jessamines. She admiring the flowers, and he talking with a fervor very easy to read. She listening, as women always listen when the pleader is eloquent. But in her downcast face I read only pain, while my son translated the deep blush differently. When we were at home, and I waited to bid him good night, he took me in his strong arms:

'You love me, mamma, don't you?'

He was all I had in the world, so I told him.

Then followed a week we long remembered—the first week of Denis's absence. Leonora was gloomy and *distraite*; Fred cool as a peak of the Andes, and about as unapproachable; I immersed in the hurry and confusion of my son's departure. He had a suite

of rooms over mine, and, the night before he went away, leaned over the balusters, and called, as in old time:

'Leonora!'

She gave a glad start, and ran up to him. So I followed, of course. I wanted to put some flannels into his trunk, which stood in his bedroom. The doors were open between us. He had a bundle of her letters tied up in a bulky packet, and began to talk with great discretion.

'I have been putting my affairs in order,' said the systematic young man. 'I may never come back, and at any rate, my absence will be long. I thought it would be better to give you these, lest they fall into alien hands.'

'Why not burn them?' suggested his listener.

'I could not, Leo.'

'I am not so sentimental,' she returned, taking up the packet. 'They shall blaze directly. Do you want your own?'

'Oh, Fred, what a bungler you are!' I thought.

'You misunderstand,' he began, in a desperate tone.

'Fred!' I screamed, as if I were twenty rods distant, 'do come and open this bureau drawer. I can't move it.'

He came, pulling it open with such needless strength, that all the toilette bottles garnishing the top were shaken off, and lay in fragments on the floor. She followed to note the disaster, and I took her down stairs, and watched over her like a dragon all that evening. I would not let Leonora go to the steamer with us, but compelled him to say farewell in my presence. I *like* a scene. He held her hand long, uttering some incoherent sentences. Admirable was the self-composure she showed! The delicate muscles about the mouth were as steady as if she did not love him. She never raised her eyes until the last. As I saw their sad beauty, a pang seized me, and I turned away. He came after, hurried me into the carriage, and off we whirled.

'Are you going to write to her?' I asked.

'She says no,' Fontevrault answered, and looked vigorously out of the window.

One evening, two years after my son left me, we were sitting round the library fire. Christopher, now a captain in one of the famous Massachusetts regiments, sat near me, a little older and a little graver than when I saw him last. We were talking with flushed cheeks and beating hearts of the subject nearest our hearts just then—war.

A familiar foot pressed the stair. All the color left Leonora's lips; she knew who was coming. In another moment I was in my darling's arms. He shook hands with Leonora, but neither of them spoke a word; then turned to Christopher, who welcomed him with the hearty cordiality men use.

'You have come home to fight, I know, Fontevrault.'

'So I have,' answered my son. 'Every true-hearted American should be striking his blow. I couldn't travel fast enough. Mother, are you a Spartan?'

He looked at Leonora. What did she think of this magnificent-mustached Saxon? Not much like the fair-cheeked student we remembered.

'Let us be army nurses,' said Leonora, when they had gone to Washington. Indeed we could not stay where we were, nor flit off to Newport to banish care. I grew sleepless, and a sudden sound would send the blood to my heart. Leonora maintained an undaunted front, but she grew thin in spite of her cheerfulness. At last I said:

'We will follow the army; I shall die to live in this way.'

So, just before the battle of Antietam, we were in Washington.

Just after—ah me!—a singular scene occurred. We four had met again, not as in the happy nights long gone. Denis, the veteran of seven battles, still stood unscathed; but my boy could

fight no more. Manfully he bore his affliction; I only wept.

This morning of which I write, he was so bright, that we admitted Denis at once, who came to bid us farewell before leaving to join his regiment.

'Stop a minute,' said Fred. 'Leonora.' She came toward him with a face of gentle inquiry.

'To-day is my birthday,' prefaced the soldier. 'I am twenty-six, and a free man to say I love you.' Denis minced and motioned to withdraw his hand. '(Not so fast, old fellow.) This I say because I have been waiting years to speak my mind on this day. But now, I have nothing to offer you. I have no future. I am a cripple; even my love for you has been a cheat to you; and now is selfishness in me. Here stands a man as true to you as

I; I know how he loves you. Which of us will you marry, Leonora?'

While he was speaking, the lost carnation came back to her cheeks. The soft eyes kindled to a languid fire. She never looked at Denis, who stood in his erect strength, his worshipping eyes on her face. She came to Fred's bedside, and knelt down there. Denis dropped his hand.

'You do not answer,' Fred whispered; 'I cannot bear suspense.'

How did she satisfy him? I do not know. In emotion that almost overmastered me, I snapped the bracelet—Denis's bracelet; it lay upon the floor. He passed me without a word, without a look. His heavy heel ground the enchased seal to rosy dust. I heard the door swung loudly to, and then the clatter of his horse's hoofs, as he rode rapidly away.

EUROPEAN OPINION.

WE are indebted to an accomplished gentleman in Philadelphia for the following translation from the *Revue Nationale* of M. Laboulaye. Any extended comment from our pen would only serve to weaken the effect of this eloquent and truthful passage. We may, however, express our gratification to find that some generous spirits in Europe still remain superior to the jealousies and the malevolence which have so largely affected the ruling classes there, and led them so generally to hope for and to predict the downfall of our suffering country. Hitherto we have indeed recognized the truth that 'the opinion of Europe is a power;' but we have felt it chiefly in its worst influence, against us, and in favor of the rebellion. Now, however, in this the darkest hour of our mortal struggle,

it affords real relief to hear the most enlightened men of that continent proclaiming that 'the arguments of the South are beginning to fail,' and 'that all the ingenuity in the world cannot lift up its fallen cause.' Nor is it at all difficult to give entire credence to these statements, for there is evidently an altered tone even in those organs of European opinion which have been, and still are consistently hostile to us. It was perhaps unavoidable that misunderstanding should prevail in the outset, and that the ear of Europe should have been complacently open to the representations of the plausible South, urged as they were by the ablest and most unscrupulous of her advocates. But truth was destined certainly to make its way in the end. It was only doubtful whether the triumph of

right would take place soon enough to bring the force of European opinion to bear on the contest and to deprive the South of that moral support which alone has enabled her to prolong the hopeless struggle to the present time. But, according to M. Laboulaye, the 'fatal service' which its advocates have done the South, is just now about to bear its appropriate fruit; for the delusive promise of support which has thus far sustained the rebel cause is utterly gone, and with it, all possibility of ultimate success.

Seldom have we read a nobler passage than that in which this accomplished writer appeals to the French sentiment of national unity to justify our Northern people in their mighty struggle to subdue this 'impious revolt.' Americans themselves, though fully imbued with the instinctive feeling which it defends, could not more forcibly have presented the point. And, indeed, if we may believe the statements now prevalent, attributing to eminent statesmen and large parties a disposition to accede to the separation of the sections, the very sentiment of nationality has lost its force among us, and we would be compelled to acknowledge our obligations to this eminent Frenchman for stimulating our expiring patriotism and awakening us to the vital importance of our national unity and to the shame and disgrace of surrendering it. If any American has ever, for a moment, admitted the idea of consenting to a separation of the Union, let him read the burning words of this enlightened and disinterested foreigner, and blush for his want of comprehension of the true interests and glory of his country. It is not a mere sentimental enthusiasm which leads us to combat disunion and to cherish the greatness and oneness of our country. Our dearest rights and our noblest interests are alike involved, and we would be craven wretches, unworthy of our high destiny, if we did not risk everything and sacrifice everything to

preserve them. 'The North only defends itself,' says M. Laboulaye. 'It is its very life that it wishes to save.'

Briefly, but with the hand of a master, does this article point out the consequences of disunion. The touches by which the sketch is drawn, are few and rapidly made; but they faithfully portray the great features of the case, and present a true and living picture to the mind of every thoughtful man. The jealousies, the rivalries, the antipathies of the sections; the foreign intrigues and eventual foreign domination among our fragmentary governments; the large standing armies, and the competing naval forces; and finally, 'the endless war and numberless miseries' which will inevitably result—all these mighty evils will not only afflict our own unhappy country, but 'peace will be exiled from the world.' The interests of mankind are involved in this tremendous struggle.

But we no longer keep our readers from the perusal of this interesting extract. Let it be remembered that it comes from the quarter understood to be most unfriendly to us, where the wily emperor of the French is supposed to be plotting for the destruction of our nationality and power. The appeal to the interests of France against the ambition of England is striking and powerful. Whatever disposition the emperor may cherish against us, the French people ought to be our friends; they have a common interest in maintaining the freedom of the seas, and we have yet to complain that any port of France has sent out cruisers to assail our commerce on the ocean.

Let us take courage, even in this hour of disaster. Noble spirits abroad are still watching us with generous sympathy and praying for the success of our sacred cause. Let us be true to ourselves and to our country, and the hour of final triumph will soon be at hand. Though dissensions tend now to distract and weaken us, and though darkness, more impenetrable than ever be-

fore, seems lately to have gathered around us, we already discern the first glimmerings of the dawn in the east. The full day will soon break upon us, and we shall rejoice in the splendor of returning peace and renewed prosperity.

REASONS WHY THE NORTH CANNOT PERMIT SECESSION.

(*From the French of* EDOUARD LABOULAYE, *published in the 'Revue Nationale,' December 10th, 1862.*)

The civil war which has been dividing and ruining the United States for two years also affects us in Europe. The scarcity of cotton causes great suffering. The workmen of Rouen and Mulhouse are as severely tried as the spinners and weavers of Lancashire; entire populations are reduced to beggary, and to exist through the winter they have no resource and no hope save in special charity or assistance from the government. In so severe a crisis, and in the midst of such unmerited sufferings, it is but natural that public opinion should become restless in Europe, and condemn the ambition of those who prolong a fratricidal war. Peace in America, peace is a necessity at any price, is the cry of thousands of men among us who are suffering from hunger, innocent victims of the passions and madness which steep the United States in blood.

These complaints are only too just. The civilized world is at present so bound together, that peace is one great condition of the existence of modern industrial nations; unhappily, although it is easy to point out the remedy, it is almost impossible to apply it. Just now it is by war alone that ending of the war may be looked for. To throw herself armed between the combatants would be an attempt in which Europe would exhaust her strength; and to what purpose? As Mr. Cobden has justly said, it would be less costly to feed the work people who are ruined by the American crisis *on game and*

champagne. To offer to-day our friendly mediation is not only to expose ourselves to a refusal, and perhaps so exasperate one of the parties as to push it to more violent measures, but to diminish the chances of our mediation being accepted at a more favorable moment. Thus we are forced to remain spectators of a deplorable war, which is the cause of infinite evil to us; thus forced to offer up prayers that exhaustion and misery may appease these mortal enemies and oblige them to accept either reunion or separation. A sad situation, doubtless, but one which neutrals have always occupied, and from which they cannot depart without throwing themselves among unknown dangers.

If we have not the right to interfere, we can at least complain, and try to discover those who are really wrong in this war, which so affects us. The opinion of Europe is a power. It can hasten matters and restore peace better than arms can. Unfortunately, for two years opinion has wandered from the proper path, and by taking the wrong side of the question, prolongs instead of stopping resistance. The South has found many and clever advocates in England and in France, who have presented her cause as that of justice and liberty. They have proclaimed the right of secession, and have not feared to apologize for slavery. Their arguments to-day are beginning to fail. Thanks to those publicists who do not traffic with humanity; thanks to M. de Gasparin, above all, the light has made things clear; we know now how things stand as to the origin and character of the rebellion. To every disinterested observer, it is evident that the South is wrong in every way. It needs not a Montesquieu to understand that a party not menaced in the least, which, through ambition or pride, tears its country to pieces and destroys its national unity, has no right to the sympathies of the French. As to declaring slavery sacred, that is a work which must be left to the preachers of the

South. All the ingenuity in the world cannot lift up this fallen cause. Had the confederates a thousand reasons for complaint and for revolt, there would always rest on their rebellion an indelible stain. No Christian, no liberal person will ever interest himself for men who, in this nineteenth century, insolently proclaim their desire to perpetuate and extend slavery. Though it is still permitted to the planters to listen to theories that have infatuated and lost them, such sophistries will never cross the ocean.

The advocates of the South have done it a fatal service; they have made it believe that Europe, enlightened or seduced, would range itself on its side and finally throw into the balance something more than empty promises. This delusion has and still maintains the resistance of the South, it prolongs the war, and with it our sufferings. If, as the North had a right to expect, the friends of liberty had, from the first, boldly pronounced against the policy of slavery, if the advocates of peace upon the seas, if the defenders of the rights of neutrals had spoken in favor of the Union and rejected a separation, which could only profit England, it is probable that the South would have been less anxious to start on a journey without visible end. If, in spite of the courage and devotion of its soldiers; if, in spite of the ability of its generals, the South fails in an enterprise which, in my opinion, cannot be too much blamed, let it lay the fault on those who have so poor an opinion of Europe as to imagine that they will subject *its* opinion to a policy against which patriotism protests, and which the gospel and humanity condemn.

We will grant, they may say, that the South is altogether wrong; nevertheless it wishes to separate, it can no longer live with the people of the North. The war alone, whatever may be its origin, is a new cause of disunion. By what right can twenty millions of men force ten millions (of these

ten millions there are four millions of slaves whose will is not consulted in the least) of their countrymen to continue a detested alliance, to respect a contract which they wish to break at any price? Is it possible to imagine that after two or three years of fighting and misery, conquerors and conquered can be made to live harmoniously together? Can a country two or three times the size of France be subjugated? Would there not always be bloodshed between the parties? Separation is perhaps a misfortune, but now it is an irreparable one. Let us grant that the North has law, the letter and spirit of the Constitution on her side; there always remains an indisputable point—the South wishes to govern itself. You have no right to crush a people that defends itself so valiantly. Give it up!

If we were less enervated by the luxury of modern life and by the idleness of a long peace, if there still lingered in our hearts some remnant of that patriotism which, in 1792, urged our forefathers to the banks of the Rhine, the answer would be simple; to-day I fear it will not be understood. If the south of France should revolt to-morrow and demand a separation; if Alsace and Lorraine should wish to withdraw, what would be, I will not say our right only, but our duty? Would we count voices to see if a third or a half of the French had a right to destroy our nationality, to annihilate France, to break up the glorious heritage our sires bought for us with their blood? No! we would shoulder our muskets and march. Woe to the man who does not feel his country to be sacred, and that it is a noble act to defend it, even at the price of extreme misery and every danger!

‘America is not like France; it is a confederation, not a nation.’ Who says this? It is the South, and to justify its faults; the North asserts the contrary, and for two years she has declared, by numberless sacrifices, that the

Americans are one people, and that no one shall divide their country. This is a grand and noble sentiment, and if anything astonishes me, it is that France can witness this patriotism unmoved. Is not love of country the crowning virtue of the Frenchman?

What is this South, and whence does it derive this right of secession it proclaims so loudly? Is it a conquered nation which resumes its independence, as Lombardy has done? Is it a distinct race which will not continue an oppressive alliance? No! it is a number of colonies, established on the territory of the Union by American hands. Take a map of the United States. Except Virginia, the two Carolinas and Georgia, which are old English colonies, all the rest of the South is situated on lands purchased and paid for by the Union. This proves that the North has sustained the greatest part of the expense. Ancient Louisiana was sold to the Americans, in 1804, by the first consul at a price of fifteen millions of dollars; Florida was bought from Spain, in 1820, for five millions; and it required the war with Mexico, a payment of ten millions, and heavy losses besides, to acquire Texas. In a few words, of all the rich countries which border on the Mississippi and Missouri, from their sources to their mouths, there is not one inch of ground for which the Union has not paid, and which does not belong to her. The Union has driven out or indemnified the Indians. The Union has built fortifications, constructed shipyards, light-houses, and harbors. It is the Union that has made all this wilderness valuable and rendered its settlement possible. It is the men of the North as well as those of the South who have cleared and planted these lands, and transformed them from barren solitudes to a flourishing condition. Show us, if you can, in old Europe, where unity is entirely the result of conquest, a title to property so sacred, a country which is more the common work of one people!

And shall it now be allowed to a minority to take possession of a territory which belongs to all, and, moreover, to choose the best portion of it? Shall a minority be permitted to destroy the Union, and to imperil those who were its first benefactors, and without whom it would never have existed? If this does not constitute an impious revolt, then any whim that seizes a people is just and right. It is not only political reasons that oppose a separation; geography, the positions of places force the United States to form a single nation. Strabo, meditating on this vast country now called France, said, with the certainty of genius, that, to look at the nature of the territory, and the course of the waters, it was evident that the forests of Gaul, inhabited by a thinly scattered people, would become the abode of a great people. Nature has disposed our territory to be the theatre of a great civilization. This is also true of America, which is really but a double valley, whose place of separation is imperceptible, and which contains two large water courses, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence. There are no high mountains which isolate and separate the people, no natural barriers like the Alps and Pyrenees. The West cannot live without the Mississippi; it is a question of life and death to the Western farmers to hold the mouth of the river. The United States felt this from the first day of their existence. When the Ohio and Mississippi were yet but streams lost in the forest, when the first planters were only a handful of men scattered in the wilderness, the Americans already knew that New Orleans was *the key of the house*. They would not leave it either to Spain or France. Napoleon understood this; he held in his hands the future greatness of the United States; he was glad to cede this vast territory to America, with the intention, he said, 'to give to England a maritime rival which sooner or later would lower the pride of our enemies.' (Here the

author refers to his pamphlet, entitled, *Les Etats Unis et la France*, and to *L'histoire de la Louisiane*, by Barbé Marbois.) He could have satisfied the United States by only giving up the left bank of the river, which was all they asked for then; he did more (and in this I think he was very wrong), with a stroke of his pen he ceded a country as large as the half of Europe, and renounced our last rights on this beautiful river which we had discovered. Sixty years have quickly passed since this cession. The States which are now called Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Oregon, and the territories of Nebraska, Dacotah, Jefferson and Washington, which will soon become States, have been established on the 'immense domain abandoned by Napoleon. Without counting the slaveholding population which wishes to break up the Union, there are ten millions of free citizens between Pittsburg and Fort Union, who claim the course and mouth of the Mississippi as having been ceded to them by France. It is from us that they hold their title and their possession. They have a right of sixty years, a right consecrated by labors and cultivation, a right which they have received from a contract, and, better still, from nature, and from God.

See what it is they are reproached for defending; they are, forsooth, usurpers and tyrants, because they wish to hold what is their own, because they will not place themselves at the mercy of an ambitious minority. What would we say, if, to-morrow, Normandy, rising, should pretend to hold for herself alone Rouen and Havre, and yet what is the interest of the Seine compared to that of the Mississippi, which has a course of two thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and which receives all the waters of the West?

To possess New Orleans is to command a valley which embraces two thirds of the United States.

They say 'we will neutralize the river.' We know what such promises are worth. We have seen what Russia did at the mouth of the Danube; the war of the Crimea was necessary to give to Germany the free use of her great river. If a new war were to break out between Austria and Russia, we might be sure that the possession of the Danube would be the stake played for. 'It could not be otherwise in America, from the day the Mississippi would flow for more than three hundred miles between two foreign servile banks: the effect of the war has already been to prevent the exportation of wheat and corn, the riches of the West. In 1861 it was necessary to burn useless harvests, to the great prejudice of Europe, who profited by their exportation. The South itself feels the strength of its position so well that its ambition is to separate the valley of the Mississippi from the Eastern States, and to unite itself to the West, consigning the Yankees of New England to a solitude which would ruin them. With the Mississippi for a bait, the Confederates hope to reëstablish to their profit, that is, to the profit of slavery, the Union which they have broken for fear of liberty.* We now see what is to be thought of the pretended tyranny of the North, and if it is true that it wishes to oppress and to subjugate the South. On the contrary, the North only defends itself. In maintaining the Union, it defends its rights, and it is its very life that it wishes to save.

Thus far I have only spoken of the material interests—interests which are lawful, and which, founded on solemn titles, give sacred rights; but if we examine moral and political interests which are of a superior order, we will understand better still that the North cannot give up without destroying itself. The United States is a republic,

* This point of view has been thoroughly exposed by one of the wisest citizens of America, EDWARD EVERETT, in 'The Questions of the Day,' New York, 1861.

the most free, and at the same time the mildest and most happy form of government the world has ever seen. Whence comes this prosperity of the Americans? Because they are alone upon an immense territory; they have never been obliged to concentrate their power and enfeeble liberty in order to resist the jealousy and ambition of their neighbors. In the United States there was no standing army, no naval force; the Americans employed the immense sums which we expend to avert or to sustain war, in opening schools, and in giving to all their citizens, poor or rich, that education and that instruction which form the moral greatness and the true riches of the people. Their foreign policy was comprised in this maxim: 'Never to mingle in the quarrels of Europe on the sole condition that Europe will not interfere with their affairs, and will respect the liberty of the seas.' Thanks to these wise principles, which Washington left them in his immortal testament, the United States have enjoyed, for eighty years, a peace which has only been disturbed by Europe when, in 1812, they were forced to resist England and sustain the rights of neutrals. We must count by hundreds of millions those sums that we have used during the last seventy years in the upholding our liberty in Europe; these hundreds of millions the United States have employed in improvements of every description. Here is the secret of their prodigious fortune; it is their perfect independence which makes their prosperity.

Let us now suppose the separation finally accomplished, and that the new confederation comprises all the Slave States; the North has at once lost both its power and the foundations of that power. The Republic has received a mortal blow. There are in America two nations, side by side, two jealous rivals who are always on the point of attacking each other. Peace will not remove their antipathies; it will not efface the memory of the past greatness

of the Union now destroyed; the victorious South will, without doubt, be quite as friendly toward slavery, and as fond of domination as ever. The enemies of slavery, now masters of their own policy, will certainly not be soothed by the separation. What will the Southern confederacy be to the North! It will be a foreign power established in America, with a frontier of one thousand five hundred miles, unprotected on every side, and consequently continually threatening or menaced. This power, hostile, because of its vicinity alone, and still more so by its institutions, will possess a very considerable portion of the New World; it will have half the coasts of the Union; it will command the Gulf of Mexico, an inland sea one third the size of the Mediterranean; it will be the mistress of the mouths of the Mississippi, and can ruin at its pleasure the inhabitants of the West. The fragments of the old Union will have to be always ready to defend themselves against their rivals. Questions of customs and of frontiers; rivalries, jealousies, in fact all the scourges of old Europe will overwhelm America at once and together; she will have to establish custom houses over an extent of five hundred leagues; to build and arm forts on this immense frontier, to keep on foot large standing armies, to maintain a naval force; in other words, she will have to renounce her old Constitution, to weaken her municipal independence by the centralization of power. Farewell to the old and glorious liberty! Farewell to those institutions which made America the common refuge of all who could not exist in Europe! The work of Washington will be destroyed; the situation will be full of dangers and difficulties. I understand how the prospect of such a future can delight those who have never been able to forgive America her prosperity and greatness; history is full of such sad jealousies. Still better I understand and approve of this, that a

people accustomed to liberty should risk its last man and give its last dollar to preserve the inheritance of its fathers. I do not understand why there are persons in Europe who believe themselves liberal when they reproach the North for its generous resistance by advising her disgracefully to relinquish her rights. War is certainly a frightful evil, but from war a durable peace may issue, the South may tire of a struggle which exhausts its strength, the old Union may again arise in its glory, and the future may be saved. What but endless war and numberless miseries can result from a separation? This dismemberment of a country is an irreparable evil; no people, no nation, will submit to such a calamity until it no longer has any power to resist.

Up to this time I have reasoned in the supposition that the South would remain an independent power. But unless the West joins the confederates, and the Union reestablishes itself against New England, this independence is a chimera: it might last for some time; but in ten or twenty years, when the free population of the West would have doubled or trebled itself, how would the South, necessarily much enfeebled by slave culture, compare with a people, thirty millions in number, enclosing it on two sides? To resist successfully, the South would be forced to rely on Europe; it could only live when protected by a great naval power, and England is the only one in a condition to guarantee for it its sovereignty. Here is a new danger for free America and for Europe. The South has no commercial marine, nor with slavery ever will have; England will at once seize the monopoly of cotton, and will furnish capital and vessels to the South. In two words, the triumph of the South is the reinstatement of England on the continent, whence the policy of Louis XVI and Napoleon has driven her; it is enfeebled neutrality; it is France plunged anew into all the questions concerning the liberty of the

seas, which have already cost her two centuries of struggles and suffering. In defending its own rights, the American Union assured the independence of the ocean. The Union once destroyed, the English will again resume their preponderance, peace will be exiled from the world, and a policy will return which has only benefited our rivals.

This is what Napoleon felt; this is what is forgotten to-day. It would seem that history is but a collection of frivolous tales, good enough, perhaps, to amuse children; it would seem that no one wishes to understand the lessons of the past. If the experience of our fathers were not lost on our ignorance, we would see that, while fighting for her independence, while upholding her national unity, the North is defending our cause as well as her own. All our prayers should be for our old and faithful friends. The weakness of the United States will be our weakness, and on the first quarrel with England, we will too late regret having abandoned a policy that for forty years has been our security.

In writing these pages, I do not expect to convert those persons who have in their hearts an innate love of slavery; I write for those honest souls who allow themselves to be captivated by the grand visions of national independence which are continually shown to them in order to dazzle and mislead. The South has never been menaced, and at this late hour can return to the Union even with her slaves [the reader will remember that this article was published in December, 1862], and is only required not to destroy the national unity, and not to ruin political liberty. It cannot be repeated too often that the North is not an aggressor—it only defends what every true citizen will defend—the national compact, the integrity of the country. It is very sad that it should have found so little sympathy in Europe, and, above all, in France. It counted on us, its hopes were in us; we have forsaken it, as if those sacred

words Country and Liberty no longer found an echo in our breasts. Where is the time when all France cheered the young Lafayette giving his sword to serve the Americans? Who has imitated him? Who has recalled this glorious memory? Have we become so old that our memory has failed?

It is impossible to foresee what will be the issue of this war. The South may succeed; the North may split up, and wear itself out in internal struggles. Perhaps the Union is already but

a great memory. But, whatever fortune may have in the future, it is the plain duty of every man who has not allowed himself to be carried away by present successes, to sustain and encourage the North to the last, to condemn those whose ambition threatens the most beautiful and patriotic work the world has ever beheld, to remain faithful until the end of the war, and even after defeat, should it come, to those who will have fought to the last for the right and for liberty.



THE HUGUENOTS OF VIRGINIA.

THE warmer climes of the South induced many Huguenots to settle in the colony of Virginia, and their neat little cottages, covered with French grapevines, and the wild honeysuckle, might be seen scattered along James river, not far above Richmond. One writer of that day, says: 'Most of the French who lived at that town (*Monacan*) on James river, removed to Trent river, in North Carolina, where the rest were expected daily to come to them, when I came away, which was in August, 1708.' In 1690, King William sent to Virginia many of the Huguenot Refugees, his followers, who had taken shelter in England. Here they were naturalized by an especial act in 1699. Six hundred more came over, conducted by their pastor, Philip de Richebourg, locating themselves, about twenty miles above Richmond, on lands formerly occupied by a powerful tribe of Indians. There is a church now near the spot, retaining its Indian name to this day. In 1700, the Virginia assembly exempted these French settlers from taxation, and fully protected their rights.

We have seen a curious relic of the

Huguenots in Virginia, which was found in the family of a descendant. It is entitled: 'A register, containing the baptisms made within the church of the French Refugees, in the Manakin town, in Virginia, within the parish of King William, in the year of our Lord 1721, the 25th of March. Done by Jacques Soblet, clerk.' This manuscript contains about twenty-five pages of foolscap paper, and remains a standing evidence of the fidelity of the Virginia Huguenots to their Christian duties and ordinances. As a specimen of their entries, we copy the following, literally, not even correcting their orthography:

'Jean Chastain fils de Jean et de Marianne Chastain les pere et mere nee le 26 Septembre, 1721, est baptise le 5 Octobre, par M. Fontaine. Ils ava pour paran et marene Pierre David et Anne sa femme le quels ont declaree que cest enfan nee le jour et an que deshus.

Segnee

JACQUE SOBLET,

Clerk.'

John Chastain, son of John Chastain and of Marianne Chastain, the father and mother, born the 26th of September, 1721, was baptized the 5th of October, by Mr. Fontaine. He had for godfather and godmother Peter David and Anne, his wife, who have declared

that this infant was born the day and year aforesaid. Signed, JACQUE SOBLET, Clerk.

Two or three of the pages contain records of deaths. Here is one :

'Le 29 de Janvier, 1723-4, morut le Sieur Anthoine Trabue, agee danviron sinquaint six a sept annees fut en terree le 30 du meme moy. J. SOBLET, Clerk.'

Jan. 29th, 1723-4, died Sir Anthony Trabue, aged about fifty six or seven years. He was buried the 30th of the same month.

J. SOBLET, Clerk.

Huguenot names found in this old register of baptism :

'Chastain, David, Monford, Dykar, Neim, (*Minister*) Dupuy, Bilbo, Dutoi, Salle, Martain, Allaire, Vilain, Soblet, Chambou, Levilain, Trabu, Loucadon, Harris, Gasper, Wooldridge, Flournoy, Amis, Banton, Ford, Laisain, Lollaigre, Givodan, Mallet, Dubruil, Guerrant, Sabbatie, Dupre, Bernard, Amonet, Porter, Rapine, Lacy, Watkins, Cocke, Bondurant, Goin, Pero, Pean, Deen, Robinson, Edmond, Brook, Brian, Faure, Don, Bingli, Reno, Lesuer, Pinnet, Trent, Sumpter, Moiriset, Jordin, Gavain.

Names of Negroes : Thomberlin (Northumberland), Ivan, Jaque, Janne, Anibal, Guillaume, Jean, Pierre, Olive, Robert, Jak, Julienne, Francois, Susan, Primus, Moll, Chamberlain, Dick, Pegg, Nanny, Tobie, Dorote, Agar, Agge, Pompe, Frank, Caesar, Amy, Joham, Debora, Tom, Harry, Cipio, Bosen, Sam, Tabb, Jupiter, Essek, Cuffy, Orange, Robin, Belin, Samson, Pope, Dina, Fillis, Matilda, Ester, Yarmouth, Judy, and Adam.'

We find in Beverly's 'History of Virginia,' a very interesting account of the Manakin French Refugees: 'The assembly was very bountiful to those who remained at this town, bestowing on them large donations, money and provisions for their support; they likewise freed them from every public tax for several years to come, and addressed the governor to grant them a brief to entitle them to the charity of all well-disposed persons throughout the country, which, together with the king's benevolence, supported them very comfortably, till they could sufficiently supply themselves with necessaries, which they now do indifferently well, and begin to have stocks of cattle, which are said to give abundantly

more milk than any other in the country. I have heard that these people are upon a design of getting into the breed of buffaloes, to which end they lay in wait for their calves, that they may tame and raise a stock of them; in which, if they succeed, it will in all probability be greatly for their advantage; for these are much larger than other cattle, and have the benefit of being natural to the climate. They now make many of their own clothes, and are resolved, as soon as they have improved that manufacture, to apply themselves to the making of wine and brandy, which they do not doubt to bring to perfection.' The Rev. J. Fontaine, a Calvinistic clergyman, first preached to his Refugee French brethren in England and Ireland (1688). Then his sons emigrated to Virginia, and became settled ministers. From this stock alone, including his son-in-law, Mr. Maury, have descended hundreds of the best citizens of that commonwealth—ministers, members of the bar, legislators, and public officers. The Rev. Dr. Hawks estimates the relations of these Fontaine families, in the United States, at not less than *two thousand*.

A few years ago, he found in a family under his parochial charge, a manuscript autobiography of one of its ancestors. This was a James Fontaine, who was a persecuted Huguenot, and endured much for the sake of his religion. The work has been translated and published, and is full of interest—'A Tale of the Huguenots; or, Memoirs of a French Refugee Family, with an Introduction, by F. L. Hawks, D.D.'

M. Fontaine was a noble example of a true Huguenot. In his early life, he was accustomed to the enjoyments of wealth, education, and refined society; but, for conscience' sake, he was stripped of them all, and forced to leave his native land. An exile in England, ignorant of its language, and unaccustomed to labor, he soon accommodated himself to his altered circumstances. He became a skilful artisan, and worked

successfully at his trade; at first he opened a little store, with a school also, to teach the French language, and he says: 'We were in great hopes, that with both together we should be able to pay our way.' M. Fontaine next undertook the manufactory of worsted goods, which he profitably carried on for some time, but became tired of the business. He was anxious to unite with a French church, and, knowing that there were many Refugees in the land, went to Cork in 1695.

At first he preached in the English church, after its regular pastor had finished his services. Next, the French Refugees obtained the court room for their worship, and, finally, he gave up a large apartment on the lower floor of his own house, which was properly arranged with a pulpit and seats for religious meetings. M. Fontaine writes at the time: 'I was now at the height of my ambition; I was beloved by my hearers, to whom I preached gratuitously. Great numbers of zealous, pious, and upright persons had joined our communion. This state of things was altogether too good to last. My cup of happiness was now full to overflowing, and, like all the enjoyments of this world, it proved very transitory.' Dissensions grew up; M. Fontaine was a Presbyterian, and some of his hearers required him to receive Episcopal ordination, and this circumstance produced discussion, until he felt it his duty to resign his charge. In answer to his request, his elders gave a reluctant and sorrowful consent, thanking him most humbly for the service he had rendered to this church, during two years and a half, without receiving any stipend or equivalent whatsoever for his unceasing exertions. '. . . We have been extremely edified by his preaching, which has always been in strict accordance with the pure Word of God. He has imparted consolation to the sick and afflicted, and set a bright example to the flock of the most exemplary piety and good conduct.'

Our French Refugee next removed to Bear Haven, and entered largely into the fishing business; and now he became a justice of the peace, exerting himself to break up the contraband traffic, which he found generally carried on 'between the Irish robbers and the French privateers,' then swarming the Irish coast. From eight to ten of these desperate characters were sent to Cork for trial at every assize of Bear Haven. They swore vengeance upon the upright magistrate; and in the year 1704, a French privateer hove in sight—soon anchoring, he faced M. Fontaine's house. The vessel mounted ten guns, with a crew of eighty seamen. The Huguenot mustered all his men, amounting to twenty, and, sending the Papists away, he supplied the Protestants with muskets. This reduced his force to seven men, besides himself, wife, and children, and four or five of these were of but little use.

Fontaine posting himself in a tower over the door, the rest of the party occupied the different windows. The lieutenant now landed with twenty men, and, approaching the dwelling, he took aim and fired at M. Fontaine, but missed him. The Huguenot then discharged a blunderbuss, with small leaden balls, one of which entered the neck of the privateersman, and another his side, when his men carried him back wounded to the ship. This unexpected resistance from a minister made the captain furious, when he sent to the attack twenty more men, under another commander, with two small cannons. 'I must acknowledge,' he says, 'that being unaccustomed to this sort of music, I felt some little tremors of fear when the first cannon ball struck the house; but I instantly humbled myself before my Maker, and having committed myself, both soul and body, to His keeping, my courage revived, and I suffered no more from fear. I put my head out of the window to see what effect the ball had produced on our stone wall, and when I perceived it had only made

a slight scratch, I cried out for joy, 'Courage, my dear children, their cannon balls have no more effect on our stone walls than if they were so many apples.'

The wife of M. Fontaine displayed the greatest self-possession and bravery on this trying occasion, carrying ammunition, acting as surgeon, and encouraging all by her words and actions. 'Courage, my children,' said she, 'we are in the hands of God, and it is not fear that will insure our safety; on the contrary, God will bless our courage. If you cannot fire yourselves, you can load the muskets for your father and others who are older and stronger than you are; drive away all fear, if you can, and leave the care of your persons to God.' The fight continued from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, without intermission. Only two of the Huguenot family were wounded—a man, and one of the children slightly in his finger. The pirates finally withdrew, with three men killed and seven wounded. During the whole action the Huguenot minister did not permit any one 'to taste a drop of wine or spirits, or strong beer.' A second attack was feared, but soon the privateer weighed anchor and sailed away; when the pious family returned thanks to God for their 'glorious deliverance.'

A full account of this bold and courageous affair was transmitted to Lord Cox, then chancellor of Ireland, and the Duke of Ormond, the lord lieutenant. Fontaine recommended to them that a fort should be built there, when 'it would be a great place for the settlement of French Refugees, and would also prove a safeguard to the commerce of the whole kingdom.' In the year 1704, he himself erected a fortification at the back of his house, purchased some six-pounders, which had been obtained from a vessel lost on the Irish coast, and the Government supplied him with powder and balls. The Council of Dublin also voted him £50, and Queen Anne, in 1705, granted him a

pension of five shillings a day for his services, and as a French Refugee.

From this daring defence, the name of M. Fontaine and wife became known and famous throughout all Europe. The French corsairs especially remembered it, and threatened another attack. Indeed, the family constantly apprehended such a visit, and it did take place in 1704. Leaving their vessels at midnight, the enemy soon reached the dwelling of the Huguenot, and, firing the outbuildings and stacks of grain, in less than half an hour the whole were completely enveloped in flames. On this occasion, the entire garrison consisted of the two parents, children, with four servants, two of whom were cowboys. By two o'clock in the afternoon, the pirates had made a breach through the wall of the house; but the children, protected by a mattress, in front of the opening, fired one after another at the assailants as they possibly could. The Huguenot leader, having overcharged his musket, it burst, throwing him down, and broke three of his ribs and right collar bone. For a short time he was insensible, but remarks: 'I had already done my part, for, during the course of the morning, I had fired five pounds of swan shot from my now disabled piece. Notwithstanding this unfortunate accident, an incessant fire was kept up on both sides, until a parley took place. Life and liberty were then guaranteed to the family, as the terms of capitulation, while the pirates were to have the plunder; and they swore to these conditions as Frenchmen and men of honor. When the officer and men entered the dwelling, and, looking anxiously around, saw only five youths, and four cowherds, they suspected that an ambush had been laid for them.

'You need not fear anything dishonorable from me,' said the French preacher; 'you see all our garrison.'

'Impossible!' he replied; 'these children could not possibly have kept up all the firing.'

The house was then stripped of everything, not excepting the coats, which had been thrown off in the heat of the action; and the booty filled six boats. When they departed, M. Fontaine with his two eldest boys and two servants were taken away as prisoners. In vain did the brave good man protest that this was an infraction of the treaty. The remonstrance availed nothing with the freebooters. In a few days, the children with the servants were set ashore, but he was detained, when orders were given to raise the anchor. During all these severe trials, his noble and pious companion did not sit down, quietly lamenting her misfortunes. She first went to the parish priest, who was under great obligations to her husband, entreating him for his liberation. But he positively refused. Perceiving the privateer under sail, she resolved to follow it along the shore, as long as she could, and, reaching a promontory, she made a signal with her apron on the top of a stick. A boat came near the shore, and she carried on a conversation with its crew through a speaking trumpet. After much bargaining, they agreed to set M. Fontaine at liberty, upon the payment of £100 sterling. Of this sum the excellent lady could only borrow £80, and the captain of the privateer consented to take this amount, with one of her sons as a hostage, until the remaining £20 were paid, calling her at the same time 'a second Judith.'

Mrs. Fontaine repaired forthwith to Cork, for the purpose of raising the sum wanted, and could easily have obtained it, but the merchants of that city objected to any payment of the kind. The privateer hovered about the Irish coast for some time, expecting the ransom money; but when the governor of Brest heard the circumstances, he condemned the captain strongly for bringing a hostage away with him, contrary to the law of nations. The difficulty did not terminate here. As soon as he was able, the French preacher

visited Kinsale, and made an affidavit of the outrage he had suffered. At this place were a government officer and a prison, and immediately all the French officers who had been taken in the war then existing were ironed. Numbers of the same description were treated in a similar manner. These retaliatory measures excited great public feeling against the captain of the privateer, and he was summoned to appear before the governor of Brest, who imprisoned and even threatened to hang him. Upon his promising to set at liberty the young hostage, and convey him to the place from whence he had been taken, the officer was liberated.

M. Fontaine now determined to live in Dublin, and support his family by teaching the Latin, Greek, and French languages; and in the mean time the grand jury of Cork awarded him £800 for his losses at Bear Haven. In his new abode he was able to give his children an excellent education; one became an officer in the British service, and three entered college. The former was John Fontaine, and the family determined that he should visit America for information; and after travelling through Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland, he purchased a plantation in Virginia. Peter, another brother, received ordination from the bishop of London, and with Moses, who studied law, both embarked for Virginia in 1716. Francis, the last son, remained at college.

There were two daughters in his family. The eldest, Mary Anne, married Matthew Maury, a Protestant Refugee from Gascony, in 1716, and the next year he joined his relations in this country. His son was the Rev. James Maury, of Albemarle, Virginia, a very estimable and useful clergyman of the Church of England. James was another son of the French preacher who made America his home, bringing with him his wife, child, mother-in-law, and thirteen servants, in 1717. Francis, in 1719,

was ordained by the Bishop of London, on the particular recommendation of the Archbishop of Dublin, and then also sailed for Virginia. He became a very eloquent and popular preacher, and settled in St. Margaret's parish, King William county.

In the year 1721, Mr. Fontaine lost his most faithful, exemplary, and pious companion. 'A melancholy day,' he records in his autobiography, 'it was, that deprived me of my greatest earthly comfort and consolation. I was bowed down to the very dust; but it made me think of my own latter end, and made preparations to join her once more.' At the conclusion of his memoirs, he uses the following remarkable language :

'I feel the strongest conviction, that if you will take care of these memoirs, your descendants will read them with pleasure; and I here declare that I have been most particular as to the truth of all that is herein recorded.

'I hope God will bless the work, and that by His grace it may be a bond of union among you and your descendants, and that it may be an humble means of confirming you all in the fear of the Lord. I am, dear children,

'Your tender father,
'JAMES FONTAINE.'

Little did the faithful Huguenot preacher imagine that a century after he wrote thus kindly to his own children, myriads who have been born from the same noble and holy ancestry would be animated, cheered, and profited by his useful life and example. Though dead he yet speaketh.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the heroic history of this Huguenot minister and his family; for where can we find an example so worthy of imitation? He was a Huguenot in its fullest sense, bearing himself, at all times, with a noble spirit of the true man, for the work before him. Never losing trust in God, nor proper confidence in himself, he proved that, when thus true, no man need ever despair. His long line of descendants in the United States may well cherish and honor his memory.

As we have said before, we dwell more particularly upon the character and history of Mr. Fontaine, as a striking example of a true Huguenot; and how truth and the right will finally triumph over all obstacles. Wherever the French Protestants settled in America, they exhibited this same excellent trait; and among their families of Virginia were those who distinguished themselves as brave soldiers and able magistrates in the councils of the then young Republic.

T O - M O R R O W !

[G. H. BOKER.]

'THE sun is sinking low,
Upon the ashes of his fading pyre;
The evening star is stealing after him,
Fixed, like a beacon on the prow of night;
The world is shutting up its heavy eye
Upon the stir and bustle of *to-day* ;—
On what shall it awake ?'

MONTGOMERY IN SECESSION TIME.

IN the beginning of the year 1860, there existed in the city of Montgomery, Alabama, a strong, active, and apparently indestructible Union party. Three months after the close of the year there remained in the city no trace of Union sentiment. To show how this feeling was destroyed, sinking slowly, and with many reactions, under influences in themselves insignificant, and to narrate, as they fell under personal observation, that short train of events which make up the historic period of this first capital of the Southern confederacy, will be the object of the present sketch.

Early in the summer of 1860 it became evident to every dispassionate observer in the South that the country was swiftly approaching a great crisis. So dexterously had politicians managed the excitement which arose on the discovery of the plot of John Brown, that at the very beginning of the year a small and united party had been formed, having for its aim the immediate separation of the States. This party, following this well-defined object, was the only fixed thing in Southern society during the year. In the midst of all changes it was permanent. Even before the presidential election, when men's minds wavered about things so permanent as party lines and party creeds, about old political dogmas associated with favorite political leaders, it remained unaffected. The presence of this restless and determined insurrectionary element in the party politics of the time gave to the struggle preceding the presidential election a character of unusual intensity. The city of Montgomery, as the home of Mr. Yancey, and consequently of his warmest admirers, and most bitter opponents, felt the full influence of this excitement, and soon became one of the natural centres of the growing struggle of opinions.

From causes difficult then to trace, there appeared early in the year in the money market of the South an unusual condition of prostration. Banks were unaccountably cautious. Money was scarce. Debts of more than a year's standing were unpaid, and business of all kinds languished. Not even were the customary advances made by the banks in the East for the purchase of cotton, nor did the money scattered through the country by those sales which did take place relieve the financial pressure under which everything labored. In October capitalists refused to venture their funds on anything which did not promise the most immediate return.

In these signs, in the inexplicable shrinking of capital to its hiding places, and in the universal darkening of business, it would seem that all might have discovered the approach of that storm which has since burst with such fury upon the land. But this was not the case. Although every one looked forward with anxiety to the time of election, it was only a portion of the so-called BRECKINRIDGE party who saw with any distinctness the point toward which all things were tending. Nor did these men make public the extent of their hopes.

They were satisfied at first to do nothing more than familiarize the minds of the people with the idea of secession. They spread the doctrine that the only hope of Union lay in the defeat of Mr. Lincoln. Expressing the worst fears of all, this doctrine was thought to be peculiarly calculated to increase the numbers of the Union or Bell party, and was therefore readily adopted by those who would at first have repelled with patriotic horror the alternative it suggested.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of this lurking fallacy. Not merely

were multitudes of well-meaning, but unreasoning men, who were confident of the success of their party, brought to acquiesce in a proposition utterly false in its base, but the whole conservative element in society was placed in a position from which it would be thrown by defeat into a most dangerous reaction. Thus consciously or unconsciously all parties were using every effort in their power to prepare the popular mind for the question of secession.

But the period was not without its traits of patriotism. In October strong efforts were made in the States of Alabama and Georgia to unite the three parties in the South on one of the three candidates; thus securing a President to the South; and the certainty of the Union. The Breckinridge Democrats, however, contemptuously refused to be party to every arrangement of the kind. The insurrectionary element, gathering to itself the excitable and disaffected spirits of every class, had now gained the command of this party, and no longer attempted to conceal its revolutionary intentions. At the head of this element, exercising a vast influence over all its movements, and embodying in himself, more than any other man (except, perhaps, Mr. Yancey), the fierceness of its spirit, stood Mr. Toombs, of Georgia. He was now invited to speak in Montgomery. As a man of large political experience, some statesmanship, and master of a grave and sonorous eloquence, it was expected that he would influence a class of men who had hitherto held themselves studiously aloof from the insurrectionary ranks—that calm, conservative class, which is recognized by all as the basis of every society which has acquired, or having acquired, hopes to retain, stability of government and security of morals. The sentiments of the speaker were too well known to admit of any doubts as to the probable character of his address. He appeared as the undisguised advocate of secession. No form of appeal or argument was neglected

which could have had weight with a people peculiarly susceptible to the influence of oratory. Setting aside the question of the approaching election, to which he scarcely alluded, the orator strove only to show that it was an imperative social necessity that the South should have a vast and constantly increasing slave territory; that in the path of this necessity the only obstacle was the Federal Union, and that the time for its destruction had now come. These were the representative arguments of his party before the election, and he did not speak to an unsympathizing audience. For when toward the close, raising his voice until it broke almost in a scream, he exclaimed, ‘Let the night which decides the election of Mr. Lincoln be ushered in by the booming of the hostile cannon of the South,’ the hall rang again and again with the shouts of his excited hearers. But *nemo repente turpissimus semper fuit*. These were not the sentiments of all. There was a large class present who did not applaud—but neither did they hiss. They seemed for the time overawed by the energy of the spirit which had suddenly sprung up among them.

In the following week, however, a singular, though, unfortunately, but momentary check was given to the progress of insurrectionary sentiments in the vicinity of the city. Senator DOUGLAS, who had been slowly advancing, in his oratorical tour, down the coast, was about this time announced to speak in Montgomery. Since his speech in Norfolk, where he was thought to have expressed himself too clearly against secession, a strong prejudice had grown up in the South against him, and it now threatened to manifest itself in acts of positive violence. Such was the state of popular feeling, that for a time it seemed uncertain whether it would be desirable for him to attempt to speak. Hints of peculiar personal outrages were thrown out by men of a certain class; and

threats were made of something still more ominous in case he should attempt to repeat the sentiments of his Norfolk speech.

He arrived in the evening, and was met at the cars by a large crowd, and a procession formed from a coalition, for the occasion, of his party with that of Mr. Bell. It was feared that the short ride to the hotel would not be accomplished without some act of violence on the part of the excited throng by which his carriage was surrounded. A few eggs were thrown, but otherwise the ride was performed without interruption. From further outrages the crowd restrained itself until something positive should appear on the part of the orator himself. Unintimidated, however, by these unmistakable evidences of the public feeling, Mr. Douglas on the following morning presented himself on the steps in front of the capitol, where it had been announced that his speech would be delivered. The city was filled with strangers, who had come from all parts of the country to be present at the State fair which was held there that week. On Capitol Hill, therefore, an immense throng was early assembled, which coldly awaited the arrival of the orator. Everything was chilly and unfavorable. But the spirit of the obstinate debater seemed to rise with the difficulties by which he was surrounded. At first even his manner of speaking operated to his disadvantage. The sharp, syllabic emphasis, which he was accustomed to adopt in addressing large assemblages in the open air, grated harshly on ears accustomed to the smooth and carefully modulated elocution of Mr. Yancey. Beginning, however, by enunciating general principles of government, in which all could agree, he gradually conciliated, by an unexpected appearance of moderation, the favorable attention of his audience. As he advanced upon his customary sketch of the history of the different political parties during the past few years—a

work which a hundred repetitions enabled him to perform with a dramatic energy of style and expression singularly effective—he was occasionally interrupted by exclamations of acquiescence. As he described the various successes of the Democratic party, these became frequent, and before he had finished the *resumé*, his voice was drowned amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd.

It was a triumph of oratory. He repeated every sentiment of his Norfolk speech, and the men who in the morning had thrown out dark hints of 'stoning,' joined in the applause. He accepted as a certainty the election of Mr. Lincoln, but caused the crowd to shout with exultation at the prospect of tying all his activity by the constitutional check of a Democratic majority in Congress. In short, he came amid general execration, and departed amid universal regret. I had heard Mr. Douglas before, but never when he gave any evidence of the wonderful power which he exhibited on this occasion. With few tricks of rhetoric, with no extraordinary bursts of eloquence, he accomplished all the results of the most impassioned oratory. The qualities of a great debater—unshaken presence of mind, tact in adapting himself to his audience, the power of arranging facts in a form at once simple and coherent, and yet most favorable to his own cause, the strange influence by which one mind compels from others the recognition of its supremacy—have long been conceded to the late Senator from Illinois, but never did he exhibit these qualities with greater effect than before the excited populace of Montgomery.

This was the last strictly Union speech which was delivered in that city. No one after this was found bold enough to stand up in the defence of the cause that from this day began slowly to succumb to the fierce spirit to which it was opposed. For several days the effects of the speech were visi-

ble in the moderate tone of 'popular feeling;' but they were soon lost in the tumultuous excitement attending the return of Mr. Yancey from his tour in the North, and the still more intense feeling produced by the election which immediately followed.

It was impossible in these last hours of distinct political organizations not to be struck with the differences that characterized the opposing parties—differences which, both before and since, have had much to do with the progress of the rebellion. The Union gatherings were easy, jovial, fond of speeches adorned with the quips and turns of political oratory, and filled with the spirit 't'will all come right in the end.' In the Breckinridge—or, as they had now practically become—the secession meetings, a different spirit prevailed. It was the spirit of insurrection, fierce, stormy, unrestrained. It was the spirit of hatred; hatred of the North, hatred of the Union, hatred of Mr. Bell, whose success would deprive them of their only weapon for the destruction of that Union.

But with the 4th of November came a change. Three days after election there remained in Montgomery no trace of party organizations. All the widely divergent streams of public opinion seemed suddenly to have joined in one, and that running fiercely, and unrestrained toward disunion. The election of Mr. Lincoln united the people. On all sides prevailed the deepest enthusiasm in favor of secession. Mass meetings, attended by all parties, were held, and passed resolutions advocating in the strongest terms immediate disunion. Secessionists were astonished at the change, and in their anxiety to avoid anything which might shock the newly awakened sentiment, appeared in many cases the most conservative members of the community. But indeed nothing was too violent for the state of public feeling. War committees were appointed, and active measures taken to put the State in a position to

maintain her independence as soon as the ordinance of secession should have received the sanction of the convention. Troops were despatched to take possession of the arsenal, and agents were sent North to purchase additions to the already large supply of arms in the State. Immediate secession seemed to be the desire of every class. But this condition of things was not always to continue. The reaction which had carried the Unionists from a state of perfect confidence in the success of their candidate, to one of deep disappointment, and of rage at the section to which they attributed their defeat, having at length spent itself, signs of a returning movement began to make their appearance. At first these were not strongly marked. All were yet in favor of secession, but a large party, composed of most of the former partisans of Mr. Bell, together with the conservative element of every class, began at length to object to a too great precipitancy, and finally to demand that the action of Alabama should be made to depend upon the decision of the other Southern States. This movement was understood by the secessionists to have for its ultimate object the defeat of their hopes of disunion; and such, unquestionably, was its aim; for whatever may have been the plans of some of the leaders of the Coöperationists, as this party was called, it is certain that the great body of the party had no other end in view, and was sustained in its action by no other hope than the perpetuation of the Union.

At the caucus meetings which preceded the election of delegates to the State convention the two parties, as now formed, first came into conflict. At once important differences became apparent. Although nearly equal in numbers, in spirit the two parties were signally unequal. While the secessionists were bold, vigilant, and uncompromising, the coöperationists were timid and passionless, though full of a passive confidence that the Union would in some way be

preserved. A knowledge of this difference explains many things, in themselves apparently inexplicable. It shows how it was possible that a State so confessedly loyal that it would have rejected the ordinance of secession if it had been submitted directly to the people, could yet, on this very issue, elect a convention with a majority in favor of disunion. The whole question was decided in the caucus meetings. The secessionists of all parts of the State were bound together by watchful associations, and were everywhere on the alert. In counties where by their number they were entitled to no representative, attending the caucus meeting in force, they effected—as they easily could while there was no distinct party organization—a union of the tickets, and thus secured to themselves one of the two candidates. So frequently was this repeated in different parts of the country, that it was afterward estimated that by this simple expedient of a union ticket the whole question of the secession of this State was decided.

From these political struggles, however, the interest of the community was suddenly withdrawn by an event which instantly absorbed all attention, and struck terror into every household. In the little town of Pine Level, a village situated a few miles from Montgomery, traces were discovered of a plot having for its object a general uprising of the negroes on the evening preceding Christmas.

In the progress of the investigations which were immediately begun, it came to light that the plot was not simply local, but extended over many counties, including in its circuit the city of Montgomery, and involving in its movements many hundred negroes. Further examination revealed all the horrible details which were to attend the consummation of the plot—the butchery of the whites, the allotment of females, the division of property. The whole surrounding country was alive with excitement.

Active measures were taken to crush at once the spirit of insurrection. The ringleaders and some of the poor whites, with whom the plot is said to have originated, were seized and, after a brief trial, immediately hung. In Montgomery feeling was such as to demand the adoption of the most stringent precautionary measures. Military companies were called out and placed in nightly guard over the capitol and arsenal. On Christmas eve the plot was to go into execution, and as the time approached, the anxiety became painfully intense. It was whispered that one of Mr. Yancey's slaves had been detected in an attempt to poison her master. The police was doubled, soldiers with loaded muskets were stationed in all the prominent streets, while mounted guards ranged the thinly inhabited section of the outskirts. The night, however, passed without alarm, and the excitement from that time slowly subsided.

It is scarcely worthy of notice, perhaps, that with the returning sense of security came also the flippant confidence which had been for a time put to flight. The blacks were again a timid and affectionate race, and it was soon not difficult to find multitudes who declared themselves willing to meet alone a hundred insurrectionary slaves. Sitting in this evening calm, listening to such remarks, it was difficult to accept as real the events of the hot and excited day which had gone before. Surely they were dreams—the hurried trials, the hangings, the nightly tread of soldiers, the brooding terror that whitened the lips of mothers. A home guard, however, was immediately formed, including all citizens, irrespective of age or station, capable of bearing arms, and not in other military organizations.

On the 7th of January, the convention met. South Carolina had already passed her ordinance of secession; but what others would follow the example of this excitable State was yet uncer-

tain. All eyes were now anxiously directed toward Alabama, upon whose decision would to a great degree depend that of the two great conservative States, Louisiana and Georgia. Nor was this anxiety diminished by the accounts given of the composition of the convention of this State. Both sides claimed a majority; and it was evident that, without some unexpected defection, the two parties would narrowly escape a tie. This singular uncertainty was soon, however, to cease. Immediately on convening, it became evident that the command of the body lay with the secessionists. It was found by secret estimates that the two parties were divided by ten votes. Of the hundred delegates, fifty-five were in favor of disunion. Although this majority gave the secessionists power to carry their wishes into instant effect, it was not thought politic to do so while the difference between the two parties remained so small. The passage of the ordinance was, therefore, for several days delayed, while the coöperationists were plied with arguments to induce them to acquiesce in that which it was now impossible for them to prevent. At length, after four days of deliberation, it became evident that all of this party had succumbed whom it seemed possible to change, and on the morning of the 11th of January it was publicly announced that the ordinance of secession had passed the convention by a vote of sixty-one in the affirmative against thirty-nine in the negative.

By the insurrectionists the announcement was received with transports of joy, but by the Unionists it was met with demonstrations of grief, which they made no efforts to conceal. Women wept, and houses were closed as for a day of mourning. In the northern part of the State the manifestations of disappointment were still more unmistakable. Indignation meetings were held, and one of the delegates received a telegram from his constituents, charging him with having betrayed them on the

very issue for which he was elected, and demanding explanations. At length the loyal feeling of the State seemed aroused, and had the ordinance of secession been now submitted to the people, all admitted that it would have been rejected by an unquestionable majority. But the ordinance was not submitted to the people, and the Union sentiment, which had already, within the interval of a few weeks, passed through two complete oscillations—vibrating from the loyalty which preceded the presidential election through all the changes of the strong disunion reaction which followed—was now again in the ascendant. But from this point it soon began to recede, descending slowly along an arc of which no eye can see the end, with a momentum that permits no prediction as to the time of its return.

A multitude of influences began at once to weaken the energy of the Union sentiment. From the first, it had been the policy of the disunion leaders to represent the question of secession as lying wholly with the South. In case this section should decide upon disunion, there would be little reason, it was said, to fear any prolonged opposition on the part of the North—least of all a war. Nothing appeared on the part of the Federal Executive to refute these assertions. It was by a large class believed, therefore, that the leaders were right when they said that the secession would be a mere withdrawal of the Southern States, for the formation of a government perfectly friendly to the North, with which, indeed, a board of commissioners would soon arrange the terms of a peaceful international trade. After the passage of this ordinance, however, a slight modification of this argument became necessary. Peace was conditioned upon unanimity. Unionists were now called upon to render their support to the new government in order to secure peace. If it was clear that the State was united in favor of the changed condition of

things, there would be no difficulty, it was said, to procure, amid the divisions of the North, a peaceful recognition of the confederacy. The factions of the Northern States would never allow the Federal Government to attempt to coerce a united people. Thus the very weapons which loyalty had used to arm herself were here wrested to her own destruction. To insure peace, men became insurrectionists.

It is useless now to surmise what would have been the result if the action of the Federal Government in reference to the question of secession at the beginning of the rebellion, had been less ambiguous. It is enough to know, what was for many weeks so painfully realized by every Northerner in the South, that had the Southern people, by any means, been brought to understand that Federal laws were protected by sanctions, and that an attempt at disunion would certainly be followed by war, the question of secession would never have become a formidable issue. But while men believed, as many of the Unionists did, that secession was an experiment, attended with no danger to themselves, and which would more than likely result, after a few years, in a peaceful reconstruction of the Union on terms more favorable to the South, there is little occasion for wonder that the cause of disunion met with no very earnest, or, at least, prolonged opposition.

The passage of the ordinance of secession gave to the disunionists an incalculable advantage. It is true, the Union feeling was deep, and in many places strongly aroused, but the State had seceded, the new government was quietly and apparently solidly forming itself, profitable offices were in its gift, and, added to all, the conservative spirit whispered its old motto, *quieta non movere*, and the hands which had been raised in weak resistance fell harmlessly back.

In the mean while, at the capitol, another work was going on. The con-

vention, having established by ordinance the independence of the State, was now engaged in tearing down and remodelling to meet the petty wants of the Republic of Alabama the august structure of the Federal Constitution. The work was soon completed, and on the 29th of January this body, which in a brief session of three weeks had carried through measures involving some of the most stupendous changes possible to a civil State, adjourned to meet again on the 4th of March, cutting off, by this, all possibility of any of the questions which it had discussed being brought before the people by a new election. On the week following the adjournment of the convention, the confederate congress assembled in Montgomery.

This body immediately showed a fine appreciation of the state of public feeling, and drew to itself the confidence of the people by selecting for president and vice-president of the temporary government men who were thought to represent the more conservative element in community. Mr. Davis, at the time of his election, was in Mississippi, but on receiving the official announcement of the event, started at once for Montgomery, passing through Southern Tennessee, then a loyal State, along a path nearly parallel to the one in which Mr. Lincoln was at the same time moving a little farther north.

He reached the city in the night, but a large crowd was awaiting his arrival at the depot. A procession of carriages, filled with members of the confederate congress, led the way to the hotel. It was preceded by a military band, and at regular intervals rockets were discharged, announcing to the distant beholder the progress of the procession. All felt that by attention to these honorary details they were assisting to give dignity to the newly formed confederacy. On arriving at the hotel, Mr. Davis was announced to speak from the balcony. The crowd pressed curiously forward. Two candles threw a

faint, yellow light over a spare, angular form, rather below the medium height, lighting up, at the same time, the sunken cheeks and strongly marked jaws of a face now working with the emotions which the unusual events of the evening were so well calculated to excite.

The ceremonies of inauguration were postponed to the beginning of the following week. Early on Monday morning, however, the hill before the capitol was covered with a vast throng, collected from all parts of the new confederacy. For the accomodation of the members of congress, a temporary platform had been erected in front of the capitol. Standing on this, and glancing over the city, the eye rested on the rich valley of the Alabama, stretching away many miles to the north, broken here and there by the dark green foliage of the pine forests, which now twinkled in the soft light of a day mild even for the latitude. At the extreme rear of the platform, behind a small table, was seated the chairman of the congress, Howell Cobb. Corpulent even to grossness, he formed a curious contrast to the small and wasted forms of the two presidents elect, who sat at his side. The events of this day have given to every trait of these men a lasting and unenviable interest. Neither looked like a great man, neither like a man thoroughly bad. All the impressions produced by the first appearance of Mr. Davis were strengthened, without being changed, by a farther acquaintance. To a physique by no means imposing, he joins a manner too reserved to make him at any time a favorite of the populace. His whole bearing, in fact, declares him a stranger to that deep and contagious enthusiasm which has so often in enterprises like this drawn to a leader the admiration and unconquerable fidelity of the common people. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything in his appearance to indicate the presence of the broad and comprehensive energy which, in the mind of the thoughtful, can take the place of such

an enthusiasm. Still, he is in many respects peculiarly suited to take the head of the rebellion. Elected at a time when State distinctions were lost sight of in the warmth of the first formation of the confederacy, he soon lost his sectional character, and represents, as no one now elected could, the people alike of Virginia and those along the Gulf. He is shrewd, cautious, determined. But his caution may easily become scarcely distinguishable in its results from timidity. His determination is never far removed from stubbornness. Mr. Stevens, who sat, or, rather, had sunk, in his chair by the side of Mr. Davis, was a thin, sickly looking man, whose small round face was characterized by the pallid self-concentrated expression peculiar to invalids. On rising at the administration of the oath, which he did with the laborious movement of one to whom weakness had become a habit, he revealed a form of about the medium height, but broken, as by some physical disfigurement. During most of the ceremonies, he wore the air of an uninterested spectator, amusing himself with the head of a slight and rather jaunty cane, which he held between his knees. Although greatly inferior, so far as mere physical appearances are concerned, to his colleague, there is yet something in the expression and bearing of Mr. Stevens which suggests a depth and comprehensiveness of intellect for which one searches in vain the face of Mr. Davis. On the platform were gathered nearly all those restless spirits which have, during the past twenty years, disturbed the peace of the country. Conspicuous among them appeared the bristling head of Mr. Toombs. He sat during the whole ceremony, with his face, wearing the imperious expression which had become habitual to it, turned upon the people. With uncovered heads, and in perfect silence, the crowd listened to the oath of office. Immediately on the completion of this ceremony the two presidents and the congress withdrew to the senate chamber.

A levee was announced for the evening. The hall which had been selected for this gathering was a large, low room in the upper story of a building near the centre of the city.

Some efforts had been made by the ladies to conceal the rudeness of the apartment, but it was expected that every deficiency of this kind would be forgotten in the presence of that courtly society which had hitherto given all the attractiveness to occasions like this on the banks of the Potomac. It is but fair to suppose that these expectations were disappointed, for early in the evening the hall was crowded with a throng of men and boys, who, standing with uncovered heads, talking loudly of the hopes of the new confederacy, or moved uneasily about, seeking a favorable position from which to watch the 'president shake hands.' This was the ambition of the evening. Every standing point in the vicinity of Mr. Davis was taken advantage of. Chairs and benches served as footstools to elevate into positions of prominence long rows of men dressed in the yellow jeans of the country, who stood, during all the long hours of the evening, watching with unchanging countenances the multiplied repetitions of the short double shake and spasmodic smile which Mr. Davis meted out to each of the constantly forming column that filed before him. The platform was filled with the same class, and even the arch of evergreen, under which it was intended that Mr. Davis should stand, was pushed aside, to give place to those unwinking faces which pressed to every loophole of observation. The ladies, who appeared here and there in the crowd, sparkling with jewels, and dressed in the rich robes naturally suited to the occasion, only increased by their presence the rude incongruities of the gathering. Men were surprised at the manifestations on every hand of a vulgarity and coarseness which they had been accustomed to think the natural products and exclusive characteristics of a state

of society farther north. To the eyes of the fastidious, a new class had suddenly arisen in their midst. Perhaps the lesson was not a new one. Many nations before, when in the midst of revolutions, have been called mournfully to learn that there are grades in every society, that rebellions are not always tractable, and that the class which guides their opening rarely controls their close. But if the scene of the evening had any prophecies of this kind—and I do not say that it had—it wailed them, like Cassandra, to ears divinely closed.

From this time the ferment of public opinion disappeared. A tangible government existed, against which to speak was treason, and the friends of the Union—and in spite of all changes, the number of these was yet considerable—now for the first time ceased from the expression of those objections by which they had hitherto indicated the direction of their sympathies. All classes of men were longing for something permanent, and eagerly grasped at these appearances of a settled government, as promising to supply that which they so much desired. The establishment of a calm and united state of public feeling seemed, therefore, the almost instant effect of the inauguration of Mr. Davis. As might be expected, the events which have been related had not taken place in the South without affecting the condition of the Northern stranger who chanced to be within the gate. To him every change had been for the worse. During the fluctuations of public opinion in the early part of the season, his position, though unpleasant, had still some relieving circumstances; the condition of the country was not yet utterly hopeless, and the vanity of being stable in the midst of universal change, ministered a mild though secret pleasure, which, in the painful anxieties of the period, was not without its consolatory value. But when the tide of public opinion had turned strongly in one direction, and

that in favor of secession, all those pleasures, so mild and spiritual, were at once destroyed. Nor was this a condition without change. Every week added some new restraints to those by which the Unionist was already surrounded. But never was the pressure of these restraints felt to be so great as in this singular calm, which followed the inauguration of Mr. Davis. The loyal spirit seemed extinct. Union sentiments were no longer expressed in even the private circles. Now, however, hints were occasionally dropped of the possibility of a future reconstruction, and in this direction it was evident the small remnant of the Union party was now turning its hopes.

Notwithstanding the general appearance of unanimity, one thing remained which seemed to indicate a want of perfect confidence on the part of the people generally in the permanency of the new order of affairs. This was, the little interest which was manifested in the transactions of the rebel congress. With nothing else to occupy their minds, the people allowed the most important measures of public policy to pass almost without remark. To the congress itself this apathy did not extend. There appeared here, on the contrary, a germ even of the old State antagonisms; for when Mr. Toombs, carrying out the former policy of his State, introduced a bill imposing a tax on imports, declaring, at the same time, that no government could ever be sustained without depending chiefly upon this source of revenue, every member from South Carolina was on his legs. After a warm debate, and against the strongest protests of these members, the bill was carried and went into effect. Notwithstanding this, many in England still secretly believe that the Federal tariff was the real cause of the secession.

The astonishing promptness with which the rebel government, immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, equipped and placed upon the field an

enormous and fairly organized army, has given rise to a strong impression concerning the energy put forth by the executive department during the two months which intervened between this event and the inauguration. No mistake could be greater. On the very day of the election of Mr. Lincoln the South possessed a military establishment quite equal, in proportion to its population, to that of either France or Russia. At the time of the John Brown excitement, a rumor was spread through the South that large bodies of men were gathering in different parts of the North, having for their object an invasion of the Southern States. Among all the reports which this excited period produced, none was more sedulously diffused, and none more generally believed.

Whatever had been the original design of the story, its instant effect, in the excited state of the public mind, was the formation of companies in every county and village throughout the South for military drill.

These organizations, of which there were frequently several in a single village, were equipped entirely at the expense of the individual members. As they were under constant drill during the winter and summer, they presented at the opening of the year 1861 the singular spectacle of a great army, organized and equipped at its own expense, ready at any moment to march at the command of the recognized government. This, it is unnecessary to say, was the grand basis of that army which was afterward placed upon the field; and thus it was that a secretary of war so palpably inefficient as Mr. Walker was able, with an empty treasury, for many months to surpass the North in the supply of troops, equipped, and at once prepared for duty.

It was in full appreciation of this great armed mass that lay at his hand in a condition to be easily formed into an organized and efficient army, that Mr. Davis, after much entreaty, and

repeated postponement, reluctantly gave his assent to the first strong act of the executive department, and ordered the attack upon Fort Sumter.

Without anticipating what were to be the effects of this act in the North, which was, indeed, open to the conjecture of no man, Mr. Davis on this occasion simply exhibited a hesitancy in venturing on extreme measures, which will be found to be a characteristic feature of his administration.

For several days the city was filled with rumors concerning the anticipated attack, but early on Friday morning it was announced that the bombardment had already begun. In the general excitement, business was suspended. Crowds filled the streets. The war department was in constant receipt of telegraphic messages announcing the progress of the bombardment. But nothing came during the day to diminish the growing anxiety. It was found that the fleet of war vessels said to be outside the bar would take advantage of the night to come to the succor of the fort. Sleep was impossible. Men who had gone to bed arose again and joined the crowd which thronged the streets. At length, shortly after midnight, Mr. Walker came forth and announced the last and most favorable telegraphic report concerning the progress of the siege, uttering at the same time the famous boast which has linked his name with an indissoluble association of folly. Shortly past noon on Saturday, the message came which announced the surrender of the fort. The city was frantic with joy. For hours, no forms of manifestation seemed adequate to express the excitement which filled all classes of society. Standing on the housetop in the evening, a wild crowd could be seen flitting before bonfires, or ranging the streets, and shouting in the ecstasy of an excitement which none could control. Immediately on the arrival of the despatch, messengers had started into the country with the welcome tidings, and deep in the night the

ear was startled by the dull roar of the cannon announcing the arrival in some distant village of the joyful intelligence.

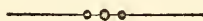
‘That will be the end of the war,’ said a man of well known conservatism, who stood by at the announcement in Montgomery of the surrender of the fort. It was the last expression of that fatal fallacy which had lured so large a class quietly to acquiesce in the fact of secession in the hope of thus securing the peaceful recognition of the North. In a few days more, the whole deception had passed away. But the correction had come too late. The Union party was extinct. Twice, in the course of that great change, by the progress of which, a people, in majority loyal, was converted into one totally disloyal and revolutionary, it lay within the power of the Federal Executive, by firmness and a proper exhibition of its powers, to have sustained the Union party in the South and crushed the rebellion—before the election of Mr. Lincoln, and at the time of the strong Union reaction in the election of delegates to the State convention. At both these periods the Union feeling was strong and increasing, immediately after each; pressed upon by arguments which the course of the Executive had failed to answer, it slowly declined. But no great sentiment is destroyed at once. There is reason to believe that, if left to itself, the tide of Union feeling might again have flowed back, and the faint traces of a reconstruction party which appeared in the short interval of quiet that belonged to the rebel confederacy indicates, perhaps, the path along which it would have returned. But the time for these things had passed.

The fall of Sumter brought the doctrines of secession into instant popularity, and roused a spirit of military enthusiasm in the South scarcely less intense than that which the same event excited in the North. At once, in every direction, disappeared all those sober scruples which, during the hottest ex-

citement of the preceding months, had quietly controlled the judgment of a small but influential class in every community. The change in north Alabama and central Tennessee, where the principles of secession had been steadily rejected by the people, was almost instantaneous. The excitement and pride of a sectional victory, and a false sympathy for the individuals who had ventured their lives in a cause in itself, perhaps, objectionable, effected what the most cunning fallacies of the leaders had been unable to accomplish. As this movement of the popular feeling had many points of resemblance with the revolution of feeling which took place just after the election of Mr. Lincoln, there were some who believed that it would be followed by a similar reaction. The excitement of the war into which the whole country was immediately precipitated, cut off, however, every chance of any such retrogressive movement. No reaction took place. The surrender of Fort Sumter completed the change of opinion which had been so long progressing in the South.

Those who look for an immediate restitution of Union feeling in the South, as a result of Federal victories, will be disappointed. It will be the

result of a gradual movement—a movement resembling in every important particular that by which the secession sentiment was established in the interval between the election of Mr. Lincoln and the surrender of Fort Sumter. Operating particularly upon that class in society which is by nature passive rather than active, conservative rather than headlong, the movement, as in that case, will be at first slow and attended with many reactions, but the result will not be uncertain. Already the progress of the war has destroyed nearly all the motives by which the Union party of the South was formerly led to adopt the cause of secession. This great party, therefore, stretching through all parts of the South, forming an important element in the population of every village and county which threatened at one time with its passive resistance to overturn the whole scheme of the rebellion, stands now exposed to the full influence of the reactionary tide which has now begun to set back toward the Union. The change may not be at once, but the same motive which led the Union man of Tennessee to return to loyalty, will prove equally effective with his whole party, wherever distributed.



SHAKSPEARE FOR 1863.

'O ENGLAND!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! the SOUTH in thee finds out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which it fills
With treacherous crowns! they would o'erthrow our country,
And by their hands the grace of Freedom die,
If hell and treason hold their promises.'

Henry V, Act II, Scene i.

THE UNION.

V.

ILLINOIS AND MISSOURI COMPARED.

My previous numbers, comparing the progress, in the aggregate, of all the Slave States, with all the Free States, of Massachusetts and New Jersey, with Maryland and South Carolina, and of New York with Virginia, demonstrate the fatal effect of slavery upon material advance, and moral and intellectual development. In further proof of the uniformity of this great law, I now institute a similar comparison between two great neighboring Western States, Missouri and Illinois. The comparison is just, for while Missouri has increased since 1810, in wealth and population, much more rapidly than any of the Slave States, there are several Free States whose relative advance has exceeded that of Illinois. The rapid growth of Missouri is owing to her immense area, her fertile soil, her mighty rivers (the Mississippi and Missouri), her central and commanding position, and to the fact, that she has so small a number of slaves to the square mile, as well as to the free population.

The population of Illinois, in 1810, was 12,282, and in 1860, 1,711,951; the ratio of increase from 1810 to 1860 being 13,838.70. (Table 1, Cens. 1860.) The population of Missouri in 1810, was 20,845, and in 1860, 1,182,012; the ratio of increase from 1810 to 1860 being 5,570.48. (Ib.) The rank of Missouri in 1810 was 22, and of Illinois 23. The rank of Missouri in 1860 was 8, and of Illinois, 4.

AREA.—The area of Missouri is 67,380 square miles, being the 4th in rank, as to area, of all the States. The area of Illinois is 55,405 square miles, ranking the 10th. Missouri, then, has 11,975 more square miles than Illinois. This excess is greater by 749 square miles

than the aggregate area of Massachusetts, Delaware, and Rhode Island, containing in 1860 a population of 1,517,902. The population of Missouri per square mile in 1810 exceeded that of Illinois .08; but, in 1860, the population of Missouri per square mile was 17.54, ranking the 22d, and that of Illinois, 30.90, ranking the 13th. Illinois, with her ratio to the square mile and the area of Missouri, would have had in 1860 a population of 2,082,042; and Missouri; with her ratio and the area of Illinois, would have had in 1860 a population of 971,803, making a difference in favor of Illinois of 1,110,239 instead of 529,939. The absolute increase of population of Illinois per square mile from 1850 to 1860 was 15.54, and of Missouri 7.43, Illinois ranking the 6th in this ratio and Missouri the 14th. These facts prove the vast advantages which Missouri possessed in her larger area as compared with Illinois.

But Missouri in 1810, we have seen, had nearly double the population of Illinois. Now, reversing their numbers in 1810, the ratio of increase of each remaining the same, the population of Illinois in 1860 would have been 2,905,014, and of Missouri, 696,983. If we bring the greater area of Missouri as an element into this calculation the population of Illinois in 1860 would have exceeded that of Missouri more than two millions and a half.

MINES.—By Census Tables 9, 10, 13 and 14, Missouri produced, in 1860, pig iron of the value of \$575,000; Illinois, none. Bar and rolled iron—Missouri, \$535,000; Illinois, none. Lead—Missouri, \$356,660; Illinois, \$72,953. Coal—Missouri, \$8,200; Illinois, \$964,-

187. Copper—Missouri, \$6,000; Illinois, none. As to mines, then, Missouri has a decided advantage over Illinois. Indeed, the iron mountains of Missouri are unsurpassed in the world. That Illinois approaches so near to Missouri in mineral products, is owing to her railroads and canals, and not to equal natural advantages. The number of miles of railroad in operation in 1860 was, 2,868 in Illinois, and 817 in Missouri; of canals, Illinois, 102 miles; Missouri, none. (Tables 38, 39.) But if Missouri had been a free State, she would have at least equalled Illinois in internal improvements, and the Pacific Railroad would have long since united San Francisco, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Illinois is increasing in a *progressive* ratio, as compared with Missouri. Thus, from 1840 to 1850 the increase of numbers in Illinois was 78.81, and from 1850 to 1860, 101.01 per cent., while the increase of Missouri from 1840 to 1850 was 77.75, and from 1850 to 1860, 73.30. Thus, the ratio is augmenting in Illinois, and decreasing in Missouri. If Illinois and Missouri should each increase from 1860 to 1870, in the same ratio as from 1850 to 1860, Illinois would then number 3,441,448, and Missouri, 2,048,426. (Table 1.) In 1850, Chicago numbered 29,963, and in 1860, 109,260. St. Louis, 77,860 in 1850, and 160,773 in 1860. (Table 40.) From 1840 to 1850 the ratio of increase of Chicago was 570.31, and from 1850 to 1860, 264.65, and of St. Louis, from 1840 to 1850, 372.26 per cent., and from 1850 to 1860, 106.49. If both increased in their respective ratios from 1860 to 1870 as from 1850 to 1860, Chicago would number 398,420 in 1870, and St. Louis, 331,879. It would be difficult to say which city has the greatest natural advantages, and yet when St. Louis was a city, Chicago was but the site of a fort.

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Table 36, the cash value of the farms of Illinois in 1860, was \$432,531,072, and of Missouri, \$230,632,126, making a differ-

ence in favor of Illinois, of \$201,898,946, which is the loss which Missouri has sustained by slavery in the single item of the value of her farm lands. Abolish slavery there, and the value of the farm lands of Missouri would soon equal those of Illinois, and augment the wealth of the farmers of Missouri over two hundred millions of dollars. But these farm lands of Missouri embrace only 19,984,809 acres (Table 36), leaving unoccupied 23,138,391 acres. The difference between the value of the unoccupied lands of Missouri and Illinois, is six dollars per acre, at which rate the increased value of the unoccupied lands of Missouri, in the absence of slavery, would be \$138,830,346. Thus, it appears, that the loss to Missouri in the value of her lands, caused by slavery, is \$340,729,292. If we add to this the diminished value of town and city property in Missouri, from the same cause, the total loss in that State in the value of real estate, exceeds \$400,000,000, which is nearly twenty times the value of her slaves. By Table 35, the increase in the value of the real and personal property of Illinois from 1850 to 1860, was \$715,595,276, being 457.93 per cent., and of Missouri, \$363,966,691, being 265.18 per cent. At the same rate of increase from 1860 to 1870, the total wealth of Illinois would then be \$3,993,000,000, and of Missouri, \$1,329,000,000, making the difference against Missouri, in 1870, caused by slavery, \$2,664,000,000, which is much more than three times the whole debt of the nation, and more than twice the value of all the slaves in the Union. While, then, the \$20,000,000 proposed to be appropriated to aid Missouri in emancipating her slaves, is erroneously denounced as increasing federal taxation, the effect is directly the reverse. The disappearance of slavery from Missouri would ensure the overthrow of the rebellion, and the perpetuity of the Union, and bring the war much sooner to a close, thus saving a monthly expenditure, far exceeding the whole ap-

propriation. But this vast increase of the wealth of Missouri, caused by her becoming a free State, if far less than one billion of dollars, would, by increasing her contribution to the national revenue, in augmented payments of duties and internal taxes, diminish to that extent the rate of taxation to be paid by every State, Missouri included.

The total wealth of the Union in 1860 exceeded \$16,000,000,000. If this were increased \$1,000,000,000 in time, by the augmented wealth of Missouri, and our revenue from duties and taxes should be \$220,000,000, as estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, the increased income, being one-seventeenth of the whole, would exceed \$12,000,000 per annum; or, if the increase of wealth should be only \$200,000,000, then the augmented proportional annual revenue would be \$2,750,000, or nearly one-eightieth part of the whole revenue, thus soon extinguishing the principal and interest of the debt of \$20,000,000, and leaving a large surplus to decrease the percentage of taxation in every State, Missouri included. The bill then might be justly entitled, *an act to restore the Union, to advance the public credit, to hasten the overthrow of the rebellion, to augment the national wealth, and* DECREASE THE RATE OF TAXATION. By overthrowing the rebellion, the taxes to pay the national debt will be collected from all the States, instead of being confined to those that are loyal. The rebel confederate debt, never having had any existence in law or justice, but having been created only to support a wicked rebellion, will of course be expunged by the reestablishment of the Union. Indeed, by a new mathematical and philosophical principle, far transcending the most sublime discoveries of Newton, Leibnitz, or La Place, the rebel debt is redeemable six months *after the end of eternity*, namely, six months after it is an *independent nation*, they shall have ratified a *treaty* of peace with us! All the rebel State debts incurred since the

revolt, for the purpose of overthrowing the Government, will, of course, have no legal existence. Under the Federal Constitution, no State Legislature can have any lawful existence, except in conformity with its provisions, accompanied by a prior oath of every member to support the Constitution of the United States. These assemblages, then, since the revolt in the several States, calling themselves State Legislatures, never had any legal existence or authority, and were mere assemblages of traitors. Such is the clear provision of the Federal Constitution, and of the law of nations and of justice. It would be strange, indeed, if conventicles of traitors in revolted States, could legally or rightfully impose taxes on the people of such States, loyal or disloyal, to overthrow the Government. Indeed, if justice could have her full sway, the whole debt of this Government, incurred to suppress this rebellion, ought to be paid by the traitors alone.

With a restoration of the Union, the prosperity of all sections will be enormously increased. The South, with peace and with ports reopened, relieved from rebel taxes and conscription, will again have a profitable market for their cotton, rice, naval stores, sugar, and tobacco; the West for breadstuffs and provisions; the North for commerce, navigation and manufactures; and our revenue, from duties, would be vastly augmented, soon justifying a reduction of internal taxation. There is one item of almost fabulous value that must not be omitted. The cotton now in the Confederate States, of the unsold crops of 1860-'61, 1861-'62, and 1862-'63, exceeds 5,000,000 of bales. This cotton, sold at present prices, payable in federal paper, would be worth \$1,800,000,000, or \$1,134,000,000 in gold. If we diminish this one-half, as cotton might fall in price from time to time by the gradual reopening of our ports, this cotton would still be worth \$900,000,000 in our paper, and \$567,000,000 in gold. This cotton, while

putting all our spindles and those of the world into full operation, would turn the balance of foreign trade at once immensely in our favor, and bring back streams of gold to our shores. We would at once commence the liquidation of the national debt, with a large sinking fund, as a sacred trust applicable to that important subject.

Next to maintaining our finances and the public credit, followed by decisive victories in the field, the speedy success of emancipation in Missouri is most important. Missouri is larger by more than 6,000 square miles than any State east of the Mississippi, and occupies a central position between the North and the South, the East and the West. She is larger by 16,458 square miles than England proper, containing a population of nineteen millions. She is larger by 1,098 square miles than New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Delaware. She is larger by 5,264 square miles than all the New England States. She has a greater white population than the aggregate numbers of North and South Carolina and Florida, or of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, or of Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi, or of Florida, Arkansas, South Carolina and Mississippi, or Louisiana; and a larger white population than all Virginia, East and West. She had, if disloyal, by her position and large white population, more power to imperil the Union than any of the slaveholding States. She has been true—she has suffered much in our cause, her fields and towns have been laid waste, thousands of her brave sons now fill our armies, and thousands more have fallen in our cause, and we will be recreant to truth and justice, to the safety of the Union, and forfeit the nation's pledge, if we do not now aid her in becoming a Free State. The southern boundary of Missouri (lat. 36°) is several miles south of Nashville, Tennessee; but, if we take altitude also into consideration, then, according to well established meteorological

principles, the southern boundary of Missouri is at least a degree south of Nashville, reaching the northern boundary of Alabama. There is then a very large area of Missouri well calculated for the production of cotton. To accomplish this, the levee system of the Mississippi must be extended from the southern boundary of Missouri to the first highlands in that State, above the mouth of the Ohio; and a proper system of drainage adopted. These lands would thus be entirely secured from overflow, and greatly improved in salubrity. With these improvements, Missouri would contain an area of rich alluvial lands, well adapted to the profitable culture of cotton, embracing an extent capable of producing at least one million of bales of the great staple. These lands, considering latitude and altitude, would possess a climate similar to that of Middle Tennessee and North Alabama, where cotton is already cultivated with great profit. If emancipation prevailed in Missouri, these lands would soon be cultivated in cotton by free labor, and its immense superiority over the servile system would soon be demonstrated. Such a proof of the superiority of free over slave labor, even in the culture of cotton, would soon have an immense effect in reconciling the South to the disappearance of a system so fatal to her own prosperity, and endangering so much the harmony and perpetuity of the Union. This Missouri cotton would be nearer the North and Northwest than that grown in any other part of the Southwest, and thus supplied at a cheaper rate to our manufacturers, while opening new and augmented markets for the provisions and breadstuffs of the Northwest. This cotton would, in part, pass up the Ohio to Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and thence to New York, Philadelphia, and New England. It would also in part pass through Indiana and Ohio by their railroads and canals. The great central railroad of Illinois would carry large por-

tions of it also from Cairo to Chicago ; but perhaps the largest portion eventually would pass up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers and enlarged canals to Chicago, and thence eastward. With the proposed enlargement of the canal connecting the Illinois river with Lake Michigan, and the enlargement of the locks of the great Erie canal, extended by a similar enlargement of the Chenango branch, and down the Susquehanna to tide water, cotton steam propellers would carry the great staple by this route to the Hudson and New England, to Baltimore or Philadelphia, at a rate much lower than any other Southwestern cotton. The Mississippi would thus have a *quintuple* outlet, as well into the lakes and the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Delaware, and Chesapeake, as into the Gulf of Mexico, and Missouri would be united by new ties with the North and Northwest, as well as with the Middle States. Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Buffalo would become considerable cotton depots, and slave labor would cease to monopolize the cotton culture. But there are other considerations still more momentous. Missouri extends from the 36th parallel to 40½, and from the 89th meridian to the 96th, thus embracing four degrees and a half of latitude, and seven degrees of longitude. She fronts for many hundred miles upon the great Mississippi, and commands its western shore ; she commands also the mouth of the Missouri river, and both its banks for several hundred miles, and all its tributaries. The Missouri river and its tributaries are nearly double the length of the Mississippi and its branches. Missouri by her position dominates the whole valley of her great river, and commands Kansas and Western Iowa, and Nebraska, and Colorado, Dacotah and New Mexico. If Missouri had joined the Southern confederacy, and its power had ever been established, she would have forced with her all the vast region to which we have referred, contain-

ing, including Missouri, an area equal to twenty States of the size of Ohio. To separate Missouri forever from the proposed Southern confederacy, is to render the permanent establishment of such a government impossible. It not only severs Missouri from them, but all the vast region identified with the destiny of that great State. Secure Missouri permanently and cordially to the Union, and the rebellion is doomed to certain overthrow. With the fall of slavery in Missouri by her consent, and her cordial coöperation and sympathy with the North and Northwest, the days of the rebellion are numbered. With Missouri as a Free State, Arkansas, adjacent, cannot retain the institution. Such a result, aided by victories, and the reëstablishment of our finances, would soon give full effect to the edict of emancipation in Arkansas, and Louisiana would soon follow. With Missouri as a Free State by her consent, and her cordial coöperation and sympathy, slavery would soon disappear from the whole region west of the Mississippi, and Louisiana cordially be reunited to the Republic. With such a result, holding New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi and all the region west of that great stream, how could Tennessee or Mississippi remain in the Southern confederacy ? The truth is, Missouri is the pivot upon which the rebellion turns. Had she gone with the South, and given to its cause a cordial support, it would have been difficult to subdue the rebellion. That she has gone with the Union is a momentous fact, and demands for her our heartfelt gratitude. I have shown, it is true, how greatly it is the interest of Missouri to become a Free State ; but it is still more the interest of the nation to secure this great result. Give her what is needed to render emancipation certain, and we shall have secured the perpetuity of the Union. Missouri had no participation in introducing African slaves into this continent. The slaves that cultivate her soil are the descend-

ants of those who were forced here under the British flag, or by the ships of the North, then in a state of colonial dependence; and it is just, and the national honor demands, that she should receive full compensation. As the existence of slavery in any State is a great evil and reproach, and a source of much weakness to the whole country, so should the nation compensate for any loss that may be occasioned by the abandonment of the system in any loyal State. Not only is this just, but the faith of the nation is solemnly pledged by resolutions adopted by Congress at its last session to carry this policy into full effect with the consent of any State. Twenty millions of dollars to secure such a result should be regarded as of little moment. Gladly would the nation pay a much larger sum for a single victory. But the moral and geographical and strategical victory secured by emancipation in Missouri by her consent, will be far more important than any triumph yet achieved by our arms. It is a victory that relieves a great State now and forever from the curse of slavery. It is a victory that secures the whole valley of the mighty Missouri to the Union. It is a triumph that sweeps slavery from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, dissevers the Southern confederacy, and restores the whole Mississippi, from its mouth to its source, to the Union.

The entire constitutionality of such a proceeding by *compact with a State*, was demonstrated by me in the November number of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, p. 575. Referring to the case of Texas, I there said: 'The principle, however, was adopted of State action by irrevocable *compact* with the Federal Government, by which provision therein was made for abolishing slavery in all such States, north of a certain parallel of latitude (embracing a territory larger than New England), as might be thereafter admitted by the subdivision of the State of Texas. The power of action on this subject, by

compact of a State with the General Government, was then clearly established, in perfect accordance with repeated previous acts of Congress then cited by me. The doctrine rests upon the elemental principle of the combined authority of the nation, and a State, acting by compact within its limits.' When Missouri, with her consent, shall have become a Free State, the leaders of the Southern rebellion will feel that they have received a mortal blow. Especially will this be the case in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. We shall have cut the gordian knot of slavery, and the death agonies of the hydra would soon be visible. The importance of the result would be felt in the North also, and the wretched traitors there, far more guilty even than those of the South, will shrink from their atrocious conspiracy to dissolve this Union. The dark plot of severing New England from the Republic and of reuniting the rest of the States with the Southern confederacy, will be abandoned. That such a scheme is contemplated by Northern traitors, and that it is tolerated in the South, *on condition* that all shall become Slave States, is beyond controversy. New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the Northwest are to abandon their free institutions, become slaveholding States, and be admitted as such into the Southern confederacy. I had supposed that crime had achieved its climax when the Southern rebellion was inaugurated; but something more base, more vile, more cowardly, debasing, and pusillanimous, it seems, is now contemplated. It is that New England shall be expelled, and that the rest of the Free States shall come under the dominion of the Southern confederacy. But the leaders of this scheme seem to have forgotten the fact, that New England, to a vast extent, has peopled the Northwest, and carried there their love of free institutions. The descendants of the pilgrims are scattered

throughout the Northwest, and churches, and free schools, and love of liberty have gone with them. The scheme is as base and cowardly as it is impracticable. No! New England can never be expelled from this Union. There the grand idea of the American Union was first conceived; there the cradle of liberty was first rocked, before as well as amid the storms of the Revolution; there the first blood was shed, the first battles fought, the first flag of Union and Liberty unfurled, and there it shall float forever. There are Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and no traitor hand shall ever sever them from the American Union. Not an acre of the soil of New England or a drop of all its waters shall ever be surrendered by this great Republic; and from Lake Champlain and the Housatonic to the St. Croix and St. Johns, the flag of the Union shall ever float in undiminished glory. Lake Champlain unites Vermont and New England with the Hudson, the lakes, and St. Lawrence; and Long Island Sound, commanding the deepest approaches to New York, completes the connection, which is a geographical and political necessity. I am not a New Englander by parentage, birth, or education, but if the other Free States of the North and Northwest should submit to the disgrace of uniting themselves with a Southern confederacy, I should remove to New England, and breathe an air uncontaminated by slavery or treason. And there are hundreds of thousands who would pursue the same course. When, in 1798, the great Washington feared that the South might be separated by traitors from the Union, he declared that, in such an event, he would remove to the North; and, in such a contingency, there are thousands, even in the South, who would remove to New England.*

Those of the North and Northwest, who should remain and carry their States into the Southern confederacy, would

be regarded in the South with loathing and contempt; the whole civilized world would consider their degradation as complete and eternal. They would soon loathe themselves, and feel that it was not only the negroes who were enslaved, but that they had put fetters upon their own limbs, and rendered themselves worthy to be worked as slaves on the plantations of Southern masters. I do not believe any of the Free States of the North and Northwest can thus be disgraced and humiliated. There is one of these States, I am sure, that will never submit to such degradation. It is the State of Pennsylvania. There the Declaration of American Independence was first proclaimed. There the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution were framed. There are Germantown, Paoli, and Brandywine: there Washington crossed the Delaware at midnight, and fought the two great battles of the war of independence. There Franklin sleeps within her soil, the great patriot, philosopher, and statesman whom New England gave to Pennsylvania, the Union, and the world. No! No! from the Delaware and Susquehanna to the Ohio and Lake Erie, the people of a mighty State would consign to the scaffold and the block the wretched traitors who would attempt to sever Pennsylvania from New England. Ice and granite are called the principal products of New England, but our Revolution and this rebellion prove that her great staples are intellect, education, liberty, courage, and patriotism. She is said to have Puritan angularities and to love money; but she pours out now, as in 1776, lavish expenditures of her treasure in defence of the Union; and the blood of her sons empurples the ocean and the lakes in every naval conflict, and moistens all the battle fields of the nation. No! all the traitors of the South, and all the Burrs, Arnolds, and Catalines of the North can never sever New England from the Republic. And now, in this

* 7th vol. Hamilton's 'Republic,' p. 189, and Jefferson's 'Autograph.'

hour of our country's peril, Missouri stretches her hands to New England, and to all the free and loyal States, and proposes, with their assistance, to abolish slavery, and link her destiny with theirs in the bonds of a perpetual Union. And shall we hesitate for a moment, on such a question? The money consideration is far less than a month's cost of the war, and sinks into insignificance compared with the momentous results and consequences. Emancipation in Missouri, with her consent and the aid of Congress, is the first grand decisive victory of the Union in this contest, insures eventual success, and must now be placed beyond all hazard or contingency.



THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

WHERE shall we lay our comrade down?

Where shall the brave one sleep?

The battle's past, the victory won,

Now we have time to weep!

Bury him on the mountain's brow,

Where he fought so well;

Bury him where the laurels grow—

There he bravely fell!

There lay him in his generous blood,

For there first comes the light

When morning earliest breaks the cloud,

And lingers last at night!

What though no flow'ret there may bloom

To scent the chilly air,

The sky shall stoop to wrap his tomb,

The stars will watch him there!

What though no stone may mark his grave,

Yet Fame shall tell his race

Where sleeps the one so kind, so brave,

And God will find the place!

Bury him on the mountain's brow,

Where he fought so well;

Bury him where the laurels grow—

There he bravely fell!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION, by AUGUSTIN COCHIN, Ex-Mayor and Municipal Councillor of Paris. Work crowned by the Institute of France. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH, translator of Count de Gasparin's works on America, &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1863.

AUGUSTIN COCHIN, author of the work before us, is a man of a class in France from which we are specially well pleased to see vindications of Emancipation and of the policy of the Federal Union arise. His position is well and briefly stated in the preface as that of a Legitimist, a fast friend and ally of Count de Montalembert in his effort to raise up a Catholic Liberal party for the development of republican sentiments and institutions, and the ardent coadjutor of Père Lacordaire, Monseigneur d'Orleans, Viscount de Melun, and a host of other moderate reformers in behalf of freedom. He has some little reputation as a writer on public and political topics; is highly connected, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose than aught else, is a very practical man, and son-in-law to Benoist d'Azy, who, possessed of an immense fortune, an extensive landowner and proprietor of iron forges, has done perhaps more than any other man to advance the material interests of his country by railway building, mining, and agricultural improvements. We say that this is more to the purpose, since it is of importance that the men who *actively* employ capital should understand the falsehood of slavery as a productive force in any system of labor, anywhere, at the present day. And it is highly significant when we find such men so far enlightened in France at this time, where, although, as we learn, very advanced views in political economy are set forth, we have still apprehended that a deeply based attachment to slavery, common to all the Latin races, prevails. That the Radicals should oppose slavery is but natural, but such views among the highly cultivated aristocracy are indeed encouraging.

We cannot agree with M. Villemain, who,

in his report from the Academy, decreeing a prize of three thousand francs to M. Cochin for this work, speaks of it as inspired with 'eloquent zeal' and 'ardor.' It is very far from what it might have been as a *literary* production; and to one not interested in the facts and subject, is even—with the exception of its excellent Introduction—dry. The author is decidedly an economist, but he is *not* 'an apostle,' as his eulogist claims, unless it be in the sense in which any great collector and publisher of truths may be termed such. But on its true basis the work is indeed a great one, fully deserving the publisher's advertisement words, 'opportune and important.' The volume before us is a complete history, in a minor degree, of Slavery, and to a very full degree of Emancipation in the English and French colonies, with some account of the same in those belonging to Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Having made for many years a specialty of the subject, and having had placed at his disposal the published and unpublished papers and records of every ministry of Europe, as, for instance, of the English Board of Trade, M. Cochin has accumulated a mass of extremely valuable material—all of which is presented in a very clear, perfectly well arranged form—and which we need not say should be read by every one in public, since there is certainly no intelligent American at the present day on whom the necessity of acquiring full information on this subject is not almost a solemn duty. Next after crushing rebellion, the great task of the Federal Government should be to organize labor and adopt a vigorous *central* and *industrial* policy. To do this, the relations of free and of slave labor to circumstances should be extensively studied. As in the case of all wars involving an institution, the question between the North and the South at the present day is simply one between ignorance and knowledge—knowledge such as books like this are eminently adapted to disseminate.

Passing by religious and philosophic argument, neither of which has been of much practical avail in this country, since we see the Church of the South quite as zealous in upholding slavery on Biblical grounds as that of the North is in opposing it, we come to Cochin's first real argument—that political economy affirms the superiority of free over forced labor. Policy and charity unite in this—'charity detests slavery because it oppresses; policy, more elevated, condemns it *because it corrupts the inferior race.*'

We call attention to this sentence because it accurately expresses the difference between mere 'Abolition,' which regarded only the sufferings of the blacks, and that higher and more comprehensive policy of 'EMANCIPATION FOR THE SAKE OF THE WHITE MAN,' which declares that slavery always in time inevitably makes of the slaveholder an intolerable neighbor to the free white laborer. From this point our author sets forth the gradual growth of the aversion to slavery all over the Continent, with the reactionary tendency in its favor in the Cotton United States and in England. It is needless to say that, before the overwhelming light of *facts* presented, especially when these facts are drawn from the past as well as the present, and from every country instead of *one*, slavery is shown to be more than deadly-conservative; more than cruel; more than a mere dead wall in the way of the onward march of the century. The time will come when such a curse will be rooted out of a country by the strong hand of all civilized nations. Had England and France been truly enlightened to their own interests, this war would never have taken place.

The history of the African slave trade and the efforts to destroy it, the Emancipation of the French Convention and the reëstablishment of slavery by the Consulate, from 1794 to 1802, form the first chapter of this work. Hence we have its history, its abolition in 1848, and, after this, that most important part, a careful examination of the results of Emancipation, showing—as Sewall and others have done—the grossness of the current falsehood to the effect that it has led to evil results. For those who can see only a part instead of the whole, who regard the amount of good done to themselves as the test of everything, who make no allowance for a social transition, or for a future

(like our own 'treason-Democrats'), and who see in the black, whether slave or free, simply a creature whose whole mission is to benefit the white, it is true that Emancipation in certain isolated cases may not appear to have fully succeeded. The *truth* is, that freed labor has nowhere diminished—it has simply assumed *new forms*, more advantageous, for the time, to the laborer, while in most cases it has increased its profits. If slaves were overworked, there was no real gain;—if schools and marriage, cleanly independence and good clothing have increased tenfold among those who were once naked, starved, and ignorant, there has been a gain, although here and there less sugar is exported. And so the reader may trace the arguments and facts to the end.

Yet, after all, we feel almost ashamed that such a book should be really needed! What true *scholar* and honest man requires arguments of this kind? A thousand or two years ago, any king's daughter, any young lady, anybody walking in a lonely spot, was in danger of being kidnapped and sold to prostitution or slavery. Philosophers, poets, and artists were owned by brutal wretches; pious priests purchased gentlemen of noble birth for slaves. The pirate's galley swept every coast to steal any human being. Time rolled on, and slavery was modified. White slaves became serfs, serfs became free. The cause of emancipation is clear as that of any progressive reform—and yet, right in the face of history and God's truth, we see the Southern Confederacy and the British people daring to put themselves forward as the advocates of a crime so rapidly becoming obsolete. Yes—that is what the land of Wilberforce is now *practically* doing, while several of her writers, turning on their tracks, are beginning to 'reconsider' the subject in their writings!

WAR SONGS FOR FREEMEN. Dedicated to the Army of the United States. Third Edition. Printed for the New York Volunteers. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

HAVE you a friend in the army, especially one who sings occasionally, or if he be not canorous, say a friend who likes to read songs and hear them sung by others? In other words, would you, young lady reader (or any other reader), like to give some soldier at least half an hour's amusement for a

very trivial outlay? In such case we recommend you to purchase this little pamphlet, and investing in a postage stamp, send it off without delay to the Army of the —, whatever *that* may be.

The work in question contains thirty songs of the war, mostly written expressly for the book, and each accompanied by the music, in nearly all cases with the bass. Among the contributors are Dr. O. W. Holmes, who has given two capital lyrics, 'Union' and 'Liberty,' and a superb trumpet song, well adapted to *Was blasen die Trompeten?* or 'What are the trumpets blowing?' a spirited German air. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe contributes a 'Harvard Student's Song,' which is of course brilliant, earnest, and beautiful. It is set to the glorious old Slavonian—subsequently German air:

'Denkst du duran mein tapf'rer Lagienka?'

which no one ever heard without loving. C. T. Brooks has given to the grand and swelling *Landesvater* words in every way worthy of it:

'Comrades plighted,
Fast united,
Firm to death for Freedom stand!
See your country torn and bleeding,
Hear a mother's solemn pleading!
Rescue Freedom's promised land.'

The same author also gives the well known 'Korner's Prayer,' and 'The Vow.' From Mrs. T. Sedgwick we find a fine bold song, 'For a' that and a' that,' of course to the good old air of that name—a lyric of such decided merit in most respects that we regret to notice in it the venerable bull of 'polar stars,' quizzed long ago in another writer. Our contributor, Henry Perry Leland, has in this collection two songs, both strongly marked with the camp, neither setting forth the slightest earthly claim to be regarded as 'elevated poesie,' yet both remarkably sing-able, and probably destined to become broadly popular. Of these, 'Bully Boy Billy,' is set to a lilting 'devil may care' Low-Dutch camp tune—one of the kind which 'sings itself,' and is well adapted to a roaring chorus. From the same we find a lyric detailing the loss of a briarwood pipe stolen in a raid, which the grieving 'sojer' trusts (as we most sincerely do with him) may be found when Richmond's taken. Among the remaining lyrics are five

by Charles Godfrey Leland, including 'We're at War,' to the bold French air of the *Chœur des Girondins*, 'Northmen Come Out,' to the *Burschen heraus*, and 'Shall Freedom Droop and Die?' to the fine old air of 'Trelawney.' 'The Cavalry Song' has a brave air, composed for it by John K. Paine. Very spirited and merry is 'Overtures from Richmond,' set to the quaint air of '*Lilliburlero, bullen a la*,' which is said to have 'sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms.' We trust that some of the old charm still sticks to the magic words, and that it may do as much for King Jeff. as it once did for King James. Among the remaining lyrics are the following: 'Put it Through,' and 'Old Faneuil Hall,' by E. E. Hale; 'Our Country is Calling,' to '*Wohlauf Kameraden!*' by Rev. F. H. Hedge, and a translation of Luther's *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott* by the same; Hauff's 'Night Guard,' an exquisite German air, and 'I'll be a Sergeant,' and 'Would you be a Soldier, Laddy?' both of them capital spirited soldier-songs. Last, not least, we have the 'Lass of the Pamunkey,' by F. J. Child. We know not whether the incident detailed be strictly autobiographic or borrowed; it is at any rate well told and merrily music-ed.

The reader will do well to observe that this collection, which has already become immensely popular, and has furnished material for more than one excellent patriotic concert, is prepared solely for the benefit of the soldiers, *and that the proceeds of the sale of the book are all devoted to distributing it in the army.* All who wish to make a most acceptable little gift at a trifling price; all who are 'sending things' to the army; all who would secure an interesting specimen of the songs of the war, and, finally, all who would own a really excellent musical work, should send an order for the above mentioned to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863. 12mo, pp. 704. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. New York: Charles T. Evans.

IF Dickens's illustrious statistician, Mr. Gradgrind, were in the flesh to-day, how he would gloat over this book! The 'facts' presented in its seven hundred double-columned pages would satisfy, even to repletion, his voracious cravings; and once crammed with them, he would go forth into society a walking cyclopedia of all that ap-

pertained to the civil, military, agricultural, industrial, financial, educational, charitable, and religious condition of these United States.

But though we make no claim to belong to the Gradgrind family, we acknowledge with pleasure our gratification with this book. It has long been matter of reproach against us on the part of foreign writers on commerce and statistical science, that we produced no statistical works worthy the name. The publication of this work will forever put that reproach to silence. We have examined the book with care, and have been at a loss which most to admire, the patient and extraordinary labor which had brought together so vast a collection of important facts, or the complete and exhaustive treatment of every subject.

It is a marked characteristic of the work that, while omitting nothing necessary to a full elucidation of the past condition of the country, it brings all its statistics up to the latest dates. The United States debt is given to December 1, 1862; the Government receipts and expenditures for the financial year 1862; the issues of the mint to the autumn of 1862; the contributions of each State to the volunteer army to December, 1862; the finances of most of the States to the same date; even the Pacific States being brought up to last autumn; and the condition of the Rebel army and finances to January 1, 1863. Such enterprise deserves, and must achieve success.

Noticeable, too, for its completeness and thoroughness, is the 'Record of Events' of the war, occupying nearly eighty pages, and forming a continuous and admirable journal of the war up to the close of last year. In the States, also, the fulness and variety of detail of the finances, debts, banks, railroads (a new feature), educational institutions, charitable and correctional organizations, agriculture, manufactures, and military organization of each State, possess a deep interest to any man who desires to know the actual condition and resources of his country. We were particularly pleased with a series of diagrams, prepared by Prof. Gillespie of Union College, illustrating at a glance the changes which have taken place in the relative population of the different States, the relative proportion of increase of white and of slave population, and the effect produced by this

upon different sections. We have not, at the late hour at which we write, time or room to indicate a tithe of the valuable features of this remarkable book; we can only say, that whoever expends the small sum necessary for its purchase, will most assuredly obtain an ample equivalent for his money.

THE ORPHEUS C. KERR PAPERS. Second Series. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway. 1863.

DURING the present decade the American public has welcomed almost annually a new humorist. Thus we have seen in rapid succession John Phoenix, Doesticks, Fanny Fern, and Artemus Ward enjoying extraordinary popularity, and then new 'lords of misrule' 'reigning in their stead.' The last popular favorite is 'Orpheus C. Kerr'—a name thinly disguising that of Office Seeker, and which is not indeed too well chosen, since in the volume before us little or nothing relative to the very suggestive subject of office-seeking, on the part of the author at least, is to be found. The book itself is, however, marvelously laugh-provoking, abounding in the oddest conceits, strangest stories, and drollest extravaganzas in the most ultra American vein. If the men who best ridicule great failures in war and in politics, are the ones most to be dreaded, it must be admitted that 'Orpheus C. Kerr' is the sharpest thorn which has been as yet planted in the side of the 'Young Napoleons' of our army, whose ability seems to consist in building up the strength of the enemy by delay and in canvassing indirectly for the Presidency. There is no cause so good as to be without abuses, and the abuses which have crept into our management of the war are touched off in these papers as merrily as unmercifully. They have done 'yeoman's service' in the press, hitting all sides, but bearing most heavily on 'Young Napoleon' and the *status quo* Democracy. It cannot be denied that the humor of these sketches is often merely extravagant, sometimes harshly strained, and occasionally bare and thin enough in all conscience, while the stories of the Cosmopolite Club seem like mere 'filling up' to 'make pages;' yet with all this there is more real wit, humor, and life-knowledge in this volume than would give tone and strength to half a dozen ordinary popular essayists

of the Country Parson school. Extravagance is however to American narrative what it is to Arab conversation, something much less *outré* to those who are born to it than to strangers, who are unable to discount like the natives as fast as the sums total are set down. Making every allowance for every defect, there remains in 'Orpheus C. Kerr' a residuum of irresistible humor, provoking scores of hearty laughs, and many indications of a basis of thought and of literary ability which place him far in advance of the later writers of his school. He takes a wider range, too wide indeed at times, since he occasionally becomes 'Cockneyfied.' We wish that 'Villiam' and the Willis-y 'my boy' were less frequently mentioned. Yet as all this is atoned for by abundance of true American fun, we readily pardon such echoes, trusting that in his future writings our humorist will endeavor to be in all things truly original. He can be so by the very simple process of pruning.

POEMS. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New York: Carleton. 1863.

MOST of these very pleasant little strains of word-music and of graceful thought have been frequently brought before the American public, and become familiar favorites. They now reappear to advantage in a delicate blue-and-gold volume, with a medallion portrait of the poet.

MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice Illustrated from Celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By EMERIC SZABAD, Captain U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

AN excellent work, of an eminently practical nature, which may be read with interest and profit by every one in a time when there

are so few who do not assume to be more or less critical in the art of war.

THE PIRATES OF THE PRAIRIES; or, Adventures in the American Desert. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. New York: Frederic A. Brady. 1863.

A VERY trashy wildcat romance, highly spiced with sensation sentiment, "r-r-revenge," and other melo-dramatic attributes. Its author is well known as an extensive contributor to what may be called the Sadly-Neglected-Apprentice school of literature and of readers.

ANDRÉE DE TAVERNEY, or the Downfall of French Monarchy. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1863.

WHEN we, on the publishers' authority, inform the reader that this is really 'the final conclusion' of the 'Countess of Charny,' the 'Memoirs of a Physician,' and a small library of other works, we shall doubtless send a thrill of joy to more than one heart. Incredible as it may appear, the Dumas factory, as *Maquet* termed it, has actually finished one of its valuable historical series—unless indeed the director-in-chief should see fit to republish the long-forgotten first volume, as a subsequent final conclusion to this of 'Andrée de Taverney.'

VERNER'S PRIDE; a Tale of Domestic Life. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. In two volumes. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1863.

A decidedly English novel, of a type well known to our public, embracing few novelties of character, yet well written, with the story well told. It has, we believe, been so fortunate as to secure a wide circulation.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is a dangerous task for the editor of a monthly review, in times like these, to comment on what has been or is likely to be done by the army, when no one knows what a day may bring forth. But, as regards those of the enemy among us who are scheming to aid and abet their Southern friends, we may speak more confidently. These traitors, though they have of late cast off the mask, and no longer pretend to aid the Administration and the cause of the Union, are still obliged to move with the caution without which trachery and cowardice would soon perish. It is, however, a bitter and a humiliating thought that they are so openly active among us, that they hold meetings where the ruin of the country is calmly meditated, that they form clubs, that they stir up the mob of their degraded hangers-on to hurrah for JEFFERSON DAVIS in our streets, and that finally no amount of exposure and of denunciation in the patriotic press seems to have the slightest effect in attracting to them the punishment they deserve.

The traitors of whom we speak are of two classes, the leaders and the dupes. The latter, careless of the fact that even if a *sudden* peace could be brought about it must overwhelm the country in financial ruin, believe in a restitution of the *status quo ante bellum*. They think that their leaders will, in unison with DAVIS and his colleagues, reunite, annul Emancipation, disavow the acts of the Lincoln Administration, and reëstablish Slavery. Cotton is again to be king, and all go on as of old, save that New England is to be thrown out of the confederacy. They are encouraged in this belief by lying or cunningly managed letters from the South, and by assurances that the confederate leaders are secretly working to this end and aim. 'We got along very well before the war,' is their constant complaint, 'and we could do as well again, were it not for the Emancipationists.' Among the lukewarm, the cowardly, the meanly selfish and avaricious, and

the habitual grumblers, such doctrines are readily made plausible. Those especially, who measure the propriety of carrying on a war solely by the amount of success which they desire, and who are incapable of great thoughts and principles, are easily duped by intriguing villany.

The leaders of these dupes have no faith whatever in restoring the Union. They have no desire to restore it. Men like Fernando Wood hope from their very hearts for a complete disintegration—the more thorough, for them, the better. They could never expect to command the ship, and so they are willing to wreck her, in the hope of each securing a fragment. Ruined in character in the eyes of all honest men, their names a byword for treason, and in most cases for literal crimes, political outcasts of the stamp who are said to vibrate between the legislature and the penitentiary, these desperadoes are now working with all their might to mass the cowardice of the North into a body powerful enough to do collectively, that for which an individual has in all countries and in all ages been judged worthy the gallows. But for this war they must have been confined to representing the dangerous classes of our cities—the ignorance and vice which finds in them congenial leaders. As it is, they hope for wider fields and more absolute sway.

There is reason to apprehend that the men who are really true to the Union do not appreciate the extent to which treason is working among us. Worse than all, there are many, who, while believing themselves true to the good cause, are, by constant grumbling and complaint, aiding the very worst form of disunion. Could we prevail with one prayer upon the heart of every Federal freeman, it would be to implore him in this hour of trial not to withhold his warmest support from the Administration and to fall into the common weakness of fault-finding and despairing. Such enormous wars as this never have been ended in a few months;

wars especially which involve the deepest antagonism of social principles in existence. And our winnings have been neither few nor light. The Southern Border States, with little exception, are now ours, and will inevitably be fully won in time: New Orleans is a pledge, with other important points, and the enemy admit that every Southern seaboard town is destined to be taken. Does this look like the wild boasting of the South two years ago, when the North was to be plundered, Washington taken, and the Free States trampled under the heel of a chivalry fiercely crying, *Væ victis!*—‘Woe to the conquered!’? There is no danger now from the enemy: as he himself admits, two years more of the war would not, at the rate in which we progress, leave him a single State; and be it borne in mind that a *speedy* return to peace is only to be purchased at the price of a terrible financial crisis.

But we are in danger from the traitors *at home*. JEFFERSON DAVIS is less deadly to the Federal Union and less to be dreaded than the men who are scheming to make of New York a free city, and of every State and county a feudal principality.

THE intentions of Louis Napoleon as regards Mexico are beginning to excite interest. Whatever they may be, there is one thing which it would be well for the French Emperor never to forget. He holds France simply as a pledge to the Revolution. So long as he remains true to the cause of liberty—and, despite names and circumstances, he has been truer to it than many suppose—he will remain in power. When he is false to it he will perish. It was through forgetting this that his uncle died at St. Helena—it was through forgetting this that Louis Philippe quitted Paris in a very citizenly but most un-kingly manner. The *bourgeoisie* of France and the gossips of Paris may storm at the Federal Union, *épiciers* may growl for our sugar, and operatives for cotton, but this class—on whom Louis Philippe made the mistake of solely relying, with a little help from the aristocracy—are not the men who guide the storms of revolution in France. The arch spirits of mischief are more secret, and of late years they have learned much. They are no longer so much inclined to Socialism, Père Cabét and ‘national ateliers,’ still less to guillotines

and noyades. But they are firm as ever, as jealous of despotism as ever, and, for an oppressor, as powerful as ever. And we believe that this class of men are firmly attached to the great cause of progressive freedom as represented by the Federal States and by the present Administration. Every day sees the truth spreading in France, and with its extension goes a deeply seated interest in the abolition of slavery. France—unlike England—feels shame at the idea of being chronicled in history as aiding oppression. The Frenchman is not so enormously conceited, so pitifully vain as to believe, like the Briton, that a crime is a virtue when for *his* own peculiar interest. Vain as the French may be, they have not quite come to *that*.

It must be admitted that the French are a shrewd nation. We were wont to think of old that there was more spite than intelligence in the epithet by which they characterized John Bull as ‘perfidious.’ They were right, for time has shown us that Venice, in the full bloom of her night-shade iniquity and poniard policy, was never falselier at heart than this great, brawling, boasting, beef-eating England—this ‘merry England’ of paupers and prisons, where one man in every eight is buried at public expense—this Mother England, which starves away annually half a million of emigrants—this Honest Old England, which floods the world with pick-pockets, burglars, and correspondents for the *Times*.

It was a trifling thing which brought on the French Revolution of 1848—the return of foreign refugees to Austria, and other significant indications of joining with the old powers in oppressing freedom. Let Louis Napoleon beware of an anti-American policy—for to every such policy there will be an opposition, with a spectre of the Revolution in the background.

WHEN these remarks meet the eye of the reader, the infamous conduct of the drunken Delaware Southern-ape Senator, SAULSBURY, will in all probability have been forgotten. We have for so many years been so familiarized with the ribald or rowdy pranks of the chivalry, and of those more miserable wretches their Northern servants, that the mass of the public seems even yet quite willing to endure, for the poor payment of an

apology, conduct which should anywhere have promptly consigned to imprisonment, at least, the guilty one. Not but that the apology of SAULSBURY was humble enough in all conscience. But it is time that our halls of legislation were thoroughly purified, now that 'chivalric' brigandage and the Southern system of personal retaliation no longer prevail. The first legislator who shall dare to draw a weapon in a place sacred to the councils of his country, should be permanently expelled from those councils, and made to feel by rigorous imprisonment, and life-long disfranchisement, the enormous infamy of his offence. We wonder that the English press treats us as a nation of boors and fools, and yet permit a representative on the floor of the Senate to set forth in his own person the worst of which a boor or fool is capable, and accept as full reparation a drunken-head-aching apology!

These are the days of reform, and we sincerely trust that the reform will extend to the conduct of all our representatives, especially in Congress. The man who shall dare to apply, not merely to the President, but to any fellow member, while in either House, any terms of personal abuse, should incur a punishment which would teach him for the future to keep a civil tongue in his head, and make him endeavor to assume in future, at least the outward deportment of a gentleman. The going armed into such an assembly should however be promptly visited with a penalty of the extremest severity. It is time that the North freed itself entirely of these Southern 'dead rabbits' of the Saulsbury stamp, and indicated by every means in its power its determination to progress in the path of justice, order, and civilization.

ALL contributions, letters, &c., intended for the editors of THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE, should be addressed to the care of JOHN F. TROW, Esquire, No. 50 Greene street, New York. Correspondents directing to Mr. LELAND are particularly requested to bear this address in mind, as that gentleman is no longer a resident of Boston.

WE publish the poetical tale, THE LADY AND HER SLAVE, by an American lady, subscribing herself *Incognita*. This is a poem of great genius and power. Whilst it pos-

sesses the inspiration of poetry, it has all the merits of a truthful and most interesting tale, combined with a splendid intellectual argument against slavery. This poem unites the logic of Pope with the genius and poetical inspiration of Goldsmith. It is a tragedy, and might be transferred to the stage. We trust *Incognita* will continue her favors to THE CONTINENTAL. R. J. W.

THE rise in specie and in exchange is, we observe, spoken of as 'unprecedented.' The following extract from a work entitled, 'The British Empire in America,' written in 1740, shows that we are as yet far from having attained the differences in these respects:

'As to Money, they have none, Gold or Silver: About 50 Years ago they had some coined at *Boston*; but there's not enough now for Retailers. All Payments are in Province Bills, even so low as *Half a Crown*; thus every Man's Money is his Pocket Book. This makes the Course of Exchange so exorbitant, that 100*l.* in *London* made out lately 225*l.* in *New-England*; and if a Merchant sells his Goods from *England* at 220*l.* Advance upon 100*l.* in the Invoice, he would be a Loser by the Bargain, considering the incidental Charges on his Invoice.'

So that after all, they had as great 'ups and downs' of old as do we of the present day.

Apropos of the old book in question, it abounds in quaint bits of information, given in a dry, free and easy style seldom found at the present day in any work of the kind. Thus it tells us, among the anecdotes of ELLIOT the missionary, that an Indian in a religious conference asked how God could create man in his own image, since according to the second commandment it was forbidden to make any such image?

'To qualify him for the Work he was going about, Mr Elliot learnt the *Indian* Language as barbarous as can come out of the Mouth of Man, as will be seen by these Instances:

'*Nummatchekodtantamoonganunnonash*, is in English, *Our Lusts*; a Word that the Reverend Mr Elliot must often have occasion to make Use of. As long as it is, we meet with a longer still:

'*Kummogkodonattoottummoociteaongannunonash*, meaning Our Question.

'*Gannunonash* seems to be 'our,' because we find it in the End of the First Word, as well as the second, * * and this appears again in another Word:

'Noowomantammooonkanunnonash, 'Our Loves.'

'The longest of these *Indian Words* is to be measured by the Inch, and reaches to near half a Foot; and if Mr *Elliot* did put as many of these Words in a Sermon of his, as Mr *Peters* put *English Words* in one of his Sermons, everyone of them must have made a sizeable Book and have taken up three or four Hours in utterance.'

The *Peters* referred to was the celebrated *Hugh Peters*, *Cromwell's* chaplain. Our author vindicates this clergyman from certain scandalous charges, declaring that he had asked of his daughter, *Miss Peters*, if they were so, which she had utterly denied! Less credulous is he as regarded '*William Pen*' (with whom he seems to have been on terms of great personal intimacy), since he hints very broadly in one passage, that he put no faith whatever in a certain assertion of '*Pen*' as to his own (*Penn's*) good behavior when amiably smiled on by a *belle sauvage*, who, as the French would say, was not savage at all. 'Scandal, scandal all,' we doubt not. There are gossipers in every age, tattlers in every corner of history, and who escapes them? *Cato* did not, *Washington* could not, and '*Mr Pen*' even must fill his place with the great maligned. Let us trust that our incautious dip from the old work may not, suggest to any novel maker '*Penn and the Princess*,—a Tale of the Olden Time.'

THE following poem, which we find in the *Philadelphia Press*, is among the best of the many sad lyrics which the war has inspired. The music of the refrain is remarkable:

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars;
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemoeking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the Hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

MUCH has been said of the high price paid to opera singers. The celebrated *BERLIOZ* once reduced it to details in the following words:

'The first tenor,' he said, 'has 100,000 *fres.* per annum, and he sings for it about seven times during the month, or eighty-four times during the year. This would be about 1,100 francs per evening. Admitted then that his part would contain 1,100 notes or syllables, the price of each syllable would be 1 franc. Consequently in *William Tell*:

'Ma (1 fr.) presence (3 fr.) pour vous est
peut etre un outrage (9 fr.)
Mathilde (3 fr.) mes pas indiscret (100 sous).
On osée jusqu'a vous se frayer une passage!
(13 fr.)

'These three lines therefore cost 34 francs. A great sum! Engaging under these circumstances a *Prima Donna*, at the miserable pittance of 40,000 francs, the answer of *Mathilde* amounts to much less, for every syllable would then cost but 8 sous: but even that is not so bad after all.

'We laugh,' adds *Berlioz*, 'but the theatres have to pay. They will pay until the treasury is empty, and after that the '*Immortals*' will have to condescend to give singing lessons (i. e., those who know enough for it), or to sing at public places with accompaniment of one guitar, four candles, and a green carpet. After that we may be able to construct the Temple of Music on a firmer basis.'

At these rates, the old form of declaring that any thing went for 'a mere song,' would not say much for its cheapness. But if—as *Berlioz* seems to think—these high prices are to be regretted, we still cannot see how they are to be remedied. The public, for want of better amusement, keep up the

opera, and the different opera houses keep up the prices by outbidding each other. When municipal governments shall recognize the fact that amusement is a constant quantity in the administration of a state, and provide first-class entertainments *gratis* or at nominal rates, there will be much vice done away with and many rum shops closed—which would be bad, by the way, for the Democrato-Rum-elected Governor Seymour, for the whole alcoholic vote was cast in his favor. There will, we believe, come a time when the party of progress will urge an enlarged provision of education and recreation for the people, with the same earnestness which it now shows in forwarding Emancipation.

ENGLAND has by her Southern sympathy fairly put a serpent girdle of her treachery around the earth. For further particulars consult the following:

TO JOHN BULL.

Oh don't you remember sweet Ireland, John Bull?
 Green Erin beyond the blue sea?
 And the patriots there whom you starved,
 hung, and shot,
 Because they desired to be free.
 On the lone heather wild, in the dark silent
 glen,
 The peasant still shows you the graves
 Of the heroes who fell in the year ninety-eight
 And died ere they'd live as your slaves.
 And don't you remember your own words,
 John Bull,
 Of the Southern Confed—er—a—cie?
 When you said in the *Times*, that your heart
 went of course
 With a brave race which sought to be free.
 Oh what do you think of Old Ireland, John
 Bull?
 There's a race that's as brave as your own,
 And one that would like very well to be free,
 If you only would let it alone.
 And don't you remember great India, John
 Bull?
 With the Sepoys you blew from your guns,
 And the insult and murder of Brahmins, John
 Bull,
 For some outrage endured from their sons?
 The outrage was proved a black lie, as you
 know,
 A lie, as your own books declare:
 Your hell-hounds of HAVELOCKS stirred up the
 war,
 And what business had they to be there?

And don't you remember great China, John
 Bull,
 Where you smeared yourself blacker with
 sin?
 Where the Emperor tried to keep opium out,
 And you fought to force opium in?
 It was *Government* opium from India, too,
 Which poisons both body and soul;
 You have fought against freedom with steel,
 Johnny Bull;
 With the steel and the cord and the bowl.

And do you believe in a God, Johnny Bull,
 Or *anything* after the grave?
 Then tell us what waits for the sinner who aids
 The tyrant to trample the slave?
 I'll not ask if you've faith in a Devil, John
 Bull:
 One might think he were laid on the shelf,
 To see you unpunished—but now I believe
 That you are the False One himself.

WE are indebted to a friend for the following tales of foraging, which are vouched for as authentic:

A company of the Two—th cavalry of volunteers, no matter in what State, were out on a forage, with the usual orders to respect the enemy's property. But coming on a plantation where chickens and turkeys were dallying in the sunshine, the officer in command, tired of pork and plaster-pies, alias hard biscuit, gave the boys leave to club over as many of the 'two-legged things in feathers' as they could conveniently come at. The result was that a good number were despatched, and being tied together by the legs, were slung over the pommel of the saddle of 'Benny,' an old *sabreur*, who had frontiered it for years, been in more Indian fights than you could shake a stick at, and could tell, if he wanted to, of some high-old-hard times with these same Mdewakantonwar, Wahpekute, Ihanktonwannas, and Minnikanyewazhipu red-skinned fiends.

Returning to camp, as ill luck would have it, they met the colonel of their regiment riding out to a neighboring camp. Just before they met him, in fact when they were nearly up to him, for a curve in the road had hid him from sight till then, the officer in command rode by Benny with the command:

'D—n it, man, why don't you sling those chickens the other side your saddle? The colonel will see them, hanging that way.'

'Can't be done! got fourteen turkeys *there* on a balance!'

By remarkably good fortune the colonel did not see the chickens, so they and the turkeys were safely smuggled into camp.

Benny getting full credit for maintaining the balance of power, when the odds were dead against him.

Story ye second :

When the Forty-eleventh P. M. were camped near Boonesboro', what time the rebels were driven out of Maryland, the colonel of the said regiment duly issued orders that all provender taken by troops under his command should be fairly paid for without defalcation for value received. Now it happened one bright morning that the major of the aforesaid regiment riding out near camp, saw a private deliberately lift up what is known in Southern tongue as a 'rock,' and throwing the same with great skill, instantly kill a small pig that with half a dozen other small pigs were following their mother at full speed away from the neighborhood of this same private.

The soldier, who was an Irishman, picked up the pig, and hiding it under his army sack, was returning to camp, when, lifting up his head, he saw before him the major, who, assuming his most solemn look, thus spoke to him : 'What have you under your coat, there?'

'Shure it's an empty stomach, sirr!—and a small pig that's hurted itself—poor little thing!—and I'm taking it home to mend its leg, to be sure:—the poor crayture wud be after dying if left all alone in the cold, the raw morning.'

The major dearly relished the joke, but discipline is discipline, and there was but one way to overlook this breach of it: that was to punish Paddy by giving him a three-mile walk down the road, and over the fields back to camp, before he could bring his pig in.

'You say the pig is lame?' asked the officer.

'Shure, that's the truth, sirr; and I'm afther belaving it'll niver be able to run any more at all, at all: be the same token its tail's out of curl entirely; and had'nt I better be afther taking it home than letting it die like a hay-thin in the road here?'

'Do you see that old sow down the road there with those other pigs? you follow her home at *once*, sir, and leave the lame pig *there*!'

Saying which, the major continued his ride, and the Irishman duly followed the old sow

to—a turn in the road, when he 'obeyed orders,' and left the lame pig 'at home,' where that night at least one mess had roast pig with '*ubi beans ibi patria*' sauce at discretion.

TO

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

ON BOARD THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

YE Mariners of England,
That shame your country's fame;
That peddle chains to bind the slave,
In the blood-royal name!
Your glorious standard hide away,
Hoist slave flags in its place,
And steal o'er the deep,
With our Yankee ships in chase:
And ye peddlers, shun the starry flag,
While the Yankee cruisers chase.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the ocean was their field of fame,
And ye insult their grave.
Where they like bold men fought and fell,
Ye take a part that's base,
And steal o'er the deep
With our Yankee ships in chase:
And ye peddlers, shun the starry flag,
While the Yankee cruisers chase.

Britannia needeth cotton,
And so your honor 'll sleep;
Your market's o'er the mounting wave,
Your greed of gain lies deep.
Your sovereign bids you walk upright;—
Her fair fame you disgrace,
And steal o'er the deep,
With our Yankee ships in chase:
And ye peddlers, shun the starry flag,
While our Yankee cruisers chase.

The meteor flag of England
Should redder burn for shame,
When it waves o'er chains for slaves
In Princess Royal's name.
Mourn, mourn, ye ocean hucksters!
Your goods and ships are lost:
To the shame of your name
Get you home and count the cost:
For your Princess Royal's gone for good;
Get you home and count the cost.

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. III.—APRIL, 1863.—No. IV.

THE WONDERS OF WORDS.

EVERY nation has its legend of a 'golden age'—when all was young and fresh and fair—'*comme les couleurs primitives de la nature*'—even before the existence of this gaunt shadow of Sorrow—the shadow of ourselves—that ever stalks in company with us;—an epoch of Saturnian rule, when gods held sweet converse with men, and man primeval bounded with all the elasticity of god-given juvenility:

('Ah! remember,
This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago.')

And even now, in spite of our atheism and our apathism, amid all the overwhelming world-influences of this great 'living Present'—the ghost of the dead Past will come rushing back upon us with its solemn voices and its infinite wailings of pity: but soft and faint it comes; for the wild jarrings of the Now almost prevent us from hearing its still, small voices. It

'Is but a *dim-remembered* story
Of the old time entombed.'

Besides, what is History but the story of the bygone? The elegy, too, comes to us as the last lamenting, sadly solemn swan-song of that glorious golden time. And, indeed, are not all poesies but various notes of that mighty diapason

of Thought and Feeling, that has, through the ages, been singing itself in jubilee and wail?

So it is in the individual—(for is not the individual ever the rudimental, formula-like expression of that awful problem which nations and humanity itself are slowly and painfully working out?): in the 'moonlight of memory' these sorrowful mementos revisit every one of us; and

——— 'But I am not now
That which I *have been*'—

and *vanitas vanitatum!* are not only the satisfied croakings of *blasé* Childe Harolds, but our universal experience; while from childhood's gushing glee even unto manhood's sad satiety, we feel that all are nought but the phantasmagoria

'of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.'

Listen now to a snatch of melody:

'The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, wherever I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the
earth!'

So saith the mild Braminical Wordsworth. Now it will be remembered that Wordsworth, in that glorious ode whence we extract the above, develops the Platonic idea (shall we call Platonic that which has been entertained by the wise and the *feeling* of all times?) of a shadowy recollection of past and eternal existence in the profundities of the Divine Heart. 'It sounds forth here a mournful remembrance of a faded world of gods and heroes—as the echoing plaint for the loss of man's original, celestial state, and paradisiacal innocence.' And then we have those transcendent lines that come to us like aromatic breezes blowing from the Spice Islands:

'Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

But,

'descending
From these imaginative heights that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,'—

what have the golden age and Platonic *dicta* to do with our word-ramble? A good deal. For we will endeavor to show that words, being the very sign-manual of man's convictions, contain the elements of what may throw light on both. To essay this:

Why is it that we generally speak of death as a 'return,' or a 'return home'? And how is it that this same idea has so remarkably interwoven itself with the very warp and woof of our language and poetry?—so that in our fervency we can sing:

'Jerusalem, my glorious home,' etc.

Does not the very idea (not to mention the composition of the word) of a 'return' involve a previously having been in the place? And we can scarcely call that 'home' where we have never been before. So, that 'old Hebrew book' sublimely tells us that

'the spirit of the man *returneth* to God who gave it.'

Is it possible that these can be obscure intimations of that bygone time when we were rocked in the bosom of the Divine consciousness? Perhaps And now if the reader will pardon a piece of moralizing, we would say that these expressions teach us in the most emphatic way that—'*This is not our rest.*' So that when we have dived into every mine of knowledge and drunk from every fountain of pleasure; when, with Dante, we arrive at the painful conclusion that

'Tutto l' oro, ch' è sotto la luna,
E che già fu, di queste anime stanche
Non potrebbe farne posar una,'

(since, indeed, the Finite can never gain entire satisfaction in itself)—we may not despair, but still the heart-throbbings, knowing that He who has—for a season—enveloped us in the mantle of this sleep-rounded life, and thrown around himself the drapery of the universe—spangling it with stars—will again take us back to his fatherly bosom.

Somewhat analogous to these, and arguing the eternity of our existence, we have such words as 'decease,' which merely imports a *withdrawal*; 'demise,' implying also a laying down, a *removal*. By the way, it is rather curious to observe the notions in the mind of mankind that have given rise to the words expressing 'death.' Thus we have the Latin word *mors*—allied, perhaps, to the Greek *μόςος* and *μοῖρα*,* from *μείρομαι*—to *portion out*, to *assign*. Even this, however, there was a repulsion to using; and both the Greeks and Romans were wont to slip clear of the employment of their *θάνατος*, *mors*, etc., by such circumlocutions as *vitam suam mutare*, *transire e seculo*; *κοιμήσατο χάλκεον ὕπνον*—*he slept the brazen sleep* (Homer's *Iliad*, A, 241); *τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσος ἐκάλυ-*

* This alliance may be fanciful (though we observe some of the best German lexicographers have it so); a better origin might, perhaps, be found in the Sanscrit *mri*, etc.

ψεν—and darkness covered his eyes ((Iliad, Z, 11); or, *he completeth the destiny of life*, etc. This reminds us of the French aversion to uttering their *mort*. These expressions, again, are suggestive of our 'fate,' with an application similar to the Latin *fatum*, which, indeed, is none other than 'id quod *fatum est* a deis'—a God's word. So that in this sense we may all be considered 'fatalists,' and all things *fated*. Why not? However, in the following from *Festus*, it is the 'deil' that makes the assertion:

FESTUS. Forced on us.

LUCIFER. *All things are of necessity.*

FESTUS. Then best.

But the good are never fatalists. The bad Alone act by necessity, they say.

LUCIFER. It matters not what men assume to be;

Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.'

In which we may agree that his majesty was not so very far wrong.

Moreover, 'Why *should* we mourn departed friends?'—since we know that they are but lying in the *μνηστήριον* (cemetery)—the *sleeping place*; or, as the vivid old Hebrew faith would have it, *the house of the living* (Bethaim). Is not this testimony for the soul's immortality worth as much as all the rhapsody written thereon, from Plato to Addison?

Some words are the very essence of poetry; redolent with all beauteous phantasies; odoriferous as flowers in spring, or discoursing an awful organ-melody, like to the re-bellowing of the hoarse-sounding sea. For instance, those two noble old Saxon words 'main' and 'deep,' that we apply to the ocean—what a music is there about them! The 'main' is the *maegen*—the strength, the *strong one*; the great 'deep' is precisely what the name imports. Our employment of 'deep' reminds of the Latin *altum*, which, properly signifying high or lofty, is, by a familiar species of metonymy, put for its opposite.

By the way, how exceedingly timid are our poets and poetasters generally

of the open sea—*la pleine mer*. They linger around the shores thereof, in a vain attempt to sit snugly there *à leur aise*, while they 'call spirits from the vasty deep'—that never did and never would come on such conditions, though they grew hoarse over it. We all remember how Sandy Smith labors with making abortive *grabs* at its *amber tails*, *main*, etc. (rather slippery articles on the whole)—but he is not

'A shepherd in the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main!'

Hail shade of Thomson! But hear how the exile sings it:

'La mer! partout la mer! des flots, des flots
encor!

L'oiseau fatigue en vain son inégal essor.

Ici les flots, là-bas les ondes.

Toujours des flots sans fin par des flots repoussés;

L'œil ne voit que des flots dans l'abîme entassés

Rouler sous les vagues profondes.'*

This we, for our part, would pronounce one of the very best open-sea sketches we have ever met with; and if the reader will take even our unequal rendering, he may think so too.

'The sea! all round, the sea! flood, flood o'er
billow surges!

In vain the bird fatigued its faltering wing
here urges.

Billows beneath, waves, waves around;

Ever the floods (no end!) by urging floods
repulsed;

The eye sees but the waves, in an abyss engulfed,

Roll 'neath their lairs profound.'

'Aurora' comes to us as a remnant of that beautiful Grecian mythology that deified and poetized everything; and even to us she is still the 'rosy-fingered daughter of the morn.' The 'Levant,' 'Orient,' and 'Occident' are all of them poetical, for they are all true translations from nature. The 'Levant' is where the sun is *levant*, raising himself up. 'Orient' will be recognized as the same figure from *orior*; while 'occident' is, of course,

* 'Les Orientals,' par VICTOR HUGO. *Le Feu du ciel*.

the opposite in signification, namely, the declining, the 'setting' place.

'Lethe' is another classic myth. It is ὁ τῆς λήθης ποταμός—the river of forgetfulness, 'the oblivious pool.' Perhaps is it that all of us, as well as the son of Thetis, had a dip therein.

There exists not a more poetic expression than 'Hyperborean,' *i. e.* ὑπερβόρεος—*beyond Boreas*; or, as a modern poet finely and faithfully expands it:

'Beyond those regions cold
Where dwells the Spirit of the North-Wind,
Boreas old.'

Homer never manifested himself to be more of a poet than in the creation of this word. By the way, the Hyperboreans were regarded by the ancients as an extremely happy and pious people.

How few of those who use that very vague, grandiloquent word 'Ambrosial' know that it has reference to the 'ambrosia' (ἄμβροτος, *immortal*), the food of the gods! It has, however, a secondary signification, namely, that of an unguent, or perfume, hence fragrant; and this is probably the prevailing idea in our 'ambrosial': instance Milton's 'ambrosial flowers.' It was, like the 'nectar' (νέκταρ, an *elixir vitæ*), considered a veritable elixir of immortality, and consequently denied to men.

The Immortals, in their golden halls of 'many-topped Olympus,' seem to have led a merry-enough life of it over their nectar and ambrosia, their laughter and intrigues.

But not half as jolly were they as were Odin and the Iotun—dead drunk in Valhalla over their mead and ale, from

'the ale-cellars of the Iotun,
Which is called Brimir.'

The daisy (Saxon *Daeges ege*) has often been cited as fragrant with poesy. It is the *Day's Eye*: we remember Chaucer's affectionate lines:

'Of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most those floures of white and
rede,
Such that men called *daisies* in our toun,
To them I have so great affection.'

Nor is he alone in his love for the

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.'

An odoriferous-enough (etymologic) bouquet could we cull from the names of Flora's children. What a beauty is there in the 'primrose,' which is just the *prime*-rose; in the 'Beauty of the Night' and the 'Morning Glory,' except when a pompous scientific terminology, would convert it into a *convolvulus*! So, too, the 'Anemone' (ἄνεμος, the wind-flower), into which it is fabled Venus changed her Adonis. What a story of maiden's love does the 'Sweet William' tell; and how many charming associations cluster around the 'Forget-me-not!' Again, is there not poetry in calling a certain family of minute crustacea, whose two eyes meet and form a single round spot in the centre of the head, 'Cyclops'—(κύκλωψ, circular-eyed)?

And if any one thinketh that there cannot be poetry even in the dry technicalities of science, let him take such an expression as 'coral,' which, in the original Greek, κοράλιον, signifies a *sea damsel*; or the chemical 'cobalt,' 'which,' remarks Webster, 'is said to be the German *Kobold*, a goblin, the demon of the mines; so called by miners, because cobalt was troublesome to miners, and at first its value was not known.' Ah! but these terms were created before *Science*, in its rigidity, had taught us the *truth* in regard to these matters. Yes! and fortunate is it for us that we still have words, and ideas clustering around these words, that have not yet been chilled and exanimated by the frigid touch of an empirical knowledge. For

'Still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old
names.'

And may benign heaven deliver us from those buckram individuals who imagine that Nature is as narrow and rigid as their own contracted selves, and who would seek to array her in their own exquisite bottle-green bifur-

cations and a *gilet à la mode*! These characters always put us in mind of the statues of Louis XIV, in which he is represented as Jupiter or Hercules, nude, with the exception of the lion's hide thrown round him—and the long, flowing peruke of the times! O Jupiter tonans! let us have either the lion or the ass—only let it be *veracious*!

To proceed: 'Auburn' is probably connected with *brennan*, and means *sun-burned*, analogous, indeed, to 'Ethiopian' (Αἰθίοψ), *one whom the sun has looked upon*.

How seldom do we think, in uttering 'adieu,' that we verily say, I commend you à Dieu—to God; that the lightly-spoken *good-by* means *God be wi' you*,* or that the (if possible) still more frequent and *unthinking* 'thank you,' in reality assures the person addressed—I will think often of you.

'Eld' is a word that has the poetic aroma about it, and is an example (of which we might adduce additional cases from the domain of 'poetic diction') of a word set aside from a prose use and devoted exclusively to poetry. It is, as we know, Saxon, signifying *old* or *old age*, and was formerly in constant use in this sense; as, for instance, in Chaucer's translation of *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, we find thus:

'At laste no drede ne might overcame the muses, that thei ne weren fellowes, and foloweden my waie, that is to saie, when I was exiled, thei that weren of my youth whilom welfull and grene, comferten now sorrowfull weirdes of me olde man: for *elde* is comen unwarely upon me, hasted by the harmes that I have, and sorowe hath commaunded his age to be in me.'

So in the *Knights Tale*:

'As sooth in said *elde* hath gret advantage;
In *elde* is both wisdom and usage:
Men may the old out-renne but not out-rede.'

Oh! what an overflowing fulness of truth and beauty is there wrapped up

* The 'by' may, however, have the force of going or passing, equivalent to 'fare' in 'farewell,' or 'welfare,' i. e., may you have a good passage or journey.

in the core of these articulations that we so heedlessly utter, would we but make use of the wizard's wand wherewith to evoke them! What an exhaustless wealth does there lie in even the humblest fruitage and flowerage of language, and what a fecundity have even dry 'roots'!

'Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer?' asks our great Thomas; 'no heart burning with a thought, which it could not hold, and had no word for; and needed to shape and coin a word for—what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like? For every word we have, there was such a man and poet. The coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor, and bold questionable originality. 'Thy very ATTENTION, does it not mean an *attentio*, a STRETCHING-TO?' Fancy that act of the mind which all were conscious of, which none had yet named—when this new 'poet' first felt bound and driven to name it! His questionable originality and new glowing metaphor was found adoptible, intelligible; and remains our name for it to this day.'*

This seems to be a pet etymology of Carlyle, as he makes Professor Teufelsdröckh give it to us also.

Nor less of a poet was that Grecian man who first named this beauteous world—with its boundless unity in variety—the κόσμος,† the *order*, the *adornment*. But

'Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity,'

and

'Ah! the inanity
Of frail humanity,'

that first induced some luckless mortal to give to certain mysterious compounds the appellation of *cosmetics*! But here is an atonement; for even in our unmythical, unbelieving days, the god 'Terminus' is made to stand guard over every railway station! Again, how finely did the Roman call his hero-

* 'Past and Present,' pp. 128, 129.

† Compare with this the Latin *mundus*, which is exactly analogous in signification.

ism his 'virtus'—his *virtue*—his *manliness*. With the Italians, however, it became quite a different thing; for his 'virtu' is none other than his love of the fine arts (these being to him the only subject of *manly* occupation), a mere *objet de vertu*; and his *virtuoso* has no more virtuousness or manliness about him than what appertains to being skilled in these same fine arts. With us, our 'virtue' is . . . well, as soon as we can find out, we will tell you.

By the way, in what a *bathos* of mystery are most of our terms expressing the moral relations plunged! Some philosophers have declared that truth lies at the bottom of a well;—the well in which the truth in regard to these matters lies would seem to stretch far enough down—reaching, in fact, almost to the kingdom of the Inane. The beautiful simplicity of Bible truths has often become so perverted—so overloaded by the vain works (and *words*) of man's device—as barely to escape total extinction. Witness 'repentance'; in what a farrago of endless absurdities and palpable contradictions has this word (and, more unfortunately still, the thing itself along with it) been enveloped! According to the 'divines,' what does it not signify? Its composition, we very well know, gives us *pœnitentia*, from *pœnitere*, to be sorry, to regret—and such is its true and *only* meaning. 'This design' (that of the analysis of language in its elementary forms), says Wilkins, 'will likewise contribute much to the clearing of some of our modern differences in religion; by unmasking many wild errors, that shelter themselves under the disguise of affected phrases; which being philosophically unfolded, and rendered according to the genuine and natural importance of words, will appear to be inconsistencies and absurdities.' Nor would he have gone very far astray had he put *philosophy* and *politics* under the same category. Strip the gaudy dress and trap-

pings from an expression, and it will have a most marked result. Analysis is a terrible humiliation to your mysticism and your grandiloquence—and an awful bore to those who depend for effect on either. We have something to say hereafter on those astonishingly profound oracles whose only depth is in the terminology they employ. In the mean time, expect not too much of words. Never, in all our philologic researches, must we lose sight of the fact that *words are but the daughters of earth, while things are the sons of heaven*. This expecting too much of words has been the fruitful source of innumerable errors. To resume:

Take a dozen words (to prove our generosity, we will let it be a baker's dozen) illustrative of this same principle of metaphor that governs the mechanism of language, and sheds a glory and a beauty around even our every-day fireside words; so that even those that seem hackneyed, worn out, and apparently tottering with the imbecility of old age—would we but get into the core of them—will shine forth with all the expressive meaning of their spring time—with the blush and bloom of poesy—

'All redolent with youth and flowers,'
and prove their very abusers—poets.

The 'halcyon' days! What a balmy serenity hovers around them—basking in the sunlight of undisturbed tranquillity. This we feel; but how we realize it after reading the little *family secret* that it wraps up! The 'Ἀλκυὼν (halcyon)—*alcedo hispidus*—was the name applied by the Greeks to the *kingfisher* (a name commonly derived from ἄλς, κυῶ, i. e., *sea-conceiving*, from the fact of this bird's being said to lay her eggs in rocks near the sea); and the ἁλκυονίδες ἡμέραι—*halcyon days*—were those fourteen 'during the calm weather about the winter solstice,' during which the bird was said to build her nest and lay her eggs; hence, by an easy transition, perfect quietude in general.

Those who have felt the bitter, biting

effect of 'sarcasm,' will hardly be disposed to consider it a metaphor even, should we trace it back to the Greek *σάρκαζω*—to *tear off the flesh* (*σάρξ*), *literally*, to 'flay.' 'Satire,' again, has an arbitrary-enough origin; it is *satira*, from *satur*, *mixed*; and the application is as follows: each species of poetry had, among the Romans, its own special kind of versification; thus the hexameter was used in the epic, the iambic in the drama, etc. Ennius, however, the earliest Latin 'satirist,' first disregarded these conventionalities, and introduced a *medley* (*satira*) of all kinds of metres. It afterward, however, lost this idea of a *melange*, and acquired the notion of a poem 'directed against the vices and failings of men with a view to their correction.'

Perhaps we owe to reviewing the metaphorical applications of such terms as 'caustic,' 'mordant,' 'piquant,' etc., in their *burning*, *biting*, and *pricking* senses.

But 'review,' itself, we are to regard as pure metaphor. Our friend 'Snooks,' at least, found *that* out; for, instead of *re-viewing*—i. e., viewing again and again his book, they pronounced it to be decidedly bad without any examination whatever. A 'critic' we all recognize in his character of *judge* or *umpire*; but is it that he always possesses discrimination—has he always *insight* (for these are the primary ideas attaching themselves to *κρίνω*, whence *κρίτικὸς* comes)—does he divide between the merely arbitrary and incidental, and see into the absolute and eternal Art-Soul that vivifies a poem or a picture? If so, then is he a critic indeed.

How perfectly do 'invidiousness' and 'envy'* express the *looking over against* (*in-video*)—the *askance gaze*—the natural development of that painful mental state which poor humanity is so subject to! So with 'obstinacy' (*ob-sto*), which, by the way, the phrenologists represent, literally enough, by an ass in a position which assuredly Web-

ster had in his mind when he wrote his definition of this word; thus: 'in a *fixedness in opinion or resolution that cannot be shaken at all, or without great difficulty.*'

Speaking of this reminds us of those very capital 'Illustrations of Phrenology,' by Cruikshank, with which we all are familiar, and where, for example, '*veneration* is exemplified by a stout old gentleman, with an ample paunch, gazing with admiring eyes and uplifted hands on the fat side of an ox fed by Mr. Heavyside, and exhibited at the stall of a butcher. In this way a Jew old-clothes man, holding his hand on his breast with the utmost earnestness, while in the other he offers a coin for a pair of slippers, two pairs of boots, three hats, and a large bundle of clothes, to an old woman, who, evidently astonished all over, exclaims, 'A shilling!' is an illustration of *conscientiousness*. A dialogue of two fishwomen at Billingsgate illustrates *language*, and a riot at Donnybrook Fair explains the phrenological doctrine of *combativeness*.'

But peace to the 'bumps,' and pass we on. Could anything be more completely metaphorical than such expressions as 'egregious' and 'fanatic?' 'Egregious' is chosen, *e-grex*—*out of the flock*, i. e., the best sheep, etc., selected from the rest, and set aside for sacred purposes; hence, *distingué*. This word, though occupying at present comparatively neutral ground, seems fast merging toward its worst application. Can it be that an 'egregious' *rogue* is an article of so much more frequent occurrence than an 'egregiously' *honest* man, that incongruity seems to subsist between the latter? 'Fanatic,' again, is just the Roman '*fanaticus*,' one addicted to the *fana*,* the temples in which the '*fanatici*' or fanatics were

* Perhaps nothing could better prove how profoundly *religious* were the Latins than a word compounded of the above; namely 'profane.' A 'fanatic' was one who devoted himself to the *fanum* or temple—'profane' is an object devoted to *anything else* '*pro*'—instead of—the '*fanum*,' or fane.

* En-voir.

wont to spend an extraordinary portion of their time. But besides this, their religious fervor used to impel them to many extravagances, such as cutting themselves with knives, etc., and hence an 'ultraist' (one who goes *beyond* (ultra) the notions of other people) in any sense. Whereupon it might be remarked that though

'Cælum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,'

may, in certain applications, be true, it is surely not so in the case of a good many words. Thus this very instance, 'fanatic,' which, among the Romans, implied one who had an *extra share of devotion*, is, among us—the better informed on this head—by a very curious and very unfathomable figure (disfigure ?) of speech or logic, applied to one who has a peculiar *penchant* for human liberty !

'In the most high and *palmy* state of Rome,
A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.'

We do not quote this for the sake of the making-the-hair-to-stand-on-end tendencies of the last two lines, but through the voluptuous quiescence of the first,

'In the most high and *palmy* state of Rome,' to introduce the beautifully metaphorical expression, 'palmy.' It will, of course, be immediately recognized as being from the 'palm' tree ; that is to say, *palm-abounding*. And what visions of orient splendor does it bear with it, wafting on its wings the very aroma of the isles of the blest—*μάκαρων νῆσοι*—or

'Where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold !'

It bears us away with it, and we stand on that sun-kissed land

'Whose rivers wander over sands of gold,'
with a houri lurking in every 'bosky bourne,' and the beauteous palm, waving its umbrageous head, at once food, shade, and shelter.

The palm being to the Oriental of such passing price, we can easily imagine how he would so enhance its value as to make it the type of everything that is prosperous and glorious and 'palmy,' the *beau-ideal* of everything that is flourishing. Hear what Sir Walter Raleigh says on this subject : 'Nothing better proveth the excellency of this soil than the abundant growing of the *palm trees* without labor of man. *This tree alone giveth unto man whatsoever his life beggeth at nature's hand.*'

'Paradise,' too, is oriental in all its associations. It is *παράδεισος*,* that is, a *park* or *pleasure ground*, in which sense it is constantly employed by Xenophon, as every weary youth who has *parasanged* it with him knows. By the LXX it was used in a metaphorical sense for the garden of Eden :

'The glories we have known,
'And that imperial palace whence we came ;'
but a still loftier meaning did it acquire when the Christ employed it as descriptive of the splendors of the 'better land'—of the glories and beauties of the land Beulah.

But, look out, fellow strollers, for we are off in a tangent !

What a curiously humble origin has 'literature,' contrasted with the magnitude of its present import. It is just 'litteral'—*letters* in their most primitive sense ; and *γραμματα* is nought other. Nor can even all the pomposity of the 'belles-lettres' carry us any farther than the very fine 'letters' or *litteral* ; while even Solomon So-so may take courage when he reflects (provided Solomon be ever guilty of reflecting) that the 'literati' have 'literally' nothing more profound about them than the knowledge of their 'letters.' The Latins were prolific in words of this kind ; thus they had the *litteratus* and the *literator*—making some such discrimination between them as we do between 'philosopher' and 'philosophe.'

* The word is more properly oriental than Greek, *e. g.*, Hebrew, *pardes*, and Sanscrit, *paradisa*.

'Unlettered,' to be sure, is one who is unacquainted even with his 'letters;' but what is 'erudite?' It is merely *E, out of*, a *RUDIS*, *rude*, *chaotic*, *ignorant* state of things; and thus in itself asserts nothing very tremendous, and makes no very prodigious pretensions. Surely these words had their origin at an epoch when 'letters' stood higher in the scale of estimation than they do now; when he who knew them possessed a spell that rendered him a potent character among the 'unlettered.'

A 'spell' did we say? Perhaps that is not altogether fanciful; for 'spell' itself in the Saxon primarily imports a *word*; and we know that the runes or Runic letters were long employed in this way. For instance, Mr. Turner thus informs us ('History of the Anglo-Saxons,' vol. i, p. 169): 'It was the invariable policy of the Roman ecclesiastics to discourage the use of the Runic characters, because they were of pagan origin, and had been much connected with idolatrous superstitions.' And if any one be incredulous, let him read this from Sir Thomas Brown: 'Some have delivered the polity of spirits, that they stand in awe of charms, *spells*, and conjurations; *letters*, characters, notes, and dashes.' And have not the A and Ω something mystic and cabalistic about them even to us?

While on this, let us note that 'spell' gives us the beautiful and cheering expression 'gospel,' which is precisely *God's-spell*—the 'evangile,' the good God's-news!

To resume:

'Graphical' (γράφω) is just what is well delineated—*literally*, 'well written,' or, as our common expression corroboratively has it, *like a book*!

'Style' and 'stiletto' would, from their significations, appear to be radically very different words; and yet they are something more akin than even cousins-german. 'Style' is known to be from the *στύλος*, or *stylus*, which the Greeks and Romans employed in writing on their waxen tablets; and, as

they were both sharp and strong, they became in the hands of scholars quite formidable instruments when used against their schoolmasters. Afterward they came to be employed in all the bloody relations and uses to which a 'bare bodkin' can be put, and hence our acceptance of 'stiletto.' Cæsar himself, it is supposed, got his 'quietus' by means of a 'stylus;' nor is he the first or last character whose 'style' has been his (*literary*, if not *literal*) damnation.

'Volume,' too, how perfectly metaphorical is it in its present reception! It is originally just a *volumen*, that is, a 'roll' of parchment, papyrus, or whatever else the 'book' (i. e., the *bark*—the 'liber') might be composed of. Nor can we regard as aught other such terms as 'leaf' or 'folio,' which is also 'leaf.' 'Stave,' too, is suggestive of the *staff* on which the runes were wont to be cut. Indeed, old almanacs are sometimes to be met with consisting of these long sticks or 'staves,' on which the days and months are represented by the Runic letters.

'Charm,' 'enchant,' and 'incantation' all owe their origin to the time when spells were in vogue. 'Charm' is just *carmen*, from the fact that 'a kind of Runic rhyme' was employed in *diablerie* of this sort; so 'enchant' and 'incantation' are but a *singing to*—a true 'siren's song;' while 'fascination' took its rise when the mystic terrors of the *evil eye* threw its withering blight over many a heart.

We are all familiar with the old fable of *The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse*. We will vouch that the following read us as luminous a comment thereon as may be desired: 'Polite,' 'urbane,' 'civil,' 'rustic,' 'villain,' 'savage,' 'pagan,' 'heathen.' Let us seek the moral:

'Polite,' 'urbane,' and 'civil' we of course recognize as being respectively from *πόλις*, *urbs*, and *civis*, each denoting the city or town—*la grande ville*. 'Polite' is *city-like*; while 'urbanity' and

'civility' carry nothing deeper with them than the graces and the attentions that belong to the punctilious town. 'Rustic' we note as implying nothing more uncultivated than a 'peasant,' which is just *pays-an*, or, as we also say, a 'countryman.' 'Savage,' too, or, as we ought to write it, *salvage*,* is nothing more grim or terrible than one who dwells in *sylvia*, in the woods—a meaning we can appreciate from our still comparatively pure application of the adjective *sylvan*. A 'backwoodsman' is therefore the very best original type of a *savage*! 'Savage' seems to be hesitating between its civil and its ethical applications; 'villain,' 'pagan,' and 'heathen,' however, have become quite absorbed in their moral sense—and this by a contortion that would seem strange enough were we not constantly accustomed to such transgressions. For we need not to be informed that 'villain' primarily and properly implies simply one who inhabits a *ville* or *village*. In Chaucer, for example, we see it without at least any moral signification attached thereto:

'But firste I praie you of your curtesie
That ye ne arette it not my *vilanie*.'

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

So a 'pagan,' or *paganus*, is but a dweller in a *pagus*, or village; precisely equivalent to the Greek *κομήτης*, with no other idea whatever attached thereto; while 'heathen' imported those who lived on the *heaths* or in the country, consequently far away from *civilization* or *town-like-ness*.

From all of which expressions we may learn the mere conventionality and the utter arbitrariness of even our most important ethical terms. How prodigiously *cheap* is the application of any such epithets, considering the terrible abuse they have undergone! And how poor is that philosophy that can concentrate 'politeness' and 'civility' in the frippery and heartlessness

of mere external city-forms; and convert the man who dwells in the woods or in the village into a *savage* or a *villain*! How fearful a lack do these numerous words and their so prolific analogues manifest of acknowledgment of that glorious principle which Burns has with fire-words given utterance to—and to which, would we preserve the dignity of manhood, we must hold on—

'A man's a man for a' that!'

Ah! it is veritably enough to make us *atrabiliar*! Here we see words in their weaknesses and their meannesses, as elsewhere in their glory and beauty. And not so much *their* meanness and weakness, as that of those who have distorted these innocent servants of truth to become tools of falsehood and the abject instruments of the extinction of all honesty and nobleness.

The word 'health' wraps up in it—for, indeed, it is hardly metaphorical—a whole world of thought and suggestion. It is that which *healeth* or maketh one to be *whole*, or, as the Scotch say, *hale*; which *whole* or *hale* (for they are one word) may imply entireness or unity; that is to say, perfect 'health' is that state of the system in which there is no disorganization—no division of interest—but when it is recognized as a perfect *one* or whole; or, in other words, not recognized at all. And this meaning is confirmed by our analogue *sanity*, which, from *sanus*, and allied to *σάος*, has underneath it a similar basis.

Every student of Carlyle will remember the very telling use to which he puts the idea contained in this word—speaking of the manifold relations of physical, psychal, and social health. Reference is made to his employment of it in the 'Characteristics'—itself one of the most authentic and veracious pieces of philosophy that it has been our lot to meet with for a long time; yet wherein he proves the impossibility of any, and the uselessness of all philosophies. Listen while he discourses

* See the Italian *setraggio* and the Spanish *salvage*, in which a more approximate orthography has been retained.

thereon: 'So long as the several elements of life, all fitly adjusted, can pour forth their movement like harmonious tuned strings, it is melody and unison: life, from its mysterious fountains, flows out as in celestial music, and diapason—which, also, like that other music of the spheres, even because it is perennial and complete, without interruption and without imperfection, might be fabled to escape the ear. Thus, too, in some languages, is the state of health well denoted by a term expressing unity; when we feel ourselves as we wish to be, we say that we are *whole*.'

But our psychal and social wholeness or health, as well as our physical, is yet, it would appear, in the future, in the good time *coming*—

'When man to man
Shall brothers be and a' that!'

Even that, however, is encouraging—that it is *in prospectu*. For we know that *right before us* lies this great promised land—this *Future*, teeming with all the donations of infinite time, and bursting with blessings. And for us, too, there are in waiting *μακάρων νῆσοι*, or Islands of the Blest, where all heroic doers and all heroic sufferers shall enjoy rest forever!

In conclusion, take the benediction of serene old Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, in his preface to 'Don Quixote' (could we possibly have a better?): 'And so God give you *health*, not forgetting me. Farewell!'

THE CHECK.

"Chcés li tajnou vée aneb pravdu vyzvéděti, blazen, ditě, opily člověk o tom umeji povedeti."

"Wouldst thou know a truth or mystery,
A drunkard, fool, or child may tell it thee."

Bohemian Proverb.

AND now I'll wrap my blanket o'er me,
And on the tavern floor I'll lie;
A double spirit-flask before me,
And watch the pipe clouds melting die.

They melt and die—but ever darken,
As night comes on and hides the day;
Till all is black;—then, brothers, hearken!
And if ye can, write down my lay!

In yon black loaf my knife is gleaming,
Like one long sail above the boat;—
—As once at Pesth I saw it beaming,
Half through a curst Croatian throat.

Now faster, faster whirls the ceiling,
And wilder, wilder turns my brain;
And still I'll drink—till, past all feeling,
The soul leaps forth to light again.

Whence come these white girls wreathing round me ?
 Baruška !—long I thought thee dead !
 Kačěnka !—when these arms last bound thee,
 Thou laidst by Rajhrad cold as lead !

Now faster, faster whirls the ceiling,
 And wilder, wilder turns my brain ;
 And from afar a star comes stealing,
 Straight at me o'er the death-black plain.

Alas !—I sink—my spirits miss me,
 I swim, I shoot from sky to shore !
 Klara ! thou golden sister—kiss me !
 I rise—I'm safe—I'm strong once more.

And faster, faster whirls the ceiling,
 And wilder, wilder turns my brain ;
 The star !—it strikes my soul, revealing
 All life and light to me again.

Against the waves fresh waves are dashing,
 Above the breeze fresh breezes blow ;
 Through seas of light new light is flashing,
 And with them all I float and flow.

But round me rings of fire are gleaming :
 Pale rings of fire—wild eyes of death !
 Why haunt me thus awake or dreaming ?
 Methought I left ye with my breath.

Aye glare and stare with life increasing,
 And leech-like eyebrows arching in ;
 Be, if ye must, my fate unceasing,
 But never hope a fear to win.

He who knows all may haunt the haunting,
 He who fears nought hath conquered fate ;
 Who bears in silence quells the daunting,
 And sees his spoiler desolate.

Oh wondrous eyes of star-like lustre,
 How ye have changed to guardian love !
 Alas !—where stars in myriads cluster
 Ye vanish in the heaven above.

I hear two bells so softly singing :
How sweet their silver voices roll !
The one on yonder hill is ringing,
The other peals within my soul.

I hear two maidens gently talking,
Bohemian maidens fair to see ;
The one on yonder hill is walking,
The other maiden—where is she ?

Where is she ?—when the moonlight glistens
O'er silent lake or murm'ring stream,
I hear her call my soul which listens :
' Oh ! wake no more—come, love, and dream ! '

She came to earth—earth's loveliest creature ;
She died—and then was born once more ;
Changed was her race, and changed each feature,
But oh ! I loved her as before.

We live—but still, when night has bound us
In golden dreams too sweet to last,
A wondrous light-blue world around us,
She comes, the loved one of the Past.

I know not which I love the dearest,
For both my loves are still the same ;
The living to my heart is nearest,
The dead love feeds the living flame.

And when the moon, its rose-wine quaffing
Which flows across the Eastern deep,
Awakes us, Klara chides me laughing,
And says, ' We love too well in sleep ! '

And though no more a Vojvod's daughter
As when she lived on Earth before,
The love is still the same which sought her,
And she is true—what would you more ?

Bright moonbeams on the sea are playing,
And starlight shines o'er vale and hill ;
I should be gone—yet still delaying,
By thy loved side I linger still !

My gold is gone—my hopes have perished,
And nought remains save love for thee !
E'en that must fade, though once so cherished :
Farewell !—and think no more of me !

'Though gold be gone and hope departed,
And nought remain save love for me,
Thou ne'er shalt leave me broken-hearted,
For I will share my life with thee !

'Thou deem'st me but a wanton maiden,
The plaything of thy idle hours ;
But laughing streams with gold are laden,
And sweets are hidden 'neath the flowers.

'E'en outcasts may have heart and feeling,
E'en such as I be fond and true ;
And love, like light, in dungeons stealing,
Though bars be there, will still burst through.'



PICTURES FROM THE NORTH.

It is worth while to live in the city, that we may learn to love the country ; and it is not bad for many, that artificial life binds them with bonds of silk or lace or rags or cobwebs, since, when they are rent away, the Real gleams out in a beauty and with a zest which had not been save for contrast.

Contrast is the salt of the beautiful. I wonder that the ancients, who came so near it in so many ways, never made a goddess of Contrast. They had something like it in ever-varying Future—something like it in double-faced Janus, who was their real 'Angel of the Odd.' Perhaps it is my ignorance which is at fault—if so, I pray you correct me. The subtle Neo-Platonists *must* have apotheosized such a savor to all æsthetic bliss. Mostly do I feel its charm when there come before me pictures true to life of far lands and lives, of valley and river, sea and shore. Then I forget the narrow office and the shop-lined street, the rattling cars and hurried hotel-lodgment, and think what it would be if nature, in all her freshness and never-ending contrasts, could be my ever-present.

I thought this yesterday, in glancing over an old manuscript in my drawer, containing translations, by some hand to me unknown, of sketches of Sweden by the fairy-story teller Hans Christian Andersen. Reader, will they strike you as pleasantly as they did me ? I know not. Let us glance them over. They have at least the full flavor of the North, of the healthy land of frost and pines, of fragrant birch and of sweeter meadow-grass, and simpler, holier flowers than the rich South ever showed, even in her simplest moods.

The first of these sketches sweeps us at once far away over the Northland :

'WE JOURNEY.

'It is spring, fragrant spring, the birds are singing. You do not understand their song ? Then hear it in free translation :

'Seat thyself upon my back !' said the stork, the holy bird of our green island. 'I will carry thee over the waves of the Sound. Sweden also has its fresh, fragrant beechwoods, green meadows, and fields of waving corn ; in Schoonen, under the blooming apple

trees behind the peasant's house, thou wilt imagine thyself still in Denmark !'

'Fly with me,' said the swallow. 'I fly over Hal-land's mountain ridges, where the beeches cease. I soar farther toward the north than the stork. I will show you where the arable land retires before rocky valleys. You shall see friendly towns, old churches, solitary court yards, within which it is cosy and pleasant to dwell, where the family stands in circle around the table with the smoking platters, and asks a blessing through the mouth of the youngest child, and morning and evening sings a holy song. I have heard it, I have seen it, when I was yet small, from my nest under the roof.'

'Come ! come !' cried the unsteady seagull, impatiently waiting, and ever flying round in a circle. 'Follow me into the Scheeren, where thousands of rocky islands, covered with pines and firs, lie along the coasts like flower beds ; where the fisherman draws full nets !'

'Let yourself down between our outspread wings !' sing the wild swans. 'We will bear you to the great seas, to the ever-roaring, arrow-quick mountain streams, where the oak does not thrive and the birches are stunted ; let yourself down between our outspread wings, —we soar high over Sulitelma, the eye of the island, as the mountain is called ; we fly from the spring-green valley, over the snow waves, up to the summit of the mountain, whence you may catch a glimpse of the North Sea, beyond Norway. We fly toward Jamtland, with its high blue mountains, where the waterfalls roar, where the signal fires flame up as signs from coast to coast that they are waiting for the ferry boat—up to the deep, cold, hurrying floods, which do not see the sun set in midsummer, where twilight is dawn !'

'So sing the birds ! Shall we hearken to their song—follow them, at least a short way ? We do not seat ourselves upon the wings of the swan, nor upon the back of the stork ; we stride forward with steam and horses, sometimes

upon our own feet, and glance, at the same time, now and then, from the actual, over the hedge into the kingdom of fancy, that is always our near neighborland, and pluck flowers or leaves, which shall be placed together in the memorandum book—they bud indeed on the flight of the journey. We fly, and we sing : Sweden, thou glorious land ! Sweden, whither holy gods came in remote antiquity from the mountains of Asia ; thou land that art yet illumined by their glitter ! It streams out of the flowers, with the name of Linnæus ; it beams before thy knightly people from the banner of Charles the Twelfth, it sounds out of the memorial stone erected upon the field at Lutzen. Sweden ! thou land of deep feeling, of inward songs, home of the clear streams, where wild swans sing in the northern light's glimmer ! thou land, upon whose deep, still seas the fairies of the North build their colonnades and lead their struggling spirit-hosts over the ice mirror. Glorious Sweden, with the perfume-breathing Linea, with Jenny's soulful songs ! To thee will we fly with the stork and the swallow, with the unsteady seagull and the wild swan. Thy birchwood throws out its perfume so refreshing and animating, under its hanging, earnest boughs—on its white trunk shall the harp hang. Let the summer wind of the North glide murmuring over its strings.'

There is true fatherland's love there. I doubt if there was ever yet *real* patriotism in a hot climate—the North is the only home of unselfish and great union. Italy owes it to the cool breezes of her Apennines that she cherishes unity ; had it not been for her northern mountains in a southern clime, she would have long ago forgotten to think of *one* country. But while the Alps are her backbone, she will always be at least a vertebrate among nations, and one of the higher order. Without the Alps she would soon be eaten up by the

cancer of states' rights. It is the North, too, which will supply the great uniting power of America, and keep alive a love for the great national name.

Very different is the rest—and yet it has too the domestic home-tone of the North. In Sweden, in Germany, in America, in England, the family tie is somewhat other than in the East or in any warm country. With us, old age is not so ever-neglected and little honored as in softer climes. Thank the fireside for that. The hearth, and the stove, and the long, cold months which keep the grandsire and granddame in the easy chair by the warm corner, make a home centre, where the children linger as long as they may for stories, and where love lingers, kept alive by many a cheerful, not to be easily told tie. And it lives—this love—lives in the heart of the man after he has gone forth to business or to battle: he will not tell you of it, but he remembers grandmother and grandfather, as he saw them a boy—the centre of the group, which will never form again save in heaven.

Let us turn to

'THE GRANDMOTHER.

'Grandmother is very old, has many wrinkles, and perfectly white hair; but her eyes gleam like two stars, yes, much more beautiful; they are so mild, it does one good to look into them! And then she knows how to relate the most beautiful stories. And she has a dress embroidered with great, great flowers; it is such a heavy silk stuff that it rattles. Grandmother knows a great deal, because she has lived much longer than father and mother; that is certain! Grandmother has a hymn book with strong silver clasps, and she reads very often in the book. In the midst of it lies a rose, pressed and dry; it is not so beautiful as the rose which stands in the glass, but yet she smiles upon it in the most friendly way; indeed, it brings the tears to her eyes! Why does grandmother look so at the faded

flower in the old book? Do you know? Every time that grandmother's tears fall upon the flower, the colors become fresh again, the rose swells up and fills the whole room with its fragrance, the walls disappear, as if they were only mist, and round about her is the green, glorious wood, where the sun beams through the leaves of the trees; and grandmother is young again; a charming maiden, with full red cheeks, beautiful and innocent—no rose is fresher; but the eyes, the mild, blessing eyes, still belong to grandmother. At her side sits a young man, large and powerful: he reaches her the rose, and she smiles—grandmother does not smile so now! oh yes, look now!—But he has vanished: many thoughts, many forms sweep past—the beautiful young man is gone, the rose lies in the hymn book, and grandmother sits there again as an old woman, and looks upon the faded rose which lies in the book.

'Now grandmother is dead. She sat in the armchair and related a long, beautiful story; she said, 'Now the story is finished, and I am tired;' and she leaned her head back, in order to sleep a little. We could hear her breathing—she slept; but it became stiller and stiller, her face was full of happiness and peace, it was as if a sunbeam illumined her features; she smiled again, and then the people said, 'She is dead.' She was placed in a black box; there she lay covered with white linen; she was very beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed, but every wrinkle had vanished; she lay there with a smile about her mouth; her hair was silver white, venerable, but it did not frighten one to look upon the corpse, for it was indeed the dear, kind-hearted grandmother. The hymn book was placed under her head—this she had herself desired; the rose lay in the old book; and then they buried grandmother.

Upon the grave, close by the church wall, a rose tree was planted; it was full of roses, and the nightingale flew singing over the flowers and the grave.

Within the church, there resounded from the organ the most beautiful hymns, which were in the old book under the head of the dead one. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead was not there; each child could go there quietly by night and pluck a rose from the peaceful courtyard wall. The dead know more than all of us living ones; they are better than we. The earth is heaped up over the coffin, even within the coffin there is earth; the leaves of the hymn book are dust, and the rose, with all its memories. But above bloom fresh roses; above, the nightingale sings, and the organ tones forth; above, the memory of the old grandmother lives, with her mild, ever young eyes. Eyes can never die. Ours will one day see the grandmother again, young and blooming as when she for the first time kissed the fresh red rose, which is now dust in the grave.'

'THE CELL PRISON.

'By separation from other men, by loneliness, in continual silence shall the criminal be punished and benefited; on this account cell prisons are built. In Sweden there are many such, and new ones are building. I visited for the first time one in Marienstadt. The building lies in a beautiful landscape, close by the town, on a small stream of water, like a great villa, white and smiling, with window upon window. But one soon discovers that the stillness of the grave rests over the place; it seems as if no one dwelt here, or as if it were a dwelling forsaken during the plague. The gates of these walls are locked; but one opened and the jailor received us, with his bundle of keys in his hand. The court is empty and clean; even the grass between the paving stones is weeded out. We entered the 'reception room,' to which the prisoner is first taken; then the bath room, whither he is carried next. We ascend a flight of stairs, and find ourselves in a large hall, built the whole

length and height of the building. Several galleries, one over another in the different stories, extend round the whole hall, and in the midst of the hall is the chancel, from which, on Sundays, the preacher delivers his sermon before an invisible audience. All the doors of the cells, which lead upon the galleries, are half opened, the prisoners hear the preacher, but they cannot see him, nor he them. The whole is a well-built machine for a pressure of the spirit. In the door of each cell there is a glass of the size of an eye; a valve covers it on the outside, and through this may the warden, unnoticed by the prisoners, observe all which is going on within; but he must move with soft step, noiselessly, for the hearing of the prisoner is wonderfully sharpened by solitude. I removed the valve from the glass very softly, and looked into the closed room—for a moment the glance of the prisoner met my eye. It is airy, pure, and clean within, but the window is so high that it is impossible to look out. The whole furniture consists of a high bench, made fast to a kind of table, a berth, which can be fastened with hooks to the ceiling, and around which there is a curtain. Several cells were opened to us. In one there was a young, very pretty maiden; she had lain down in her berth, but sprang out when the door was opened, and her first movement disturbed the berth, which it unclasped and rolled together. Upon the little table stood the water cask, and near it lay the remains of hard black bread, farther off the Bible, and a few spiritual songs. In another cell sat an infanticide; I saw her only through the small glass of the door, she had heard our steps, and our talking, but she sat still, cowered together in the corner by the door, as if she wished to conceal herself as much as she could; her back was bent, her head sunk almost into her lap, and over it her hands were folded. The unhappy one is very young, said they. In two different cells sat two brothers;

they were paying the penalty of horse-stealing; one was yet a boy. In one cell sat a poor servant girl; they said she had no relations, and was poor, and they placed her here. I thought that I had misunderstood, repeated my question, 'Why is the maiden here?' and received the same answer. Yet still I prefer to believe that I have misunderstood the remark. Without, in the clear, free sunlight, is the busy rush of day; here within the stillness of midnight always reigns. The spider, which spins along the wall, the swallow, which rarely flies near the vaulted window there above, even the tread of the stranger in the gallery, close by the door, is an occurrence in this mute, solitary life, where the mind of the prisoner revolves ever upon himself. One should read of the martyr cells of the holy inquisition, of the unfortunates of the Bagnio chained to each other, of the hot leaden chambers, and the dark wet abyss of the pit of Venice, and shudder over those pictures, in order to wander through the galleries of the cell prison with a calmer heart; here is light, here is air, here it is more human. Here, where the sunbeam throws in upon the prisoner its mild light, here will an illuminating beam from God Himself sink into the heart.'

Last we have

'SALA.

'Sweden's great king, Germany's deliverer, Gustavus Adolphus, caused Sala to be built. The small enclosed wood in the vicinity of the little town relates to us yet traditions of the youthful love of the hero king, of his rendezvous with Ebba Brahe.' The silver shafts at Sala are the largest, the deepest and oldest in Sweden; they reach down a hundred and seventy fathoms, almost as deep as the Baltic. This is sufficient to awaken an interest in the little town; how does it look now? 'Sala,' says the guide book, 'lies in a valley, in a flat, and not very agreeable region.' And so it is truly; in that

direction was nothing beautiful, and the highway led directly into the town, which has no character. It consists of a single long street with a knot and a pair of ends: the knot is the market; at the ends are two lanes which are attached to it. The long street—it may be called long in such a short town—was entirely empty. No one came out of the doors, no one looked out of the windows. It was with no small joy that I saw a man, at last, in a shop, in whose window hung a paper of pins, a red handkerchief, and two tea cans, a solitary, sedate apprentice, who leaned over the counter and looked out through the open house door. He certainly wrote that evening in his journal, if he kept one: 'To-day a traveller went through the town; the dear God may know him, I do not!' The apprentice's face appeared to me to say all that, and he had an honest face.

'In the tavern in which I entered, the same deathlike stillness reigned as upon the street. The door was indeed closed, but in the interior of the house all the doors stood wide open; the house cock stood in the midst of the sitting room, and crowed in order to give information that there was some one in the house. As to the rest, the house was entirely picturesque; it had an open balcony looking out upon the court—upon the street would have been too lively. The old sign hung over the door and creaked in the wind; it sounded as if it were alive. I saw it from my window; I saw also how the grass had overgrown the pavement of the street. The sun shone clear, but as it shines in the sitting room of the solitary old bachelor and upon the balsam in the pot of the old maid, it was still as on a Scottish Sunday, and it was Tuesday! I felt myself drawn to study Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

'I looked down from the balcony into the neighbor's court; no living being was to be seen, but children had played there; they had built a little garden out of perfectly dry twigs; these had been

stuck into the soft earth and watered; the potsherd, which served as watering pot, lay there still; the twigs represented roses and geranium. It had been a splendid garden—ah yes! We great, grown-up men play just so, build us a garden with love's roses and friendship's geranium, we water it with our tears and our heart's blood—and yet they are and remain dry twigs without roots. That was a gloomy thought—I felt it, and in order to transform the dry twigs into a blossoming Aaron's-staff, I went out. I went out into the ends and into the long thread, that is to say, into the little lanes and into the great street, and here was more life, as I might have expected; a herd of cows met me, who were coming home, or going away, I know not—they had no leader. The apprentice was still standing behind the counter; he bowed over it and greeted; the stranger took off his hat in return; these were the events of this day in Sala. Pardon me, thou still town, which Gustavus Adolphus built, where his young heart glowed in its first love, and where the silver rests in the deep shafts without the town, in a flat and not very pleasant country. I knew no one in this town, no one conducted me about, and so I went with the cows, and reached the graveyard; the cows went on, I climbed over the fence, and found myself between the graves, where the green grass grew, and nearly all the tombstones lay with inscriptions blotted out; only here and there, 'Anno' was still legible—what further? And who rests here? Everything on the stone was effaced, as the earth life of the one who was now earth within the earth. What drama have ye dead ones played here in the still Sala? The setting sun threw its beams over the graves, no leaf stirred on the tree; all was still, deathly still, in the town of the silver mines, which for the remembrance of the traveller is only a frame

about the apprentice, who bowed greeting over the counter.'

Silence, stillness, quiet, solitude, loneliness, far-away-ness; hushed, calm, remote, out of the world, un-newspapered, operaless, un-gossipped—was there ever a sketch which carried one so far from the world as this of 'Sala'? That *one* shopboy—those going or coming cows—the tombs, with wornout dates, every point of time vanishing—a living grave!

Contrast again, dear reader. Verily she is a goddess—and I adore her. Lo! she brings me back again in Sala to the busy streets of this city, and the office, and the 'exchanges,' and the rustling, bustling world, and the hotel dinner—to be in time for which I am even now writing against time—and I am thankful for it all. Sala has cured me. That picture drives away longings. Verily, he who lives in America, and in its great roaring current of events, needs but a glance at Sala to feel that *here* he is on a darting stream ever hurrying more gloriously into the world and away from the dull inanity—which the merest sibilant of aggravation will change to insanity.

Reader, our Andersen is an artist—as most children know. But I am glad that he seldom gives us anything which is so *very* much of a monochrome as Sala.

I wonder if Sala was the native and surnaming town of that *other* Sala whose initials are G. A. S., and whose nature is 'ditto'? Did its dulness drive him to liveliness, even as an 'orthodox' training is said to drive youth to dissipation? It may be so. The one hath a deep mine of silver—the other contains inexhaustible mines of brass—and the name of the one as of the other, when read in Hebrew-wise gives us 'alas!'

But I am wandering from the Northern pictures and fresh nature, and must close.

THE NEW RASSELLAS.

. . . . AND Joseph, opening the drawing room, told me the postchaise was ready. My mother and my sister threw themselves into my arms.

‘It is still time,’ said they, ‘to abandon this scheme. Stay with us.’

‘Mother, I am of noble birth, I am now twenty, I must have a name, I must be talked about in the country, I must be getting a position in the army or at court.’

‘Oh! but, Bernard, when you have gone, what will become of me?’

‘You will be happy and proud when you hear of your son’s success.’

‘But if you are killed in some battle?’

‘What of that! What’s life? Who thinks about being killed? When one is twenty, and of noble lineage, he thinks of nothing but glory. And, mother, in a few years you shall see me return to your side a colonel, or a general, or with some rich office at Versailles.’

‘Well, and what then?’

‘Why, then I shall be respected and considered about here.’

‘And then?’

‘Why, everybody will take off their hat to me.’

‘And then?’

‘I’ll marry Cousin Henrietta, and I’ll marry off my young sisters, and we’ll all live together with you, tranquil and happy, on my estate in Brittany.’

‘Now, why can’t you commence this tranquil and happy life to-day? Has not your father left us the largest fortune of all the province? Is there anywhere near us a richer estate or a finer chateau than that of La Roche Bernard? Are you not considered by all your vassals? Doesn’t everybody take off their hat when they meet you? No, don’t quit us, my dear child; remain with your friends, with your sisters, with your old mother, whom, at

your return, perhaps you may not find alive; do not expend in vain glory, nor abridge by cares and annoyances of every kind, days which at the best pass away too rapidly: life is a pleasant thing, my son, and Brittany’s sun is genial!’

As she said this, she showed me from the drawing-room windows the beautiful avenues of my park, the old horse-chestnuts in bloom, the lilacs, the honeysuckles, whose fragrance filled the air, and whose verdure glistened in the sun. In the antechamber was the gardener and all his family, who, sad and silent, seemed also to say to me, ‘Don’t go, young master, don’t go.’ Hortense, my eldest sister, pressed me in her arms, and Amélie, my little sister, who was in a corner of the drawing room looking at the pictures in a volume of *La Fontaine*, came up to me, holding out the book:

‘Read, read, brother,’ said she, weeping. . . .

She pointed to the fable of the Two Pigeons! . . . I suddenly got up, and repelled them all. ‘I am now twenty, I am of noble blood, I want glory and honor . . . Let me go.’ And I ran toward the courtyard. I was about getting into the postchaise, when a woman appeared on the staircase. It was Henrietta! She did not weep . . . she did not say a word . . . but, pale and trembling, it was with the utmost difficulty that she kept from falling. She waved the white handkerchief she held in her hand, as a last good-by, and she fell senseless on the floor. I ran and took her up, I pressed her in my arms, I pledged my love to her for life; and as she recovered consciousness, leaving her in the hands of my mother and sister, I ran to my postchaise without stopping, and without turning my head.

If I had looked at Henrietta, I should not have gone.

In a few moments afterward the postchaise was rattling along the highway. For a long time my mind was completely absorbed by thoughts of my sisters, of Henrietta, of my mother, and of all the happiness I left behind me; but these ideas gradually quitted me as I lost sight of the turrets of La Roche Bernard, and dreams of ambition and of glory took the entire possession of my mind. What schemes! What castles in the air! What noble actions I performed in my postchaise!! I denied myself nothing: wealth, honors, dignities, success of every kind, I merited and I awarded myself all; at the last, raising myself from grade to grade as I advanced on my journey, by the time I reached my inn at night, I was duke and peer, governor of a province, and marshal of France. The voice of my servant, who called me modestly *Monsieur le Chevalier*, alone forced me to remember who I was, and to abdicate all my dignities. The next day, and the following days, I indulged in the same dreams, and enjoyed the same intoxication, for my journey was long. I was going to a chateau near Sedan the chateau of the Duke de C——, an old friend of my father, and protector of my family. It was understood that he was to carry me to Paris with him, where he was expected about the end of the month; he promised to present me at Versailles, and to give me a company of dragoons through the credit of his sister, the Marchioness de F——, a charming young lady, designated by public opinion as *Madame de Pompadour's* successor, whose title she claimed with the greater justice as she had long filled its honorable functions. I reached Sedan at night, and at too late an hour to go to the chateau of my protector. I therefore postponed my visit until the next day, and lay at the 'France's Arms,' the best hotel of the town, and the ordinary rendezvous of all the officers; for Sedan is a garrison

town, and is well fortified; the streets have a warlike air, and even the shopkeepers have a martial look, which seems to say to strangers, 'We are fellow countrymen of the great Turenne!' I supped at the general table, and I asked what road I should take in the morning to go to the chateau of the Duke de C——, which is situated some three leagues out of the town. 'Anybody will show you,' I was told, 'for it is well known hereabouts: Marshal Fabert, a great warrior and a celebrated man, died there.' Thereupon the conversation turned about Marshal Fabert. Between young soldiers, this was very natural; his battles, his exploits, his modesty, which made him refuse the letters patent of nobility and the collar of his orders offered him by Louis XIV, were all talked about; they dwelt especially on the inconceivable fortune which had raised him from the rank of a simple soldier to the rank of a marshal of France—him, who was nothing at all, the son of a mere printer: it was the only example of such a piece of fortune which could then be instanced, and which, even during Fabert's life, had appeared so extraordinary, the vulgar never feared to ascribe his elevation to supernatural causes. It was said that from his youth he had busied himself with magic and sorcery, and that he had made a league with the devil. Mine host, who, to the stupidity inherent in all the natives of the province of Champagne, added the credulity of our Brittany peasants, assured us with a great deal of sangfroid, that when Fabert died in the chateau of the Duke de C——, a black man, whom nobody knew, was seen to enter into the dead man's room, and disappear, taking with him the marshal's soul, which he had bought, and which belonged to him; and that even now, every May, about the period of the death of Fabert, the people of the chateau saw the black man about the house, bearing a small light. This story made our dessert merry, and we

drank a bottle of champagne to the demon of Fabert, craving it to be good enough to take us also under its protection, and enable us to win some battles like those of Collioure and La Marfee.

I rose early the next morning, and went to the chateau of the Duke de C——, an immense gothic manor-house, which perhaps at any other moment I would not have noticed, but which I regarded, I acknowledge, with curiosity mixed with emotion, as I recollected the story told us on the preceding evening by the host of the 'France's Arms.' The servant to whom I spoke, told me he did not know whether his master could receive company, and whether he could receive me. I gave him my name, and he went out, leaving me alone in a sort of armory, decorated with the attributes of the chase and family portraits.

I waited some time, and no one came. 'The career of glory and of honor I have dreamed commences by the antechamber,' said I to myself, and impatience soon possessed the discontented solicitor. I had counted over the family portraits and all the rafters of the ceiling some two or three times, when I heard a slight noise in the wooden wainscoting. It was caused by an ill-closed door the wind had forced open. I looked in, and I perceived a very handsome boudoir, lighted by two large windows and a glazed door opening on a magnificent park. I walked into this room, and after I had gone a short distance, I was stopped by a scene which I had not at first perceived. A man was lying on a sofa, with his back turned to the door by which I came in. He got up, and without perceiving me, ran abruptly to the window. Tears streamed down his cheeks, and a profound despair was marked on his every feature. He remained motionless for some time, keeping his face buried in his hands; then he began striding rapidly about the room. I was then near him; he perceived me,

and trembled; I, too, was annoyed and confounded at my indiscretion; I sought to retire, muttering some words of excuse.

'Who are you? What do you want?' he said to me in a loud voice, taking hold of me by my arms.

'I am the Chevalier Bernard de la Roche Bernard, and I come from Brittany.'

'I know, I know,' said he; and he threw himself into my arms, made me take a seat by his side, spoke to me warmly about my father and all my family, whom he knew so well that I was persuaded I was talking with the master of the chateau.

'You are Monsieur de C——?' I asked him.

He got up, looked at me wildly, and replied, 'I was he, I am he no longer, I am nothing;' and seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Not a word more, young man, don't question me!'

'I must, Monsieur; I have been the involuntary witness of your chagrin and your grief, and if my attachment and my friendship may to some degree alleviate'—

'You are right, you are right,' said he; 'you cannot change my fate, but at the least you may receive my last wishes and my last injunctions it is the only favor I ask of you.'

He shut the door, and again took his seat by my side; I was touched, and tremblingly expected what he was going to say: he spoke with a grave and solemn manner. His physiognomy had an expression I had never seen before on any face. His forehead, which I attentively examined, seemed marked by fatality; his face was pale; his black eyes sparkled, and occasionally his features, although changed by pain, would contract in an ironical and infernal smile. 'What I am going to tell you,' said he, 'will surprise you.' You will doubt me you will not believe me even I doubt it sometimes at the least, I would like to doubt it; but I have got the proofs of

it; and there is in everything around us, in our very organization, a great many other mysteries which we are obliged to undergo, without being able to understand.' He remained silent for a moment, as if to collect his ideas, brushed his forehead with his hand, and then proceeded:

'I was born in this chateau. I had two elder brothers, to whom the honors and the estates of our house were to descend. I could hope nothing above the cassock of an abbé, and yet dreams of ambition and of glory fermented in my head, and quickened the beatings of my heart. Discontented with my obscurity, eager for fame, I thought of nothing but the means of acquiring it, and this idea made me insensible to all the pleasures and all the joys of life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future; and that future lay before me robed in the most sombre colors. I was nearly thirty years old, and had done nothing. Then literary reputations arose from every side in Paris, and their brilliancy was reflected even to our distant province. 'Ah!' I often said to myself, 'if I could at the least command a name in the world of letters! that at least would be fame, and fame is happiness.' The confidant of my sorrow was an old servant, an aged negro, who had lived in the chateau for years before I was born; he was the oldest person about the house, for no one remembered when he came to live there; and some of the country people said that he knew the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death'—

My host saw me express the greatest surprise; he interrupted his narrative to ask me what was the matter.

'Nothing,' said I; but I could not help thinking of the black man the innkeeper had mentioned the evening before.

Monsieur de C—— went on with his story: 'One day, before Juba (such was the negro's name), I loudly expressed my despair at my obscurity and

the uselessness of my life, and I exclaimed: '*I would give ten years of my life* to be placed in the first rank of our authors.' 'Ten years,' he coldly replied to me, 'are a great deal; it's paying dearly for a trifle; but that's nothing, I accept your ten years. I take them now; remember your promises: I shall keep mine!' I cannot depict to you my surprise at hearing him speak in this way. I thought years had weakened his reason; I smiled, and he shrugged his shoulders, and in a few days afterward I quitted the chateau to pay a visit to Paris. There I was thrown a great deal in literary society. Their example encouraged me, and I published several works, whose success I shall not weary you by describing. All Paris applauded me; the newspapers proclaimed my praises; the new name I had assumed became celebrated, and no later than yesterday, you, yourself, my young friend, admired me.'

A new gesture of surprise again interrupted his narrative: 'What! you are not the Duke de C——?' I exclaimed.

'No,' said he very coldly.

'And,' I said to myself, 'a celebrated literary man! Is it Marmontel? or D'Alembert? or Voltaire?'

He sighed; a smile of regret and of contempt flitted over his lips, and he resumed his story: 'This literary reputation I had desired soon became insufficient for a soul as ardent as my own. I longed for nobler success, and I said to Juba, who had followed me to Paris, and who now remained with me: 'There is no real glory, no true fame, but that acquired in the profession of arms. What is a literary man? A poet? Nothing. But a great captain, a leader of an army! Ah! that's the destiny I desire; and for a great military reputation, I would give another ten years of my life.' 'I accept them,' Juba replied; 'I take them now; don't forget it.'

At this part of his story he stopped again, and, observing the trouble and

hesitation visible in my every feature, he said :

‘I warned you beforehand, young man, that you could not believe me; this seems a dream, a chimera to you! . . . and to me, too! . . . and yet the grades and the honors I obtained were no illusions; those soldiers I led to the cannon’s mouth, those redoubts stormed, those flags won, those victories with which all France has rung . . . all that was my work . . . all that glory was mine.’ . . .

While he strode up and down the room, and spoke with this warmth and enthusiasm, surprise chilled my blood, and I said to myself, ‘Who can this gentleman be? . . . Is he Coligny? . . . Richelieu? . . . the Marshal Saxe?’ . . .

From this state of excitement he had fallen into great depression, and coming close to me, he said to me, with a sombre air :

‘Juba spoke truly; and after a short time had passed away, disgusted with this vain bubble of military glory, I longed for the only thing real and satisfactory and permanent in this world; and when, at the cost of five or six years of life, I desired gold and wealth, Juba gave them too. . . . Yes, my young friend, yes, I have seen fortune surpass all my desires; I became the lord of estates, of forests, of chateaux. Up to this morning they were all mine; if you don’t believe me, if you don’t believe Juba . . . wait . . . wait . . . he is coming . . . and you will see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what confounds your reason and mine, is unhappily but too real.’

He then walked toward the mantle-piece, looked at the clock, exhibited great alarm, and said to me in a whisper :

‘This morning at daybreak I felt so depressed and weak I could scarcely get up. I rang for my servant. Juba came. ‘What is the matter with me this morning?’ I asked him. ‘Master, nothing more than natural. The hour ap-

proaches, the moment draws near!’ ‘What hour? What moment?’ ‘Don’t you remember? Heaven allotted sixty years as the term of your existence. You were thirty when I began to obey you!’ ‘Juba,’ said I, seriously alarmed, ‘are you in earnest?’ ‘Yes, master; in five years you have dissipated in glory twenty-five years of life. You gave them to me, they belong to me; and those years you bartered away shall now be added to the days I have to live.’ ‘What, was that the price of your services?’ ‘Others have paid more dearly for them. You have heard of Fabert: I protected him.’ ‘Silence! silence!’ I said to him; ‘you lie! you lie!’ ‘As you please; but get ready, you have only half an hour to live.’ ‘You are mocking me; you deceive me.’ ‘Not at all; make the calculation yourself. You have really lived thirty-five years; you have lost twenty-five years: total, sixty years.’ He started to go out . . . I felt my strength diminishing; I felt my life waning away. ‘Juba! Juba!’ said I, ‘give me a few hours, only a few hours,’ I screamed; ‘oh! give me a few hours longer!’ ‘No, no,’ said he, ‘that would be to diminish my own life, and I know better than you the value of life. There is no treasure in this world worth two hours’ existence!’ I could scarcely speak; my eyes became obscured by a thick veil, the icy hand of death began to freeze my veins. ‘Oh!’ said I, making an effort to speak, ‘take back those estates for which I have sacrificed everything. Give me four hours longer, and I make you master of all my gold, of all my wealth, of all that opulence of fortune I have so earnestly desired.’ ‘Agreed: you have been a good master, and I am willing to do something for you; I consent to your prayer.’ I felt my strength return; and I exclaimed: ‘Four hours are so little . . . oh! Juba! . . . Juba . . . oh! Juba! give me yet four hours, and I renounce all my literary glory, all my works, everything that has placed me so high

in the opinion of the world.' 'Four hours of life for that!' exclaimed the negro with contempt. . . . 'That's a great deal; but never mind; you shan't say I refused your last dying request.' 'Oh! no! no! Juba, don't say my last dying request. . . . Juba! Juba! I beg of you, give me until this evening, give me twelve hours, the whole day, and may my exploits, my victories, my military fame, my whole career be forever effaced from the memory of men! . . . may nothing whatever remain of them! . . . if you will give me this day, only to-day, Juba; and I shall be too well satisfied.' 'You abuse my generosity,' said he, 'and I am making a fool's bargain. But never mind, I give you until sundown. After that, ask me for nothing more. Don't forget, after sundown I shall come for you!'

'He went away,' added my companion, with a tone of despair I can never forget, 'and this is the last day of my life.' He then walked to the glazed door looking out on the park (it was open), and he exclaimed:

'Oh God! I shall see no more this beautiful sky, these green lawns, these sparkling waters; I shall never again breathe the balmy air of the spring! Madman that I was! I might have enjoyed for twenty-five years to come these blessings God has showered on all, blessings whose worth I knew not, and of which I am beginning to know the value. I have worn out my days, I have sacrificed my life for a vain chimera, for a sterile glory, which has not made me happy, and which died before me . . . See! see there!' said he, pointing to some peasants plodding their weary way homeward; 'what would I not give to share their labors and their poverty! . . . But I have nothing to give, nothing to hope here below . . . nothing . . . not even misfortune!' . . . At this moment a sunbeam, a May sunbeam, lighted up his pale, haggard features; he took me

by the arm with a sort of delirium, and said to me:

'See! oh see! how splendid is the sun! . . . Oh! and I must leave all this! . . . Oh! at the least let me enjoy it now. . . . Let me taste to the full this pure and beautiful day . . . whose morrow I shall never see!'

He leaped into the park, and, before I could well comprehend what he was doing, he had disappeared down an alley. But, to speak truly, I could not have restrained him, even if I would. . . . I had not now the strength; I fell back on the sofa, confounded, stunned, bewildered by all I had seen and heard. At length I arose and walked about the room to convince myself that I was awake, that I was not dreaming, that . . .

At this moment the door of the boudoir opened, and a servant announced:

'My master, *Monsieur le Duc de C—*.'

A gentleman some sixty years old and of a very aristocratic appearance came forward, and, taking me by the hand, begged my pardon for having kept me so long waiting.

'I was not at the chateau,' said he. 'I have just come from the town, where I have been to consult with the physicians about the health of the Count de C—, my younger brother.'

'Is he dangerously ill?'

'No, monsieur, thank Heaven, he is not; but in his youth visions of glory and of ambition had excited his imagination, and a grave fever, from which he has just recovered, and which came near proving fatal, has left his head in a state of delirium and insanity, which persuades him that he has only one day longer to live. That's his madness.'

Everything was explained to me now!

'Come, my young friend, now let us talk over your business; tell me what I can do for your advancement. We

will go together to Versailles about the end of this month. I will present you at court.'

'I know how kind you are to me, duke, and I have come here to thank you for it.'

'What! have you renounced going to court, and to the advantages you may reckon on having there?'

'Yes.'

'But recollect, that aided by me, you will make a rapid progress, and that with a little assiduity and patience . . . say in ten years.'

'They would be ten years lost!'

'What!' exclaimed the duke with astonishment, 'is that purchasing too dearly glory, fortune, and fame? . . .

Silence, my young friend, we will go together to Versailles.'

'No, duke, I return to Brittany, and I beg you to accept my thanks and those of my family for your kindness.'

'You are mad!' said the duke.

But thinking over what I had heard and seen, I said to myself: 'You are the same!'

The next morning I turned my face homeward. With what pleasure I saw again my fine chateau de la Roche Bernard, the old trees of my park, and the beautiful sun of Brittany! I found again my vassals, my sisters, my mother, and happiness, which has never quitted me since, for eight days afterward I married Henrietta.



THE CHAINED RIVER.

HOME I love, I now must leave thee! Home I love, I now must go
Far away, although it grieve me, through the valley, through the snow.

By the night and through the valley, though the hail against us flies,
Till we reach the frozen river—on its bank the foeman lies.

Frozen river, mighty river!—wilt thou e'er again be free
From the fountain through the mountain, from the mountain to the sea?

Yes; though Freedom's glorious river for a time be frozen fast,
Still it cannot hold forever—Winter's reign will soon be past.

Still it runs, although 'tis frozen—on beneath the icy plain,
From the mountain to the ocean—free as thought, though held in chain.

From the mountain to the ocean, from the ocean to the sky,
Then in rainy drops returning—lo the ice-chains burst and fly!

And the ice makes great the river. Breast the spring-flood if you dare!
Rivers run though ice be o'er them—God and Freedom everywhere!

HOW THE WAR AFFECTS AMERICANS.

AT the outbreak of the present terrible civil war, the condition of the American people was apparently enviable beyond that of any other nation. We say apparently, because the seeds of the rebellion had long been germinating; and, to a philosophic eye, the great change destined to follow the rebellion was inevitable, though it was then impossible for human foresight to predict the steps by which that change would come. Unconscious of impending calamity, we were proud of our position and character as American citizens. We were free from oppressive taxation, and enjoyed unbounded liberty of speech and action. Revelling in the fertility of a virgin continent, unexampled in modern times for the facilities of cultivation and the richness of its return to human labor, it was a national characteristic to felicitate ourselves upon the general prosperity, and boastingly to compare our growing resources and our unlimited and almost spontaneous abundance, with the hard-earned and dearly purchased productions of other and more exhausted countries. Our population, swollen by streams of immigration from the crowded continents of the old world, has spread over the boundless plains of this, with amazing rapidity; and the physical improvements which have followed our wonderful expansion have been truly magical in their results, as shown by the decennial exhibits of the census, or presented in still more palpable form to the eye of the thoughtful and observant traveller. Since the fall of the Roman empire, no single government has possessed so magnificent a domain in the temperate regions of the globe; and certainly, no other people so numerous, intelligent, and powerful, has ever in any age of the world enjoyed the same unrestricted freedom in the

pursuit of happiness: accordingly, none has ever exhibited the same extraordinary activity in enterprise, or equal success in the creation and accumulation of wealth. It was unfortunately true that our mighty energies were mostly employed in the production of physical results; and although our youthful, vigorous, and unrestricted efforts made these results truly marvellous, yet the moral and intellectual basis on which we built was not sufficiently broad and stable to sustain the vast superstructure of our prosperity. The foundations having been seriously disturbed, it becomes indispensable to look to their permanent security, whatever may be the temporary inconvenience arising from the necessary destruction of portions of the old fabric.

When the war began, the South was supplying the world with cotton—a staple which in modern times has become intimately connected with the physical well-being of the whole civilized world. At the same time, the Northwest was furnishing to all nations immense quantities of grain and animal food, her teeming fields presenting a sure resource against the uncertainty of seasons in those regions of the earth in which capital must supply the fertility which is still inexhaustible here. While such were the occupations of the South and the West, the North and East were advancing in the path of mechanical and commercial improvement, with a rapidity beyond all former example. Agricultural and manufacturing inventions were springing up, full grown, out of the teeming brain of the Yankees, and were fast altering the face of the world. New combinations of natural forces were appearing as the agents of the human will, and were multiplying the physical capacity of man in a ratio that seemed to

know no bounds. Commercial enterprise kept pace with these magnificent creations, and never failed, with liberal and enlightened spirit, to avail itself of all the resources which industry produced or genius invented. Our tonnage surpassed that of the greatest nations; the skill of our shipbuilders was unsurpassed; and the courage, industry, and perseverance of our seamen were renowned all over the world. On every ocean and in every important harbor of the earth were daily visible the emblems of our national power and the evidences of our individual prosperity. But in one fatal moment, from a cause which was inherent in our moral and political condition, all this prodigious activity of thought and work was brought to a complete stand. Such a shock was never before experienced, because such a social and material momentum had never before been acquired by any nation, and then been arrested by so gigantic a calamity. It was as if the earth had been suddenly stopped on its axis, and all things on its surface had felt the destructive impulse of the centrifugal force.

War itself is, unhappily, no uncommon condition of mankind. Wars on a gigantic scale have often heretofore raged among the great nations, or even between sundered parts of the same people. It is not the magnitude of the present contest which constitutes its greatest peculiarity. It is rather the magnitude and importance of the interests it involves and the relations it sunders, which give it the tremendous significance it bears in the eyes of the world. Never has any war found the contending parties engaged in works of such world-wide and absorbing interest, as those which occupied both sections of our people at the commencement of this rebellion. No two people, connected by so many ties, enjoying such unlimited freedom of intercourse, so mutually dependent each upon the other, and occupying a country so utterly incapable of natural divisions,

have ever been known to struggle with each other in so sanguinary a conflict. All the circumstances of the case have been unexampled in history. Accordingly the influence of the contest upon affairs on this continent, and indeed upon human affairs generally, has been great and disastrous in proportion to the magnitude of the peaceful works which have been suspended by it, and to the closeness of those brotherly relations which have heretofore existed between the contending parties, now violently broken, and perhaps forever destroyed.

Almost the entire industry and commerce of the United States have been diverted into new and unaccustomed channels. The most active and enterprising people in the world, in the midst of their varied occupations, suddenly find all the accustomed channels of business blocked up and the stream of their productions flowing back upon them in a disastrous flood, and stagnating in their workshops and storehouses. They are compelled to find new issues for their enterprise and to make a complete change in their habits and works. It is not merely in the cessation of all intercourse between the two vast sections, North and South, that this mighty transformation has taken place; but an equal alteration has been suddenly effected in the character of the business and the nature of the occupations which the people have heretofore pursued in the loyal States of the Union. Great branches of business, employing millions of capital, have been utterly annihilated or indefinitely suspended. Vast amounts of capital have been sunk and utterly lost in the deep gulf of separation which temporarily divides the States; or if they are ever to be recovered, it will be only after the storm shall have completely subsided, when some portions of the wrecks, which have been scattered in the fearful commotion, may be thrown safely on to the shores of reunion. It was anticipated, especially

by the rebels themselves, that these incalculable losses, these tremendous shocks and sudden changes, would utterly overwhelm the North with ruin and tear her to pieces with faction and disorder. But this anticipation of accumulated disasters, in which the wish was father to the thought, has not been realized to any appreciable extent. The pecuniary losses have been in a great measure compensated by the immense demands of the war; and when faction has attempted to raise its head, it has been compelled to retire before the patriotic rebuke of the people. And although the vast expenditures of the war give present relief, by drawing largely on the resources of the future, yet the strength we acquire is none the less real or less effectual in overthrowing the rebellion.

But this sudden and grand emergency, with all its appalling concomitants of lives sacrificed, property destroyed, commercial disaster, and social derangement, has given a rare opportunity for the testing of our national character, and of our ability to meet and overcome the most tremendous difficulties and dangers. Perhaps the versatility of American genius and its ready adaptation to the new circumstances, are even more wonderful than any other exhibition made by our people in this great national crisis. There has never been any good reason to doubt the capacity of any portion of American citizens for warlike occupations, nor their possession of the moral qualities necessary to make them good soldiers. The long period of peace which has blessed our country, with the industrial, educational, and moral improvement produced by it, has rendered war justly distasteful to the Free States of the Union. They were slow to recognize the necessity for it; and nothing but the most solemn convictions of duty would have aroused them to the stern and unanimous determination with which they have entered on the present struggle. Swift would have been our

degeneration, if the spirit of our fathers had already died out among us. But our history of less than a century since the Revolutionary war has fully maintained the self-reliant character of Americans and demonstrated their military abilities; and if the commercial and manufacturing populations of particular sections were supposed to have become somewhat enervated by long exemption from the labors and perils of war, it was certain that our large agricultural regions and especially our frontier settlements were peopled with men inured to toil and familiar with danger, constituting the best material for armies to be found in any country. Nor was it in fact true that any considerable portion of our people, even those drawn from the stores and workshops of the cities, had become so far deteriorated in vigor of body, or demoralized in spirit, as to be unfit for military service. The Southern leaders looked with scorn upon our volunteer army only until they encountered it in battle. They were then compelled to alter their preconceived opinions of the Yankee character, and to change their contempt, real or pretended, into respect, if not admiration. Even when superior numbers or better strategy enabled them to beat us, they have seldom failed to bear honorable testimony to the unflinching courage and endurance of our troops. Nor do we need the admissions of the enemy to establish this character for us; our own triumphs, on many glorious fields, are the best evidences of our ability in war, and of themselves sufficiently attest the valor and energy of our noble volunteers. In this aspect of the matter, we must not forget the peculiar character and constitution of our vast army. It is indeed worthy to be called the wonder of the world. It is virtually a voluntary association of the people for the purpose of putting down a gigantic rebellion and saving their own government from destruction. This is a social phenomenon never before known in

history on a scale approaching the magnitude of our combinations—a phenomenon which could only take place in a popular government, where the unrestricted freedom of individual action promotes the virtues of personal independence, self-respect, and manly courage. Even the Southern people, fighting on their own soil, in a war which, though actually commenced by them, they now affect to consider wholly defensive—even they, with all their boasted unanimity, and with the fierce passions engendered by slavery, have been compelled to maintain their armies by a conscription of the most unexampled severity; while the loyal States, fighting solely for union and nationality—interests of the most general nature, and offering little of mere personal inducement—have so far escaped that necessity, and are now just preparing to resort to it. After all, it must be acknowledged by every just and generous mind, whether that of friend or foe, that there is a substratum of noble sentiment and manly impulses at the foundation of the Yankee character. The vast movements of the Northern people plainly show it. Their contributions for the support of soldiers' families and for the relief of the wounded and disabled, are upon a gigantic scale. They raise immense sums for the payment of bounties to volunteers, and thus, in every way, the burdens of the war are voluntarily assumed by the people, and to some extent distributed among them, so that every one may participate in the patriotic work. Nor is this large-hearted liberality confined solely to our own country. The sufferers in other lands, who have felt the disastrous effects of our great civil war, have not been forgotten. In the midst of a life-and-death struggle among ourselves, we have found time and means to assist in relieving their wants—an exhibition of liberality peculiar, and truly American in character.

Nor are these the only interesting

features in the bearing of the American people at the present crisis. Perhaps a still more remarkable one is the entire devotion of the national energies—of intellect not less than of heart, of skill, not less than of capital—to the great purposes of the war. This was the necessary result of our free institutions; of our untrammelled pursuits; the mobility of our means and agencies of production; and the plastic character of all our creations. The amount of thought expended on this subject has been prodigious and incalculable. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to enumerate the ten thousand inventions and devices of all kinds which have been presented for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of weapons and of all the appliances of war, as well as for adding to the comfort and securing the health of the soldier. Every imaginable instrument of usefulness in any of the operations of the camp, or the march, or the field of battle, has been the subject of tentative ingenuity, such as none but Yankees could display. The musket, the carbine, the pistol, have been constructed upon numberless plans, apparently with every possible modification. The cartridge has been covered with copper, impervious to water, instead of paper, and has its own fulminate attached in various modes. Cannon shot and shells have been made in many new forms; and cannons themselves have been increased in calibre to an extraordinary size with proportionate efficiency, and have been constructed in various modes and forms never before conceived. The tent, the cot, the chest, the chair, the knife and fork, the stove and bakeoven, each and every one of them, have been touched by the transforming hand of homely genius, and have assumed a thousand unimaginable forms of usefulness and convenience. India rubber and every other available material have been made to perform new and appropriate parts in the general work. The result of all this unexampled activity and ingenuity has

not yet been fully eliminated. It would require years of experience in war in order to bring American genius, as at present developed, to bear with all its extraordinary force on the mechanical details of the military art. Beyond doubt, numberless devices, among those presented, will prove to be utterly worthless ; but many of them will certainly stand the test of experience, will be ultimately approved and adopted, and will remain as monuments of the enterprise and ingenuity aroused by the necessities of the country in this hour of its sad calamity.

It would be a curious and interesting employment to estimate the number and character of these inventions, due wholly to the existing civil strife. Only then should we be able to form some adequate conception of the immense stimulus which has been applied to the national intellect, and which has caused it to embrace within the boundless range of its investigations, the highest moral and political problems, alike with the minutest questions of mechanical and economical convenience. But we should be greatly disappointed in not finding this phenomenon even partially comprehended by the powers that be. It is truly a melancholy thing to meet in the highest quarters so little sympathy with the noblest efforts of the popular mind, and to witness the cold neglect and even disdainful suspicion with which the most useful and valuable devices are often received, or rather, we should say, haughtily disregarded and rejected. Seldom or never do we find these inventions appreciated according to their merits. The Government is proverbially slow to adopt improvements of any kind ; and the army and navy, like all similar professional bodies, are averse to every important change, and wedded to the instruments and processes in the use of which they have been educated and trained. This peculiar indisposition to progressive movements, in all the established institutions and organizations of society, has

frequently been the subject of remark and of regret. It is, however, only an exaggeration of the conservative principle, which, when confined within proper limits, is wise and beneficial. Indeed, the actual progress of society in any period, is neither more nor less than the result of the conflict between the opposite tendencies, of retrogradation and advancement—a disposition to adhere to the old, which has been tried and approved, and a tendency toward the new, which, however promising and alluring, may yet disappoint and mislead. In the long run, however, the latter prevails, and the progressive movement, more or less rapid, goes on continually. Improvements gradually force themselves upon the attention of the most prejudiced minds, and eventually conquer opposition in spite of professional immobility and aversion to change. Observation has shown that the most important steps of progress usually originate outside of the professions, and are only adopted when they can no longer be resisted with safety to the conservative body. To the volunteer officer and soldier, or to those educated soldiers who have long been in civil life, will probably be due the greater part of that accessibility to new ideas which will result in important advances in the art of war. This assertion may seem to be paradoxical ; but all experience proves that ignorance of old processes is most favorable to the introduction of new ones. And though in a thousand instances such ignorance may be disastrous, occasionally it finds the unprejudiced intellect illuminated by flashes of original genius, and open to the entrance of valuable ideas which would have been utterly excluded by all the old and established rules.

But the actual work of the unexampled mental activity of the present day, will not be fully known and estimated until after the close of the war. Until then there will be neither time nor opportunity to weigh and test the crea-

tions of the national ingenuity. In the midst of campaigns and battles, with the absorbing interest of the great struggle, the instruments of warfare cannot be easily changed, however important may be the improvement presented. The emergency which arouses genius and brings forth valuable inventions, is by no means favorable to their adoption and general use. On the contrary, by a sort of fatality which seems to be a law of their existence, they are doomed to struggle with adversity and fierce opposition, and they are left by the occasion which gave them birth as its repudiated offspring—a legacy to the future emergency which will cherish and perfect them, make them available, and enjoy the full benefit to be derived from them.

The navy has always justly been the pride of our country; and it was to be expected that it would first feel the impulse of inventive genius. Confident in our strength and resources, we had long remained comparatively sluggish, and regardless of those interesting experiments which other great maritime powers had been carefully making with a view to render ships invulnerable. We looked on quietly, observed the results, and waited for the occasion when we should be required to put forth our strength in this direction. When the war commenced, we had not a single iron-clad vessel of any description. It became necessary that the immense Southern coast of our country should be subjected to the strictest blockade. This was a work of vast magnitude, and a very large and sudden increase of the navy was demanded by the extraordinary emergency. Cities were to be taken, and strong fortresses to be attacked. The rebels had managed to save some of the vessels intended to be destroyed at Norfolk, and had converted the Merrimack into a formidable monster, which in due time displayed her destructive powers upon our unfortunate fleet in Hampton Roads, in that ever-memorable contest in which

the Monitor first made her timely appearance. The chief result of the vast effort demanded by the perilous situation of our country, was the class of vessels of which the partially successful but ill-fated Monitor was the type. These structures are certainly very far from being perfect as ships of war; nevertheless, they constitute an interesting and valuable experiment, and mark an advance in naval warfare of the very first importance. They establish the form in which defensive armor may perhaps be most effectively disposed for the protection of men on board ships; but at the same time, it must be conceded that they utterly fail in all the other requisites for men-of-war and sea-going vessels. They are deficient in buoyancy and speed. In truth they are nothing more than floating batteries, useful in the defence of harbors or the attack of forts. The melancholy end of the Monitor shows too plainly that vessels of her character cannot be safely trusted to the fury of the open sea. They may do well in favorable weather, or may escape on a single expedition; but a repetition of long voyages will be almost certain to result in their loss.

We want lighter and swifter vessels to be equally formidable in ordnance, and alike invulnerable to the attacks of any adversary. To combine all these requisites is not beyond the ingenuity of American constructors. Most assuredly such vessels will soon make their appearance on the ocean. Some new arrangement of the propelling apparatus, and lighter and more powerful machinery, will accomplish this important end. And then, too, with greatly increased speed, and with a construction suitable to the new function, the principle of the ram will be perfected; so that the projectile thrown by the most powerful ordnance now existing or even conceived will be insignificant compared with the momentum of a large steamer, going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, and herself becom-

ing the direct instrument of destruction to her adversary. Ordnance may possibly be devised which will throw shot or shell weighing each a thousand pounds; but by the new principle, which is evidently growing in practicability and favor, the weight of thousands of tons will be precipitated against vessels of war, and naval combats will become a conflict of gigantic forces, in comparison with which the discharge of guns and the momentum of cannon balls will be little more than the bursting of bubbles.

The exploits of the rebel steamer *Alabama*, so destructive to our commerce and so humiliating to our pride as a great naval power, sufficiently attest the vital importance of the element of speed in ships of war. Her capacity under steam is beyond that of our best vessels, and she therefore becomes, at her pleasure, utterly inaccessible to anything we may send to pursue her. We have built our steamers strong and heavy; but proportionately slow and clumsy. The *Alabama* could not safely encounter any one of them entitled to the name of a regular cruiser; but she does not intend to risk such a contest, and, most unfortunately for us, she cannot be compelled to meet it. Of what real use are all the costly structures of our navy with the tremendous ordnance which they carry, if this comparatively insignificant craft can go and come when and where she will, and sail through and around our fleets without the possibility of being interrupted? They are perfectly well suited to remain stationary and aid us in blockading the Southern ports; but the frequent escape of fast steamers running the blockade, serves still further to demonstrate the great and palpable deficiency in the speed of our ships of war. We may start a hundred of our best steamers on the track of the *Alabama*, and, without an accident, they can never overtake her. The only alternative is to accept the lesson which her example teaches, and to surpass her in those qualities

which constitute her efficiency and make her formidable as a foe. This we must do, or we must quietly surrender our commerce to her infamous depredations, and acknowledge ourselves beaten on the seas by the rebel confederacy without an open port, and without anything worthy to be called a navy. The ability of our naval heroes, and their skill and valor, so nobly illustrated on several occasions during the present war, will be utterly unavailing against superior celerity of motion. Their just pride must be humbled, and their patriotic hearts must chafe with vexation, so long as the terrible rebel rover continues to command the seas, as she will not fail to do so long as we are unable to cope with her in activity and speed. Nor is it certain we have yet known the worst. Ominous appearances abroad, and thick-coming rumors brought by every arrival, indicate the construction in England of numerous other ships like the *Alabama*, destined to run the blockade and afterward to join that renowned cruiser in her work of destruction. Stores of cotton held in Southern ports offer a temptation to the cupidity of foreign adventurers which will command capital to any amount, and the best skill of English engineers and builders will be enlisted to make the enterprise successful—a skill not embarrassed by bureaucratic inertia and stolidity.

Let the genius of American constructors and engineers be brought to bear on the subject, and the important problem will be solved in sixty days. Indeed, there are plans in existence, at this very hour, by which the desired end could be at once accomplished. But the inertia of official authority, and especially of the bureaus in the Navy Department, is such that any novel idea, however demonstrably good and valuable, is usually doomed to battle for years against opposition of all kinds before it can hope to secure an introduction. In all probability, the war will have been ended before anything

of great importance ever can be accomplished through those channels. The adoption of the Monitor principle was not due to the skill and intelligence found in official quarters; it was forced upon the Navy Department from the outside. And like the boa constrictor, after having swallowed its prey, the Department must sluggishly repose until that meal is digested before another can be taken. One idea, of the magnitude of this, is enough for the present crisis. We shall not have another, if the stubborn resistance and fixity of ideas in the bureaux can prevent it. The invulnerability of the Monitors, and the peculiar arrangement by which this important end is obtained, are but one of the items necessary to make up the complete efficiency of war steamers. They are only one half what is required. They accomplish one of the great desiderata in armaments afloat; but they leave another equally important demand utterly unsatisfied. There is a counterpart to this achievement—its complement, equally indispensable to the efficiency of the navy, and waiting to be placed by the side of the recent improvement. It must and will be brought forth, whether the naval authorities assist or oppose. American genius, only give it fair play, is equal to all emergencies.

The immense activity of thought and ingenuity elicited by the war, and extending to all the departments of enterprise appropriate to the great crisis, is a phenomenon peculiar to the American people. It could be exhibited nowhere else, to the same extent, among civilized nations, because nowhere else is the same stimulus applied with equal directness to the popular masses. The operation of this peculiar cause is conspicuously plain. The Government of the United States is the people's Government; the war is emphatically the people's war. Every man feels that he has a personal interest in it. He understands, more or less clearly, the whole question involved, and has fixed opinions, and perhaps

strong feelings, in regard to it. His friends and neighbors and brothers are in the army, and they have gone thither voluntarily, perhaps impelled by enlightened and conscientious convictions of duty. His sympathies follow them; he ardently prays for their success; and he is stimulated to provide, as well as he can, for their comfort. All other business being greatly interrupted, if not wholly suspended, he thinks continuously of the mighty operations of the war. He dwells on them night and day, and in the laboratory of his active mind, excited by the mighty stimulus of personal and patriotic feeling natural to the occasion, he produces those extraordinary combinations which distinguish the present era.

In addition to these impulses which operate so generally, there is the still more universal and all-pervading love of gain which stimulates his inventive faculties, and causes them to operate in the direction in which his hopes and sympathies are turned. Aroused by motives of all kinds, the whole mind and heart of the country is absorbed in the great contest, and all its energies are applied in every conceivable way to the work of war. The man who carries the gun and uses it on the battle field is not more earnestly engaged in this work than he who racks his brain and sifts his teeming ideas for the purpose of making the instrument more destructive. Even the victims who fall in the deadly strife and give their mangled bodies to their country, are not more truly martyrs to a glorious cause than the inventors who sometimes sacrifice themselves in the course of their perilous experiments, or by the slower process of mental and physical exhaustion during the long years of 'hope deferred,' while vainly seeking to make known the value of their devices. A great power is at work, operating on the character and capacity of each individual, and affecting each according to the infinite diversity which prevails among men. A common en-

thuisasm, or, at least, a common excitement pervades the whole community to its profoundest depths, and arouses all its energy and all its intellect, whatever that energy and intellect may be capable of doing. It carries multitudes into the army full of patriotic ardor; it inspires others with grand ideas, which they seek to embody in combinations of power, useful and effective in the great work which is the task of the nation, and for the accomplishment of which all noble hearts are laboring earnestly and incessantly.

But in this tempestuous hour, as in more peaceful times, good and bad ideas, valuable and worthless devices, noble and generous as well as sinister and mercenary purposes are mingled in the vast multitude of projects which are presented for acceptance and adoption. The power of the nation is magnified by the impulse which arouses it; but in its exaltation it still retains its errors and defects. It is the same people, with all their characteristic faults and virtues, stimulated to mighty exertions in a sacred cause, who have been so often engaged in petty partisan contests, swayed by dishonest leaders, and carried astray by the base intrigues of ambition and selfishness. Yet, as the masses, at all times, have had no interest but that of the nation which they chiefly constitute, and have sought nothing but what they at least considered to be the public good, so even now, in these mad and perilous times, the predominating sentiment and purpose of the people, in whatever sphere they move, are, on the whole, good and worthy of approval. Every one must at least pretend to be controlled by honest and patriotic motives; and in such an emergency hypocrisy cannot possibly be universal or even predominant. Although men may seek chiefly their own interest and profit, they must do so through some effort of public usefulness. They must commend themselves, their works, and ideas, as of superior importance to the cause of the country; and in this universal

struggle and competition—this mighty effervescence of popular thought and action, it would be strange and unexampled, if some great, new conceptions should not dawn upon us. The very condition, physical, social, and moral, of our twenty millions of people in the loyal States is unlike all that has ever preceded it. Their general intelligence, the result of universal education, makes available their unlimited freedom, and establishes their capacity for great achievements. The present momentous occasion makes an imperative demand upon all their highest faculties, and they cannot fail to respond in a manner which will satisfy every just expectation.

What the Government has undertaken in this crisis is worthy of a great people and springs from the large ideas habitual to Americans. The blockade of the whole Southern coast, with its vast shore line, and its intricate network of inlets, harbors, and rivers; the controlling of the mighty Mississippi from Cairo to the gulf; the campaigns in Virginia, Tennessee, and Arkansas; and the pending attacks on Charleston and Savannah—these gigantic and tremendous operations have something of that grandeur which is familiar to our thoughts—which, indeed, constitutes the staple of the ordinary American speech, apparently having all the characteristics of exaggerated jesting and idle boast. We frequently hear our enthusiastic countrymen talk of anchoring Great Britain in one of our northern lakes. They speak contemptuously of the petty jurisdictions of European powers contrasted with the magnificent domain of our States, and they sneer at the rivers of the old continent as mere rills by the side of the mighty 'father of waters.' The men whose very jests are on a scale of such magnitude, do not seem to find the extensive military operations too large for their serious thoughts. No American considers them beyond our power, or for one moment hesitates to admit their

ultimate success. No difficulties discourage us, no disasters appal. We move on with indomitable will and determination, looking through all the obstacles to the grand result as already accomplished. Does slavery stand in the way, and cotton seek to usurp the throne of universal empire, dictating terms to twenty millions of freemen, and demanding the acquiescence of the world? The first is annihilated by a word proclaiming universal liberation; the second is blockaded in his ports, surrounded by a wall of fire, suffocated and strangled, and dragged helpless and insensible from his imaginary throne. A proud and desperate aristocracy, rich and powerful, and correspondingly confident, undertake to measure strength with the democratic millions whom they despise. These Northern people, scorned and detested, have ideas—grand and magnificent as

well as practical ideas, nurtured by universal education and unlimited freedom of thought and act. The fierce and relentless aristocracy rave in their very madness, and defy the people whom they seek to destroy; but these bear down upon the haughty enemy, slowly and deliberately—awkwardly and blunderingly, it may be, at first, but learning by experience, and moving on, through all vicissitudes, with the certainty and solemnity of destiny to the hour of final and complete success. The confidence in this grand result dominates every other thought. All ideas and all purposes revolve around it as a centre. It is the internal fire which warms the patriotism, strengthens the purpose, stimulates the invention, sustains the courage, and feeds the undying confidence of the nation, in this, the hour of its desperate struggle for existence.

P R O M O T E D !

‘*You* will not bid me stay!’ he said,
 ‘*She* calls for me—my native land!
 And *stay*? ah, better to be dead!
 A *coward* dare not ask your hand!

‘My crimson sash you’ll tie for me,
 My belted sword you’ll fasten, love!
 I swear to both I’ll faithful be,
 To these below! to God above!

‘And if, perchance, my sword shall win
 A laurel wreath to crown *your* name,
 He will not count it as my sin,
 That I for *you* have prayed for fame!’

* * * * *

His name rings thro’ his native land,
 His sword has won the hero’s prize;
 Why comes he not to ask her hand?
 Dead on the battle field he lies.

HENRIETTA AND VULCAN.

TIME, O well beloved, floweth by like a river; sweepeth on by turreted castles and dainty boat-houses, great old forests and ruined cities. Tender, cool-eyed lilies fringe its rippling shores, straggling arms of longing seaweeds are unceasingly wooing and losing its flying waves; and on its purple bosom by night, linger merrily hosts of dancing stars. Bright under its limpid waters gleam the towers of many a 'sunken city.' Strong and clear through the night-silence of eager listening, ring the chimes of their far-off bells, the echoes of joyous laughter: and to waiting, yearning ones come, ever and anon, deep glances from gleaming eyes, warm graspings from outstretched hands. And well windeth the river into grim old caves, and even the merriest boat that King Cole ever launched flitteth by the dark doors, intent only on the brilliant *chateaux*, that shimmer above in the gorgeous sunlight of a brave *Espagne*. But laughing imps, with flying feet, venture singly into these realms of the Unknown. Bright streameth the light there from carbuncles and glowing rubies; but of the melodies that there bewilder them, no returning voice ever speaketh, for are they not Eleusinian mysteries? But when thou meetest, O brother, sailing down the stream under gay flags and rounding sails, some Hogarth or some Sterne, who playeth *rouge et noir* with keen old Pharaohs, and battledore with Charlie Buff; who singeth brave *Libiamos*, and despiseth not the Christmas plums of Johnny Horner; who payeth graceful court to the great and learned, and warmeth the pale hearts of the shivering poor with his kind cheer and gentle words; who sitteth with Socrates and Pericles at the feet of an ever-lovely Aspasia, and whispereth *capric-*

cios to Anna Maria at the opera; know then, O beloved, if thou hast ever trodden the mystic halls, that this man is the brother of thy soul! Selah!

But the bravest stream that ever was born on a mountain side has its shoals and quicksands, and far out in the sounding sea rise slowly coral reefs. Now, if on every green, growing isle newly rising to the sunlight, the glorious jealousy of some Jove should toss a Vulcan, how would our Venuses be suddenly charmed by the beauties of a South Sea Scheme! how would their tiny shallops dot the curling waves, and what new flowers would spring upon the smiling shores to greet their rosy feet!

'And why a Vulcan?' says the elegant Narcissus Hare, with a shiver; 'a great, grim, solemn, limping monster, that Brummel would have spurned in disgust! And he to win our ladies with their delicate loveliness! Faugh, sir! are you a Cyclops yourself?'

Alas! my Tinkler, do you remember that Salmasius began his vituperations of Milton with gratuitous speculations upon his supposed ugliness, and that great was his grief when he was assured that he contended with an ideal of beauty. Have you forgotten that the Antinous won the distinguished favor of his merry, courteous queen Christina, and that the satirist and man of 'taste' died of obscurity in a year? Beware, my little Narcissus, lest the next autumn flowers bloom above your grave in Greenwood, and your fair Luline be accepting bouquets and *bonbons* from me.

You, Roland, are pale from the very contemplation of such a catastrophe, such an unprecedented *hægira* of dames! It is as if from every gay watering place, some softly tinkling

bell should summon the fair mermaids. Beplaided and betrowsered, with their little gypsy hats, would they float out beyond the breakers, waving aside with farewell, airy kisses, the patent life boats and the magical preservers, and pressing on, like Gebers, with their rosy faces and great, hopeful eyes ever laughingly, merrily turned to the golden east—their *Morgen Land*!

Ah! but—have we no Vulcans among us? ‘Fair Bertha, Beatrice, Alys,’ come out of the Christmas ecstasies of the dear old year that has just streamed out like a meteor among the stars;—*you* know, fair ones, that the stars are only years, and the planets grave old centuries; lock away the jewels and the lace sets—charming, I know—the glove boxes and the statuettes, the cream-leaved books, and the fragile, graceful *babioles*; pull up the cushions, and group your bright selves around the register—it’s very cold to-day, you roses—and let us settle the question—have we a Vulcan among us?

Magnificent essayists, O dearly beloved, have handled ‘Our Husbands,’ ‘Our Wives,’ ‘Our Sons’ and ‘Our Daughters’ in a masterly style. Very praiseworthy, no doubt, but so unromantic! Why, there’s not a green leaf in the whole collection! The style is decidedly Egyptian, solid and expressive, but dreadfully compact. No arabesques, those offshoots of lazy, dreamy hours and pleasantly disconnected thoughts, disgrace the solemnly even tenor of these fathers of ‘Ephemeral Literature,’ as some ‘rude Iconoclast’ has irreverently styled the butterfly journeyings of our magazine age. But we, O merry souls and brave, are still young and frivolous; we still look at pictures with as much zest as before our dimly remembered teens; and we belong to that happy branch of the Scribbleri family, that prefer the sympathy of bright eyes and gay laughter, to the approving shake of any D’Orsay’s ‘ambrosial curls,’ or the most unquali-

fied smile from the grimmest old champion who even now votes in his secret heart against the New Tariff, or charges with unparalleled bravery imaginary or windmill giants on the floor of a Platform or of a Legislature.

But this, our paper, purporteth to be, in some wise, a disquisition on Beaux, and, by our faith, we had well-nigh forgotten it. *Retournous à nos moutons*, as the ancient lawyers used to say (and many a tyro, in the interim, hath said the same) when they grew so entangled in the mazes of Jack Shepherd cases that they lost sight of their original designs. And lest I should grow wearisomely prosaic, and see the yawn behind your white hand, *belle* Beatrice, let me make my disquisition a half story, and point my moral, not as fairies do, with a pinch, but with the shadow of a tale.

And here, *signorina*, though in courage I am a Cæsar, here I shrink. The birdseye view I would take of a few leaves of beau-dom, should be from the standing point of your own unquiet, peering eyes; and if even Cupid is blindfold, how may I, to whom you are all tormentingly delicious enigmas, hope in my own unaided strength to enter the charmed citadel of your experiences? Oh, no! But happy is the man, who, with an inquiring mind, has also a sister! Thrice happy he whose sisters have just now flitted down the staircase, from their own inner sanctuaries, into the little library, bearing with them in noisy triumph the Harry of all Goodfellows, the truant Henrietta Ruyter! Ah! she is the key that will unlock for me those treasures of thought and observation that I will shortly lay before you, O readers!

And now to you, O much-traduced star, that presided at my *début* into this vale of tears, may the most glorious rocket ascend that Jackson ever said or sung, one that shall break out in pæans of brilliant stars!—*for*, when I entered the charmed presence, the very ball that I had been wishing to roll was

upon the carpet. But of this I was unconscious as I admired Fanny's new dress, the mysterious earrings of our stately Bertha, and ventured upon a slight compliment to Henrietta, who lounged upon the divan. With admirable dexterity, the young lady caught the *fleurette* upon her crochet needle, reviewed it carelessly, and finally decided to accept it; an event that I had undoubtedly foreseen, for the compliment was a graceful and artistic one. But brothers, as you, Gustav, my boy, have long since discovered, are not events, and I was presently consigned to the 'elephant chair' in the corner, with a portfolio of sketches that Henrietta had brought from over the sea—and the dames continued, in charming obliviousness of my presence.

'Girls,' said Henrietta, having deposited my compliment snugly in her little workbasket, whence it may issue to the delectation of some future young lady group, 'how are you going to entertain me? Such a Wandering Jew as I am! A perfect Ahasuerus! *What* a novelty it will be that will interest *me*!' and with a most laughingly wearied air, the pretty eyebrows were raised, and waves of weariness floated over the golden hair in its scarlet net.

Fanny looked concerned. 'We may have a week of opera.'

'I've been—in—Milan,' returned Henrietta, with a well-counterfeited air of the disdain with which Mrs. De Lancy Stevens views all republican institutions since her year in Europe. Bertha laughed.

'You have grown literary, astronomical perhaps, with your star gazing, and Len has become such a Mitchellite of late, that two shelves of his bookcase are filled with works on the heavenly bodies. What a rapture you will be in at the sight!'

'Quite an Aquinas,' said Henrietta, with gravity.

'How so, Harry,' asked Fanny, after a pause, during which she had been

deciding that her friend meant—Galileo!

'Oh, he wrote about angels, you know; said these heavenly bodies were made of thick clouds, and some other nonsense, of which I remember nothing.'

I, in my corner, was devoutly thankful that angels now assume more tangible shapes, which chivalric sentiment, finding expression only in my eyes, was recognized but by Henrietta, who rewarded me with a lightning smile.

'Bertha, my queen,' continued she, as that lady's serene countenance beamed upon her in apparently immovable calmness, '*does* anything ever arouse you? Have you forgotten, my impenetrable spirit, the sad days of yore, when we sobbed out grand *arias* to the wretched accompaniment of Professor Tirili, blistered our young fingers on guitar strings, waded unprofitably in oceans of Locke and Bacon, and were oftener at the apex of a triangle than its comfortable base? And you always as calm as though 'sailing over summer seas!' Come—I am absolutely blue;' and the half-fretful belle, who had really exhausted her strength and amiability by a grand pedestrian tour in the Central Park that morning, stretched out demurely her gaiter boots, and drew with an invisible pencil on imaginary paper, the outline of her boldly arched instep.

'If Landon would only come,' sighed Fanny, musingly, counting the beads for the eye of the Polyphemus she was embroidering on a cushion for that gentleman's sofa meditations, 'he would entertain you, as well as the—one—two—three—witches in Macbeth.'

'No doubt of it,' said Henrietta.

'Five blues and two blacks,' said Fanny, not heeding the reply. 'See, girls,' and she held up the glittering orb, 'what a lovely eye!'

The enthusiasm of her audience was delirious but subdued. I caught an occasional '*Such* a love!' 'How sweet—how fierce!'

'Now,' said Henrietta, decidedly, 'if Medusa had but one eye, and this dear creature two, I should die as miserably as the lady who loved the Apollo Belvidere. I have had *oceans* of knights errant—but *such*! I think of writing a natural history like—Cuvier.'

'Yes,' said Bertha, quietly, 'or Peter Parley.'

'Suppose I read you the advance sheets some morning?'

'Charming,' said Fanny, with a little shrug of approaching delight.

'Mr. Landon Snowe, Miss Fanny,' said a crusty voice, and from under a tower of white turban, Sibyl's face looked out—at the door.

'We will see him here, Sibyl,' said Fanny, brightly; 'and oh, Sibyl, ask Mott to make a macaroon custard for dinner, for Miss Ruyter.'

'Excellent,' said that lady, again with the De Lancy Stevens air, 'I ate—those—in—Paris. They actually flavor them there with *Haut Brion*! and they are delicious!' and Henrietta's lips fairly quivered at the remembrance, that was by no means a re-collection of the long-ago enjoyed dainties.

'Such extravagance!' said Fanny, opening her eyes, and arranging sundry little points in her attitude that were intended to be very piercing indeed to the gentleman, whose step was now heard in the hall. 'Such extravagance, Harry! Your father, I suppose. You'll get nothing better than Port here. Good morning, Mr. Snowe.'

'Talking of ports, ladies,' said that gentleman, airily, after he had prostrated himself, figuratively as well as disfiguratively, before Miss Henrietta, bowed over Bertha's hand, and drew his chair to Fanny's sewing stand, for the triple purpose of confusing her zephyrs, flirting at a side table, and ascertaining whether Henrietta had fulfilled the luxuriant promise of her earlier youth. Snowe was, womanly speaking, as you will see, 'a perfect love of a man.' 'Newport, for example, and

charming drives? Williamsport and the Susquehanna, Miss Fanny?'

Very statesmanly, O Landon G. Snowe, Esq., both the glance beneath which my poor little sister's eyes fell, and the allusions twain to the scenes of many a pleasure past. But Fanny, though not mistress of her blushes, can, at least, control her words.

'You are not a very good *Œdipus*, Mr. Snowe; we were discussing imports.'

'Such as laces and silks?'

'And punch,' suggested Henrietta.

Mr. Snowe's eyeglass was here freshly adjusted, and his attention bestowed upon the young lady who talked of punch, a thing unheard of in society! The prospect was refreshing. Henrietta was stylish, piquant, and pretty. Fanny was uncertain, indifferent, but, for the moment, divine. He magnanimously sacrificed himself to the impulse of the moment, and the courtesies of hospitality, and walked courageously over to Henrietta, under cover of a huge book.

'They were views from the White Mountains, he believed. Had Miss Ruyter seen them? Allow him;' and he wheeled her sofa nearer the table, and unfurled the book. Henrietta was charmed.

'The Schwartz Mountains? She had not understood. These are glaciers? How they glisten! And these little flowers below are violets? Such pretty, modest, ladylike flowers. Had Mr. Snowe a favorite among flowers?'

Mr. Snowe was prepared. He had answered the question exactly five hundred and ten times. To Cecilia Lanner, who was almost a *religieuse*, and who wore her diamond cross from principle, he was the very poet of a passion flower, such holy mysteries as its opening petals disclosed to him! To Lucy Grey, who wore pensive curls, and had a sweet voice, he presented constantly fragrant little sprays of *mignonette*, cunning moss baskets with a suspicion of *heliotrope* peeping out,

and crushed myrtle blossoms between the leaves of her most exquisitely bound books. To Katy Lessing, who rowed a small green boat somewhere up the Hudson in the summer, he confided the fact that water lilies were his admiration: he loved the limpid water; its restless waves were like heart throbbings (this nearly overwhelmed poor Katy). All great and noble souls loved the water;—he forgot the sacred fakirs, and the noble lord who preferred Malmsey wine! He had repeatedly assured Regina Ward that the camelia was *his* flower, so proudly beautiful! His soul was 'permeated with loveliness,' and asked no fragrance. Regina is a great white creature, lovely to behold, and, perfectly conscious of her perfection, no more actively charming than the Ino of Foley. He won Milly White's favor by applauding her love for wild flowers, declaring that a field of buttercups reminded him of the 'spangled heavens,' and that on summer days he was constantly envying the cool little Jacks in their green pulpits.

A pretended Lavater—and there have been such—would have convicted Snowe at once of the most artful penetration, could he have seen the lowering curve of his brows as he watched the nervous fluttering of Henrietta's hands over the pictures, and the decided but softly pleasant rounding of her white chin. But it was the general unconsciously powerful indifference of manner, that advised him to prefer, in reply to her question:

'The snapdragon, yes, beyond the shadow of a doubt. I have an odd fashion (very odd, Gustav!), Miss Ruyter, of associating ladies with flowers, and that gorgeous three-bird snapdragon always looks to me like some brilliant belle, who holds her glittering sceptre and wields it, capriciously perhaps, but always charmingly.'

'A sort of Helen,' observed Henrietta, calmly.

'A witching, arbitrary, lovely Helen,'

promptly returned Snowe, who had a vague idea of Greek helmets and golden apples, wooden horses, a great war, and 'all for love.'

Henrietta heard the magnificent vagueness, and became so intently interested in a view, that Snowe came softly over to my window, and looked into the garden. Lilly Brennan coming in just then, the conversation became general, and presently Snowe accompanied her down the street.

'Fanny,' said Henrietta, with an inquisitorial air, after the girls had decided that the slides on the bows of Lilly's dress were too small, and that her 'Bird of Paradise' was lovely enough to fly away with them all, 'Fanny, are you the 'bright, particular star' of that man?'

'I believe so,' said Fanny, with a stare.

'Do you intend to beam on him for any length of time?' persisted Henrietta.

'I haven't decided,' said Fan, honestly. 'I love beauty, and Landon Snowe is magnificent.'

'So is the Venus de Medicis,' said Henrietta, fiercely; 'but look at her spine! What sort of a brain do you think *could* flourish at the top of such a spine? Not that I suppose that man to have the least fragment of one; don't suspect such a thing! Don't you observe his weak, disjointed way of carrying his head, and the Pisan appearance of his sentences? I should dread an earthquake for such a man as Mr. Snowe—you'd have nothing but remnants to remember him by, Fanny.'

'But earthquakes *are* phenomena,' said Fanny, stoutly, 'and I'm not in the least like one. As long as Landon never fails except spiritually, I am contented—and even in that light *I* never knew him to trip,' and the child was as indignant as her indolent nature would permit.

'Trip! of course not,' echoed Henrietta, 'when he's buried like a delicate Sphinx up to his shoulders in the sands

of your good opinion, and the mummy cloths of his own conceit; but just remove these, and you'll see a downfall. My dear FRANCESCA, this man is your CECCO, and he'd far better retire into a monastery than hope to win you. Why, I'd rather marry you myself, FRANCESCA! Such charms!' and Henrietta, with her own delicate perception and enjoyment of the beautiful, kissed my sister's deprecatingly extended hand, and, as the dinner bell rang, waltzed her out of the room.

'It's perfectly bewildering the interest some people take in music,' she resumed later, building a little tent on the side of her plate with the *débris* of fish. 'There's Bartlett Browning, telling me the other evening a melancholy story of some melodious fishes, off the coast of—*Weiss nicht wo*; oysters, I suppose; conceive of it! the most phlegmatic of creatures. I suppose some poor fisherman heard a merlady singing in her green halls, and fancied it the death song of some of his shells. But that's nothing to some of Bartlett Browning's musical tales. The man's a perfect B flat himself!'

'Well,' said Nelly, Phil's little girl, who had come around to show her new velvet basque, 'but shells *do* sing, for I've often listened to mamma's, and Bessy gives it to me at night to put me to sleep. *You* know, Aunt Bertie, for you once made me learn what it said:

'Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!'

'Fish-land, my beauty,' said Henrietta, playfully; 'let us hear *your* song, fishlet,' and she held a little gleaming shrimp by his tail, and looked expectantly at his silent mouth. And here I remember, with a smile of amusement and some astonishment, that Herman Melville, in nervous fear of ridicule, apologized, most gracefully, of course, for his beauteous Fayaway's primitive mode of carving a fish; but I fancy I hear myself, or you either, sir, begging the community to shut its dear eyes,

while Harry's little victim, all unconscious of his fate, disappeared behind the walls, coral and white, of her lips and teeth.

Oh, isn't it perfectly delicious to meet a real, frank, merry, wise sort of a girl, who doesn't wear spectacles or blue stockings, nor disdain the Lancers or a new frock with nineteen flounces? Just fancy it, Gustav, my dear fellow, chatting with the Venus of Milo, in a New York dining room, and she all done up in blue poplin, with cords and tassels and all that, with that lovely hair tumbling about in a scarlet net, and such a splendid enjoyment of her own great grace, and royal claiming of homage! Eating mashed potatoes too, and celery, and roast beef, to keep up that magnificent physique of hers! Oh, it's rare!

But Henrietta couldn't forget Snowe, any more than Snowe could forget himself; so, after she had gazed with delight at the red veins of wine that threaded the jelly-like custard, with its imprisoned macaroons, looking like gold fish asleep in a globe of sun-dyed water, she went on, as if the conversation had not been interrupted:

'Do you know, Fan, that he reminds me constantly of champagne. If there's anything on earth or in a cellar that I do detest, its champagne; such smiling, brilliant-looking impudence, that comes out fizz—bang! and that's the end of it; there's not so much as the quaver of an echo. You drink it, and instead of seeing cool vineyards and purple waters and cataracts of icicles in your glass, you find a pale, gaunt spectre, or a poor, half-drowned Bacchus, staring at you. It's just so with your Landon Snowe. You, and other people, too, have a *habit* of admiring him, a great creature with eyes of milky blue, who goes about disbursing his small coin like some old Aladdin! Why, my dear children, the man, I don't doubt, is this moment congratulating himself, in his solitude at Delmonico's, upon his great penetration. Didn't you see him studying me with a great flourish of

deference, and throwing his old, three-birded snapdragons into my White Mountains? If he had been as ugly as a Scarron, now, and had known what he said, I could have loved him for that, for, of all things, I do delight in dragons! Such sieges as I have had at zoological gardens and menageries, from Dan to Beersheba, just to see one; and ugly old lizards have been pointed out to me, and scorpions, and every imaginable object but a dragon. But one day I dug a splendid old manuscript—a perfect fossil—out of some old library in Spezia, and opening it, by the merest chance came upon a most lovely, illuminated, full-grown dragon, the very one, I suppose, that Confucius couldn't find! I gazed in raptures, my dearest; he perfectly sparkled with emeralds; his eyes were the most luminous opals. Dear, happy old Indians, who had their dragons at the four corners of the earth, and could go and look over at the lordly creatures whenever they felt melancholy. And besides, I have a little private system of dragonology of my own, that approaches the equator more nearly. I've always worn opals since that day on every possible occasion; I mean to be married in them.'

Hurra! *belle Henriette!* thou hast a weakness. At the end of a long aisle, shrouded in sumptuously colored perfumed light, stands an altar, and white surplices gleam through the effulgence.—Thou queen! and that thy crowning!

'Len,' said Fanny the next morning, as I sat, after breakfast, over the paper, 'don't you think Harry is a little, just a little, satirical, and—well—not *perfectly* ladylike and kind, to talk so dreadfully of one's friends?'

"Satirical!? Bless your little, tender heart, not the least mite in the world; she's quite too straightforward for that. Unladylike! Why, my dear Fanny, don't you know 'the wounds of a friend'? Did you never think, little sister, that some girls are sent into the world to perform the office of crumb-

scrapers for your serene highnesses, and themselves as well?'

'Like a lady, who gives a dinner party, jumping up and brushing off her own table,' said Fanny with an amused laugh.

'Just so, dear; and as they go wandering about, not a fragment can be omitted. Now, a little dwarf of a thing like you couldn't do that with any grace; but Harry *could*, you know, and make everybody think it was charming. So, if fragments of poor Snowe fall under her unsparing hand, and she brushes them off carelessly, don't let anybody's tears go rolling after, don't let anybody's heart ache, for such a trifle; think of the dessert, Fanny, that is sure to follow.'

'Then you too, Len, you *want* me to give up Landon?'

'Yes, my dear, let Landon—slide.'

Fanny here boxed my ears with emphasis, and retreated, with an expression of great disgust on her pretty face.

'Come back here, my child,' I said, pulling her down on my knee, 'and let me reason with you.'

Such an oracle as I am with the girls! There's nothing like it, Gustav; for every fan or bracelet you give your sisters, you'll be amply rewarded by revelations and love; and it's something to have a dear, white, undulating wreath of a girl in your arms, and rosy lips on yours, even if it is your sister. Bless the sweet creatures!

'What do you want to marry Snowe for?'

'Well, you see, Len, it's so grand to have such a great beauty always at one's hand, and the girls are all dying for him; and, you know, Len, the truth is,' (very low,) 'he loves me, as you see, and—we girls are such silly creatures—and I suppose the compliment pleases me,' and the frank, darling face crimsoned, and tears stood in the blue eyes. I kissed them both, and laid her hands on my shoulders.

'Pet,' I said, earnestly, 'you are worth a gross of Landon Snowes. He loves you, of course—he'd have been an

icle to have failed in so obvious a duty; but it's only a matter of pure admiration, scarcely of any complicated feelings. Besides, dear, these white-washed, sinewless, variable fellows fade like the winter sun, without any twilight; their features go wandering off in search of becoming expressions, and they would want a wife like a chameleon to satiate their variety-loving natures. No, dear; give Landon to Henrietta, and when Napoleon comes back, I will enter no protest, even Harry will be silent, and'—

'Oh, Len, what nonsense! couldn't you recommend me to the man in the moon, through a telescope?'

Fanny laughed, and we went again into the library, where Harry, as usual, was tapping her rings with the carved handle of the crotchet needle, that was as ornamental, and about as useful, as Cleopatra's.

'I am going to live in a new country,' said she, gravely, as we entered the room; 'I would go sailing off like a squirrel on a piece of bark. I begin to have intense yearnings after my double. Where do you suppose I'm to find him, the gorgeous, tropical anomaly?'

'In Pompeii, or the Cities of the Plain?' I suggested.

'Fanny,' she continued, laughingly, 'is very grave about her vanishing Snowe-flakes; but for poor me, who have been persecuted by the most distressing men, she has no pity. Girls, I promised you an inventory of these treasures.'

'Oh yes,' said Fan, gleefully; 'go out, Len, or you will never be able to endure Harry afterward, for your counterpart will be peeping out, and then woe to your pride!'

'No danger,' said Henrietta, '*that's* perfectly invulnerable. Lenox may remain; it will be a wholesome discipline for him—a warning, you know, my hero; although, girls, Lenox is tolerably faultless,

'Little *he* loves but a Frau or a feast,
Little he fears but a protest or priest.'

Praed altered. Sit down, disciple, at my feet if you will; I am in the oratorical mood to-day. Hypatia, if you please, *not* Grace the Less.'

There was a pretty picture of the *Immaculée Conception* over the sofa, one of those lithographs that you see in every bookstore, that Bertha fancied because it was 'sweet.' The Virgin, a woman with a child-angel's face, and the mezzo-luna beneath her feet. That artist knew what he was about, sir. I'd give more for a picture with a good, deep idea, boldly launched forth, than for a thousand of your smiling, proper, natural 'studies,' and Bridal Scenes, and Dramatic or Historical Snatches. If artists, now, were all poets and scholars, as they should be, it would be the work and delirious rapture of a life to go through a gallery as large as our Dusseldorf. Men would go there to write novels and histories, and women to learn to be good and beautiful—that is, to learn to think. Oh, what a school for great and small! But when is this new era of the real and the true in art to begin? You boy artists, who are just opening glad eyes to the glorious light, the great world looks to *you* to inaugurate the new, to pour ancient lore and mystic symbols and grand old art into the waiting crucible, and melt the whole, with your burning, creative genius, into forms and conceptions before which hearts shall be silent in very rapture. But the time is not yet. One here and there cannot change the Iron to a Golden Age, and it is to thoughts rather than their great embodiments that earnest art-worshippers now bow. And yet men fancy they are artists, dream of a fame glorious as that of Phidias! Why there's young Acajou, who chiselled a very respectable hound out of a stray lump of marble, stealthily, by a candle, or more probably a spirit lamp, in his father's cellar—was discovered and straightway heroized. I don't say the boy hasn't talent, genius if you will; but it isn't the genius that will overflow his soul and etherealize

his whole nature. Yet already he 'progresses like a giantess,' has attracted some attention in the Academy, and will directly be sent to Rome. But the idea! I know him too well! The other night I heard him criticizing Michael Angelo! and when I gave him an engraving of that delicious Psyche of Theed's to admire, the creature talked as if she were a manikin or a robed skeleton! Is there nothing due to the idea, Acajou? 'The idea!' dear me, why he didn't exactly know what the *idea* was! So he'll go trolling about the Louvre and the Luxembourg gallery, the Pitti palace and all Rome, and his mind will be as full of elbows and collar bones as the catacombs; he'll talk to you of the Grecian line of beauty and of 'pose,' and sketch you such a glorious arm or ankle that you, fair lady, wouldn't know it from your own! But do you see a single softened line in his own face? Has he ever drunk deep draughts from old fountains of poesy? Has he ever thought of the Vatican library—even though to long is all he may do? Oh no! He says mythology is a wornout dream, and insulting to a Christian age; that it's all well enough to know Jupiter and Bacchus (Silenus too?) and Venus and the head men back there, but this century wants originality, progress! Oh, pshaw!

Oh, but I was saying that Our Lady stood over the half moon, and Henrietta sat below it, with that soft cashmere morning dress, fighting all around her to see which fold should cling most lovingly to her graceful form. It was all a delicious poem to me, and if I were Horace, you would have had a splendid ode. Oh, well!

'Why, what a Joseph he is!' said Henrietta, waking me out of this reverie.

'Oh,' said I, starting, 'how did you know that?'

'Only conjecture, my dear friend; but when we see a man with his eyes fixed in that ghostly way, and his mustaches and all in perfect repose, we rea-

sonably imagine that he's seeing visions; and I suppose you'll come flaming out presently with some dreams that shall have, for remote consequences, a throne in some Eastern paradise, and a princess, perhaps—who knows?'

'Who knows?' echoed I; 'but go on, Hypatia.'

'Oh yes! where shall I begin? Oh! there is Penhurst Lane, girls, you remember?'

'The raven?' said Bertha.

'No,' said Fanny, 'that is Mr. Rawdon. Penhurst Lane is an idealist.'

'A *very* idealist, just so,' returned Harry. 'Well, the way I've been a martyr to that man's caprice is perfectly heart-rending. He came of some gorgeous family in the middle of Pennsylvania, where all the tribes, like leaning towers, incline toward Germany. To be sure, you'd never dream it from his looks, for he is a perfect Mark Antony in that respect. You needn't laugh. Didn't he have *bonnes fortunes* as well as Alcibiades? Not that Penhurst had *bonnes fortunes*, or ever dreamed of such things; but he always had such a proclivity toward any one who would listen to his harangues; and I must say, just *inter nos* (the only bit of Latin I know, Lenox, I got it from the English 'Don Giovanni'), that I have quite a talent for listening well. But I'd as lief encounter a West India hurricane or a simoom. I used to feel him coming an hour beforehand. Then I would read a little in Blair, take a peep at Sir Charles Grandison, swallow half a page of Cowper's 'Task,' and look over the Grecian and Roman heroes; then I was fortified. 'Why didn't I take Shelley?' Oh my! why, he couldn't endure Shelley, said he was a poor, weak creature, *all gone to imagination!* Then I would assume a Sontag and thick boots, if the weather was cold, to appear sensible, you know, and await his coming; that is, if I didn't become exasperated before that stage, and rush in to see Lil Brennan to avoid him. And his opinions, such an unfolding! You never caught

him looking with admiration, oh no ! I might have laid a wilderness of charms on the floor, at his very feet, and he would have brushed them all away with indifference. His mind revolved around a weightier theme than any 'lady of fashion ;' like a newly discovered moon, he flew around the earth, and with miraculous speed. He stopped in China to say 'Confucius ;' in India, to say 'Brahma ;' in Persia, to say 'Ormuzd ;' and so on around. My dear Lenox, if you had asked him whether Ormuzd was at peace with all the world, he would have retired into himself, for he hadn't the faintest idea. As for music, or any fine art, he never approached it but once, when he led me to the piano, begging for some native American melody, and not a German romance. Well, I played him 'God save the Queen,' with extravagant variations, which he took for 'Yankee Doodle.' No matter ! I made a mistake when I spoke of his opinions ; he hadn't any. He was what some call 'well read,' that is, he had a distant desire to 'improve his mind,' but his magnificent self so filled his little vision, that his great desire was obscured and distorted. Like my beloved Jean Paul, he had once said to himself, *Ich bin ein Ich* (I am a ME), and the noble consciousness overwhelmed him, and excluded all after thoughts on any minor subject. He never heard Grisi, never saw Rachel ; they were triflers, 'life was too grave, too short ;' but he escorted me occasionally to lectures and orations. I remember two or three of these. A lecture on the 'Fossils of Humanity and Primeval Formations,' which was unintelligible, consequently to him 'sublime ;' one on 'the Exalted,' that soared out of sight and beyond the empire of gravity, and one on 'Architecture,' by Dr. Vinton, a splendid production, the fruit and evidence of years of study and rare talent, that sent me home with longings and unaccustomed reverence for the Great in every form, and with grief that my own ig-

norance rendered it only a half-enjoyed pleasure to me ; while Penhurst talked as if it were only the echo of his own thoughts ; pretended to say it was very 'sensible !' But you've had enough of Mr. Lane, who was never known to laugh except at his own wit, who patronized me because I was a 'solid' young lady, and not given to flights. You may readily imagine that our interviews were generally *tête-à-têtes*, for general society was to him a thing 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Of course you know I only endured his visits because among the girls it was considered a compliment to receive them, and they were all dying of envy. Besides and principally, it is neither politic nor pleasant to offend any one, and I could not have denied myself to him, without doing this ; so'—

'But, Harry, he is married now.'

'Ah me ! yes. He saw me in a cap and bells once with you, Lenox, and not many weeks afterward married a damsel who reveres him as a Solon, this man, who said :

—' 'The wanderings.

Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things.'
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.'

'Are you done, Harry ?'

'Yes, Lenox.'

'Then sing us Béranger's *Grace à la fête, je suis roi*.'

She has such a delicious voice.

'And while I am on tiresome people, who think only of themselves, let me recall P. George Rawdon ; the Raven, Bertha ; I always believed his first name was Pluto, because of the shades around him. They say every one has a text book ; his was neither the Bible, the Prayer Book, Thomas à Kempis, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, or 'Queechy,' but Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature.' Talk of having a skeleton in the house ! the most distressing ones that ever preceded Douglas and Sherwood's were nothing to him ! he reminded one constantly of an Egyptian feast. He looked

sadly at children, and gave little Henry Parsons, his godchild, a miniature dagger with a jewelled handle, with which the child nearly destroyed his right hand. When poor Mary was married, he walked mournfully up to the altar, and stared during the ceremony unmistakably at an imaginary coffin, hanging, like Mohammed's, midway between the ceiling and the floor. Poor man, it's really curious, but he contrives to be always in mourning, and everybody knows that he goes only to see tragedies, and has the dyspepsia, like Regina and her diamond cross, from principle. He composes epitaphs for all the ladies of his acquaintance, and presents them, like newspaper-carrier addresses, on New Year's days. I have one in my writing desk in a very secret drawer; a *soul*-cheering effusion, but not particularly agreeable to the physical humanity. This I intend to bequeath to the British museum, where it will be in future ages as great a treat to the antiquary as the Elgin marbles. What a doleful subject—pass him by!

'Don't forget Leon Channing,' suggested Fanny, who was listening with great interest, and from a natural dread of ghosts and vampires was glad to see that Mr. Rawdon had come to a crisis.

'Dear me, no!' said Henrietta, cheerily, 'it's quite refreshing to come to an individual who creates a smile. I never was born for tears and lamentations, Bertha, any more than a lily was made to be merry; and if it were not for Len Channing, I don't suppose I should ever have been sharpened to such a dangerous degree; it's this constant friction, you know; well, as some darling of a cosmopolite has said, 'We must allow for friction' in the most perfect machinery—yes, be glad to find it—for a certain degree of resistance is essential to strength. I like Leon very well. No one is more safe in a parlor engagement, always in the right place at the right time, never embarrassed, never *de trop*; but then the queer consciousness, when he's giving you a

meringué or an ice, that if you were a 'real pretty,' graceful, conversible fawn or dove he would be doing it with the same interest! *Why?* Oh, because he says women belong to a lower order in the animal creation! Yes, veil your face, Mr. Lenox Raleigh, and be mournful that you are a man! 'A lower order of humanity!' Well, of course, I'm always quarrelling with him. To be sure he's a shallow kind of a philosopher, one of your rationalists; thinks Boston is the linchpin of the whole universe; has autograph letters from Emerson and Longfellow, and all that sort of thing. Now, I dare say it's very fine for a Schelling or a Hegel once in a while to beam over the earth, but it always seems inharmonious to me to see little jets of philosophers popping up in your face and then down again, all the time, thinking themselves great things. That's the way with Leon. Let me tell you what happened when I saw him last; and that was in Cologne, more than a year ago. I was sitting in our room with a great folio of Retzsch's engravings before me, and father writing horrible notes in his journal at the table, and wishing the eleven thousand virgins and all Cologne in the bottom of the Rhine, when I looked up, and somehow there was Leon. Of course we were rejoiced to see him, it's always so pleasant to meet friends abroad. After some talk, father went out to take another look at the cathedral, and indulge in speculations and legends, and left Leon and me in the window. It's as queer and horrible an old town, girls, as you ever dreamed of, and, as there was nothing external very fascinating, Leon soon turned his gaze inward, and, after twanging several minor strings, began to harp on his endless 'inferiority of woman.' I plied him, you may know; I gave him Zenobias and Didos and de Staels and de Medicis—in an emergency Pope Joan, and finally the Boston Margaret Fuller. Leon only stroked his beard and smiled.

‘‘Miss Henrietta,’ said he, at last, when I stopped in exultation, ‘do you grant the Africans the vigor or variety of intellect of the Europeans?’

‘‘No,’ said I.

‘‘Yet you concede that there may be instances among them, where education and culture have developed great results.’

‘‘Yes,’ I thought, ‘there might be.’

‘‘Just as I, bewildered by Miss Henrietta’s keen shafts and graceful manœuvres, yield that a woman is, once in a century, gifted with a man’s depth of thought and her sex’s loveliness.’ The comparison was odious. What did I do? Oh, I (the swarthy Ethiop) only rose from my faded arm chair, saluted Mr. Channing (the lordly European) as if I were his partner in a quadrille, and brought out my cameos and mosaics to show him. In about half an hour the beauty of his reasoning and comparison reached his brain, but mine was impenetrable to his most honeyed apologies; as I very sweetly assured him, ‘I couldn’t understand, didn’t see the drift, couldn’t connect the links.’ Leon says ancient history is a fable, and Herodotus a myth, and all because a *woman* sat upon the tripod at Delphi, and because a *woman* wore the helmet and carried the shield of wisdom.’

‘‘What’s the matter, Harry?’ asked Fanny, compassionately, as her small fingers were stretched like infant grid-irons before her eyes, and a silence ensued.

‘‘My new bonnet, Fanny dear, I am wondering what it shall be; we must go down this very morning and decide.’

Did you ever think, Narcissus, and you, Gustav, and all of you boys, when you are engaged in your small diplomacies and *coups de main*, and feeling like giants in intellect beside the dear little girls who play polkas for you of evenings and sing sweet ballads, that *pour bien juger les grands, il faut les approcher*? I thought so that morning, as I heard the animated discussion that

succeeded Henrietta’s monologue; a discussion into which all sorts of delicate conceits of lace and flowers entered largely, and which savored about as much of the preceding elements as last night’s Charlotte Russe of this morning’s coffee.

Since Henrietta’s oration, I am more than ever afraid of a Vulcan. It is very plain that our most fashionably cut suits and most delicately perfumed billets are not all powerful,—that the dear creatures are either waking or we have been asleep. *Reveillons!*

‘*Aux armes, citoyens!*’

Now, while I was writing that last word, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up, I saw—Nap. I love Nap. I have a girlish weakness (let some lady arraign me for this hereafter) for him; so I shouted out and grasped his hands.

‘How are the boys?’

‘Flourishing. Come to stay?’

‘Yes, old fellow.’

‘Stocks up?’

‘To the sky.’

‘The governor?’

‘All right.’

I haven’t any governor. Nap has; and one that saw fit to persecute him from twenty to thirty, because he declined to take ‘orders.’ *Per Bacco!* Never mind, a fit of paralysis has shaken the opposition out of the old gentleman at last, and Nap is in sunshine in consequence, and rushes around Wall street like a veteran.

But I didn’t promise to tell you about Nap, or the girls either; it was only a few rays of light I had to dash over ‘our beaux;’ so where is your mother, belle Beatrice? I must make my adieux.

What say you, little one? You like Henrietta; you want to see her again? You pull me back with your wee white hands; I will talk to you for an hour longer, if I may hold the little kittens in my own. I may? And kiss each finger afterward? Ah! you dear child! Well, then—

'Are you going to Van Wyck's to-night, Lenox?' asked Bertha of me, as we rose from dinner, a month afterward.

'Yes, after the opera. And you? I fancy—yes—from your eyes.'

Bertha did not answer, and I strolled up stairs into the little back drawing room. From the library above I could hear Fanny's merry voice and the ring of Nap's cheery replies. Such a comfort as it was to me to see those two so fond of each other. You see I am, in a way, Fanny's father, and took no very great credit to myself when she half laid her hand in the extended one of Snowe. How curiously that witch Harry managed the thing, though! Dear little Fan; she stood in more than one twilight by the garden window, and whispered over: '*Addio, FRANCESCA! addio, CECCO!*' and Snowe faded in the returning spring of her heart, and into the blooming vista of their separation, hopefully walked Nap, and was welcomed with many smiles.

This afternoon, I walked over to the garden window, and there was Harry, scrawling an old, bearded hermit on the glass with her diamond ring. We both looked out—nothing much to see—a New York garden, thirty feet square, with the usual gorgeousness of our winter flowers!

'You are thinking of Shiraz, Harry.'

'Yes,' said she, dreamily, 'I am thinking of Shiraz!'

She didn't say it, but don't you suppose I knew just as well that she was wishing for her Vulcan and a great rose garden? I began to sing the 'Last Man,' but didn't succeed admirably; then I lighted my pipe—Harry didn't mind, you know, indeed she only looked at it wishfully.

'In my rose garden,' said she, with a laugh, 'I shall smoke to kill the rosebugs.'

'Don't wait,' said I, taking down a dainty *écume de mer* (the back drawing room was my peculiar 'study,' and the repository of several gentlemanly 'improprieties'), and I adjusted the amber

mouth piece to the cherry stem. 'Don't wait for Persia, make your rose garden here.'

Harry shook her head: 'You know, Len,' she said, 'that my roses would grow like so many witches in a Puritan soil. I always thought that story of the Norwegians' taking rosebuds for bulbs of fire, and being terrified, was a very delicate and poetical satire upon *all* superstition.'

'Are you going to wash away *all* superstition?' I asked hastily.

'No,' said she, with a smile at my fierceness; 'no, I like to see the sun shine on the dew drops that the webs catch and swing between the tops of the grasses.'

I looked at her as she laid her head back against the curtains. My nonchalance was as striking as hers, and—as genuine! We were no children to be awkward in any event. I took her hand; it was a glowing pulse—and mine? She wore one of those curious little cabal rings; there were the Hebrew characters for Faith, traced as with a gold pen dipped in melted pearls on black enamel. My seal was an emerald, Faith also, impaled. I snatched it up and laid it by the ring on her hand. She smiled—such a smile! intensest sympathy, deepest! Could it be? to love the same old symbols, the same weird music? I caught her close, and bent over her lips. The gold hair waved over my shoulder; the great, glittering eyes foamed into mine, then melted and swam into deep, quivering seas of dreams. I whispered, '*Zoe mou!*' Oh, the quick, golden whisper, the flash of genial heartiness, the daring—oh, *how* tender! '*Sas agapo.*' I held her off, radiant, glowing, fragrant, and Bertha's dress rustled up the stairs.

Henrietta stooped to pick up the seal, which had fallen; she balanced it on the tip of her finger—the nervy Titan queen! and drew Bertha down by her side on the sofa. It was growing dark.

'I must be off, girls, and get your camelias. What will you have, Bertha? a red or a white, you've a moment to decide?'

'Neither, Len; I do not go.'

'Why, Bertha? Oh! I remember, it is your anniversary,' and I kissed her.

'And you, princess!' I turned to Henrietta.

'Only roses, good my liege.'

What was the opera that night? Pshaw! what a rhetorical affectation this question! as if I could ever forget! *Die Zauberflöte*, and it rang pure and clear through my thrilled heart. It followed me around to Van Wyck's, where I found Henrietta and Fanny. A compliment to madame, a German with mademoiselle, and home again. A great light streamed out of the drawing room. I pushed the door open. With a cry of joy, Fan rushed into the arms of the grave, fair man who put Bertha off his knee to welcome her. Nap, who had followed us in, for a moment stood transfixed, and Henrietta, more quiet, stood by their side, saying: 'Here is Harry, Fred, when you choose to see her.' And he did choose, her own brother, whom she had not seen for three years!

'Come in, Nap,' I said. 'Fred Ruyter.'

'Nap and Fanny,' I whispered; Fred smiled invisibly.

And Bertha? Oh, you know, of course, that she's Bertha Ruyter, and that Fred is her husband, just home from six months in Rio, and exactly a year from his wedding night! Oh, Lionardo! what mellow, transparent, flowing shades drowned us all that night!

'Harry,' I said, the next morning, before I went down town, as I lounged over her sofa, 'you have my emerald?'

'Yes!' and her bright face turned up to mine.

'You will keep it, and take me also, dear?'

'*Ma foi! oui*,' was the sweet, smiling reply.

'I'm not quite ugly enough for a Vulcan, I know; but after a while, if you are patient, who knows? What sayest thou, Venus?'

'I will try you, *bon camarade*.'

'Your hand upon it, Harry.'

She gave it; I kissed the gold hair that waved against my lips. Fanny rushed impetuously upon us, with half-opened eyes, and stifled us with caresses.

'Such a proposal,' said she musingly, after she had returned to her wools and beads, '14° above zero!'

'And the Polyphemus, Fanny?'

'Is for Nap,' and Fanny blushed and laughed. She was wondering if that great event, an 'engagement,' always came about in so prosaic a way. But looking at Bertha, I caught the bright, long, gravely humorous gleam from her dark eyes, and walked upon it all the way down to Exchange Place.

Adieu, little Beatrice; my story hath at last an ending. Keep the little hands and little heart warm for somebody brave by and by. Go shining about and dancing, and smiling, Hummingbird; may sweetest flowers always bloom around you; may you dwell in a fragrant rose garden of your own, *mignonne*! Adieu.

E T H E L.

FITZ FASHION'S WIFE.

TAKE the diamonds from my forehead—their chill weight but frets my brow !
How they glitter ! radiant, faultless—but they give no pleasure now.

Once they might have saved a Poet, o'er whose bed the violet waves :
Now their lustre chills my spirit, like the light from new-made graves.

Quick ! unbind the braided tresses of my coroneted hair !
Let it fall in single ringlets such as I was wont to wear.

Take that wreath of dewy violets, twine it round their golden flow ;
Let the perfumed purple blossoms fall upon my brow of snow !

Simple flowers, ye gently lead me back into the sunny years,
Ere I wore proud chains of diamonds, forged of bitter, frozen tears !

Bring the silver mirror to me ! I am changed since those bright days,
When I lived with my sweet mother, and a Poet sang my praise.

My blue eyes are larger, dimmer ; thicker lashes veil their light ;
Upon my cheek the crimson rose fast is fading to the white.

I am taller, statelier, slighter, than I was in days of yore :—
If his eyes in heaven behold me, does he praise me as before ?

Proudly swells the silken rustle—all around is wealth and state,—
Dearer far the early roses twining round the wicker gate,

Where my mother came at evening with the saint-like forehead pale,
And the Poet sat beside her, conning o'er his rhythmed tale.

As he read the linked lines over, she would sanction, disapprove :
Soft and musical the pages, but he never sang of love.

I had lived through sixteen summers, he was only twenty-one,
And we three still sat together at the hour of setting sun.

Lowly was the forest cottage, but the sweetbrier wreathed it well ;
'Mid its violets and roses, bees and robins loved to dwell.

Wilder forms of larch and hemlock climbed the mountain at its side ;
Fairy-like a rill came leaping where the quivering harebells sighed.

Glittering, bounding, singing, dancing, ferns and mosses loved its track ;
Lower in it dipped the willows, as to kiss the cloudland's rack.

Soon there came a stately lover,—praised my beauty, softly smiled :
'He would make my mother happy,'—I was but a silly child !

Came a dream of sudden power—fairest visions o'er me glide—
Wider spheres would open for me ;—dazzled, I became a bride :

Fondly deemed my lonely mother would be freed from sordid care ;
Splendor I might pour around her, every joy with her might share.

Then the Poet, who had never breathed one word of love to me,—
We might shape his life-course for him, give him culture wide and free.

How I longed to turn the pages, with a husband's hand as guide,
Of the long-past golden ages, art and science at my side !

To my simple fancy seemed it almost everything he knew—
Ah ! he might have won affection, faithful, fervent, trusting, true !

I was happy, never dreaming wealth congeals the human soul,
Freezing all its generous impulse—I but saw its wide control.

Years have passed—a larger culture poured strange knowledge through my mind—
I have learned to read man's nature : better I were ever blind !

How can I take upon me what I look upon with scorn,
Or learn to brook my own contempt, or trample the forlorn ?

I cannot live by rote and rule ; I was not born a slave
To narrow fancies ; I must feel, although a husband rave !

I cannot choose my friends because I know them rich, or great ;
My heart elects the noble,—what cares love for wealth or state ?

Very lovely are my pictures, saints and angels throng my hall—
But with shame my cheek is flushing, and my quivering lashes fall :

Can I gaze on pictured actions, daring deeds, and emprise high,
And not feel my degradation while these fetters round me lie ?

Once the Poet came to see me, but it gave me nought but pain ;
I was glad to see the Gifted go, ne'er to return again.

For my husband scorning told me : ' True, his lines were very sweet,
But his clothes, so worn and seedy—scarce for me acquaintance meet !

Artists, poets, men of genius, truly should be better paid,
But not holding our position, cannot be our friends,' he said.

' As gentlemen to meet them were a very curious thing ;
They were happier in their garrets—there let them sigh or sing.

There were Travers and De Courey—could he ask them home to dine,
At the risk of meeting truly such strange fellows o'er their wine ?'

Then he said, ' My cheeks were peachy, lips were coral, curls were gold,
But he liked them braided crown-like, and with pearls and diamonds rolled.

I was once a little peasant ; now I stood a jewelled queen—
Fitter that a calmer presence in his stately wife were seen !'

Then he gave a gorgeous card-case, set with rubies, Roman gold,
Handed me a paper with it, strands of pearls around it rolled ;

Names of all his wife should visit I would find upon the roll :—
Found I none I loved within it—not one friend upon the scroll !

And my mother, God forgive me ! I was glad to see her go,
Ere the current of her loving heart had turned like mine to snow.

Must I still seem fair and stately, choking down my bosom's strife,
Because ' all deep emotions were unseemly in his wife ' ?

Must I gasp 'neath diamonds' glitter—walk in lustrous silken sheen—
Leaving those I love in anguish while I play some haughty scene ?

I am choking ! closer round me crowds convention's stifling vault—
Every meanness's called a virtue—every virtue deemed a fault !

Every generous thought is scandal ; every noble deed is crime ;
Every feeling's wrapped in fiction, and truth only lives in rhyme !

No ;—I am not fashion's minion,—I am not convention's slave !
If ' obedience is for woman,' still she has a soul to save.

Must I share their haughty falsehood, take my part in social guile,
Cut my dearest friends, and stab them with a false, deceitful smile ?

Creeping like a serpent through me, faint, I feel a deadly chill,
Freezing all the good within me, icy fetters chain my will.

Do I grow like those around me ? will I learn to bear my part
In this glittering world of fashion, taming down a woman's heart ?

Must I lower to my husband ? is it duty to abate
All the higher instincts in me, till I grow his fitting mate ?

Shall I muse on noble pictures, turn the poet's stirring page,
And grow base and mean in action, petty with a petty age ?

I am heart-sick, weary, weary ! tell me not that this life,
Where all that's truly living must be pruned by fashion's knife !—

I can make my own existence—spurn his gifts, and use my hands,
Though the senseless world of fashion for the deed my memory brands.

Quick ! unbraid the heavy tresses of my coroneted hair—
Let its gold fall in *free* ringlets such as I was wont to wear.

I am going back to nature. I no more will school my heart
To stifle its best feelings, play an idle puppet's part.

I will seek my banished mother, nestle closely on her breast ;
Noble, faithful, kind, and loving, there the tortured one may rest.

We will turn the Poets' pages, learn the noblest deeds to act,
Till the fictions in their beauty shall be lived as simple fact.

I will mould a living statue, make it generous, strong, and high,
Humble, meek, self-abnegating, formed to meet the Master's eye.

Oh, the glow of earnest culture ! Oh, the joy of sacrifice !
The delight to help another ! o'er all selfish thoughts to rise !

Farewell, cold and haughty splendor—how you chilled me when a bride !
Hollow all your mental efforts ; meanness all your dazzling pride !

Put the diamonds in their caskets ! pearls and rubies, place them there !
I shall never sigh to wear them with the violets in my hair.

Freedom ! with no eye upon me freezing all my fiery soul ;
Free to follow nature's dictates ; free from all save God's control.

I am going to the cottage, with its windows small and low,
Where the sweetbrier twines its roses and the Guelder rose its snow.

I will climb the thymy mountains where the pines in sturdy might
Follow nature's holy bidding, growing ever to the light ;

Tracking down the leaping streamlet till the willows on it rise,
Watch its broad and faithful bosom strive to mirror back the skies.

Through the wicker gate at evening with my mother I will come,
With a little book, the Poet's, to read low at set of sun.

'Tis a gloomy, broken record of a love poured forth in death,
Generous, holy, and devoted, sung with panting, dying breath.

By the grassy mound we'll read it where he calmly sleeps in God,—
My gushing tears may stream above—they cannot pierce the sod !

Hand in hand we'll sit together by the lowly mossy grave—
Oh, God ! I blazed with jewels, but the noble dared not save !

I am going to the cottage, there to sculpture my own soul,
Till it fill the high ideal of the Poet's glowing roll.

* * * * *

Stay, lovely dream ! I waken ! hear the clanking of my chain !
Feel a hopeless vow is on me—I can ne'er be free again !

His wife ! I've sworn it truly ! I must bear his freezing eye,
Feel his blighting breath upon me while all nobler instincts die !

Feel the Evil gain upon me as the weary moments glide,
Till I hiss, a jewelled serpent, fit companion, at his side.

Vain is struggle—vain is writhing—vain are sobs and stifled gasps—
I must wear my brilliant fetters though my life-blood stain their clasps !

Hark ! he calls ! tear out the violets ! quick ! the diamonds in my hair !
There's a ball to-night at Travers'—'tis his will I should be there.

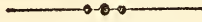
Splendid victim in his pageant, though my tortured head should ache,
Yet I must be brilliant, joyous, if my throbbing heart should break !

I shudder ! quick ! my dress of rose, my tunic of point lace—
If fine enough, he will not read the anguish in my face !

I know one place he dare not look—it is so still and deep—
He dare not lift the winding sheet that veils my last, long sleep !

He dreads the dead ! the coffin lid will shield me from his breath—
His eye no more will torture—Joy ! I shall be free in death !

Free to rest beside the Poet. He will shun the lowly grave :
There my mother soon will join us, and the violets o'er us wave.



THE SKEPTICS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

It is remarkable that while, in a republic, which is the mildest form of government, respect for law and order are most highly developed, there is in an aristocracy (which is always the most deeply based form of tyranny) a constant revolt against all law. Puritanism in England, Pietism in Germany, and Huguenotism in France, were all directly and strongly republican and law-abiding in their social relations ; while for an example of the contrary we need only glance at our own South. Aristocracy—a regularly ordered system of society into ranks—is the dream of the slaveholder, and experience is showing us how extremely difficult it is to uproot the power of a very few wicked men, who have fairly mudsilled the majority ; and yet, despite this strength, there was never yet a country claiming to be civilized, in which the wild caprices and armed outrages of the individual were regarded with such toleration.

Republicanism is Christian. When will the world see this tremendous truth as it should, and realize that as there is a present and a future, so did the Saviour lay down one law whereby man might progress in this life, and another for the attainment of happiness in the next, and that the two are mutually

sustaining ? There was no real republicanism before the Gospels, and there has been no real addition to the doctrine since. The instant that religion or any great law of truth falls into the hands of a high caste, and puts on its livery, it becomes—ridiculous. What think you of a shepherd's crook of gold blazing with diamonds ?

It is interesting to trace an excellent illustration of the natural affinity between the fondness for feudalism and the love of law-breaking in Sir WALTER SCOTT. Whatever his head and his natural common sense dictated (and as he was a canny Scot and a shrewd observer, they dictated many wise truths), his heart was always with the men of bow and brand ; with dashing robbers, moss troopers, duellists, wild-eagle barons, wild-wolf borderers, and the whole farrago of autocratic scoundrelism. With his soul devoted to dreams of feudalism, his fond love of its romance was principally based on the constant infractions of law and order to which a state of society must always be subject in which certain men acquire power out of proportion to their integrity. The result of this always is a lurking sympathy with rascality, a secret relish for bold selfishness, which is in every community the deadliest poison

of the rights of the poor, and all the disinherited by fortune.

It is very remarkable that Walter Scott, a Tory to the soul, should, by his apparently contradictory yet still most consistent love of the *outré*, have had a keen amateur sympathy for outlaws. It is much more remarkable, however, that, still retaining his faith in king and nobles, Church and State, he should have pushed his appreciation of such men to the degree of marvellously comprehending—nay, enjoying—certain types of skepticism which sprang up in fiercest opposition to authority; urged into existence by its abuses, as germs of plants have been thought to be electrified into life by sharp blows. And it is most remarkable of all, that he did this at a time when none among his English readers seem to have had any comprehension whatever of these characters, or to have surmised the fact that to merely understand and depict them, the writer must have ventured into fearful depths of reflection and of study. In treating these characters, Walter Scott seems to become positively *subjective*—and I will venture to say that it is the only instance of the slightest approach to anything of the kind to be found in all his writings. Unlike Byron, who was painfully conscious, not of the nature of his want in this respect, but of *something* wanting, Scott nowhere else betrays the slightest consciousness of his continual life under limitations, when, *plump!* we find him making a headlong leap right into the very centre of that terrible pool whose waters feed the forbidden-fruit tree of good and of evil.

The characters to which I particularly refer in Sir Walter Scott's novels are those of the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, in 'Ivanhoe;' of the gypsy Hayraddin Maugrabin in 'Quentin Durward;' of Dryfesdale, the steward, in 'The Abbot;' and of the 'leech' Henbane Dwining, in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' There are several others which more or less resemble these, as, for in-

stance, Ranald Mac Eagh, the Child of the Mist, in 'Montrose,' and Rashleigh, in 'Rob Roy;' but the latter, considered by themselves, are only partly developed. In fact, if Scott had given to the world only *one* of these outlaws of faith, there would have been but little ground for inferring that his mind had ever taken so daring a range as I venture to claim for him. It is in his constant, wistful return, in one form or the other, to that terrible type of humanity—the man who, as a matter of intensely sincere faith, has freed himself from all adherence to the laws of man or God—that we find the clue to the *real* nature of the author's extraordinary sympathy for the most daring, yet most subtle example of the law-breaker. In comparing these characters carefully, we find that each by contrast appears far more perfect than when separate—as the bone, which, however excellent its state of preservation may be, never seems to the eye of the physiologist so complete as when in its place in the complete skeleton. And through this contrast we learn that Scott, having by sympathy and historical-romantic study, comprehended the lost secret of all *illuminée* mysteries—that of human dependence on nought save the laws of a mysterious and terrible Nature—could not refrain from ever and anon whispering the royal secret, though it were only to the rustling reeds and rushes of fashionable novels. Having learned, though in an illegitimate way, that the friend of PAN, the great king of the golden touch, had ass's ears, he *must* tell it again, though in murmurs and whispers:

'Qui cum ne prodere visum
Dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,
Nec posset reticere tamen, secedit, humumque
Effodit: et domini quales aspexerit aures,
Vox refert parva; terræque immurmurat
haustæ.' *

It is to be remarked, in studying collectively these outlaws as set forth by Scott, that while the same characteristic

* OVID. *Metamorphoseon*, lib. xi. v. 183.

lies at the basis of each, there is very great variety in its development, and that the author seems to have striven to present it in as many widely differing phases as he was capable of doing. When we reflect that Scott himself could not be fairly said to be perfectly *at home* in more than half a dozen departments of history, and yet that he has taken pains to set forth as many historical varieties of minds absolutely emancipated from all faith, and finally, when we recall that at the time when he wrote, the great proportion of the characteristics of these *dramatis personæ* were utterly unappreciated, and that by even the learned they were simply reviewed as 'infidels,' we cannot but smile at the care with which (like the sculptor in the old story) he carved his images, and buried them to be dug up at a future day by men who, as he possibly hoped, would appreciate more fully than did his contemporaries his own degree of forbidden knowledge. I certainly do not exaggerate the importance of these characters when speaking in this manner. They could not have been conceived without a very great expenditure of study and of reflection. They are, as I said, subjective, and such portraits of humanity always involve a vastly greater amount of penetrative and long-continued thought, than do the mere historical and social photographs which constitute the bulk of Scott's, as of all novels, and form the favorites of the mass of readers for entertainment.

First among these characters, and most important as indicating direct historical familiarity with the obscure subject of the Oriental heresies of the Middle Ages in Europe, I would place that of the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, who is generally regarded by readers as simply 'a horrid creature,' who chased 'that darling Rebecca' out of the window to the verge of the parapet; or at best as a knightly ruffian, who, like most ruffianly sinners, quieted conscience by stifling it with doubt.

Very different, however, did the Templar appear to Scott himself, who, notwithstanding the poetic justice meted to the knight, evidently sympathized in secret more warmly with him than with any other character in the gorgeous company of 'Ivanhoe.' Among them all he is the only one who fully and fairly appreciates the intellect of Rebecca, and, seen from the stand-point of rigid historical probability which Scott would not violate, *all allowance being made for what the Templar was*, he appears by far the noblest and most intelligent of all the knightly throng. I say that though a favorite, Scott would not to favor him, violate historical probability. Why should he? It formed no part of his plan to give the public of his day lessons in *illuminée*-ism. Had he done so he would have failed like 'George Sand' in 'Consuelo;' but a very small proportion indeed of whose readers retain a recollection of the doctrines which it is the main object of the book to set forth. I trust there is no slander in the remark, but I *must* believe it to be true until I see that the majority of the readers of that work have also taken to zealously investigating the sources of that most forbidden lore, which has most certainly this peculiarity, that no one can *comprehend* it ever so little without experiencing an insatiable, never-resting desire to exhaust it, like everything which is prohibited. There is no such thing as knowing it a little. As one of its sages said of old, its knowledge rushes forth into infinite lands.

It was, I believe, some time before 'Ivanhoe' appeared, that Baron von Hammer Purgstall had published his theory that the Knights Templars were, although most unjustly treated, still guilty, in a certain sense, of the extraordinary charges brought against them. It seems at least to be tolerably certain that during their long residence in the East they had acquired the Oriental secrets of initiation into societies which taught the old serpent-lore of

eritis sicut Deus, and positive knowledge; the ultimate secret, being the absolute nothingness of all faith, creeds, laws, ties, or rules to him who is capable of rising above them and of drawing from Nature by an 'enlightened' study of her laws the principles of action, of harmony with fellow men, and of unlimited earthly enjoyment. Such had been for ages the last lessons of all the 'mysteries' of the East—mysteries which it was the peculiar destiny of the Hebrew race to resist through ages of struggle. It was through the teaching of such mysteries of pantheistic naturalism that, as the unflinching Jewish deists and anthropomorphists believed, man fell, and their belief was set forth in their very first religious tradition—the history of the apple, the serpent, and the Fall. And it is to the very extraordinary nature of the Hebrew race, by which they presented for the first time in history the spectacle of a people resisting nature-worship, that they owe their claim to be a peculiar people.

The Templars, under the glowing skies of the East, among its thousand temptations, those of superior knowledge not being the least; in an age when the absurdities of the Roman church were, to an enlightened mind, at their absurdest pitch, fell readily into 'illumination.' Whether they literally worshipped the Oriental Baphomet, a figure with two heads, male and female, girt with a serpent, typifying the completest abnegation of all moral relations, and the rights of knowledge, no one can say now—it is, however, significant that this symbol, which they undoubtedly used, actually found its way under the freemasons into the Christian churches of the West, as a type of 'prudence' among the representations of Christian virtues. When we remember that the Gnostics taught that *prudence* alone was virtue,* we have here a

* *Hæc autem erat Gnosticorum doctrina ethica, quod omnem virtutem in prudentia sitim esse credebant, quam Ophitæ per Metem (Sophiam) et Serpentem exprimebant, desumpto iterum ex Evangelii præcepto; estote prudentes ut serpentes,—*

coincidence which sufficiently explains the meaning of this emblem of 'the baptism of mind.'

Nothing is more likely than that a portion of the Knights Templars were initiated in the mysteries of such Oriental sects as those of the *House of Wisdom* of Al Hakem, the seventh and last degree of which at first 'inculcated the vanity of all religion, and the indifference of actions which are neither visited with recompense nor chastisement here or hereafter.' At a later age, when the doctrines of this society had permeated all Islam, it seems to have labored very zealously to teach both women and men gratuitously all learning, and give them the freest use of books. At this time it was in the ninth degree that the initiate 'learnt the grand secret of atheism, and a code of morals, which may be summed up in a few words, as believing nothing and daring everything.'*

Bearing this in mind, Walter Scott may be presumed to have studied with shrewd appreciation the character of the Templars, and to have conjectured with strange wisdom their great ambition, when we find Brian de Bois Guilbert declaring to Rebecca that his Order threatened the thrones of Europe, and hinting at tremendous changes in society—'hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch.' For it was indeed the hope—it *must* have been—for the proud and powerful brotherhood of the Temple to extend their secret doctrines over Europe, regenerate society, and overthrow all existing powers, substituting for them its own crude and impossible socialism, and for Christianity the lore of the serpent. How plainly is this expressed in the speech of Bois Guilbert to Rebecca:

'Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold

ob innatam hujus animalis astutiam?—VON HAMMER, *Fundgruben des Orients*, tom. vi. p. 85.

* *New Curiosities of Literature*. By GEO. SOANE. London, 1849.

the baton of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of Kings—a hemp-sandall'd monk can do that. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne—our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee.'

'Sayest thou this to one of my people?' answered Rebecca. 'Bethink thee'—

'Answer me not,' said the Templar, 'by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. Think not we long remain blind to the idiotic folly of our founders, who forswore every delight of life for the pleasures of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the swords of savages, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted bolder and wider views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as embrace our Order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries.'

We may well pause for an instant to wonder what would have been the present state of the now civilized world had this order with its Oriental illuminéeism actually succeeded in undermining feudal society and in overthrowing thrones. That it was jointly dreaded by Church and State appears from the excessive, implacable zeal with which it was broken up by Philip the Fair and Pope Clement the Fifth—a zeal quite inexplicable from the motives of avarice usually attributed to them by the modern freemasonic defenders of the Knights of the Temple. I may well say modern, since in a freemasonic document bearing date 1766, reprinted in a rare work,* we find the most earnest protest and denial that freemasonry had any-

thing in common with the Templars. But the Order did not die unavenged. It is by no means improbable that the secret heresies which, bearing unmistakable marks of Eastern origin, continually sprang up in Europe, and finally led the way to Huss and the Reformation, were in their origin encouraged by the Templars.

Certain it is that the character of Bois Guilbert as drawn by Scott—his habitual oath 'by earth and sea and sky!' his scorn of 'the doting scruples which fetter our free-born reason,' and his atheistic faith that to die is to be 'dispersed to the elements of which our strange forms are so mystically composed,' are all wonderful indications of insight into a type of mind differing inconceivably from the mere infidel villain of modern novels, and which could never have been attributed to a knight of the superstitious Middle Ages without a strong basis of historical research. Very striking indeed is his fierce love for Rebecca—his intense appreciation of her great courage and firmness, which he at once recognizes as congenial to his own daring, and believes will form for him in her a fit mate. There is a spirit of reality in this which transcends ordinary conceptions of what is called genius. To deem a woman requisite aid in such intellectual labor—for so we may well call the system of the Templars—would at that era have been incomprehensibly absurd to any save the worshippers of the bi-sexed Baphomet and the disciples of the House of Wisdom, with whom the equal culture of the sexes was a leading aim. The extraordinary tact with which Scott has contrived to make Bois Guilbert repulsive to the mass of readers, while at the same time he really—for himself—makes him undergo every sacrifice of which the Templar's nature is *consistently* capable, is perhaps the most elaborately artistic effort in his works. To have made Bois Guilbert sensible to the laws of love and of chivalry, which in his mystical

* *Developpement des Abus introduits dans la Franc Maçonnerie.* Écossois de Saint ANDRÉ d'Écosse, &c., &c. Paris, 1790.

freedom he despised, to rescue her simply from death, which in his view had no terrors beyond short-lived pain, would not have agreed with his character as Scott very truly understood it. Himself a sacrifice to fate, he was willing that she, whom he regarded as a second self, should also perish. This reserving the true comprehension of a certain character to one's self by a writer is not, I believe, an uncommon thing in romance writing. 'Blifil' was the favorite child of his literary parent, and was (it is to be hoped) seen by him from a stand-point undreamed of by nearly all readers.

Closely allied in the one main point of character to Bois Guilbert, and to a certain degree having his Oriental origin, yet differing in every other detail, we have Hayraddin Maugrabin, the gypsy, in 'Quentin Durward.'

When Walter Scott drew the outlines of this singular subordinate actor in one of the world's greatest mediæval romances, so little was known of the real condition of the 'Rommany,' that the author was supposed to have introduced an exaggerated and most improbable character among historical portraits which were true to life. The more recent researches of George Borrow and others have shown that, judged by the gypsy of the present day, Hayraddin is extremely well drawn in certain particulars, but improbable in other respects. He has, amid all his villany, a certain firmness or greatness which is peculiar to men who can sustain positions of rank—a marked Oriental 'leadership,' which Scott might be presumed to have guessed at. Yet all of this corresponds closely to the historical account of the first of these wanderers, who in 1427 came to Europe, 'well mounted,' and claiming to be men of the highest rank, and to the condition and character of certain men among them in the Slavonian countries of the present day. If we study carefully all that is accessible both of the present and the past relative to this

singular race, we shall find that Scott, partly from knowledge and partly by poetic intuition, has in this gypsy produced one of his most marvellous and deeply interesting studies.

Like Bois Guilbert, Hayraddin is a man without a God, and the peculiarity of his character lies in a constant realization of the fact that he is absolutely *free* from every form or principle of faith, every conventional tie, every duty founded on aught save the most natural instincts. He revels in this freedom; it is to him like magic armor, making him invulnerable to shafts which reach all around him—nay, which render him supremely indifferent to death itself. Whether this extreme of philosophical skepticism and stoicism could be consistently and correctly attributed to a gypsy of the fifteenth century, will be presently considered. Let me first quote those passages in which the character is best set forth. The first is that in which Hayraddin, in reply to the queries of Quentin Durward, asserts that he has no country, is not a Christian, and is altogether lawless:

'You are then,' said the wondering querist, 'destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?'

'I have liberty,' said the Bohemian—'I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one.—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes.'

'But you are subject to instant execution at the pleasure of the Judge?'

'Be it so,' returned the Bohemian; 'I can but die so much the sooner.'

'And to imprisonment also,' said the Scot; 'and where then is your boasted freedom?'

'In my thoughts,' said the Bohemian, 'which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I are free in spirit when our limbs are chained. You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom.'

'Yet the freedom of your thoughts,' said the Scot, 'relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs.'

'For a brief time that may be endured,' answered the vagrant, 'and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all.'

Again, when asked in his last hour what are his hopes for the future, the gypsy, after denying the existence of the soul, declares that his anticipations are :

'To be resolved into the elements. * * * My hope and trust and expectation is, that the mysterious frame of humanity shall melt into the general mass of nature, to be recomposed in the other forms with which she daily supplies those which daily disappear, and return under different forms,—the watery particles to streams and showers, the earthy parts to enrich their mother earth, the airy portions to wanton in the breeze, and those of fire to supply the blaze of Aldebaran and his brethren. In this faith I have lived, and will die in it. Hence! begone!—disturb me no further! I have spoken the last word that mortal ears shall listen to!'

That such a strain as this would be absurd from 'Mr. Petulengro,' or any other of the race as portrayed by Borrow, is evident enough. Whether it is inappropriate, however, in the mouth of one of the first comers of the people in Europe, of direct Hindustanee blood, is another question. Let us examine it.

In his notes to 'Quentin Durward,' Scott declares his belief that there can be little doubt that the first gypsies consisted originally of Hindus, who left their native land when it was invaded by Timur or Tamerlane, and that their language is a dialect of Hindustanee. That the gypsies were Hindus, and outcast Hindus or Pariahs at that, could be no secret to Scott. That he should have made Hayraddin in his doctrines marvellously true to the very life to certain of this class, indicates a degree either of knowledge or of intuition (it may have been either) which is at least remarkable.

The reader has probably learned to

consider the Hindu Pariah as a merely wretched outcast, ignorant, vulgar, and oppressed. Such is not, however, exactly their *status*. Whatever their social rank may be, the Pariahs—the undoubted ancestors of the gypsies—are the authors in India of a great mass of philosophy and literature, embracing nearly all that land has ever produced which is tinctured with independence or wit. In confirmation of which I beg leave to cite the following passages from that extremely entertaining, well-edited, and elegantly published little work, the 'Strange Surprising Adventures of the Venerable Goroo Simple and his Five Disciples':

'The literature of the Hindoos owes but little to the hereditary claimants to the sole possession of divine light and knowledge. On the contrary, with the many things which the Brahmins are forbidden to touch, all science, if left to them alone, would soon stagnate, and clever men, whose genius cannot be held in trammels, therefore soon become outcasts and swell the number of *Pariars* in consequence of their very pursuit of knowledge. * * * To the writings of the *Poorrachchameiyans*, a sect of *Pariars* odious in the eyes of a Brahman, the Tamuls owe the greater part of works on science. * * * To the *Vallooran* sect of *Pariars*, particularly shunned by the Brahmins, Hindoo literature is indebted almost exclusively for the many moral poems and books of aphorisms which are its chief pride.

'This class of literature' (satiric humor and fables) 'emanated chiefly from those despised outcasts, the *Pariars*, the very men who (using keener spectacles than Dr. Robertson, our historian of Ancient India, did, who singularly became the panegyrist of Gentoo subdivisions) saw that to bind human intellect and human energy within the wire-fences of Hindoo castes is as impossible as to shut up the winds of heaven in a temple built by man's hand, and boldly thought for themselves.'

Of the literary *Vallooran* Pariah outcasts and scientific *Poorrachchameiyans*, we know from the best authority—Father Beschi—that they form a society of six degrees or sects, the fifth of which, when five Fridays occur in a month, celebrate it *avec de grandes abominations*, while the sixth 'admits the

* London. Trübner & Co., No. 60 Paternoster Row. 1861.

real existence of nothing—except, *perhaps*, God.’ This last is a mere guess on the part of the good father. It is beyond conjecture that we have here another of those strange Oriental sects, ‘atheistic’ in its highest school and identical in its nature with that of the House of Wisdom of Cairo, and with the Templars; and if Scott’s gypsy Hayraddin Maugrabin is to be supposed one of that type of Hindu outcasts, which were of all others most hateful to the orthodox Moslem invader, we cannot sufficiently admire the appropriateness with which doctrines which were actually held by the most deeply initiated among the Pariahs were put into his mouth. To have made a merely vulgar, nothing-believing, and as little reflecting gypsy, as philosophical as the wanderer in ‘*Quentin Durward*,’ would have been absurd. There is a vigor, an earnestness in his creed, which betrays culture and thought, and which is marvellously appropriate if we regard him as a wandering scion of the outcast Pariah illuminati of India.

Did our author owe this insight to erudition or to poetic intuition? In either case we discover a depth which few would have surmised. It was once said of Scott, that he was a millionaire of genius whose wealth was all in small change—that his scenes and characters were all massed from a vast collection of little details. This would be equivalent to declaring that he was a great novelist without a great idea. Perhaps this is true, but the clairvoyance of genius which *seems* to manifest itself in the two characters which I have already examined, and the cautious manner in which he has treated them, would appear to prove that he possessed a rarer gift than that of ‘great ideas’—the power of controlling them. Such ideas may make reformers, critics, politicians, essayists—but they generally ruin a novelist—and Scott knew it.

A third character belonging to the class under consideration, is Henbane Dwining, the ‘pottingar,’ apothecary

or ‘leech,’ in the novel of ‘*The Fair Maid of Perth*.’

This man is rather developed by his deeds than his words, and these are prompted by two motives, terrible vindictiveness and the pride of superior knowledge. He is vile from the former, and yet almost heroic from the latter, for it is briefly impossible to make any man intensely self-reliant, and base this self-reliance on great learning in men and books, without displaying in him some elements of superiority. He is so radically bad that by contrast one of the greatest villains in Scottish history, Sir John Ramorney, appears rather gray than black; and yet we dislike him less than the knight, possibly because we know that men of the Dwining stamp, when they have had the control of nations, often do good simply from the dictates of superior wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent—which no Ramorney ever did. The skill with which the crawling, paltry leech controls his fierce lord; the contempt for his power and pride shown in Dwining’s adroit sneers, and above all, the ease with which the latter casts into the shade Ramorney’s fancied superiority in wickedness, is well set forth—and such a character could only have been conceived by deep study of the motives and agencies which formed it. To do so, Scott had recourse to the same Oriental source—the same fearful school of atheism which in another and higher form gave birth to the Templar and the gypsy. ‘I have studied,’ says Dwining, ‘among the sages of Granada, where the fiery-souled Moor lifts high his deadly dagger as it drops with his enemy’s blood, and avows the doctrine which the pallid Christian practises, though, coward-like, he dare not name it.’ His sneers at the existence of a devil, at all ‘prejudices,’ at religion, above all, at brute strength and every power save that of intellect, are perfectly Oriental—not however of the Oriental Sufi, or of the initiated in the House of Wisdom, whose pantheistic Idealism

went hand in hand with a faith in benefiting mankind, and which taught forgiveness, equality, and love, but rather that corrupted Asiatic vanity of wisdom which abounded among the disciples of Aristotle and of Averroes in Spain, and which was entirely material. I err, strictly speaking, therefore, when I speak of this as the *same* Oriental school, though in a certain sense it had a common origin—that of believing in the infinite power of human wisdom. Both are embraced indeed in the beguiling *eritis sicut Deus*, ‘ye shall be as God,’ uttered by the serpent to Eve.

Quite subordinate as regards its position among the actors of the novel, yet extremely interesting in a historical point of view, is the character of Jasper Dryfesdale the steward of the Douglas family, in ‘The Abbot.’ In this man Scott has happily combined the sentiment of absolute feudal devotion to his superiors with a gloomy fatalism learned ‘among the fierce sectaries of Lower Germany.’ If carefully studied, Dryfesdale will be found to be, on the whole, the most morally instructive character in the entire range of Scott’s writings. In the first place, he illustrates the fact, so little noted by the advocates of loyalty, aristocracy, ‘devoted retainers,’ and ‘faithful vassals,’ that all such fidelity carried beyond the balance of a harmony of interests, results in an insensibility to moral accountability. Thus in the Southern States, masters often refer with pride to the fact that a certain negro, who will freely pillage in other quarters, will ‘never steal at home.’ History shows that the man who surrenders himself entirely to the will of another begins at once to cast on his superior all responsibility for his own acts. Such dependence and evasion is of itself far worse than the bold unbelief which is to the last degree self-reliant; which seeks no substitute, dreads no labor, scorns all mastery, and aims at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Such unbelief may possibly end in find-

ing religious truth after its devious errors, but what shall be said of those who would have men sin as *slaves*?

Singularly and appropriately allied to a resignation of moral accountability from feudal attachment, is the contemptible and cowardly doctrine of fatalism, which Dryfesdale also professes. It is not with him the philosophic doctrine of the concurring impulses of circumstance, or of natural laws, but rather the stupendously nonsensical notion of the Arabian *kismet*, that from the beginning of time every event was fore-arranged as in a fairy tale, and that all which *is*, is simply the acting out of a libretto written before the play began—a belief revived in the last century by readers of Leibnitz, who were truer than the great German himself to the consequences of his doctrine, which he simply evaded.* In coupling this humiliating and superstitious means of evading moral accountability with the same principle as derived from feudal devotion, Scott, consciously or unconsciously, displayed genius, and at the same time indirectly attacked that system of society to which he was specially devoted. So true is it that genius instinctively tends to set forth the *truth*, be the predilections of its possessor what they may. And indeed, as Scott nowhere shows in any way that *he*, for his part, regarded the blind fidelity of the steward as other than admirable, it may be that he was guided rather by instinct than will, in thus pointing out the great evil resulting from a formally aristocratic state of society. Such as it is, it is well worth studying in these times, when the principles of republicanism and aristocracy are brought face to face at war among us, firstly in the contest between the South and the North, and secondly in the rapidly growing division between the friends of the Union, and the trea-

‘Tota hæc humanæ vitæ fabula, quæ universitatem naturæ et generis humani historiam constituit tota prius in intellectu divino præconcepata fuit,’ cum infinitis aliis.—LEIBNITZ, *Theodicæa*, part ii, p. 149.

sonable 'Copperheads,' who consist of men of selfish, aristocratic tendencies, and their natural allies, the refuse of the population.

It is very unfortunate that the term 'Anabaptists' should have ever been applied to the ferocious fanatics led by John of Leyden, Knipperdolling, and Rothmann, since it has brought discredit on a large sect bearing the same name with which it had in reality even less in common than the historians of the latter imagine. It is not a difficult matter for the mind familiar with the undoubted Oriental origin of the 'heresies' of the middle ages, to trace in the origin at least of the fierce and licentious socialists of Münster the same secret influence which, flowing from Gnostic, Manichæan, or Templar sources, founded the Waldense and Albigense sects, and was afterward perceptible in a branch of the Hussites. At the time of the Reformation their ancient doctrines had subsided into Biblical fanaticism; but the old leaven of revolt against the church and against all compulsion—keenly sharpened by their experiences, in the recent Peasant's War—was as hot as ever among them. They had no great or high philosophy, but were in all respects chaotic, contradictory, and stormy. Unable to rise to the cultivated and philanthropic feelings which accompanied the skepticism of their remote founders, they based their denial of moral accountability—as narrow and vulgar minds naturally do—on a predestination, which is as insulting to God as to man, since it is consistently comprehensible only by supposing Him a slave to destiny. Among such vassals to a worse than earthly tyranny, the man who as 'a Scottish servant regarded not his own life or that of any other save his master,' would find doctrines congenial enough to his grovelling nature. So he was willing to believe that 'that which was written of me a million years before I saw the light must be executed by me.' 'I am well taught, and strong

in belief,' he says, 'that man does nought for himself; he is but the foam on the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by its own effort, but by the mightier impulse of fate which urges him.' And the combination of his two wretched doctrines is well set forth in the passage wherein he tells his mistress that she had no choice as regarded accepting his criminal services. 'You might not choose, lady,' answered the steward. 'Long ere this castle was builded—ay, long ere the islet which sustains it reared its head above the blue water—I was destined to be your faithful slave, and you to be my ungrateful mistress.'

Freethinkers, infidels, and atheists abound in novels, but it is to the credit of Sir Walter Scott that wherever he has introduced a *sincere* character of this description, he has gone to the very origin for his facts, and then given us the result without pedantry. The four which I have examined are each a curious subject for study, and indicate, collectively and compared, a train of thought which I believe that few have suspected in Scott, notwithstanding his well-known great love for the curious and occult in literature. That he perfectly understood that absurd and vain character, the so-called 'infidel,' whose philosophy is limited to abusing Christianity, and whose real object is to be odd and peculiar, and astonish humble individuals with his wickedness, is most amusingly shown in 'Bletson,' one of the three Commissioners of Cromwell introduced into 'Woodstock.' Scott has drawn this very subordinate character in remarkable detail, having devoted nearly seven pages to its description,* evidently being for once carried away by the desire of rendering the personality as clearly as possible, or of gratifying his own fancy. And while no effort is ever made to cast even a shadow of ridicule on the Knight Templar, on Dryfesdale, on the gypsy, or even on the crawling Dwining, he manifestly

* Ticknor and Fields' edition of *Waverley Novels*. Boston, 1858.

takes great pains to render as contemptible and laughably absurd as possible this type of the very great majority of modern infidels, who disavow religion because they fear it, and ridicule Christianity from sheer, shallow ignorance. Our own country at present abounds in 'Bletsons,' in conceited, ignorant 'infidel' scribblers of many descriptions, in of all whom we can still trace the cant and drawl of the old-fashioned fanaticism to which they are in reality nearly allied, while they appear to oppose it. For the truth is, that popular infidelity—to borrow Mr. Caudle's simile of tyrants—is only Puritanism turned inside out. We see this, even when it is masked in French flippancy and the Shibboleth of the current accomplishments of literature—it betrays itself by its vindictiveness and conceit, by its cruelty, sarcasms, and meanness—with the infidel as with the bigot. The sincere seeker for truth, whether he wander through the paths of unbelief or of faith, never forgets to love, never courts notoriety, and is neither a satirical court-fool nor a would-be Mephistopheles.

In reflecting on these characters, I am irresistibly reminded of an anecdote illustrating their nature. A friend of mine who had employed a rather ignorant fellow to guide him through some ruins in England, was astonished, as he entered a gloomy dungeon, at the sudden remark, in the hollow voice of one imparting a dire confidence, of: 'I doan't believe in hany God!' 'Don't you, indeed?' was the placid reply. 'Noa,' answered the guide; '*H'I'm a HINFIDEL!*' 'Well, I hope you feel easy after it,' quoth my friend.

There is yet another skeptic set forth by Scott, whose peculiarities may be deemed worthy of examination. I refer to Agelastes, the treacherous and hypocritical sage of 'Count Robert of Paris.' In this man we have, however, rather the refined sensualist and elegant scholar who amuses himself with the subtleties of the old Greek philosophy, than a

sincere seeker for truth, or even a sincere doubter. His views are fully given in a short lecture of the countess:

'Daughter,' said Agelastes, approaching nearer to the lady, 'it is with pain I see you bewildered in errors which a little calm reflection might remove. We may flatter ourselves, and human vanity usually does so, that beings infinitely more powerful than those belonging to mere humanity are employed daily in measuring out the good and evil of this world, the termination of combats or the fate of empires, according to their own ideas of what is right or wrong, or more properly, according to what we ourselves conceive to be such. The Greek heathens, renowned for their wisdom, and glorious for their actions, explained to men of ordinary minds the supposed existence of Jupiter and his Pantheon, where various deities presided over various virtues and vices, and regulated the temporal fortune and future happiness of such as practised them. The more learned and wise of the ancients rejected such the vulgar interpretation, and wisely, although affecting a deference to the public faith, denied before their disciples in private, the gross fallacies of Tartarus and Olympus, the vain doctrines concerning the gods themselves, and the extravagant expectations which the vulgar entertained of an immortality supposed to be possessed by creatures who were in every respect mortal, both in the conformation of their bodies, and in the internal belief of their souls. Of these wise and good men some granted the existence of the supposed deities, but denied that they cared about the actions of mankind any more than those of the inferior animals. A merry, jovial, careless life, such as the followers of Epicurus would choose for themselves, was what they assigned for those gods whose being they admitted. Others, more bold or more consistent, entirely denied the existence of deities who apparently had no proper object or purpose, and believed that such of them, whose being and attributes were proved to us by no supernatural appearances, had in reality no existence whatever.'

In all this, and indeed in all the character of Agelastes, there is nothing more than shallow scholarship, such as may be found in many of 'the learned' in all ages, whose learning is worn as a fine garment, perhaps as one of comfort, but *not* as the armor in which to earnestly do battle for life. A contempt for the vulgar, or at best a selfish rendering of life agreeable to themselves, is all that is gathered from such

systems of doubt—and this was in all ages the reproach of all Greek philosophy. It was not meant for the multitude nor for the barbarian. It embraced no hope of benefiting all mankind, no scheme for even freeing them from superstition. Such ideas were only cherished by the Orientals, and (though mingled with errors) subsequently and *fully* by the early Christians. It was in the East that the glorious doctrine of love for *all* beings, not only for enemies, but for the very fiends themselves, was first proclaimed as essential to perfect the soul—as shown in the beautiful Hindu poem of ‘The Buddha’s Victory,’* in which the demon Wassywart, that horror of horrors, whose eyes are clots of blood, whose voice outroars the thunder, who plucks up the sun from its socket the sky, defies the great saint-god to battle:

‘The unarmed Buddha mildly gazed at him,
And said in peace: ‘Poor fiend, *even thee I love.*’

Before great Wassywart the world grew dim;
His bulk enormous dwindled to a dove. * * *

—Celestial beauty sat on Buddha’s face,

While sweetly sang the metamorphosed dove:

‘Swords, rocks, lies, fiends, must yield to
moveless love,

And nothing can withstand the Buddha’s
grace.’

And again, in ‘The Secret of Piety’

* *The Poetry of the East*. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston. Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1856.

—the secret ‘of all the lore which angelic bosoms swell’—we have the same pure faith:

‘Whoso would careless tread one worm that
crawls the sod,

That cruel man is dākry alienate from God;

But he that lives embracing all that is in *love*,

To dwell with him God bursts all bounds,
below, above.’

The Greek philosophy knew nothing of all this, and the result is that even in the atheism which sprang from the East, and in its harshest and lowest ‘tinctures,’ we find a something nobler and less selfish than is to be found in the school of Plato himself. And however this may be, the reader will admit, in examining the six skeptics set forth by Scott, that each is a character firmly based in historical truth; that all, with the exception of ‘Bletson,’ are sketched with remarkable brevity; and that a careful comparative analysis of the whole gives us a deeper insight into the secret tendencies of the author’s mind, and at the same time into the springs of his genius, than the world has been wont to take. And the study of the subject is finally interesting, since we may learn from it that even in the works of one who is a standard poetic authority among those who would, if possible, subject all men to feudalism, we may learn lessons of that highest social truth—republicanism.

A CHORD OF WOOD.

WELL, New York, you’ve made your pile
Of Wood, and, if you like, may smile:
Laugh, if you will, to split your sides,
But in that Wood pile a nigger hides,
With a double face beneath his hood:
Don’t hurra till you’re out of your Wood.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

'ALL of which I saw, and part of which I was.'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE moon and the stars were out, and the tall, dark pines cast long, gloomy shadows over the little rows of negro houses which formed the rear-guard to Preston's mansion. They were nearly deserted. Not a solitary fire slumbered on the bare clay hearths, and not a single darky stood sentry over the loose pork and neglected hoe-cakes, or kept at bay the army of huge rats and prowling opossums which beleaguered the quarters. Silence—death's music—was over and around them. The noisy revelry of the dancers had died away in the distance, and even the hoarse song of the great trees had sunk to a low moan as they stood, motionless and abashed, in the presence of the grim giant who knocks alike at the palace and the cottage gate.

A stray light glimmered through the logs of a low hut, far off in the woods, and, making our way to it, we entered. A bright fire lit up the interior, and on a rude cot, in one corner, lay the old preacher. His eyes were closed; a cold, clammy sweat was on his forehead—he was dying. One of his skeleton hands rested on the tattered coverlet, and his weazened face was half buried in a dilapidated pillow, whose ragged casing and protruding plumage bespoke it a relic of some departed white sleeper.

An old negress, with gray hair and haggard visage, sat at the foot of the bed, wailing piteously; and Joe and half a dozen aged saints stood around, singing a hymn, doleful enough to have made even a sinner weep.

Not heeding our entrance, Joe took the dying man by the hand, and, in a slow, solemn voice, said:

'Brudder Jack, you'm dyin'; you'm gwine ter dat lan' whence no trabeller returns; you'm settin' out fur dat coun-

try which'm lit by de smile ob de Lord; whar dar ain't no sickness, no pain, no sorrer, no dyin'; fur dat kingdom whar de Lord reigns; whar trufh flows on like a riber; whar righteousness springs up like de grass, an' lub draps down like de dew, an' cobers de face ob de groun'; whar you woan't gwo 'bout wid no crutch; whar you woan't lib in no ole cabin like dis, an' eat hoe-cake an' salt pork in sorrer an' heabiness ob soul; but whar you'll run an' not be weary, an' walk an' not be faint; whar you'll hab a hous'n builded ob de Lord, an' sit at His table—you' meat an' drink de bread an' de water ob life!

'I knows you's a sinner, Jack; I knows you's lub'd de hot water too much, an' dat it make you forgit you' duty sometime, an' set a bad 'zample ter dem as looked up ter you fur better tings; but dar am mercy wid de Lord, Jack; dar am forgibness wid Him; an' I hopes you'm ready an' willin' ter gwo.'

Old Jack opened his eyes, and, in a low, peevish tone, said:

'Joe, none ob you' nonsense ter me! I'se h'ard you talk dis way afore. *You* can't preach—you neber could. You jess knows I ain't fit ter trabble, an' I ain't willin' ter gwo, nowhar.'

Joe mildly rebuked him, and again commenced expatiating on the 'upper kingdom,' and on the glories of 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' but the old darky cut him short, with—

'Shet up, Joe! no more ob dat. I doan't want no oder hous'n but dis—dis ole cabin am good 'nuff fur me.'

Joe was about to reply, when Preston stepped to the bedside, and, taking the aged preacher's hand, said:

'My good Jack, master Robert has come to see you.'

The dying man turned his eyes toward his master, and, in a weak, tremulous voice, exclaimed :

'Oh ! massa Robert, has *you* come ? has you come ter see ole Jack ? Bress you, massa Robert, bress you ! Jack know'd you'd neber leab him yere ter die alone.'

'No, my good Jack ; I would save you if I could.'

'But you can't sabe me, massa Robert ; I'se b'yond dat. I'se dyin', massa Robert. I'se gwine ter de good missus. She tell'd me ter get ready ter foller har, an' I is. I'se gwine ter har now, massa Robert !'

'I know you are, Jack. I feel *sure* you are.'

'Tank you, massa Robert—tank you fur sayin' dat. An' woan't you pray fur me, massa Robert—jess a little pray ? De good man's prayer am h'ard, you knows, massa Robert.'

All kneeling down on the rough floor, Preston prayed—a short, simple, fervent prayer. At its close, he rose, and, bending over the old negro, said :

'The Lord is good, Jack ; His mercy is everlasting.'

'I knows dat ; I feels dat,' gasped the dying man. 'I lubs you, massa Robert ; I allers lub'd you ; but I'se gwine ter leab you now. Bress you ! de Lord bress you, massa Robert' I'll tell de good missus'—

He clutched convulsively at his master's hand ; a wild light came out of his eyes ; a sudden spasm passed over his face, and—he was 'gone whar de good darkies go.'

CHAPTER XX.

On the following day Frank and I were to resume our journey ; and, in the morning, I suggested that we should visit Colonel Dawsey, with whom, though he had for many years been a correspondent of the house in which I was a partner, I had no personal acquaintance.

His plantation adjoined Preston's, and his house was only a short half

mile from my friend's. After breakfast, we set out for it through the woods. The day was cold for the season, with a sharp, nipping air, and our overcoats were not at all uncomfortable.

As we walked along I said to Preston :

'Dawsey's 'account' is a good one. He never draws against shipments, but holds on, and sells sight drafts, thus making the exchange.'

'Yes, I know ; he's a close calculator.'

'Does he continue to manage his negroes as formerly ?'

'In much the same way, I reckon.'

'Then he can't stand remarkably well with his neighbors.'

'Oh ! people round here don't mind such things. Many of them do as badly as he. Besides, Dawsey is a gentleman of good family. He inherited his plantation and two hundred hands.'

'Indeed ! How, then, did he become reduced to his present number ?'

'He was a wild young fellow, and, before he was twenty-five, had squandered and gambled away everything but his land and some thirty negroes. Then he turned square round, and, from being prodigal and careless, became mean and cruel. He has a hundred now, and more ready money than any planter in the district.'

A half hour's walk took us to Dawsey's negro quarters—a collection of about thirty low huts in the rear of his house. They were not so poor as some I had seen on cotton and rice plantations, but they seemed unfit for the habitation of any animal but the hog. Their floors were the bare ground, hardened by being moistened with water and pounded with mauls ; and worn, as they were, several inches lower in the centre than at the sides, they must have formed, in rainy weather, the beds of small lakes. So much water would have been objectionable to white tenants ; but negroes, like their friends the alligators, are amphibious animals ;

and Dawsey's were never known to make complaint. The chimneys were often merely vent-holes in the roof, though a few were tumble-down structures of sticks and clay; and not a window, nor an opening which courtesy could have christened a window, was to be seen in the entire collection. And, for that matter, windows were useless, for the wide crevices in the logs, which let in the air and rain, at the same time might admit the light. Two or three low beds at one end, a small pine bench, which held half a dozen wooden plates and spoons, and a large iron pot, resting on four stones, over a low fire, and serving for both washtub and cook-kettle, composed the furniture of each interior.

No one of the cabins was over sixteen feet square, but each was 'home' and 'shelter' for three or four human beings. Walking on a short distance, we came to a larger hovel, in front of which about a dozen young chattels were playing. Seven or eight more, too young to walk, were crawling about on the ground inside. They had only one garment apiece—a long shirt of coarse linsey—and their heads and feet were bare. An old negress was seated in the doorway, knitting. Approaching her, I said:

'Aunty, are not these children cold?'

'Oh! no, massa; dey'm use' ter de wedder.'

'Do you take care of all of them?'

'In de daytime I does, massa. In de night dar mudders takes de small 'uns.'

'But some of them are white. Those two are as white as I am!'

'No, massa; dey'm brack. Ef you looks at dar eyes an' dar finger nails, you'll see dat.'

'They're black, to be sure they are,' said young Preston, laughing; 'but they're about as white as Dawsey, and look wonderfully like him—eh, aunty Sue?'

'I reckons, massa Joe!' replied the woman, running her hand through her wool, and grinning widely.

'What does he ask for *them*, aunty?'

'Doan't know, massa, but 'spect dey'm pooty high. Dem kine am hard ter raise.'

'Yes,' said Joe; 'white blood—even Dawsey's—don't take naturally to mud.'

'I reckons not, massa Joe!' said the old negress, with another grin.

Joe gave her a half-dollar piece, and, amid an avalanche of blessings, we passed on to Dawsey's 'mansion'—if mansion it could be called—a story-and-a-half shanty, about thirty feet square, covered with rough, unpainted boards, and lit by two small, dingy windows. It was approached by a sandy walk, and the ground around its front entrance was littered with apple peelings, potato parings, and the refuse of the culinary department.

Joe rapped at the door, and, in a moment, it opened, and a middle-aged mulatto woman appeared. As soon as she perceived Preston, she grasped his two hands, and exclaimed:

'Oh! massa Robert, *do* buy har! Massa'll kill har, ef you doan't.'

'But I can't, Dinah. Your master refuses my note, and I haven't the money now.'

'Oh! oh! He'll kill har; he say he will. She woan't gib in ter him, an' he'll kill har, *shore*. Oh! oh!' cried the woman, wringing her hands, and bursting into tears.

'Is it 'Spasia?' asked Joe.

'Yas, massa Joe; it'm 'Spasia. Massa hab sole yaller Tom 'way from har, an' he swar he'll kill har 'case she woan't gib in ter him. Oh! oh!'

'Where is your master?'

'He'm 'way wid har an' Black Cale. I reckon dey'm down ter de branch. I reckon dey'm whippin' on har *now*!'

'Come, Frank,' cried Joe, starting off at a rapid pace; 'let's see that performance.'

'Hold on, Joe; wait for us. You'll get into trouble!' shouted his father, hurrying after him. The rest of us caught up with them in a few mo-

ments, and then all walked rapidly on in the direction of the small run which borders the two plantations.

Before we had gone far, we heard loud screams, mingled with oaths and the heavy blows of a whip. Quickening our pace, we soon reached the bank of the little stream, which there was lined with thick underbrush. We could see no one, and the sounds had subsided. In a moment, however, a rough voice called out from behind the bushes:

'Have you had enough? Will you give up?'

'Oh! no, good massa; I can't do dat!' was the half-sobbing, half-moaning reply.

'Give it to her again, Cale!' cried the first voice; and again the whip descended, and again the piercing cries: 'O Lord!' 'Oh, pray doan't!' 'O Lord, hab mercy!' 'Oh! good massa, hab mercy!' mingled with the falling blows.

'This way!' shouted Joe, pressing through the bushes, and bounding down the bank toward the actors in this nineteenth-century tournament, wherein an armed knight and a doughty squire were set against a weak, defenceless woman.

Leaning against a pine at a few feet from the edge of the run, was a tall, bony man of about fifty. His hair was coarse and black, and his skin the color of tobacco-juice. He wore the ordinary homespun of the district; and long, deep lines about his mouth and under his eyes told the story of a dissipated life. His entire appearance was anything but prepossessing.

At the distance of three or four rods, and bound to the charred trunk of an old tree, was a woman, several shades lighter than the man. Her feet were secured by stout cords, and her arms were clasped around the blackened stump, and tied in that position. Her back was bare to the loins, and, as she hung there, moaning with agony, and

shivering with cold, it seemed one mass of streaming gore.

The brawny black, whom Boss Joe had so eccentrically addressed at the negro meeting, years before, was in the act of whipping the woman; but with one bound, young Preston was on him. Wrenching the whip from his hand, he turned on his master, crying out:

'Untie her, you white-livered devil, or I'll plough your back as you've ploughed hers!'

'Don't interfere here, you d—d whelp!' shouted Dawsey, livid with rage, and drawing his revolver.

'I'll give you enough of that, you cowardly hound!' cried Joe, taking a small Derringer from his pocket, and coolly advancing upon Dawsey.

The latter levelled his pistol, but, before he could fire, by a dexterous movement of my cane, I struck it from his hand. Drawing instantly a large knife, he rushed on me. The knife was descending—in another instant I should have 'tasted Southern steel,' had not Frank caught his arm, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and with the fury of an aroused tiger, sprung on him and borne him to the ground. Planting his knee firmly on Dawsey's breast, and twisting his neckcloth tightly about his throat, Frank yelled out:

'Stand back. Let *me* deal with him!'

'But you will kill him.'

'Well, he would have killed *you*!' he cried, tightening his hold on Dawsey's throat.

'Let him up, Frank. Let the devil have fair play,' said Joe; 'I'll give him a chance at ten paces.'

'Yes, let him up, my son; he is unarmed.'

Frank slowly and reluctantly released his hold, and the woman-whipper rose. Looking at us for a moment—a mingled look of rage and defiance—he turned, without speaking, and took some rapid strides up the bank.

'Hold on, Colonel Dawsey!' cried

Joe, elevating his Derringer; 'take another step, and I'll let daylight through you. You've just got to promise you won't whip this woman, or take your chance at ten paces.'

[I afterward learned that Joe was deadly sure with the pistol.]

Dawsey turned slowly round, and, in a sullen tone, asked:

'Who are you, *gentlemen*, that interfere with my private affairs?'

'My name, sir, is Kirke, of New York; and this young man is my son.'

'Not Mr. Kirke, my factor?'

'The same, sir.'

'Well, Mr. Kirke, I'm sorry to say you're just now in d—d pore business.'

'I *have* been, sir. I've done yours for some years, and I'm heartily ashamed of it. I'll try to mend in that particular, however.'

'Well, no more words, Colonel Dawsey,' said Joe. 'Here's a Derringer, if you'd like a pop at me.'

'Tain't an even chance,' replied Dawsey; 'you know it.'

'Take it, or promise not to whip the woman. I won't waste more time on such a sneaking coward as you are.'

Dawsey hesitated, but finally, in a dogged way, made the required promise, and took himself off.

While this conversation was going on, Preston and the negro man had untied the woman. Her back was bleeding profusely, and she was unable to stand. Lifting her in their arms, the two conveyed her to the top of the bank, and then, making a bed of their coats, laid her on the ground. We remained there until the negro returned from the house with a turpentine wagon, and conveyed the woman 'home.' We then returned to the plantation, and that afternoon, accompanied by Frank and Joe, I resumed my journey.

By way of episode, I will mention that the slave woman, after being confined to her bed several weeks, recovered. Then Dawsey renewed his attack

upon her, and, from the effects of a second whipping, she died.

CHAPTER XXI.

Returning from the South a few weeks after the events narrated in the previous chapter, Frank and I were met at Goldsboro by Preston and Selma, when the latter accompanied us to the North, and once more resumed her place in David's family.

On the first of February following, Frank, then not quite twenty-one, was admitted a partner in the house of Russell, Rollins, & Co., and, in the succeeding summer, was sent to Europe on business of the firm. Shortly after his return, in the following spring, he came on from Boston with a proposal from Cragin that I should embark with them and young Preston in an extensive speculation. Deeming any business in which Cragin was willing to engage worthy of careful consideration, I listened to Frank's exposition of the plan of operations. He had originated the project, and in it he displayed the comprehensive business mind and rare blending of caution and boldness which characterized his father. As the result of this transaction had an important influence on the future of some of the actors in my story, I will detail its programme.

It was during the Crimean war. The Russian ports were closed, and Great Britain and the Continent of Europe were dependent entirely on the Southern States for their supply of resinous articles. The rivers at the South were low, and it was not supposed they would rise sufficiently to float produce to market before the occurrence of the spring freshets, in the following April or May. Only forty thousand barrels of common rosin were held in Wilmington—the largest naval-store port in the world; and it was estimated that not more than two hundred thousand were on hand in the other ports of Savannah, Ga., Georgetown, S. C., Newbern and Washington, N. C., and in New York,

Boston, and Philadelphia. Very little was for sale in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow, the largest foreign markets for the article; and Frank thought that a hundred and fifty thousand barrels could be purchased. That quantity, taken at once out of market, would probably so much enhance the value of the article, that the operation would realize a large profit before the new crop came forward. The purchases were to be made simultaneously in the various markets, and about two hundred thousand dollars were required to carry through the transaction. One hundred thousand of this was to be furnished in equal proportions by the parties interested; the other hundred thousand would be realized by Joseph Preston's negotiating 'long exchange' on Russell, Rollins & Co.

I declined to embark in the speculation, but the others carried it out as laid down in the programme; the only deviation being that, at Frank's suggestion, Mr. Robert Preston was apprised of the intended movement, and allowed to purchase, on his own account, as much produce as could be secured in Newbern. He bought about seven thousand barrels, paid for them by drawing at ninety days on Russell, Rollins, & Co., and held them for sale at Newbern, agreeing to satisfy his drafts with the proceeds. These drafts amounted to a trifle over eighty-two hundred dollars.

About a month after this transaction was entered into, our firm received the following letter from Preston:

'GENTLEMEN: An unfortunate difference with my son prevents my longer using him as my indorser. I have not, as yet, been able to secure another; and, our banks requiring two home names on time drafts, I have to beg you to honor a small bill at one day's sight. I have drawn for one thousand dollars. Please honor.'

To this I at once replied:

'DEAR SIR: We have advice of your draft for one thousand dollars. To protect your credit, we shall pay it; but we beg you will draw no more, till you forward bills of lading.'

'You are now overdrawn some five thousand dollars, which, by the maturing of your drafts, has become a *cash* advance. The death of our senior, Mr. Randall, and the consequent withdrawal of his capital, has left us with an extended business and limited means. Money, also, is very tight, and we therefore earnestly beg you to put us in funds at the earliest possible moment.'

No reply was received to this letter; but, about ten days after its transmission, Preston himself walked into my private office. His clothes were travel stained, and he appeared haggard and careworn. I had never seen him look so miserably.

He met me cordially, and soon referred to the state of his affairs. His wife, the winter before, had agreed to reside permanently at Newbern, and content herself with an allowance of three thousand dollars annually; but at the close of the year he found that she had contracted debts to the extent of several thousand more. He was pressed for these debts; his interest was in arrears, and he could raise no money for lack of another indorser. Ruin stared him in the face, unless I again put my shoulder to the wheel, and pried him out of the mire. The turpentine business was not paying as well as formerly, but the new plantation was encumbered with only the original mortgage—less than six thousand dollars—and was then worth, owing to an advance in the value of land, fully twenty thousand. He would secure me by a mortgage on that property, but I *must* allow the present indebtedness to stand, and let him increase it four or five thousand dollars. That amount would extricate him from present difficulties; and, to avoid future embarrassments, he would take measures for a legal separation from his wife.

I heard him through, and then said :
 'I cannot help you, my friend. I am very sorry ; but my own affairs are in a most critical state. I owe over a hundred thousand dollars, maturing within twenty days, and my present available resources are not more than fifty thousand. I have three hundred thousand worth of produce on hand, but the market is so depressed that I cannot realize a dollar upon it. The banks have shut down, and money is two per cent. a month in the street. What you owe us would aid me wonderfully ; but I can rub through without it. That much I can bear, but not a dollar more.'

He walked the room for a time, and was silent ; then, turning to me, he said—each separate word seeming a groan :

'I have cursed every one I ever loved, and now I am bringing trouble—perhaps disaster—upon *you*, the only real friend I have left.'

'Pshaw ! my good fellow, don't talk in that way. What you owe us is only a drop in the bucket. We have made twice that amount out of you ; so give yourself no uneasiness, if you *never* pay it.'

'But I must pay it—I *shall* pay it ;' and, continuing to pace the room silently for a few moments, he added, giving me his hand : 'Good-by ; I'm going back to-night.'

'Back to-night !—without seeing Selly, or my wife ? You are mad !'

'I *must* go.'

'You must *not* go. You are letting affairs trouble you too much. Come, go home with me, and see Kate. A few words from her will make a new man of you.'

'No, no ; I must go back at once. I must raise this money somehow.'

'Send money to the dogs ! Come with me, and have a good night's rest. You'll think better of this in the morning. And now it occurs to me that Kate has about seven thousand belonging to Frank. He means to settle it on Selly when they are married, and

she might as well have it first as last. Perhaps you can get it now.'

'But I might be robbing my own child.'

'You can give the farm as security ; it's worth twice the amount.'

'Well, I'll stay. Let us see your wife at once.'

While we were seated in the parlor, after supper, I broached the subject of Preston's wants to Kate. She heard me through attentively, and then quietly said :

'Frank is of age—he can do as he pleases ; but *I* would not advise him to make the loan. I once heard my father scout at the idea of taking security on property a thousand miles away. I would not wound Mr. Preston's feelings, but—his wife's extravagance has led him into this difficulty, and her property should extricate him from it. Her town house, horses, and carriages should be sold. She ought to be made to feel some of the mortification she has brought upon him.'

Preston's face brightened ; a new idea seemed to strike him. 'You are right. I will sell everything.' His face clouded again, as he continued : 'But I cannot realize soon enough. Your husband needs money at once.'

'Never mind me ; I can take care of myself. But what is this trouble with Joe ? Tell me, I will arrange it. Everything can go on smoothly again.'

'It cannot be arranged. There can be no reconciliation between us.'

'What prevents ? Who is at fault—you, or he ?'

'I am. He will never forgive me !'

'Forgive you ! I can't imagine what you have done, that admits of no forgiveness.'

He rose, and walked the room for a while in gloomy silence, then said :

'I will tell you. It is right you should know. You *both* should know the sort of man you have esteemed and befriended for so many years ;' and, resuming his seat, he related the following occurrences :

'Everything went on as usual at the plantation, till some months after Rosey's marriage to Ally. Then a child was born to them. It was white. Rosey refused to reveal its father, but it was evidently not her husband. Ally, being a proud, high-spirited fellow, took the thing terribly to heart. He refused to live with his wife, or even to see her. I tried to reconcile them, but without success. Old Dinah, who had previously doted on Rosey, turned about, and began to beat and abuse her cruelly. To keep the child out of the old woman's way, I took her into the house, and she remained there till about two months ago. Then, one day, Larkin, the trader, of whom you bought Phylly and the children, came to me, wanting a woman house-servant. I was pressed for money, and I offered him—a thing I never did before—two or three of my family slaves. They did not suit, but he said Rosey would, and proposed to buy her and the child. I refused. He offered me fifteen hundred dollars for them, but I still refused. Then he told me that he had spoken to the girl, and she wished him to buy her. I doubted it, and said so; but he called Rosey to us, and she confirmed it, and, in an excited way, told me she would run away, or drown herself, if I did not sell her. She said she could live no longer on the same plantation with Ally. I told her I would send Ally away; but she replied: 'No; I am tired of this place. I have suffered so much here, I want to get away. I *shall* go; whether alive or dead, is for *you* to say.' I saw she was in earnest; I was hard pressed for money; Larkin promised to get her a kind master, and—I sold her.'

'Sold her! My God! Preston, she was your own child!'

'I know it,' he replied, burying his face in his hands. 'The curse of God was on it; it has been on me for years.' After a few moments, he added: 'But hear the rest, and *you* will curse me, too.'

Overcome with emotion, he groaned audibly. I said nothing, and a pause of some minutes ensued. Then, in a choked, broken voice, he continued:

'The rosin transaction had been gone into. I had used up what blank indorsements I had. Needing more, and wanting to consult with Joe about selling the rosin, I went to Mobile. It was five weeks ago. I arrived there about dark, and put up at the Battle House. Joe had boarded there. I was told he had left, and gone to housekeeping. A negro conducted me to a small house in the outskirts of the town. He said Joe lived there. Wishing to surprise him, I went in without knocking. The house had two parlors, separated by folding doors. In the back one a young woman was clearing away the tea things; in the front one, Joe was seated by the fire, with a young child on his knee. I put my hand on his shoulder, and said: 'Joe, whose child have you here?' He looked up, and laughingly said: 'Why, father, you ought to know; you've seen it before!' I looked closely at it—it was Rosey's! I said so. 'Yes, father,' he replied; 'and there's Rosey herself. Larkin promised she should have a kind master, and—he kept his word.' The truth flashed upon me—the child was his! My only son had seduced his *own sister*! I staggered back in horror. I told him who Rosey was, and then—no words can express the intense agony depicted on his face as he said this—'then he cursed me! O my God! HE CURSED ME!'

I pitied him. I could but pity him; and I said:

'Do not be so cast down, my friend. I once heard you say: 'The Lord is good. His mercy is everlasting!''

'But he cannot have mercy on some!' he cried. '*My* sins have been too great; they cannot be blotted out. I embittered the life of my wife; I have driven my daughter from her home; sold my own child; made my generous, noble-hearted boy do a horrible crime

—a crime that will haunt him forever. Oh! the curse of God is on me. My misery is greater than I can bear.'

'No, my friend; God curses none of his creatures. You have reaped what you have sown, that is all; but you have suffered enough. Better things, believe me, are in store for you.'

'No, no; everything is gone—wife, children, all! I am alone—the past, nothing but remorse; the future, ruin and dishonor!'

'But Selly is left you. *She* will always love you.'

'No, no! Even Selly would curse me, if she knew *all*!'

No one spoke for a full half hour, and he continued pacing up and down the room. When, at last, he seated himself, more composed, I asked:

'What became of Rosey and the child?'

'I do not know. I was shut in my room for several days. When I got out, I was told Joe had freed her, and she had disappeared, no one knew whither. I tried every means to trace her, but could not. At the end of a week, I went home, what you see me—a broken-hearted man.'

The next morning, despite our urgent entreaties, he returned to the South.

* * * * *

The twenty days were expiring. By hard struggling I had met my liabilities, but the last day—the crisis—was approaching. Thirty thousand dollars of our acceptances had accumulated together, and were maturing on that day. When I went home, on the preceding night, we had only nineteen thousand in bank. I had exhausted all our receivables. Where the eleven thousand was to come from, I did not know. Only one resource seemed left me—the hypothecation of produce; and a resort to that, at that time, before warehouse receipts became legitimate securities, would be ruinous to our credit. My position was a terrible one. No one not a merchant can appreciate or realize it. With thousands

upon thousands of assets, the accumulations of years, my standing among merchants, and, what I valued more than all, my untarnished credit, were in jeopardy for the want of a paltry sum.

I went home that night with a heavy heart; but Kate's hopeful words encouraged me. With her and the children left to me, I need not care for the rest; all might go, and I could commence again at the bottom of the hill. The next morning I walked down town with a firm spirit, ready to meet disaster like a man. The letters by the early mail were on my desk. I opened them one after another, hurriedly, eagerly. There were no remittances! I had expected at least five thousand dollars. For a moment my courage failed me. I rose, and paced the room, and thoughts like these passed through my mind: 'The last alternative has come. Pride must give way to duty. I must hypothecate produce, and protect my correspondents. I must sacrifice myself to save my friends!'

'But here are two letters I have thrown aside. They are addressed to me personally. Mere letters of friendship! What is friendship, at a time like this?—friendship without money! Pshaw! I wouldn't give a fig for all the friends in the world!'

Mechanically I opened one of them. An enclosure dropped to the floor. Without pausing to pick it up, I read:

'DEAR FATHER: Mother writes me you are hard pressed. Sell my U. S. stock—it will realize over seven thousand. It is yours. Enclosed is Cragin's certified check for ten thousand. If you need more, draw on *him*, at sight, for any amount. He says he will stand by you to the death.

'Love to mother. FRANK.'

'P. S.—Fire away, old fellow! Hal-let is ugly, but I'll go my pile on you, spite of the devil. CRAGIN.'

'SAVED! saved by my wife and child!' I leaned my head on my desk. When I rose, there were tears upon it.

It wanted some minutes of ten, but I was nervously impatient to blot out those terrible acceptances. I should then be safe; I should then breathe freely. As I passed out of my private office, I opened the other letter. It was from Preston. Pausing a moment, I read it:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I enclose you sight check of Branch Bank of Cape Fear on Bank of Republic, for \$10,820. Apply what is needed to pay my account; the rest hold subject to my drafts.

'I have sold my town house, furniture, horses, &c., and the proceeds will pay my home debts. I shall therefore not need to draw the balance for, say, sixty days. God bless you!'

'Well, the age of miracles is *not* passed! How *did* he raise the money?'

Stepping back into the private office, I called my partner:

'Draw checks for all the acceptances due to-day; get them certified, and take up the bills at once. Don't let the grass grow under your feet. I shall be away the rest of the day, and I want to see them before I go. Here is a draft from Preston; it will make our account good.'

He looked at it, and, laughing, said:

'Yes, and leave about fifty dollars in bank.'

'Well, never mind; we are out of the woods.'

When he had gone, I sat down, and wrote the following letter:

'MY DEAR FRANK: I return Cragin's check, with many thanks. I have not sold your stock. My legitimate resources have carried me through.'

'I need not say, my boy, that I feel what you would have done for me. Words are not needed between *us*.

'Tell Cragin that I consider him a trump—the very ace of hearts.

'Your mother and I will see you in a few days.'

In half an hour, with the two letters in my pocket, I was on my way home. Handing them to Kate, I took her in my arms; and, as I brushed the still bright, golden hair from her broad forehead, I felt I was the richest man living.

* * * * *

Within the same week I went to Boston. I arrived just after dark; and then occurred the events narrated in the first chapter.

W A R .

[J. G. PERCIVAL.]

For war is now upon their shores,
 And we must meet the foe,
 Must go where battle's thunder roars,
 And brave men slumber low;
 Go, where the sleep of death comes on
 The proudest hearts, who dare
 To grasp the wreath by valor won,
 And glory's banquet share.

A CHAPTER ON WONDERS.

'Obstupui! steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.'

THERE is a certain portion of mankind ever on the alert to see or hear some wonderful thing; whose minds are attuned to a marvellous key, and vibrate with extreme sensitiveness to the slightest touch; whose vital fluid is the air of romance, and whose algebræic symbol is a mark of exclamation! This sentiment, existing in some persons to a greater degree than in others, is often fostered by education and association, so as to become the all-engrossing passion. Children, of course, begin to wonder as soon as their eyes are opened upon the strange scenes of their future operations. The first thing usually done to develop their dawning intellect, is to display before them such objects as are best calculated to arrest their attention, and keep them in a continual state of excitement. This course is succeeded by a supply of all sorts of *toys*, to gratify the passion of novelty. These are followed by wonderful stories, and books of every variety of absurd impossibilities;—which system of development is, it would seem, entirely based upon the presumption, that the faculty of admiration must be expanded, in order that the young idea may best learn how to *shoot*. It is therefore quite natural, that—the predisposition granted—a faculty of the mind so auspiciously nurtured under the influence of exaggeration should mature in a corresponding degree.

Thus we have in our midst a class, into whose mental economy the faculty of *wonder* is so thoroughly infused, that it has inoculated the entire system, and forms an inherent, inexplicable, and almost elementary part of it. These persons sail about in their pleasure yachts, on roving expeditions, under a pretended '*right of search*,' armed to the

teeth, and boarding all sorts of crafts to obtain plunder for their favorite gratification. They are most uneasy and uncomfortable companions, having no ear for commonplace subjects of conversation, and no eye for ordinary objects of sight.

When such persons approach each other, they are mutually attracted, like two bodies charged with different kinds of electricity—an interchange of commodities takes place, repulsion follows, and thus reënforced, they separate to diffuse the supply of wonders collected.

By this centripetal and centrifugal process, the social atmosphere is subjected to a continual state of agitation. *Language* is altogether too tame to give full effect to their meaning, and all the varieties of *dumb show*, of *gesticulation*, *shrugs*, and wise shakes of the head, are called into requisition, to effectually and unmistakably express their ideas. The usages of good society are regarded by them as a great restraint upon their besetting propensity to expatiate in phrases of grandiloquence, and to magnify objects of trivial importance. They are always sure to initiate topics which will afford scope for admiration; they delight to enlarge upon the unprecedented growth of cities, villages, and towns; upon the comparative prices of 'corner lots' at different periods; and to calculate how rich they *might* have been, had they only known as much *then* as *now*.

They experience a gratification when a rich man dies, that the wonder will now be solved as to the amount of his property; and when a man fails in business, that it is *now* made clear—what has so long perplexed them—'*how he managed to live so extravagantly!*' See

them at an agricultural fair, and they will be found examining the 'mammoth squashes' and various products of prodigious growth—or they will install themselves as self-appointed exhibiter of the 'Fat Baby,' to inform the incredulous how much it weighs! See them at a conflagration, and they wonder what was the *cause* of the fire, and *how far* it will extend?

They long to travel, that they may visit 'mammoth caves' and 'Giant's Causeways.' We talk of the 'Seven Wonders of the World,' while to them there is a successive series for every day in the year—putting to the blush our meagre stock of monstrosities—making 'Ossa like a wart.' Nothing gratifies them more than the issuing from the press of an anonymous work, that they may exert their ingenuity in endeavoring to discover the author; and, when called on for information on the subject, prove conclusively to every one but themselves, that they know nothing whatever about the matter.

The ocean is to them only wonderful as the abode of 'Leviathans,' and 'Sea Serpents,' 'Krakens,' and 'Mermaids'—abounding in 'Mælstroms' and *sunken* islands, and traversed by 'Phantom Ships' and 'Flying Dutchmen' in perpetual search for some 'lost Atlantis,'—all well-attested incredibilities, certified to by the 'affidavits of respectable eye-witnesses,' and, we might add, by 'intelligent contrabands,'—and all in strict conformity with the convenient aphorism '*Credo quia impossibile est.*' They are ever ready to bestow their amazement upon a fresh miracle as soon as the present has had its day—like the man who, being landed at some distance by the explosion of a juggler's pyrotechnics, rubbed his eyes open, and exclaimed, '*I wonder what the fellow will do next!*'

If a steamboat explodes her boiler, or the walls of a factory fall, burying hundreds in the ruins, their hearts—rendered callous by the constant stream of cold air pouring in through their

ever-open mouths—are not shocked at the calamity, but they wonder if it was *insured!*

The increase of population in this country affords a most prolific and inexhaustible fund for statistical astonishment, as an interlude to the entertainment, while something more appalling is being prepared.

The portentous omens so often relied on by the credulous believers in signs, have so frequently proved 'dead failures,' that one would suppose these votaries would at length become disheartened. But this seems not to be the case—like a quack doctor when his patient dies, their audacity is equal to any emergency, and, with the elasticity of india rubber, they come out of a 'tight squeeze' with undiminished rotundity. With *stupid* amazement, hair all erect, and ears likewise, they pass through life as through a museum, ready to exclaim with Dominic Sampson at all *they* cannot understand, 'Pro—di—gi—ous!'

It matters little, perhaps, in what form this principle is exhibited, while it exists and flourishes in undiminished exuberance. Thus says Glendower:

'At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hotspur. Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kittened, though yourself had ne'er been
born.'

Glendower naturally enough flouts this rather impertinent comment, and 'repeats the story of his birth' with still greater improvements, till Hotspur gives him a piece of advice which will do for his whole race of the present day, viz., 'tell the truth, and shame the devil.'

The English people of this generation are rather more phlegmatic than their explosive neighbors across the channel, and neither the injustice of black slavery abroad, nor the starvation of *white* slaves at home, can shake them

from their lop-sided neutrality, *so long as money goes into their pocket*. The excitable French, on the contrary, require an occasional *coup d'état* to arouse their conjectures as to the next imperial experiment in the art of international diplomacy.

The press of the day teems with all sorts of provisions to satisfy the cravings of a depraved imagination, and even the most sedate of our daily papers are not above employing 'double-leaded Sensations,' and 'display Heads' as a part of their ordinary stock in trade; while from the hebdomadals, 'Thrilling Tales,' 'Awful Disclosures,' and 'Startling Discoveries,' succeed each other with truly fearful rapidity. Thus he who wastes the midnight kerosene, and spoils his weary eyes in poring over the pages of trashy productions, so well designed to murder sleep, may truly say with Macbeth, 'I have supp'd full with horrors.'

It is certainly remarkable (as an indication of the pleasure the multitude take in voluntarily perplexing themselves), how eagerly they enter into all sorts of contrivances which conduce to bewilderment and doubt. In 'Hampton Court' there is a famous enclosure called the '*Maze*,' so arranged with hedged alleys as to form a perfect labyrinth. To this place throngs of persons are constantly repairing, to enjoy the luxury of losing themselves, and of seeing others in the same predicament.

Some persons become so impatient of the constant demand upon their admiration, that they resist whatever seems to lead in that direction. Washington Irving said he 'never liked to walk with his host over the latter's ground'—a feeling which many will at once acknowledge having experienced. A celebrated English traveller was so annoyed by the urgent invitations of the Philadelphians to visit the Fairmount Water Works, that he resolved *not* to visit them, so that he might have the characteristic satisfaction of recording the ill-natured fact.

'Swift mentions a gentleman who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences where he spied a note of admiration at the end.'

The instances here quoted are, to be sure, carrying out the '*Nil admirari*' principle rather to extremes, and are not recommended for general observance. The most remarkable and prominent wonders in the natural world seldom meet the expectation of the beholder, because he looks to experience a new sensation, and is disappointed; and so with works of art, as St. Peter's at Rome—

—'its grandeur overwhelms thee not,
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.'

Wonder is defined as 'the effect of novelty upon ignorance.' Most objects which excite wonder are magnified by the distance or the point of view, and their proportions diminish and shrink as we approach them. It is a saying as old as Horace, '*ignotum pro magifico est*': we cease to wonder at what we understand. Seneca says that those whose habits are temperate are satisfied with fountain water, which is cold enough for them; while those who have lived high and luxuriously, require the use of *ice*. Thus a well-disciplined mind adjusts itself to whatever events may occur, and not being likely to lose its equanimity upon ordinary occasions, is equally well prepared for more serious results.

'Let us never wonder,' again saith Seneca, 'at anything we are born to; for no man has reason to complain where we are all in the same condition.' But notwithstanding all the precepts of philosophers, the advice of all men of sense, and the best examples for our guides, we go on, with eyes dilated and minds wide open, to see, hear, and receive impressions through distorted mediums, leading to wrong conclusions and endless mistakes.

'Wonders will never cease!' Of course they will not, so long as there are so many

persons engaged in providing the aliment for their sustenance ; so long as the demand exceeds the supply ; so long as mankind are more disposed to listen to exaggeration rather than to simple truths, and so long as they shall tolerate the race of *wonder-mongers*, giving them 'aid and comfort,' regardless of their being enemies of our peace, and the pests of our social community.



T H E R E T U R N .

JULY,—what is the news they tell ?
 A battle won : our eyes are dim,
 And sad forbodings press the heart
 Anxious, awaiting news from him.
 Hour drags on hour : fond heart, be still,
 Shall evil tidings break the spell ?
 A word at last !—they found him dead ;
 He fought in the advance, and fell.

Oh aloes of affliction poured
 Into the wine cup of the soul !
 Oh bitterness of anguish stored
 To fill our grief beyond control !
 At last he comes, awaited long,
 Not to home welcomes warm and loud,
 Not to the voice of mirth and song,
 Pale featured, cold, beneath a shroud.

Oh from the morrow of our lives
 A glowing hope has stolen away,
 A something from the sun has fled,
 That dims the glory of the day.
 More earnestly we look beyond
 The present life to that to be ;
 Another influence draws the soul
 To long for that futurity.

Pardon if anguished souls refrain
 Too little, grieving for the lost,
 From thinking dearly bought the gain
 Of victory at such fearful cost.
 Teach us as dearest gain to prize
 The glory crown he early won ;
 Forever shall his requiem rise :
 Rest thee in peace, thy duty done.

THE UNION.

VI.

VIRGINIA AND PENNSYLVANIA COMPARED.

VIRGINIA was a considerable colony, when Pennsylvania was occupied only by Indian tribes. In 1790, Virginia was first in rank of all the States, her number of inhabitants being 748,308. (Census Rep., 120,121.) Pennsylvania then ranked the second, numbering 434,373 persons. (Ib.) In 1860 the population of Virginia was 1,596,318, ranking the fifth; Pennsylvania still remaining the second, and numbering 2,905,115. (Ib.) In 1790 the population of Virginia exceeded that of Pennsylvania 313,925; in 1860 the excess in favor of Pennsylvania was 1,308,797. The ratio of increase of population of Virginia from 1790 to 1860 was 113.32 per cent., and of Pennsylvania in the same period, 569.03. At the same relative ratio of increase for the next seventy years, Virginia would contain a population of 3,405,265 in 1930; and Pennsylvania 19,443,934, exceeding that of England. Such has been and would continue to be the effect of slavery in retarding the progress of Virginia, and such the influence of freedom in the rapid advance of Pennsylvania. Indeed, with the maintenance and perpetuity of the Union in all its integrity, the destiny of Pennsylvania will surpass the most sanguine expectations.

The population of Virginia per square mile in 1790 was 12.19, and in 1860, 26.02; whilst that of Pennsylvania in 1790 was 9.44, and in 1860, 63.18. (Ib.) The absolute increase of the population of Virginia per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, was 13.83, and from 1850 to 1860, 2.85; whilst that of Pennsylvania from 1790 to 1860, was 53.74, and from 1850 to 1860, 12.93. (Ib.)

AREA.—The area of Virginia is 61,352 square miles, and of Pennsylvania, 46,000, the difference being 15,352 square miles, which is greater, by 758 square miles, than the aggregate area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware, containing in 1860 a population of 1,803,429. (Ib.) Retaining their respective ratios of increase per square mile from 1790 to 1860, and reversing their areas, that of Virginia in 1860 would have been 1,196,920, and of Pennsylvania 3,876,119. Reversing the numbers of each State in 1790, the ratio of increase in each remaining the same, the population of Pennsylvania in 1860 would have been 5,408,424, and that of Virginia, 926,603. Reversing both the areas and numbers in 1790, and the population of Pennsylvania would have exceeded that of Virginia in 1860 more than six millions.

SHORE LINE.—By the Tables of the Coast Survey, the shore line of Virginia is 1,571 miles, and of Pennsylvania only 60 miles. This vastly superior coast line of Virginia, with better, deeper, more capacious, and much more numerous harbors, unobstructed by ice, and with easy access for so many hundred miles by navigable bays and tide-water rivers leading so far into the interior, give to Virginia great advantages over Pennsylvania in commerce and every branch of industry. Indeed, in this respect, Virginia stands unrivalled in the Union. The hydraulic power of Virginia greatly exceeds that of Pennsylvania.

MINES.—Pennsylvania excels every other State in mineral wealth, but Virginia comes next.

SOIL.—In natural fertility of soil, the

two States are about equal; but the seasons in Virginia are more favorable, both for crops and stock, than in Pennsylvania. Virginia has all the agricultural products of Pennsylvania, with cotton in addition. The area, however, of Virginia (39,265,280 acres) being greater by 9,825,280 acres than that of Pennsylvania (29,440,000 acres), gives to Virginia vast advantages.

In her greater area, her far superior coast line, harbors, rivers, and hydraulic power, her longer and better seasons for crops and stock, and greater variety of products, Virginia has vast natural advantages, and with nearly double the population of Pennsylvania in 1790. And yet, where has slavery placed Virginia? Pennsylvania exceeds her now in numbers 1,308,797, and increased in population, from 1790 to 1860, in a ratio more than five to one. Such is the terrible contrast between free and slave institutions!

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Tables (1860) 33 and 36, it appears (omitting commerce) that the products of industry, as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year in Pennsylvania, of the value of \$398,600,000, or \$137 per capita; and in Virginia, \$120,000,000 or \$75 per capita. This shows a total value of product in Pennsylvania much more than three times that of Virginia, and, per capita, nearly two to one. That is, the average value of the product of the labor of each person in Pennsylvania, is nearly double that of each person, including slaves, in Virginia. Thus is proved the vast superiority of free over slave labor, and the immense national loss occasioned by the substitution of the latter for the former.

As to the rate of increase; the value of the products of Virginia in 1850 was \$84,480,428 (Table 9), and in Pennsylvania, \$229,567,131, showing an increase in Virginia, from 1850 to 1860, of \$35,519,572, being 41 per cent.; and in Pennsylvania, \$169,032,869, being 50 per cent.; exhibiting a difference of

9 per cent. in favor of Pennsylvania. By the Census Table of 1860, No. 35, p. 195, the true value then of the real and personal property was, in Pennsylvania, \$1,416,501,818, and of Virginia, \$793,249,681. Now, we have seen, the value of the products in Pennsylvania in 1860 was \$398,600,000, and in Virginia, \$120,000,000. Thus, as a question of the annual yield of capital, that of Pennsylvania was 28.13 per cent., and of Virginia, 15.13 per cent. By Census Table 35, the total value of the real and personal property of Pennsylvania was \$722,486,120 in 1850, and \$1,416,501,818 in 1860, showing an increase, in that decade, of \$694,015,698, being 96.05 per cent.; and in Virginia, \$430,701,082 in 1850, and \$793,249,681 in 1860, showing an increase of \$362,548,599, or 84.17 per cent.

By Table 36, p. 196, Census of 1860, the *cash* value of the farms of Virginia was \$371,092,211, being \$11.91 per acre; and of Pennsylvania, \$662,050,707, being \$38.91 per acre. Now, by this table, the number of acres embraced in these farms of Pennsylvania was 17,012,153 acres, and in Virginia, 31,014,950; the difference of value per acre being \$27, or largely more than three to one in favor of Pennsylvania. Now, if we multiply the farm lands of Virginia by the Pennsylvania value per acre, it would make the total value of the farm lands of Virginia \$1,204,791,804; and the *additional* value, caused by emancipation, \$835,699,593, which is more, by \$688,440,093, than the value of all the slaves of Virginia. But the whole area of Virginia is 39,265,280 acres, deducting from which the farm lands, there remain unoccupied 8,250,330 acres. Now, if (as would be in the absence of slavery,) the population per square mile of Virginia equalled that of Pennsylvania, three fifths of these lands would have been occupied as farms, viz., 4,950,193, which, at the Pennsylvania value per acre, would have been worth \$188,207,524. Deduct from this their present average value

of \$2 per acre, \$9,800,396, and the remainder, \$178,407,128, is the sum by which the unoccupied lands of Virginia, converted into farms, would have been increased in value by emancipation. Add this to the enhanced value of their present farms, and the result is \$1,014,106,721 as the gain, on this basis, of Virginia in the value of her lands, by emancipation. To these we should add the increased value of town and city lots and improvements, and of personal property, and, with emancipation, Virginia would now have an augmented wealth of at least one billion and a half of dollars.

The earnings of commerce are not given in the Census Tables, which would vastly increase the difference in the value of their annual products in favor of Pennsylvania as compared with Virginia. These earnings include all not embraced under the heads of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, and fisheries. Let us examine some of these statistics.

RAILROADS.—The number of miles of railroads in operation in Pennsylvania in 1860, including city roads, was 2,690.49 miles, costing \$147,283,410; and in Virginia, 1,771 miles, costing \$64,958,807. (Census Table of 1860, No. 38, pp. 230, 232.) The annual value of the freight carried on these roads is estimated at \$200,000,000 more in Pennsylvania than in Virginia, and the passenger account would still more increase the disparity.

CANALS.—The number of miles of canals in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 1,259, and their cost, \$42,015,000. In Virginia the number of miles was 178, and the cost, \$7,817,000. (Census Table 39, p. 238.) The estimated value of the freight on the Pennsylvania canals is ten times that of the freight on the Virginia canals.

TONNAGE.—The tonnage of vessels built in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 21,615 tons, and in Virginia, 4,372. (Census, p. 107.)

BANKS.—The number of banks in

Pennsylvania in 1860 was 90; capital, \$25,565,582; loans, \$50,327,127; specie, \$8,378,474; circulation, 13,132,892; deposits, \$26,167,143:—and in Virginia the number was 65; capital, \$16,005,156; loans, \$24,975,792; specie, \$2,943,652; circulation, \$9,812,197; deposits, \$7,729,652. (Census Table 35, p. 193.)

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, ETC.—Our exports abroad from Pennsylvania, for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, and foreign imports, were of the value of \$20,262,608. The clearances, same year, from Pennsylvania, and entries were 336,848 tons. In Virginia the exports the same year, and foreign imports were of the value of \$7,184,273; clearances and entries, 178,143 tons. (Table 14, Register of U. S. Treasury.) Revenue from customs, same year, in Pennsylvania, \$2,552,924, and in Virginia, \$189,816; or more than twelve to one in favor of Pennsylvania. (Tables U. S. Commissioner of Customs.) No returns are given for the coastwise and internal trade of either State; but the railway and canal transportation of both States shows a difference of ten to one in favor of Pennsylvania. And yet, Virginia, as we have seen, had much greater natural advantages than Pennsylvania for commerce, foreign and internal, her shore line up to head of tide-water being 1,571 miles, and Pennsylvania only 60 miles.

We have seen that, exclusive of commerce, the products of Pennsylvania in 1860 were of the value of \$398,600,000, or \$137 per capita; and in Virginia, \$120,000,000, or \$75 per capita. But, if we add the earnings of commerce, the products of Pennsylvania must have exceeded those of Virginia much more than four to one, and have reached, per capita, nearly three to one. What but slavery could have produced such amazing results? Indeed, when we see the same effects in *all* the Free States as compared with *all* the Slave States, and in *any* of the Slave States, as compared with *any* of the Free States, the uniformity of results estab-

lishes the law beyond all controversy, that slavery retards immensely the progress of wealth and population.

That the Tariff has produced none of these results, is shown by the fact that the agriculture and commerce of Pennsylvania vastly exceed those of Virginia, and yet these are the interests supposed to be most injuriously affected by high tariffs. But there is still more conclusive proof. The year 1824 was the commencement of the era of high tariffs, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, as proved by the Census, the percentage of increase of Pennsylvania over Virginia was greater than from 1820 to 1860. Thus, by Table 1 of the Census, p. 124, the increase of population in Virginia was as follows :

From 1790 to 1800 17.63 per cent.

"	1800	"	1810	10.73	"
"	1810	"	1820	9.31	"
"	1820	"	1830	13.71	"
"	1830	"	1840	2.34	"
"	1840	"	1850	14.60	"
"	1850	"	1860	12.29	"

The increase of population in Pennsylvania was :

From 1790 to 1800 38.67 per cent.

"	1800	"	1810	34.49	"
"	1810	"	1820	29.55	"
"	1820	"	1830	28.47	"
"	1830	"	1840	27.87	"
"	1840	"	1850	34.09	"
"	1850	"	1860	25.71	"

In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,318; in 1820, 1,065,129, and in 1860, 1,596,318. In 1790 the population of Pennsylvania was 434,373; in 1820, 1,348,233, and in 1860, 2,906,115. Thus, from 1790 to 1820, before the inauguration of the protective policy, the relative increase of the population of Pennsylvania, as compared with Virginia, was very far greater than from 1820 to 1860. It is quite clear, then, that the tariff had no influence in depressing the progress of Virginia as compared with Pennsylvania.

Having shown how much the material progress of Virginia has been

retarded by slavery, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—

The number of newspapers and periodicals in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 367; of which 277 were political, 43 religious, 25 literary, 22 miscellaneous; and the total number of copies circulated in 1860 was 116,094,480. (Census Tables, Nos. 15, 37.) The number in Virginia was 139, of which 117 were political, 13 religious, 3 literary, 6 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 26,772,568, being much less than one fourth that of Pennsylvania. The number of copies of monthly periodicals circulated in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 464,684; and in Virginia, 43,900; or much more than ten to one in favor of Pennsylvania.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the Census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged or printed. The number of public schools in Pennsylvania in 1850 was 9,061; teachers, 10,024; pupils, 413,706; colleges, academies, &c., pupils, 26,142; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 504,610; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 51,283; public libraries, 393; volumes, 363,400; value of churches, \$11,853,291; percentage of native free population (adults) who cannot read or write, 4.56. (Comp. Census of 1850.)

The number of public schools in Virginia in 1850 was 2,937; teachers, 3,005; pupils, 67,438; colleges, academies, &c., pupils, 10,326; attending school, as returned by families, 109,775; native white adults of the State who cannot read or write, 75,868; public libraries, 54; volumes, 88,462; value of churches, \$2,902,220; percentage of native free adults of Virginia who cannot read or write, 19.90. (Comp. Census of 1850.) Thus, the church and educational statistics of Pennsylvania, and especially of free adults who cannot read or write, is as five to one

nearly in favor of Pennsylvania. When we recollect that nearly one third of the population of Pennsylvania are of the great German race, and speak the noble German language, to which they are greatly attached, and hence the difficulty of introducing common *English* public schools in the State, the advantage, in this respect, of Pennsylvania over Virginia is most extraordinary.

These official statistics enable me, then, again to say that slavery is hostile to the progress of *wealth* and *education*, to *science* and *literature*, to *schools*, *colleges*, and *universities*, to *books* and *libraries*, to *churches* and *religion*, to the *PRESS*, and therefore to *FREE GOVERNMENT*; hostile to the *poor*, keeping them in *want* and *ignorance*; hostile to *LABOR*, reducing it to *servitude* and de-

creasing *two thirds* the value of its products; hostile to *morals*, repudiating among slaves the *marital* and *parental* condition, classifying them by law as *CHATTELS*, *darkening* the *immortal soul*, and making it a *crime* to teach millions of *human beings* to *read* or *write*.

And yet, there are desperate leaders of the Peace party of Pennsylvania, desecrating the name of *Democrats*, but, in fact, Tories and traitors, who would separate that glorious old commonwealth from the North, and bid her sue in abject humiliation for admission as one of the Slave States of the rebel confederacy. Shades of Penn and Franklin, and of the thousands of martyred patriots of Pennsylvania who have fallen in defence of the Union from 1776 to 1863, forbid the terrible degradation.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

SULTRY and wearisome the day had been in that Tennessee valley, and after drill, we had laid around under the trees—tall, noble trees they were—and the fresh grass was green and soft under them as on the old ‘Campus,’ and we had been smoking and talking over a wide, wide range of subjects, from deep Carlyleism—of which Carlyle doubtless never heard—to the significance of the day’s orders. It was not an inharmonious picture—Camp Alabama, so we had named it—for it was with a ‘here we rest’ feeling that a dozen days before we had marched in at noon. The ground sloped to the eastward—a single winding road of yellow sand crept over the slope into the horizon, a mile or more away; north, a hill rose with some abruptness; south and west, a grove of wonderful beauty skirted the valley. A single building—an old but large log farmhouse—stood near the tent, whose fluttering banner indicated

headquarters. This old house was well filled with commissary stores, and, following that incomprehensible Tennessee policy, four companies of our regiment, the twenty-third, had been detached to guard them under Major Fanning—‘a noble soldier he, but all untried.’ We had never yet seen active service, and our tents were still white and unstained. The ground had been once the lawn of the deserted house—in the long ago probably the home of a planter of some pretension; and, as we lay there under the trees watching the boys over the fires, kindled for their evening meal, the blue smoke curling up among the trees, it made, as I have said, a most harmonious picture.

That fair June evening! I can never forget it, and I wish I were an artist that I could show you the sloping valley, the white tents, flushing like a girl’s cheek to the good-night kisses of the sun, the curling smoke wreaths,

and far, far above the amethystine heaven, from which floated over all a dim purple tint. I was the youngest commissioned officer in the regiment, having been promoted to a vacancy a week or two before through Major Fanning's influence.

We were all invited that evening to supper with our commanding officer and his wife—who had been with him for a few days. A fresh breeze stirred the trees at sunset, and, after slight attention to our toilette, we dropped by twos and threes into the neighborhood of the major's tent. A little back from the rows of other tents, a few fine oaks made a temple in front, worthy even of its presiding genius, Grace Fanning—but I am *not* going to rhapsodize. She was a fair, modest, young thing, with the girl rose yet fresh on her wife's cheek. I had known her from childhood; very nearly of the same age, and the children of neighbors, we had been inseparable; of course in my first college vacation, finding her grown tall and womanly, I had entertained for her a devoted boyish passion, and had gone from her presence, one August night, mad with rejection, and wild with what I called despair. But *that* passed, and we had been good friends ever since—she the confidential one, to whom I related my varied college love affairs, listening ever with a tender, genial sympathy. I had no sister, and Grace Jones (I am sorry, but her name *was* Jones) was dear to me as one. Two years of professional study had kept me away from my village home, and a few words came once in a long while, in my mother's letters 'to assure me of Grace's remembrance and regard.' A little of the elder sister's advising tone amused my one and twenty years and my incipient moustache amazingly; and I resolved, when I saw her, to convince her of my dignity—to patronize her. But the notes that called me home were too clarion-like for a relapse into puppyism. My country spoke my name, and I arose a man, and 'put

away childish things.' I came home to say farewell. A regiment was forming there, I enlisted, and a few days before our departure, I stood in the village church, looking and listening while Grace promised eternal fidelity to Harry Fanning. I was a stranger to him. He had come to Danville after my departure, winning from all golden opinions, and from Grace a woman's priceless heart. She gave him freely to his country, and denied not her hand to his parting prayer. I had had time only to say farewell to her, and the old footing had not been restored, but I *think* she spoke to the major of me, for he soon sought me, giving me genial friendship and sympathy, and procuring for me, as I have related, my commission. I had seen her but once since she came to Camp Alabama, and she gave me warm and kindly welcome as I came in, the last of the group, having found in my tent some unexpected employment. Being a soldier, I shall not shock my fair readers if I confess that it was—buttons. Ah! me, I am frivolous. But I linger in the spirit of that happy hour. Grace's chair was shaded by a gracefully draped flag; the major stood near her, his love for her as visible in his eye as his cordial kindness for us. To me, in honor of my 'juniority,' as Mrs. Fanning said, was assigned a place near her. The others had choice between campstools and blankets on the grass. And the oddest but most respectable of contrabands served us soon with our supper, so homelike that we suspected 'Mrs. Major's' fair hands of interference.

It was a happy evening. Merry laughter at our camp stories rang silvery from her fair lips. Or we listened eagerly to her as she told us of the homes we had left, and the bonny maidens there, sobered since our departure into patriotic industry. Stories of touching self-denial, with a wholesome pathos, and sometimes from her dainty musical talk she dropped, pebble-like, a name, as 'Fanny,' 'Carry,'

'Maggie,' and responsive blushes rippled up over sunburned, honest faces, and a soft mist brightened for a second resolute eyes. Presently the band—a part only of the regiment's—began to play soft, well-known tunes. Through a few marches and national airs, I looked and listened as a year before, in the village church at home. And as the 'Star-Spangled Banner' rose inspiringly, I felt the coincidence strangely, and could scarcely say which scene was real: the church aisle and the bridal party, in white robes and favors, with mellow organ-tones rising in patriotic strains concerning the 'dear old flag,' or the group under the oaks; the young wife in her gray travelling dress, and the uniformed figures gathered around her; the moon-rise over the hill, lighting softly the drooping flag, the major's dark hair, and Mrs. Fanning's sunny braids, the wild notes of the same beloved melody overswelling all. But voices near aroused me, and we joined in the chorus, and in the following tune, 'Sweet Home,' the usual finale of our evening programme. Then, as the tones died, Grace lifted her voice and sang with sweet, pure soprano tones, an old-time ballad of love and parting and reunion.

We had a wild little battle song in 'Our Mess,' written by Charlie Marsh, our fair-haired boy-poet soldier, speaking of home, and the country's need, and victory, and possible deaths in ringing notes. We sang it there in the light of the slowly rising moon. The chorus was like this:

'Our country's foe before us,
Our country's banner o'er us,
Our country to deplore us,
These are a soldier's needs.'

As we closed, Grace caught the strain, and with soft, birdlike notes sang:

'Your country's flag above you,
Your country's true hearts love you—
So let your country move you
To brave, undying deeds.'

More songs followed, and happy

words of cheer in distress, of self-consecration, of past and future victory; but Major Fanning was unusually silent. Hardly sad, for he flung into our conversation occasional cheerful words; but gravely quiet, his dark eye following every motion of his fair young wife. Finally we called on Captain Carter, our 'oldest man,' a grave bachelor of forty-five, and to our surprise, who knew him harsh and sometimes profane, he sang, with a voice not faultless, but soft and expressive, that exquisite health of Campbell's:

'Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

'And far, far hence be jest or boast,
From hallowed thoughts so dear;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would love to hear.'

Then silence for a little space; and the moonlight full and fair in soldiers' faces, young and old, but all firm and true, and fair and full on Grace Fanning's fresh, young brow. Then 'good-nights,' mingled with expressions of enjoyment, and plans for the morrow. I left them last.

'I am glad you are here, Robert,' said the major; 'Grace would not be all alone, even if I'—

Her white hand flashed to his lips, where a kiss met it, and laughingly we parted. A few rods away, I paused and turned. They stood there under the flag. Her bright head on his bosom, his arms about her, and the silver moonlight over all. Fair Grace Fanning! Have I named my story wrongly, pretty reader? I called it 'Camp Sketch,' and it reads too like a love story.' Ah! gentle girl, seeking adventure in fiction, but shrinking really from even a cut finger, there is enough of battle even in my little story, though you slept peacefully and happily that fair June night, or waltzed yourself weary to the sound of the sea at the 'Ocean House.'

A few 'good nights' commendatory

of our hostess and our evening greeted me as I sought my tent and made ready for sleep. I was very happy, no memory of our talk was sullied by coarse or unlovely thought; pure as herself had been our enjoyment of Mrs. Fanning's society, and I slept sweetly.

The long roll! None but those who have heard it when it means instant danger and possible death, can conceive the thrill with which I sprang from deep slumber, and made hasty preparation for action. Quick as I was, others had been before me, and I found the half-dressed men drawn up in battle line before the encampment. I took my place.

Behind us lay the camp, a wide, street-like space, fringed with a double row of tents—at its foot the old log mansion; near that, a little in front, but at one side, the flag of headquarters—this behind. Before us the major—the western wood, and the flashing sabres of a band of hostile cavalry. They came on heedless of the fast-emptying saddles, on, on, and more following from the wood, the moon in the mid heaven, clear like day.

A gallant charge—a firm repulse. Major Fanning's clear voice on the night air, rallying the men to attack the furious foe. They sweep their horses around to left, but calmly the major wheels his battalion, still unflanked; again those fierce steeds try the first point of attack; again we front them undaunted. In our turn, with lifted level bayonets we charge; the enemy falls back—a shout threads along our lines, changing suddenly into a wail, for, calling us on, our leader falls. Pitiless to his noble valor, a well-aimed carbine-shot lays him low. They lift him, some brave soldiers near; and, his young face bathed in blood, they bear him to his waiting bride; he opens his eyes, as he passes.

'Courage! victory! my boys!' he calls; then, seeing me: 'Go! tell her, Robert.'

I call my orderly to my place, and

before they have pierced our lines with their beloved burden, I am at the tent door. She stands there waiting, a little pistol in her hand—a light wrapper about her, and her fair hair streaming over her shoulders. I look at her mutely; she knows there is something terrible for her, and while I seek words, her eye goes on, resting where down the moonlit trees they are bringing him. A moment, she is by his side, and tearless and white, her hand on his unanswering heart, she moves beside him. The soldiers lay their leader on the ground under his flag, and her imperious gesture sends them back to their places in the battle. And then she, sinking beside him, cries out:

'Oh, Robert! will he never speak to me again? Help him!'

My two years at lectures had not been passed in vain, and surgery had been my hobby. I knelt and strove to aid him. It was a cruel wound. I asked for bandages. She tore them from her garments wildly. I stilled the trickling crimson stream, and going into the tent, found some restoratives. I poured the wine down his throat, and, soon opening his eyes, he spoke:

'Grace!'

I stepped away—near enough for call, not near enough for intrusion. Looking at the lines of dark forms topped by the light glimmer of stray bayonets, I saw with dismay that our men were retreating before those heavy charges; in thick, dense masses they moved back, nearing us. I thought of our soldier chief, crushed under those wild hoofs; I thought of Grace, unprotected in her youth and widowed, desolate beauty, and sprang to her side, ready with my life for her.

The major saw it all, and, faint as he was, rose on his elbow, watching. Charge after charge, wild and impetuous, break the slowly retreating battalions. In vain I heard Carter's stern oaths (may the angel of tears forgive him!), and Charlie Marsh's boyish calls. The men are facing us. The enemy,

cheering, and in the background huge torches flaming with pitch, are ready for incendiarism.

'Grace! Grace! I *must* rally them, let me go!' and I see Major Fanning struggling in her arms. I clasp him also.

'It is certain death,' I say to her, mad with fright and misery.

'And this is worse, worse, Grace; you might better kill me!' his voice was harsh—cruel even.

Suddenly she was gone, and I held him alone; catching his sword, she sprang like a flash of lightning into the open space before the log house, and, lifting the bare blade with naked, slender arm, its loose sleeve floating from her shoulder like a wing, she faced those panic-stricken men.

'For shame!' she cried; but her weak voice was lost; then, stern as the angel of death, she stepped forward.

'The first man that passes me shall die!' and she swung the flashing blade up, ready to fall. A moment's halt, and then, she spoke to them with wonderful strange words. I cannot recall them; with inspired eloquence she spoke, a slight, white-robed figure in the clear moonlight, and the rout was stayed, and they turned bravely to meet the foe. Then she came faint and weak to her husband's side again. He looked up with glad, eager eyes.

'Darling!'

Infinite love, soul-recognition, shone on both faces, and then blank unconsciousness crept over his. Firmly our boys met the charging steeds now. That moment had restored to them their courage. Emptied saddles were frequent, but still fresh forces dashed from the wood. Is there no hope for us? Must we be overpowered? Is all this valor vain? Grace from her husband's side looks mutely up to heaven. I find my place among the men. Little hope remains. Some one calls 'retreat.' 'Just once more,' cries Charlie, and falls before us. But listen; above the battle din comes a new, an approaching sound from the eastward.

Along the yellow road pours swiftly a force of cavalry, behind the rumble of cannon almost flying over the ground, and high in air, reeling from the swift motion of its bearer's steed, the banner of the free. We are saved! A wild shout rings along our lines. Among the enemy, frightened consultation followed by flight; another second, and our friends are with us and beyond us in hot pursuit.

Brief question and answer told us of the friendly warning in the distant camp, the hasty march to aid us. The rest we saw. Then, 'A surgeon for Major Fanning.' The man of the green sash had not grown callous. There were tears in his eyes as he rose from his vain endeavors, saying only:

'I can do nothing here; I am needed elsewhere.'

Our young hero was dead!

They composed his limbs, laying him on a blanket under the trees, and Grace sat down beside him, tearless still, but pale as her dress, or the white hand lying cold over the soldier's pulseless heart.

'Robert, send them away,' she said to me, as sympathizing strangers pressed round; and they left us alone with the dead. I spoke at last the common-places of consolation, suggested and modified by the hour and my soldier feelings.

'Yes, Robert,' she answered, 'I gave him long ago. God will comfort me for my hero—in time. Do not speak to me just yet. Do not let any one come.'

The tears came now, and she wept bitterly, silently, under the starry banner, beside the dead. I heard the hum of many voices, and now and then a cry of pain, and knew they were all helping the sufferers. Then I turned to her again. Her streaming hair swept the ground, golden in the light. Her fair face was hidden on the cold dead face. And I dared not speak to her. Oh, that picture! Poor Grace Fanning! and the silver, silver moonlight over all.

POETRY AND POETICAL SELECTIONS.

'Oh, deem not in this world of strife,
 An idle art the Poet brings;
 Let high Philosophy control,
 And sages calm the stream of life;
 'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
 The nobler passions of the soul.'

IN the annals of literature, Poetry antedates Prose. Creation precedes Providence, not merely in the order of sequence, but what is usually called intellectual and physical grandeur. So in genius and taste, Poetry transcends prose. In the work of Creation the Almighty broke the awful stillness of Eternity, by His first creative fiat, and angels were the first-born of God. They took their thrones in the galleries of the universe, and in silent contemplation sat. They spoke not; for words, as signs of thought or will or emotion, were not then conceived, and, consequently, then unborn. They gazed in rapture on one another, and in solemn silence thought. Their emotions bodied forth the Anthem of Creation.

Human words being created breath, and breath being air in motion, prior to these language was impossible. And as the deaf are always dumb, language, like faith, comes by hearing. But hearing itself is a pensioner, waiting upon a speaker; consequently, it must ever be contingent on a cause alike antecedent and extrinsic of itself. It is, therefore, equally an oracle of reason and of faith that, however God may have communicated to angels, to *man* He spoke in articulate sounds, before man articulated a thought, a feeling, or an emotion of his soul. And as an emotional soul is but a harp of many strings, a hand there must have been to play upon its chords, before melody and harmony, twins-born of Heaven, had either a local habitation or a name.

But, it may be asked—Is there not

in the regions of Poetry an æolian harp, found in the cave of Æolus, on which the winds of heaven played many a celestial symphony, without the skill or touch of human hand? Grant all that the Poetic Muse assumes, and then we ask—Who made the harp? And whence directed came the musing sylvan Zephyrus and his choir? Came they not from a land of images and dreams?

But we are inquiring for originals. Images and originals are the poles apart. An original without an image is possible; but an image without an original is alike impossible and inconceivable. Hence, alike philosophically and logically, we conclude that *neither man nor angel addressed each other until they themselves had been addressed by their Creator*. Then they intercommunicated thought, sentiment, and emotion with one another as God had communicated to them.

The mystery of language and Poetry is insoluble but on the admission of a revelation or communication of some sort, unconceived by the human mind, unexecuted by the human hand. If invention and creation be the grand characteristics of the Poet, Moses, if uninspired, was a greater Poet than Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, on the hypothesis that he invented the drama which he wrote. The first chapter of Genesis is the greatest and most splendid Poem ever conceived by human imagination, or written by human hand.

All Poets, ancient and modern, are mere plagiarists, if Moses was uninspired. We prove his Divine Legation

by the intrinsic and transcendent merits of the Poem which he wrote. Imagination originates nothing absolutely new. It merely imitates and combines. It is regarded as the creative faculty of man; but its material is already furnished. The portrait of an unreal Adam is as conceivable as a child without a father, or an effect without a cause.

Thus we are obliged, by an inseparable necessity, to admit the credibility of the Poem which he wrote. And what does Moses say? Nothing more than that *God spoke, and the universe was!* This is the sublime of true Poetry. This is more than the logic of the proposition, *God was, therefore we are!* It is more than the philosophy, *ex nihilo, nihil fit!* or than, that *nothing* cannot be the parent of *something*.

But we must place our foot on a higher round of the ladder, before we can stand on such an eminence as to see, in all its fair proportions, the column on which the Muses perch themselves.

Job, and not Moses, shall be our guide, and the oracle alike of our reason and our imagination. But who is Job? There is not much poetry in the name, Job. But Rome and its vulgate vulgarized this hallowed name, and Britain followed Rome. His name in Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, is Jobab. There is more poetry in this. There is no metre, no poetry in a monotone or monosyllable. Born among rocks and mountains, the proper theatre of a heaven-inspired Muse—not in Arabia the Happy, but in Arabia the Rocky—he was a heart-touching, a soul-stirring, emotional Bard. In such a case the clouds that overshadow the era of the man only enhance the genius and inspiration of the Poet.

In internal and external evidence, according to our calendar of the Muses, he is the first-born of the Poets that yet survive the wasteful ravages of hoary Time. He sings not, indeed, of Chaos and Eternal Night. But as one

inspired by a heaven-born Muse, he echoes the chorus of the Angelic Song, when on the utterance of the first *fiat* the Morning Stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Hence we argue, that Poetry is not only prior to prose, but that language, its intellectual and emotional embodiment, is heaven-conceived, and heaven-born.

But in a short essay it would be out of place and in bad taste to attempt a discourse upon the broad field of ancient or modern Poetry. We merely attempt to suggest one idea on this rich and lofty theme. Our radical conception of the essential and differential attribute of Poetry, as contradistinguished from prose, however chaste, pure, beautiful, and philosophic, is not mere art, nor science, but *creation*.

The universe itself is a grand Heroic Poem. Hence its instrument is that power usually called Imagination. But *human* imagination is not first, second, or third in rank on the scale of the universe. God Himself imagined the universe before He created it. His imagination is infinite. The Cherubim and Seraphim have wings that elevate them above our zenith. And angels, too, excel us in this creative faculty, and therefore veil their faces before the Majesty of heaven and earth. Still, man has an humble portion of it, and can turn it to a good account.

But there is another idea essential to the character of Poetry, as good or evil in its spirit and adornings. We need scarcely say, for we are anticipated by every reflecting mind, that this is the *spirit* of the Poem. Poetry, in the abstract, is not necessarily good or evil. It may be Christian, Jewish, Pagan, or Infidel in its spirit and tendencies. It may corrupt or purify the heart. It may save or ruin the reader in fortune or in fame. Hence, as Poetry is powerful to elevate or degrade, to purify or to corrupt a people, much depends on the spirit of the Poetry which they may put into the hands of the youth of a country; as well observed by an

eminent moralist: 'Let me write the poems or ballads of a people, and I care but little who enacts their laws.'

The genius of a Poet is a rare genius. And most happily it is so; for elevated taste and high-toned morality are not, by any means, the common heritage of man. Anacreon and Burns were genuine Poets. They uttered, in fine style, many truths; and were not merely fluent in their respective languages, but affluent. But, perhaps, like some other men of mighty parts and grand proportions, better for mankind they had never been born. A Cowper and a Byron, in their whole career of song, will exert a very different influence, not only on earth, but in eternity, on the destiny of their amateurs. We need not argue this position as though, among a Christian people, it were a doubtful or debatable position. If the evil spirit, or the melancholy demon, that fitfully possessed the first king of Israel, was expelled by the skilful hand of his successor, even when his youthful fingers awoke the melodies of the lyre, how much more puissant the exquisite Odes of the sweet Psalmist, inspired as they were with sentiments and views alike honorable to God and man, to elevate the conceptions, purify the heart, ennoble the aspirations, and adorn the life of man!

As the cask long retains the odor of the wine put into it, so the moral and religious fragrance of many a fine poetic effusion, securely lodged in the recesses of memory, may yield, and often does yield, a rich repast of pleasurable associations and emotions which, beside their opportune recurrence in some trying or tempting hour or season of adversity, do often energize our souls with a moral heroism to deeds of nobler daring, which result in enterprises full of blessings to ourselves, and not unfrequently to our associates in the walks of life, and radiate through them salutary light for generations to come.

Imagination, like every other facul-

ty, is to be cultivated. But here we are interrogated—'What is Imagination?'

No distinction has given critics more trouble, in the way of definition, than that between Imagination and Fancy. Fancy, it is held, is given to beguile and quicken the temporal part of our nature; Imagination to incite and support the eternal.

It would be vain to enumerate the various definitions of this term, or to attempt to give even an abstract of the diversity of views entertained by philosophers respecting the nature and extent of its operations. It is regarded by some writers as that power or faculty of the mind by which it conceives and forms ideas of things communicated to it by the organs of sense. So defines our encyclopædias. Bacon defined it to be the 'representation of an individual thought.' But Dugald Stewart more philosophically defines it as the 'power of modifying our conceptions, by combining the parts of different ones so as to form new wholes of our own creation.' The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, not satisfied with this, says Webster defines it to be the *will working on the materials of memory, selecting parts of different conceptions, or objects of memory, to form some new whole.*

This has long been our cherished view of Imagination. It creates only as a mechanic creates a chest of drawers, a sideboard, a clock, or a watch. It originates not a single material of thought, volition, or action. But, mechanic-like, it works by plumb and rule on all the materials found in the warehouse of memory; and manufactures, out of the same plank of pine, or bar of iron, or wedge of gold, or precious stone, some new utensil, ornament, or adornment never found in Nature. In its present form it is the offspring of the art and contrivance of man. Hence our invulnerable position against Atheism or Deism. *No one could have created the idea of a God or of a Christ, without*

a special inspiration, any more than he could create a gold watch without the metal called gold.

The deaf are necessarily dumb. The blind cannot conceive of color. A Poet cannot work without language, any more than the nightingale could sing without air. Language and prototypes precede and necessarily antedate writing and prose. Hence the idea of Poetry is preceded by the idea of Prose, as speaking by the idea of hearing. There was reason, and an age of reason, without, and antecedent to, rhyme; and therefore we sometimes find rhyme without reason, as well as reason without rhyme.

Rhyme, however, facilitates memory and recollection. Memory, indeed, is but a printed tablet, and recollection the art and mystery of reading it. Poetry, therefore, is both useful and pleasing. It aids recollection, and soothes and excites and animates the soul of man. It makes deeper, more pungent, more stimulating, more exciting, and more enduring impressions on the mind than prose; and, therefore, greatly facilitates both the acquisition and retention of ideas and impressions. Of it Horace says ('Ars Poetica'):

'Ut pictura, poesis; erit, quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis, et quædam, si longius ab-
stes.

Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce
videri,

Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita pla-
cebit.'

No one ever attained to what is usually called *good taste* who has not devoted a portion of his time and study to the whole science and art of Poetry. We do not mean *good taste* in relation to any one manifestation of it.

There is a general as well as a special *good taste*, but they are distinguishable only as genus and species. There is, it may be alleged, a *native* as well as an *acquired* taste. This may also be conceded. There is in some persons a greater innate susceptibility of deriving pleasure from the works of

Nature and of Art than is discoverable in others. Still we cannot imagine any one gifted with reason and sensibility to be entirely destitute of it. It is an element of reason and of sense peculiar to man. As a fabulist once represented a cock in quest of barleycorns, scraping for his breakfast, saying to himself, on discovering a precious and brilliant gem: 'If a lapidary were in my place he would now have made his fortune; but as for myself, I prefer one grain of barley to all the precious stones in the world.'

But what man, so feeling and thinking, would not 'blush and hang his head to think himself a man'? Apart from the value of the gem, every man of reason or of thought has pleasure in the contemplation of the beautiful diamond, whether on his own person or on that of another. Taste seems to be as inseparable from reason as Poetry is from imagination. It is not wholly the gift of Nature, nor wholly the gift of Art. It is an innate element of the human constitution, designed to beautify and beatify man. To cultivate and improve it is an essential part of education. The highest civilization known in Christendom is but the result or product of good taste. Even religion and morality, in their highest excellence, are but, so far as society is concerned, developments and demonstrations of cultivated taste. There may, indeed, be a fictitious or chimerical taste without Poetry or Religion; but a genuine good taste, in our judgment, without these handmaids, is unattainable.

But as no interesting landscape—no mountain, hill, or valley, no river, lake or sea—affords us all that charms, excites or elevates our imagination viewed from any one point of vision, so the poetic faculty itself can neither be conceived of nor appreciated, contemplated out of its own family register.

There is in all the 'Fine Arts' a common paternity, and hence a family lineage and a family likeness. To appre-

ciate any one of them we must form an acquaintance with the whole sisterhood—Poetry, Music, Painting, and Sculpture.

And are not all these the genuine offspring of Imagination? Hence they are of one paternity, though not of one maternity. The eye, the ear, and the hand, has each its own peculiar sympathetic nerve. For, as all God's works are perfect, when and where He gives an eye to see or an ear to hear, He gives a hand to execute. This is the law; and as all God's laws are universal as perfect, there is no exception save from accident, or from something poetically styled a *lusus naturæ*—a mere caprice or sport of Nature.

But the philosophy of Poetry is not necessary to its existence any more than the astronomy of the heavens is to the brilliancy of the sun or to the splendors of a comet. A Poet is a creator, and his most perfect creature is a portraiture of any work of God or man; of any attribute of God or man in perfect keeping with Nature or with the original prototype, be it in fact or in fiction, in repose or in operation.

Imitation is sometimes regarded as the test of poetic excellence. But what is imitation but the creation of an image! Alexander Pope so well imitates Homer, that, as an English critic once said, in speaking of his translation of that Prince of Grecian Poets—'a time might come, should the annals of Greece and England be confounded in some convulsion of Nature, when it might be a grave question of debate whether Pope translated Homer, or Homer Pope.'

For our own part, we have never been able to decide to our own entire satisfaction, which excels in the true Heroic style. Pope, in his translation of the exordium of Homer, we think more than equals Homer himself:

'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess,
sing!

That wrath which hurled to Pluto's dark
domain

The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain;
Whose limbs, unburied on the fatal shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom and such the
will of Jove.' *

We opine that Pope, being trammelled with a copy, and consequently his imagination cramped, displays every attribute of poetic genius fully equal, if not superior, to that of the beau ideal of the Grecian Muse.

But Alexander Pope, of England, is not the Pope of English Poetry, a brother Poet being judge, for Dryden says:

'Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in majesty of thought surpassed,
The next in melody—in both the last:
The force of Nature could no further go,
To make the third she joined the other two.'

And who awards not to Milton the richest medal in the Temple of the Muses! Not, perhaps, for the elegant diction and sublime imagery of his *PARADISE LOST*, but for his grand conceptions of Divinity in all its attributes, and of humanity in all its conditions, past, present, and future.

We Americans have a peculiar respect for Lyric Poetry. We have not time for the Epic. If anything with us is good, it is superlatively good for being brief. Short sermons, short prayers, short hymns, and short metre are peculiarly interesting. We are, too, a miscellaneous people, and we are peculiarly fond of miscellanies. The age of folios and quartos is forever past with Young America. Octavos are waning, and more in need of brushing than of burnishing. But still we must have Poetry—*good* Poetry; for we Americans prefer to live rather in the style of good lyric than in that of grave,

* *Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω, Ἀχιλῆος,
Οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν,
Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀΐδι προΐαψεν
'Ερώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλάρια τεύχε κύνεσσιν
κ. τ. λ.*

elongated hexameter. Variety, too, is with us the spice of life. We are not satisfied with grand prairies, rivers, and cataracts, and even cascades and *jet d'eau*!

Collections of miscellaneous Poetry seem alike due to the Poetic Muse and to the American people. We love variety. It is, as we have remarked, the spice of American life; and our country will ever cherish it as being most in harmony with itself. It is, moreover, more in unison with the conditions of human nature and human existence. There is, too, as the wisest of men and the greatest of kings has said, 'a time for every purpose and for every work.' No volume of Poetry or of Prose can, therefore, be popular or interesting to such a nation as we are, that does not adapt itself to the versatile genius of our people, and to the ever-varying conditions of their lives and fortunes.

There is, therefore, a propriety in getting up good selections, because a greater advantage is to be derived from well selected specimens of the Poetic Muse than from the labors of any one of the great masters of the Lyre! Who would not rather visit a rich and extensive museum of the products and arts of civilized life—some well assorted repository of its scientific or artistic developments, than to traverse a whole state or kingdom in pursuit of such knowledge of the wisdom, talents, and contrivances of its population?

Of all kinds of composition, Poetry is that which gives to the lovers of it the greatest and most enduring pleasure. Almost every one of them can heartily respond to the beautiful words of one who was not only a great Poet, but a profound philosopher—Coleridge—who, speaking of the delight he had experienced in writing his Poems, says: 'Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and

the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

In no way can the imagination be more effectually or safely exercised and improved than by the constant perusal and study of our best Poets. Poetry appeals to the universal sympathies of mankind. With the contemplative writers, we can indulge our pensive and thoughtful tastes. With the describers of natural scenery, we can delight in the beauties and glories of the external universe. With the great dramatists, we are able to study all the phases of the human mind, and to take their fictitious personages as models or beacons for ourselves. With the great creative Poets, we can go outside of all these, and find ourselves in a region of pure Imagination, which may be as true to our higher instincts—perhaps more so—than the shows which surround us.

If it be as truthfully as it has been happily expressed by the prince of dramatic Poets, that

'He who has no music in his soul
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,'

it should be a paramount duty with every one who loves his species, and cultivates a generous philanthropy, to patronize every effort to diffuse widely through society, Poetry of genuine character, and to cultivate a taste for it as an element of a literary, religious, and moral education. We commend, as a standard of appreciation of the true character of the gifts of the Poetic Muse, the following critique from Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham:

'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest
rhymes,
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud
retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious
sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness
wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;

And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole,
 Without a genius too—for that's the soul;
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of Nature moves the world about;
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
 E'en something of divine, and more than
 wit;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all men, but described by none.'

We neither intend nor desire to institute any invidious comparisons between Old Britain and Young America. We are one people—one in blood, one literature, one faith, one religion, in fact or in profession. Our language girdles the whole earth. Our science and our religion more or less enlighten every

land, as our sails whiten every sea, and our commerce, in some degree, enriches every people. There is a magnanimity, a benevolence, a philanthropy, in English Poetry, whether the Muse be English, Scotch, Irish, or American, that thrills the social nerve and warms the kindred hearts of all who think, or speak, or dream in our vernacular. The pen of the gifted Bard is more puissant than the cannon's thundering roar or the warrior's glittering sword; and the soft, sweet melodies of English Poetry, gushing from a Christian Muse, are Heaven's sovereign specifics for a wounded spirit and an aching heart!



PATRIA SPES ULTIMA MUNDI.

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

National Song.

BY HON. ROBERT J. WALKER

Dedicated to the Union Army and Navy.

THE day our nation's life began,
 Dawned on the sovereignty of man,
 His charter then our Fathers signed,
 Proclaiming Freedom for mankind.
 May Heaven still guard her glorious sway,
 Till time with endless years grows gray.

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,
 Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Americans, your mighty name,
 With glory floods the peaks of fame;
 Ye whom our Washington has led,
 Men who with Warren nobly bled,
 Who never quailed on land or sea,
 Your watchword, *Death or Liberty!*

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,
 Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

It was the Union made us free,
Its loss, man's second fall would be.
States linked in kindred glory save,
Till the last despot finds a grave ;
And angels hasten here to see
Man break his chains, the whole earth free !

Flag of our Union ! float unfurled,
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Ye struggling brothers o'er the sea,
Who spurn the chain of tyranny,
Like brave Columbus westward steer,
Our stars of hope will guide you here,
Where States still rising bless our land,
And freedom strengthens labor's hand.

Flag of our Union ! float unfurled,
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world. ♦

Ye toiling millions, free and brave,
Whose shores two mighty oceans lave :
Your cultured fields, your marts of trade,
Keels by the hand of genius laid,
The shuttle's hum, the anvil's ring
Echo your voice that God is King.

Flag of our Union ! float unfurled,
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Hail ! Union Army, true and brave,
And dauntless Navy on the wave.
Holy the cause where Freedom leads,
Sacred the field where patriot bleeds ;
Victory shall crown your spotless fame,
Nations and ages bless your name.

Flag of our Union ! float unfurled,
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

A FANCY SKETCH.

I AM a banker, and I need hardly say I am in comfortable circumstances. Some of my friends, of whom I have a good many, are pleased to call me rich, and I shall not take it upon myself to dispute their word. Until I was twenty-five, I travelled, waltzed, and saw the best foreign society; from twenty-five to thirty I devoted myself to literature and the art of dining; I am now entered upon the serious business of life, which consists in increasing one's estate. At forty I shall marry, and as this epoch is nine years distant, I trust none of the fair readers of this journal will trouble themselves to address me notes which I really cannot answer, and which it would give me pain to throw in the fire.

Some persons think it beneath a gentleman to write for the magazines or papers. This is a low and vulgar idea. The great wits of the world have found their best friends in the journals; there were some who never learned to write,—who ever hears of them now? I write anonymously of course, and I amuse myself by listening to the remarks that society makes upon my productions. Society talks about them a great deal, and I divide attention with the last novelist, whether an unknown young lady of the South, or a drum-head writer of romances. People say, 'That was a brilliant article of so and so's in the last —, wasn't it?' You will often hear this remark. I am that gentleman—I wrote that article—it was brilliant, and, though I say it, I am capable of producing others fully equal to it.

Many persons imagine that business disqualifies from the exercise of the imagination. This is a mistake. Alexander was a business man of the highest order; so was Cæsar; so was Bonaparte; so was Burr; so am I. To be

sure, none of these distinguished characters wrote poetry; but I take it, poetry is a low species of writing, quite inferior to prose, and unworthy one's attention. Look at the splendid qualities of these great men, particularly in the line in which the imaginative faculties tend. See how they fascinated the ladies, who it is well known adore a fine imagination. How well they talked love, the noblest of all subjects—for a man's idle hours. Then observe the schemes they projected. Conquests, consolidations, empires, dominion, and to include my own project, a bullion bank with a ten-acre vault. It appears that a lack of capital was at the bottom of all their plans. Alexander confessed that he was bankrupt for lack of more worlds, and is reputed to have shed tears over his failure, which might have been expected from a modern dry-goods jobber, but not from Alexander. Cæsar and Bonaparte failed for the want of men: they do not seem to have been aware of the existence of Rhode Island. I think Burr failed for the lack of impudence—he had more than all the rest of the world together, but he needed much more than that to push his projects ahead of his times. As for myself, when I have doubled my capital, I shall found my bullion bank in the face of all opposition. The ten-acre lot at the corner of Broadway and Wall street is already selected and paid for, and I shall excavate as soon as the present crop is off.

There is no question that the occupation of banking conduces to literary pursuits. When I take interest out of my fellow beings, I naturally take interest in them, and so fall to writing about them. I have in my portfolio sketches of all the leading merchants of the age, romantically wrought, and

full of details of their private lives, hopes, fears, and pleasures. These men that go up town every day have had, and still have, little fanciful excursions that are quite amusing when an observer of my talent notes them down. I know all about old Boscobello, the Spanish merchant, of the house of Boscobello, Bolaso & Co. My romance of his life from twenty to forty fills three volumes, and is as exciting as the diaries of those amusing French people whom Bossuet preached to with such small effect. Boscobello has sobered since forty, and begs for loans as an old business man ought to. I think he sees the error of his ways, and is anxious to repair his fortunes to the old point, but it is easier to spend a million than to make it. My cashier reports his account overdrawn the other day, and not made good till late next afternoon. This is a sign of failing circumstances, and must be attended to.

When Boscobello comes in about half past two of an afternoon for the usual loan of a hundred dollars to enable him to go on, I amuse myself by talking to him while I look over his securities. He has two or three loans to pay up before three o'clock, in different parts of the town, and we cannot blame him for being in a hurry, but this is no concern of mine. If he *will* get into a tight place, one may surely take one's time at helping him out: and really it does require some little time to investigate the class of securities he brings, and which are astonishingly varied. For instance, he brought me to-day as collateral to an accommodation, a deed to a South Brooklyn block, title clouded; a Mackerelville second mortgage; ten shares of coal-oil stock; an undivided quarter right in a guano island, and the note of a President of the Unterrified Insurance Company. 'How much was the cartage, Bos?' said I, for you see my great mind descends to the smallest particulars, and I was benevolent

enough to wish to deduct his expenses from the bonus I was about to charge him for the loan. 'Never mind the cartage,' said he, 'that's a very strong list, and will command the money any day in Wall street, but I have a particular reason for getting it of you.' 'The particular reason being,' said I, 'that you can't get it anywhere else. Jennings,' I continued to my cashier, 'give Mr. Boscobello ninety-five dollars Norfolk or Richmond due-bills, and take his check payable in current funds next Saturday for a hundred.'

Poor old Boscobello! A man at forty ought not to look old, but Bos had often seen the sun rise before he went to bed, and he *had* been gay, so all my aunts said. Some stories Bos has told me himself, o' nights at my house, after having in vain endeavored to induce me to take shares in the guano island, or 'go into' South Brooklyn water lots. 'I'm too old for that sort of a thing, Bos,' I say; 'it's quite natural for you to ask me, and I don't blame you for trying it on, but you must find some younger man. Tell me about that little affair with the mysterious Cuban lady; when you only weighed a hundred and forty pounds, and never went out without a thousand dollars in your pocket—in the blooming days of youth, Bos, when you went plucking purple pansies along the shore.'

Boscobello weighs over two hundred now, and would have a rush of blood to the head if he were to stoop to pluck pansies. Mysterious Cuban ladies, in fact ladies of any description, would pass him by as a middle-aged person of a somewhat distressed appearance, and the dreams of his youth are quite dreamed out. Nevertheless, when he warms with my white Hermitage, the colors of his old life come richly out into sight, and the romantic adventures of wealth and high spirits overpower, though in the tame measures of recital, all the adverse influences of the present hour. But as the evening wanes, the colors fade

again; his voice assumes a dreary tone; and I once more feel that I am with a man who has outlived himself, and who, having never learned where the late roses blow, is now too old to learn.

The reader will perceive I am sorry for Boscobello. If I am remarkable for anything, it is for my humanity, consideration, and sympathy.

These qualities of my constitution lead me to enter into the affairs of my clients with feeling and sincerity, but I fear I am sometimes misunderstood. Not long ago I issued an order to my junior partners to exercise more compassion for those unfortunate men with whom we decline business, and not to tumble them down the front steps so roughly. Let six of the porters attend with trestles, I said, and carry them out carefully, and dump them with discretion in some quiet corner, where, as soon as they recover their faculties, they may get up and walk away. I put it to the reader if this was not a very humane idea, and yet there are those who have stigmatized it as heartless.

I wish I was better acquainted with the way in which common people live. I can see how I have made mistakes in consequence of not understanding the restricted means and the exigencies of these people, who are styled respectable merchants. Thus when Boscobello has made some more than ordinarily piteous application, I have said, 'Boscobello, dismiss about fifty of your servants;' or, 'Boscobello, sell a railroad and put the money back again into your business;' or, 'Boscobello, my good friend, limit your table, say, to turtle soup, champagne, and truffles; live more plainly, and don't take above ten quarts of strawberries a day during the winter,—the lower servants don't really need them;' or, 'Boscobello, if you are really short, send around a hundred or so of your fast trotters to my stables, and I'll pay you a long figure for them, if they are warranted under two minutes.' Boscobello has never made any very

definite replies to such advice, and I have attributed his silence to his nervousness; but I begin to suspect he hasn't quite understood me on such occasions. Then again, when Twigsmith declared he was a ruined man, in consequence of my refusal of further advances, and that he should be unable to provide for his family, I said: 'Why, Twigsmith, retire to one of your country seats, and live on the interest of some canal or other, or discount bonds and mortgages for the country banks.' Actually, I heard Twigsmith mutter as he went out, that it wasn't right to insult a man's poverty. Now I hadn't the remotest idea of injuring Twigsmith's feelings, for he was a very clever fellow, and we made a good thing out of him in his time, but it seems that my advice might not have been properly grounded.

It begins to occur to me that there *may* be such a case as that a man may want something, and not be able to get it; and again, that at such a time a weak mind may complain, and grow discouraged, and make itself disagreeable to others.

There is a set of old fellows who call themselves family men, and apply for discounts as if they had a right to them, by reason of their having families to provide for. I have never yet been able to see the logical sequence of their conclusions, and so I tell them. What right does it give anybody to my money that he has a wife, six children, and lives in a large house with three nursery-maids, a cook, and a boy to clean the knives? 'Limit your expenses,' I say to these respectable gentlemen, 'do as I do. When Jennings comes to me on Monday morning, and reports that the receipts of the week will be eighty millions, exclusive of the Labrador coupons, which, if paid, will be eighty millions more, I say, 'Jennings, discount seventy, and don't encroach upon the reserves; you may however let Boscobello have ten on call.' This is true philosophy; adapt your outlay to

your income, and you will never be in trouble, or go begging for loans. If the Bank of England had always managed in this way, they wouldn't have been obliged to call on our house for assistance during the Irish famine.'

These family men invite me to their wives' parties, constantly, unremittingly. The billets sometimes reach my desk, although I have given orders to put them all into the waste basket unopened. I went to one of these parties, only one, I give you my honor as a gentleman, and after Twigsmith and his horrid wife had almost wrung my hand off, I was presented to a young female, to whom Nature had been tolerably kind, but who was most shamefully dressed. In fact her dress couldn't have cost over a thousand dollars—one of my chambermaids going to a Teutonia ball is better got up. This young person asked me 'how I liked the Germania?' Taking it for granted that such a badly dressed young woman must be a school teacher, with perhaps classical tastes, I replied that it was one of the most pleasing compositions of Tacitus, and that I occasionally read it of a morning. 'Oh, it's not very taciturn,' she replied; 'I mean the band.' 'Very true,' said I, 'he says *agmen*, which you translate band very happily, though I might possibly say 'body' in a familiar reading.' 'Oh dear,' she replied, blushing, 'I'm sure I don't know what kind of men they are, nor anything about their bodies, but they certainly seem very respectable, and they play elegantly; oh, don't you think so?' 'I am glad you are pleased so easily,' I answered; 'Tacitus describes their performances as indeed fearful, and calculated to strike horror into the hearts of their enemies. But,' continued I, endeavoring to make my retreat, for I began to think I was in company with an inmate of a private lunatic hospital, 'they were devoted to the ladies.' 'Indeed they are,' said she, 'and the harpist is so gallant, and gets so many nice bouquets.' It then flashed across my mind

that she meant the Germania musicians. 'They might do passably well, madame,' said I, 'for a quadrille party at a country inn, but for a dress ball or a dinner you would need three of them rolled into one.' 'Oh, you gentlemen are so hard to please,' she replied; and catching sight of the Koh-i-noor on my little finger, she began to smile so sweetly that I fled at once.

It was at that party that I perspired. I had heard doctors talk about perspiration, and I had seen waiters at a dinner with little drops on their faces, but I supposed it was the effect of a spatter, or that some champagne had flown into their eyes, or something of that sort. But at this party I happened to pass a mirror, and did it the honor to look into it. I saw there the best dressed man in America, but his face was flushed, and there were drops on it. This is fearful, thought I; I took my *mouchoir* and gently removed them. They dampened the delicate fabric, and I shook with agitation. The large doors were open, and after a struggle of an hour and three quarters, I reached them, and promising the hostess to send my *valet* in the morning to make my respects, which the present exigency would not allow me to stay to accomplish, I was rapidly whirled homeward. I can hardly pen the details, but on the removal of my linen, it was found—can I go on?—tumbled, and here and there the snowy lawn confessed a small damp spot, or fleck of moisture. Remorse and terror seized me. Medical attendance was called, and I passed the night in a bath of attar of roses delicately medicated with *aqua pura*. Of course, I have never again appeared at a party.

People haven't right ideas of entertainment. What entertainment is it to stand all the evening in a set of sixteen-by-twenty parlors, jammed in among all sorts of strange persons, and stranger perfumes, deafened with a hubbub of senseless talk, and finally belled down to feed at a long table where

the sherry is hot, and the partridges are cold? Very probably some boy or other across the table lets off a champagne cork into your eyes, and the fattest men in the room *will* tread on your toes. One might describe such scenes of torture at length, but the recital of human follies and miseries is not agreeable to my sensibilities.

I dare say the reader might find himself gratified at one of my little fêtes. The editors of this journal attend them regularly, and have done me the honor to approve of them. You enter on Twelfth avenue; a modest door just off Nine-and-a-half street opens quietly, and you are ushered by a polite gentleman—one of our city bank presidents, who takes this means to increase his income—into an attiring room. Here you are dressed by the most accomplished Schneider of the age, in your own selections from an unequalled *repertoire* of sartorial *chef d'ouvres*, and your old clothes are sent home in an omnibus.

I might delight you with a description of the ball room, but the editors have requested me to the contrary. Some secrets of gorgeous splendor there are which are wisely concealed from the general gaze. But a floor three hundred feet square, and walls as high as the mast of an East Boston clipper, confer ample room for motion; and the unequalled atmosphere of the saloon is perhaps unnecessarily refreshed by fountains of rarest distilled waters. This is also my picture gallery, where all mythology is exhausted by the great painters of the antique; and modern art is thoroughly illustrated by the famous landscapes of both hemispheres. The luxuriant fancy of my favorite artist has suggested unique collocations of aquaria and mossy grottoes in the angles of the apartment, where the vegetable wealth of the tropics rises in perfect bounty and lawless exuberance, and fishes of every hue and shape flash to and fro among the tangled roots, in the light of a thousand lamps. In the centre, I have caused

the seats of the orchestra to be hidden at the summit of a picturesque group of rocks, profusely hung with vegetation, and gemmed with a hundred tiny fountains that trickle in bright beads and diamonds into the reservoir at the base. From this eminence, the melody of sixty unequalled performers pervades the saloon, justly diffused, and on all sides the same; unlike the crude arrangements of most modern orchestras, where at one end of the room you are deluged with music, and at the other extremity you distinguish the notes with pain or difficulty. The ceiling, by a rare combination of mechanical ingenuity and artistic inspiration, displays, so as to quite deceive the senses, the heavens with all their stars moving in just and harmonious order. Here on summer nights you see Lyra and Altair triumphantly blazing in the middle sky as they sweep their mighty arch through the ample zenith; and low in the south, the Scorpion crawls along the verge with the red Antares at his heart, and the bright arrows of the Archer forever pursuing him. Here in winter, gazing up through the warm and perfumed air, you behold those bright orbs that immemorably suggest the icy blasts of January: Aldebaran; the mighty suns of Orion; diamond-like Capella; and the clear eyes of the Gemini. Under such influences, with the breath of the tropics in your nostrils, and your heart stirred by the rich melodies of the invisible orchestra, waltzing becomes a sublime passion, in which all your faculties dilate to utmost expansion, and you float out into happy forgetfulness of time and destiny.

Rarely at these fêtes do we dance to other measures than those of the waltz, though at times we find a relief from the luxuriance of that divine rhythm in the cooler cadences of the Schottish. By universal consent and instinct, we banish the quadrille, stiff and artificial; the polka, inelegant and essentially vulgar; and the various hybrid measures

with which the low ingenuity of professors has filled society. But we move like gods and goddesses to the sadly joyful strains of Strauss and Weber and Beethoven and Mozart, and the mighty art of these great masters fills and re-creates all our existence.

Sometimes in these divine hours, thrilled by the touch of a companion whose heart beats against and consonantly with mine, I catch glimpses of the possibilities of a free life of the spirit when it shall be released from earth and gravitation, and I conjecture the breadth of a future existence. This will only seem irrational to such as have squeezed out their souls flat between the hard edges of dollars, or have buried them among theologic texts which they are too self-wise to understand. History and the experience of the young are with me.

From twelve to four you sup, when, and as, and where, you will. A succession of little rooms lie open around an atrium, all different as to size and ornament, yet none too large for a single couple, and none too small for the reunion of six. What charming acci-

dents of company and conversation sometimes occur in these Lucullian boudoirs! You pass and repass, come and go, at your own pleasure. Waltzing, and Burgundy, and Love, and Woodcock are here combined into a dramatic poem, in which we are all star performers, and sure of applause. These hours cannot last forever, and the first daybeams that tell of morning, are accompanied by those vague feelings of languor that hint to us that we are mortal. Then we pause, and separate before these faint hints of our imperfection deepen into distasteful monitions, and before our fulness of enjoyment degenerates into satiety. Antiquity has conferred an immortal blessing upon us in bequeathing to us that golden legend, *NE QUID NIMIS*;* a legend better than all the teachings of Galen, or than all the dialogues of Socrates. For in these brief words are compressed the experiences of the best lives, and Alcibiades and Zeno might equally profit by them. They contain the priceless secret of happiness; and do you, reader, wisely digest them till we meet again.

* 'Not too much.'

THE SOLDIER.

[BURNS.]

FOR gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soldier's pride,
 The soldier's wealth is honor.
 The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger!

OUR PRESENT POSITION : ITS DANGERS AND ITS DUTIES.

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ALL POLITICAL PARTIES.

WHEN Daniel Webster replied to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, during the exciting debate on the right of secession, he commenced his ever-memorable speech with these words :

‘When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm—the earliest glance of the sun—to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence before we float farther, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are.’

No words are fitter for our ears at this tumultuous period than are these, when the passions of our countrymen, North and South, are excited with the bitterest animosity, and when the discordant cries of party faction at the North are threatening a desolation worse than that of contending armies. In considering, then, our condition, it behooves us first, to ‘take our latitude, and ascertain where we now are,’—not as a section or a party, but as a nation and a people. Let us avail ourselves of that distant and dim glimmer in the heavens which even now is looked upon by the sanguine as the promise of peace, and in its light survey our dangers and nerve ourselves to our duties. We behold, then, a people, bound together by the ties of a common interest, namely, national prosperity and renown, and in possession of a land more favored by natural elements of advantage than any other on the face of the globe. We see them standing up in the ranks of hostile resistance each to each, the one great and glorious army fighting for the restoration of a nation once the envy of the world; the other great and glorious army equally ardent and valorous in behalf of a sepa-

ration of that territory in which they are taught to believe we cannot hold together in peace and amity. Both armies and people are evincing in their very warfare the elements of character which heretofore distinguished us as a nation, and are employing the very means for each other's destruction which were of late the principles of action which rendered us in the highest degree a nation worthy of respect at home and admiration abroad. It is not the purpose of this paper to go back to causes or to relate the subsequent events which have placed us where we are. These causes and events are well known to us and to the world. But here we now stand, with this fratricidal war increased to the most alarming proportions, and with results but partially developed. Here we of the North stand, with a still invincible army, loyal to the cause nearest to the heart of every patriot, and confident in the ability to withstand and overcome the machinations of the enemy. Here, too, we—ay, *we* of the South stand, bound together in a common aim, an ardent hope, and a proclaimed and omnipotent impulse to action. *This is the only proper view to take of the case*—to regard our opponents as we regard ourselves, and to give due credit where credit is due for valor, for motives, and for principles of action. The North believes itself to be engaged in a strife forced upon it by blinded prejudice and evil passion, and fights for that which, if not worthy of fighting, ay, and dying for, is unfit to live for, namely, national integrity. The South claims, little as we can understand it, the same ground for rising against the land they had sworn to protect, and whose fathers died with our fathers to create. We

at the North would have been pusillanimous and weak indeed had we silently submitted to that which is in our view against every principle of national right and renown. To have acted otherwise would have been to bring down upon our heads the scorn and contempt of our enemies and of every foreign power, from the strongest oligarchy to the most benevolent form of monarchical government. Hence it is that while certain foreign powers have not failed to improve the opportunity of our weakness, as a divided nation, to insult and sneer, to preach peace with dishonor, and advocate separation, which they know to be but another word for humiliation, yet have they not failed to see and been forced to confess that, divided as we are, we have shown inherent greatness and power, *which, united, would be a degree of national superiority which might well defy the world.* Nothing is more striking at this moment than this great fact, and no topic is more worthy of the serious consideration of our countrymen, North and South, than this. No time is fitter than now to suggest the subject, and to see in it matter which is pregnant with hopes for our future. If nothing but this great truth had been developed by the war—this truth, bold, naked, defiant as it is, *is worth the war*—worth all its cost of noble lives, of sacred blood, of yet uncounted treasure. We stand before the world this day divided by the fearful conflict, with malignant hate lighting the fires of either camp, and with hands reeking in fraternal blood—with both sections of our land more or less afflicted—with credit impaired, with the scoff and jeers of nations ringing in our ears—we stand losers of almost everything but our individual self-respect, which has inspired both foes with the ardor and courage born within us as Americans. This it is that leaves us unshorn of our strength; this it is that enables us in this very day of trial and adversity to present to the world the undeniable fact that we have with-

in us—not as Northerners, not as Southerners, *but as Americans*—the elements of innate will and physical power, which makes the scale of valor hang almost with an even beam, and foretells us, with words which we cannot but hear—and which would to God we might heed!—that, united, we can rear up on this beautiful and bountiful land a temple of political, social, and commercial prosperity, more glorious than that which entered into the dreams and aspirations of the fathers who founded it.

Alas! that the contemplation of so worthy a theme is marred by the ‘ifs’ and ‘buts’ of controversial strife. Alas! that we cannot depress the sectional opposing interests which are but secondary to a condition of political consolidation, and elevate above these distracting and isolated evils, the great and eternal principle, Strength as it alone exists in Unity. Alas! that with the beam of suicidal measures we blind the eye political, because, forsooth, the moles of individual or local injuries afflict, as they afflict *all* human forms of government.

The great evil, North and South, before the war, during the war, and now, is the want of political charity—that charity which, like its moral prototype, ‘suffereth long and is kind.’ We the people, North and South, have been and are unwilling to grant to the other people and States the right to think, speak, and urge their own opinions—the very right which each insists upon claiming for itself. It has been held ‘dangerous’ to discuss questions which, though in one sense pertaining only to particular States, nevertheless bear upon the whole country. It has been considered ‘heresy’ to urge with rhetoric and declamation, even in our halls of Congress, certain principles for and against Slavery, for example, lest mischief result from the agitation of those topics. But in such remonstrance we have forgotten that the very principle of democratic institutions involves

the right of all men to think and act, under the law, as each pleases. We have also forgotten that any subject which will not bear discussion and political consideration must be dangerous *in itself*, and pregnant with weakness, if not evil. There is no harm in discussing questions upon which hang vital principles; for if there exists on the one side strength and justice, all arguments on the other side can do it no injury. With regard to Slavery, one of the 'causes' or 'occasions' of this unhappy war, it may be said that the North owes much to the South which it has never paid, in a true and kindly appreciation of the difficulties which have ever surrounded the institutions of the latter. But let us not forget that one reason why this debt has not been paid is because the South owes the North its value received, by not being willing to admit in the other's behalf the motives which underlay the efforts which have been made by the earnest, or so-called 'radical' men, who have opposed the institution of slavery. Pure misunderstanding of motive, pure lack of political as well as moral charity, has been wanting between the men of the North who opposed, and the men of the South who maintained the extension of slavery. Had each understood the other better, it is probable that the character of each would have assumed the following proportions: The slaveholder of the South, inheriting from generations back a system of servitude which even ancient history supported and defended, and which he in his inmost heart believes to be beneficial to the slave not less than the master, regards himself as violating no law of God or man in receiving from this inferior race or grade of men the labor of their hands, and the right to their control, while they draw from him the necessary physical support and protection which it is in his belief his bounden duty to give. The planter, a gentleman educated and a Christian, with the fear of God before his eyes, be-

lieves this—the belief was born in him and dies in him, and he is conscientiously faithful in carrying out the principles of his faith. I speak now of no exceptional, but of general cases, instancing only the representative of the highest class of Southern men. Is it to be wondered at that such a man, looking from *his* point of vision, should regard with suspicion and distrust the efforts of those who sought to abolish even by gradual means the apparent sources of his prosperity? Is it remarkable that he should regard as his enemy the man who preaches against and denounces as criminal the very system in which he trusts his social and political safety? He will not regard that apparent enemy what at heart and soul he really is, namely, a man as pure and devout, as well meaning and conscientious as himself. The man whom he scoffs at as a 'radical,' an 'abolitionist,' and a 'fanatic,' by education and intuition believes in his very soul that the holding of men in bondage, forcing from them involuntary labor, and the consequences thereof, are pregnant with moral and political ruin and decay. The system, not the men, is offensive to his eyes. Is he to blame for this opinion, provided it be well founded in his mind? Admit it erroneous in logic, still, if he believes it, is he to be condemned for holding the belief, and would he not be contemptible in his own eyes if he feared to express the moral convictions of his soul? The error of both has been that both are uncharitable—both unwilling to allow the right of opinion and freedom of debate on what both, as American citizens, hold to be vital principles, dependent upon constitutional provisions; the one claiming Slavery as the 'corner stone of political freedom,' the other as the stumbling block in the way of its advancement. This unwillingness to appreciate the motives of opposing minds led at last one section of our beloved country to an unwillingness to recognize the right of election, and,

worse than all, an unwillingness to abide by the results of that election. When that principle—submission to the will of the majority—was overthrown, then, indeed, did the pillars of our national temple tremble, and the seat of our national power rock in its foundation.

And now a word in connection with this same principle of submission, as applicable to the people of the North in our present emergency. In accordance with the plan adopted by the founders of our Government, and practically illustrated in the election of George Washington and his successors, the people by a plurality of votes elected to office and placed at the head of our political system as its highest authority and ruler, the present Chief Magistrate. From the day of his acknowledged election, party politics settled into the calm of acquiescence, and all loyal and true States and men bowed to the arbitrament of the ballot box. That man, Abraham Lincoln, instantly became invested with the potential right of rule under the Constitution, and the great principle of constitutional liberty in his election and elevation stood justified. It mattered not then, nor matters it now, to us, what may be individual opinion of his merits or demerits, his ability or his disability. There he is, not as a private citizen, but as the head of our Government: his individuality is lost in his official embodiment. This principle being acknowledged, and party opinion being buried, in theory at least, at the foot of the altar of the Government *de facto*, whence is it that at this time creeps into our council chambers, our political cliques, our social haunts, our market places, ay, our most sacred tabernacles—a spirit adverse to the principles for which we are fighting, laboring for, and dying for? Let us—a people anxious for peace on honorable grounds, anxious for a Union which no rash hand shall ever again attempt to destroy—look,

with a moment's calm reflection, at this alarming evil.

It is very evident to most men that, in spite of temporary defeats and an unexpected prolongation of the war, the loyal States hold unquestionably the preponderance of power. Nothing but armed intervention from abroad can now affect even temporarily this preponderance. As events and purposes are seen more clearly through the smoke of the battle fields by the ever-watchful eyes of Europe, armed intervention becomes less and less a matter of probability. The hopes of an honorable peace, therefore, hang upon the increase and continuance of this military preponderance. With the spirit of determination evinced by both combatants, the unflinching valor of both armies, and with the unquestioned resources and ability to hold out of the North, it appears evident that the strife for mastery will in time terminate in favor of the loyal States. There is but one undermining influence which can defeat this end, and still further prolong the war, or, what is worse, plunge the North into the irretrievable disaster of internal conflict—and that undermining influence is *dissension among ourselves*. Such a consummation would bring joy to the hearts of our enemies and lend them the first ray of real hope that ultimate separation will be their purchased peace. We will not here draw a picture of that fallacious peace, that suicidal gap, whose festering political sore would breed misery and ruin, not only for ourselves, but for our posterity, for ages to come. But let us be warned in time. Even now the insidious movement of dissension is hailed with satisfaction and delight in the council meetings at Richmond, and no effort will be spared to aid its devastating progress. False rumors will be raised on the slightest and most insignificant grounds. Trivial mistakes and blunders in the cabinet and the field will be magnified; facts distorted, and the flame be blown

by corrupting influences abroad and at home, in the hopes—let them be vain hopes—that we the people will be diverted from the great cause we have most at heart into side issues and sectional distrust. And why? Because more powerful than serried hosts and open warfare is the poison of sedition and conspiracy that is thrown into the cup of domestic peace and confidence—more fatal than the ravages of the battle field is that of the worm that creeps slowly and surely—weakening, as it works, the foundations of the edifice in which we dwell unsuspecting of evil. Is it astonishing that they, the enemies of our common weal, should rejoice in these signs of incipient weakness, or fail to resort to any expedient whereby our strength as a united and loyal people can be made less? Have they not shown themselves capable and ready to avail themselves of every weakness in our counsels and in the field? Would not we do the same did we perceive distrust and dissatisfaction presenting through the mailed armor of our opponents a vulnerable point for attack? Then blame them not with muttered imprecations, but look—ay, look to ourselves. The shape of this undermining influence is political dissension at a period when the name of ‘party’ ought to be obliterated from the people’s creed. Let opinion on measures and men have full and unrestricted sway, so far as these opinions may silently work under the banner of the one great cause of self-preservation; but let them not interfere with the prosecution of the efforts of the Government, whether State or national, to prosecute this holy and patriotic war in defence of the principles which created and are to keep us a united nation. Let us not tempt the strength of the ice that covers the waters of political and partisan problems, while we have enough to do to protect and cover the solid ground already in our possession. The President of the United States, be he who or what he may—think he how

or what he will, enact he what he chooses—is, let us remember, the corner stone of our political liberty. The Constitution is a piece of parchment—sacred and to be revered—but it is, in its outward presentment, material and inactive. The *spirit* of the Constitution is intangible and ideal, its interpretation alone is its vitality. We the people—through equally material morsels of paper entitled votes—raise the spirit of the Constitution by placing in the halls of Congress the interpreters of that Constitution, over whom and above all sits the Chief Magistrate, who, once endowed by us with power, retains and sways it until another, by the same process, carries out at our will the same eventualities. Our part as electors and adjudicators is done, and it ill becomes us to weaken or hold up to the ridicule of the world the power therein invested, by questions as to the President’s ‘right’ or ‘power’ or ‘ability’ to enact this measure or that.

Away then with the unseemly cry of ‘the Constitution as it is,’ ‘the Union at it was,’ the ‘expediency’ or ‘non-expediency’ of employing the war power, the interference or the non-interference of the man and the men established by us to represent us with the military leaders, the finances, or the thousand and one implements of administration, *which they are bound to employ*, not as we, but as they, holding our powers of attorney for a specified and legalized period, in their human wisdom deem best for the common good of the land. Let us have faith in the motives and intentions of our political administration, or if we have lost our faith, let us submit—patiently and with accord. Above all, at a period like this, when the minds of the best men and the truest are oppressed with a sense of the injustice with which a portion of our countrymen regard us, it most behooves us to keep our social and political ranks closed and in order, subject to the will of that commander, disobedience to which is infamy and

ruin. No matter with what diversity of tongues and opinions we pursue our individual avocations and aims, we are all pilgrims pressing forward like the followers of Mohammed to the Kêbla stone of *our* faith—Peace founded on Union.

What if a party clique utters sentiments adverse to our own on the never ceasing topic of political policy? Is it not the expression of a mind or a hundred minds forming a portion of the great body politic, of which we ourselves are a part, and are they not entitled to their opinion and modes of expressing it, providing it be done with decorum and with a proper respect for the opinions of their adversaries? Why then do we or they employ, through the press and in rhetorical bombast, opprobrious epithets, fit only for the pot-house or the shambles? Shall we men and citizens, each of us a pillar upholding the crowning dome of our nationality, be taught, like vexed and querulous children, the impotence of personal abuse? Why seek to lay upon the head of this Cabinet officer or that, this Senator or that, the responsibility of temporary military defeats, when we are no more able to command and prevent reverses than are they? Or if in our superior wisdom we deem ourselves to be the better able to direct and administer, why do we forget that others among us, inspired by the same love of country, and equally ardent for its safety and advancement, hold exactly contrary opinions? It is not a matter of opinion—it is not a matter for interference, it is simply and only a matter for untiring unflinching confidence and support. We have done our duty as a people, and elected our Administration—let us, in the name of all that is sublime and fundamental in republican principles, support and not perplex them in the hard and complex problem which they are appointed to solve. These are principles, which, however trite, need to be kept before us and practically sustained at a period when, as is often the case in long and

tedious wars, the dispiriting influence of delays and occasional defeats work erroneous conclusions in the minds of the people, leading to unjust accusations against the men in power, and an unwillingness to frankly acknowledge that the evil too often originated where the result most immediately occurred. In other words, our armies have often suffered simply and for no other reason than that they were outgeneralled on the field of battle, or overpowered by military causes for which no one is to blame—least of all, the President or his advisers.

And here let one word be said against the arguments of those well-meaning and patriotic men who attempt to prove that certain acts of the Government have been injudicious and unwise—such, for example, as the suspension of the habeas corpus, the alleged illegal arrests, and the emancipation policy. It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into additional argument to sustain this opinion or to disprove it. But in justice to the Government—simply because it is a Government—let it not be forgotten that when events heretofore unforeseen and unprepared for are throwing our vast nation into incalculable confusion, and when it becomes absolutely imperative that the head of the Government must act decisively and according to the promptness of his honest judgment, and when we know equally well that that judgment, be it what it may, cannot accord with the various and diverse opinions of *all* men, then it behooves his countrymen, if not to acquiesce in, to support whatever that honest judgment may decide to be best for the emergency. No doubt, errors have been made, but they are errors inconceivably less in their results than would be the unpardonable sin of the people, should they, because differing in opinion, weaken the hands and confuse the purposes of the powers that be. With secret and treacherous foes in our very midst, hidden behind the masks of a painted loyalty, the Presi-

dent, after deep and earnest consultation and reflection, deemed it his duty to authorize arrests under circumstances which he solemnly believed were the best adapted to arrest the evil, though, by so doing, many good and innocent men might temporarily suffer with the bad. So too with regard to the proclamation of freedom—be the step wise or unwise, and there is by no means a unity of sentiment on this head—the President conceived it to be the duty of his office—a duty which never entered into his plans or intentions until the war had increased to gigantic and threatening proportions—to level a blow at what he and millions of his countrymen believe to be the stronghold of the enemy, viz., that system of human servitude which nourished the body politic and social now standing in armed and fearful resistance to the Constitution and the laws. It matters not, so far as opinion goes, whether the step was wise or foolish, if the executive head deemed it wise. Nor was it a hasty or spasmodic movement on his part. Months were devoted to its consideration, and every argument was patiently and candidly listened to from all the representatives of political theory for and against. Even then no hasty step was taken; but, on the contrary, our deluded countrymen in arms against us were forewarned, and earnestly, respectfully advised and entreated to take that step in behalf of Union and peace, which would leave their institution as it had existed. Nay, more: terms whereby no personal inconvenience or pecuniary loss to them would be involved if they would but be simply loyal to the Government, were liberally offered them, with three months for their consideration. Let those of us who, notwithstanding these ameliorating circumstances, doubt the good policy of the act, remember that they of the South, our open foes, invited the measures. Their leaders acknowledged and their press boasted that the Southern army never could

be overcome—if for no other reason, for this reason, that while the army of the North was composed of the bone and muscle of the great working classes, drawn away from the fields of labor and enterprise, which must necessarily, in their opinion, languish from this absence, the Confederate army was composed of ‘citizens’ and property owners (to wit, slaveholders), whose absence from their plantations in no way interfered with the growth of their cotton, sugar, corn, and rice, from which sources of wealth and nourishment they could continue to draw the sinews of war. They went farther than this, and acted upon their declaration by employing their surplus slave labor in the work of intrenching their fortifications, serving their army, and finally fighting in their army.

Upon this basis of slave labor they asserted their omnipotence in war and ability to continue the struggle without limit of time. The subsidized press of England supported this theory, and declared that with such advantages it was idle for the Federal Government to maintain a struggle in the face of such belligerent advantages! Then, and not till then, were the eyes of the President open to a fact which none but the political blind man could fail to observe, and then it was that not only the President, but a very large proportion of our countrymen, heretofore strictly conservative men, felt that the time had come when further forbearance would be suicidal. Although many doubted and still doubt if slavery was the cause of the rebellion, very many were forced to the conclusion that what our enemies themselves admitted to be the strength of the rebellion was indeed such, and that the time had arrived to avail themselves of that military necessity which authorizes the Government to adopt such measures as may be deemed the most fitting for crushing rebellion and restoring our constitutional liberty. Let us think, then, as we please upon the judicious-

ness of the proclamation—that it was uttered with forethought, calmness, and with a full sense of the responsibility of the President to his God and his country, none of us can deny. With this we should be satisfied. We have but one duty before us, then, as a government and a people—and that is, an earnest, devoted prosecution of this war for the integrity of our common country. In the untrammelled hands of that Government let us leave its prosecution. We have but one duty before us as individuals, and that is to support the existing Government with our individual might. Let the cry be loud and long, as, thank Heaven, it still is, ‘On with the war,’ not for war’s sake, but for the sake of that peace, which only war, humanely and vigorously conducted, can achieve.

Fling personal ambition and individual aggrandizement to the winds. Let political preferment and partisan proclivities bide their time, and as a united and one-minded people, devote heart and mind, strength and money, to the prosecution of the campaign, without considering what may be its duration, and without fear of circumstance or expenditure. If it be necessary, let the public debt be increased until it reaches and exceeds the public liabilities of the most indebted Government of Europe. We and our descendants will cheerfully pay the interest on that expenditure which purchased so great a blessing as national endurance. Meanwhile, with unity, forbearance, perseverance, and the silent administration of the ballot box, we will, as a people, maintain, notwithstanding that a portion of the land we hold dear stands severed from us by hatred and prejudice, the prosperity which we still claim, and the renown which was once accorded to us. By so doing, and by so doing only, shall our former grandeur come back to us—though its garments be stained with blood. A grandeur which, without hyperbole, it may be said, will outstrip the glory which, as a young and sanguine people, we

have ever claimed for our country. The reason for so believing is the simple and undeniable fact that out of the saddening humiliation and devastation of this civil war has arisen the better knowledge of the wonderful resources, abilities, and determined spirit of the American people. We see—both combatants—that we are giants fighting, and not quarrelling pigmies, as the foreign enemies of us both have vainly attempted to prove. We see, both combatants, how vast and important to each is the territory we are struggling for, how inseparable to our united interests are the sources of wealth imbedded in our rocks, underlying our soil, and growing in its beneficent bosom. We see, both combatants, how strong is the commerce of the East to supply, like a diligent handmaiden, the wants of every section; how bountiful are the plantations of the South and the granaries of the West to keep the world united to us in the strong bonds of commercial and friendly intercourse; how absolutely necessary to the prosperity of both are the deep and wide-flowing rivers which run, like silver bands of peace, through the length and breadth of a land whose vast privileges we have been too blind to appreciate, and in that blindness would destroy. Above all, we are *beginning* to see that like two mighty champions fighting for the belt of superiority, we can neither of us achieve that individual advantage which can utterly and forever place the other beyond the ability of again accepting the gauntlet of defiance, and that our true and lasting glory can alone proceed from a determination to shake hands in peace, and, as united champions, defying no longer each other, defy the world. Nor would the South in consenting to a reunion *now* find humiliation or dishonor. She has proved herself a noble foe—quick in expedient, firm in determination, valorous in war. We know each other the better for the contest; we shall, when peace returns, respect each other

the more ; and although the cost of that peace, whenever it comes, will be the sacrifice of many local prejudices and

sectional privileges, what, oh, what are such sacrifices to the inestimable blessings of national salvation ?

THE COMPLAINING BORE.

ABOUT the most disagreeable people one meets with in life are those who make a business of complaining. They ask for sympathy when they merit censure. There is no excuse for man or woman making known their private griefs except to intimate friends or those who stand in the nearest relation to them. I have no patience with the man who wishes to catch the public ear with the sound of his repining. Be it that he complain of the world generally, or specify the particular occasion of his dumpishness, he is in either aspect equally contemptible. What a serio-comic spectacle a man presents who imagines that everybody is in a leagued conspiracy against him to disappoint his hopes and thwart his plans for success ! He thinks he is kept from rising by some untoward fate that is bent on crushing him into the ground, feels that he is the victim of persecution, the sport of angry gods. Not having the spirit of a martyr, he frets and fumes about his condition, and finds a selfish relief in counting over his grievances in the presence of all who are good-natured enough to listen. Such a fellow is a social nuisance—away with him ! The fact usually is that the world has more reason to complain of him than he of the world. For instance, I know a man who has become misanthropic, but who should hate himself instead of the whole race.

Mr. Jordan Algrieve has become disgusted with life, and confesses that his experiment with existence has thus far proved a failure. He has combated

with the world, and the world has proved too much for him, and he acknowledges the defeat. Mr. Algrieve is on the shady side of fifty, and his hair getting to be of an iron gray. His features are prominent, with a face wrinkled and shrivelled by discontent and acidity of temper. His tall figure is bent, not so much by cares and weight of years, as in a kind of typical submission to the stern decree of an evil destiny.

Strange to say, he is well educated, and graduated with honor at one of our Eastern colleges. With a knowledge of this fact, it is pitiable to see him standing at the corner of the street in his busy town in a suit of seedy black and a shockingly bad hat, chafing his hands together and pretending to wait for somebody who never comes.

Poor Algrieve, he is a man under the table, and he knows it. He has tried to be somebody in his way, but has failed sadly in all his efforts. It is said that Algrieve always had a constitutional aversion to legitimate and continued labor, but has a passion for making strikes and securing positions that afford liberal pay for little work.

Thinking a profession too monotonous and plodding, he never took the trouble to acquire one. As to honest manual toil, that was an expedient he never so much as dreamed of. In early life he was so unfortunate as to secure an appointment to a clerkship in the Assembly, and after that he haunted the State Legislature for five or six winters in hot pursuit of another place, but his claims

failing to be recognized, he relapsed into the natural belief that his party was in league to proscribe him. After making a large number of political ventures of a more ambitious order, and with the same mortifying results, he abandoned that field and took to speculation in patent rights. He vended a wonderful churn-dash, circulated a marvellous flatiron, and expatiated through the country on the latest improvement in the line of a washing machine. But these operations somehow afforded him but transient relief, and left him always involved still more largely in debt. At different times in his life he had also been a horse dealer, a dry-goods merchant, a saloon keeper, the proprietor of a tenpin alley, and managed to grow poorer in all these various occupations. The last I saw of him he was reduced to peddling books in a small way, carrying his whole stock in a new market basket. He was very importunate in his appeals to customers to purchase, putting it upon the ground that he had been unfortunate and had a claim to their charity. I happened to see him in the office of the popular hotel in Podgeville, when he was more than usually clamorous for patronage. He accosted nearly every man in the room with a dull, uninteresting volume in his hand, and for which he asked a respectable price. At last he set down his basket, and commenced a kind of snivelling harangue to his little audience. Mr. Algrieve opened by saying:

‘Gentlemen, you’ll pardon me for thrusting myself upon your attention; but it is hard to have the world turned against ye, and to work like a slave all your life to get something to fall back on in old age, and then have to die poor at last! I hope none of you have ever known what it is to be born unlucky; to never undertake anything but turned out a failure, and to meet disappointment where you deserved success. I am such a man!’

Here Mr. Algrieve produced a frag-

mentary pocket handkerchief for the ostensible purpose of absorbing an expected tear, but really to give his remark a tragic effect. He continued:

‘Behold an individual who has been doomed to penury and destitution, but who has not met his fate without a struggle. You who have known me, gentlemen, for the last thirty years, know that Jordan Algrieve has battled with life manfully.’ At this point he put out his clenched fist in defiance of his fancied enemy. ‘But I have been compelled to yield to the force of circumstances—not, however, till I had taken my chance in nearly every department of honorary endeavor, and experienced the most wretched success. The world has pronounced its ban upon me, and I must bow submissively to its cruel imposition. I tried to serve my country in the capacity of a public official, but my services and talents were repeatedly rejected—the majority of voters always so necessary to an honest election was forever on the side of my lucky opponent. When I withdrew from the political field, impoverished by my efforts to advance the prosperity of my party, I embarked in a small commercial enterprise; but owing to the tightness of the times, and my want of capital, I was soon obliged to give up and throw myself upon the mercy of my creditors. I have tried popular amusements, and lost money—that is, I failed to make it. I even branched out into fancy speculations, but they only served to sink me still deeper in the yawning depths of insolvency!’

Mr. Algrieve here paused, and seemed to look down into the frightful gulf with a shuddering expression, as if he were not quite accustomed to the descent yet.

‘In short, gentlemen, I am completely prostrated—I am floored! And is the world willing to help me up? By no means! On the contrary, when I commenced falling and slipping on the stairs of human endeavor the world

was ready to kick me down, down, till I reached the—in short, gentlemen, till I became what I now am. Now, what have I done, let me ask, that I should fare thus? Have I not made an effort? I appeal to you, gentlemen, to say. [A voice from the crowd here chimed in: ‘Yes, Algrieve, your efforts to live without work have been immense!’] But here I am, poor and persecuted; my family are in want of some of the common necessities of life; and now, gentlemen, I beg some of you will buy that book (holding out a copy of the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’), and do something to avert for a while, at least, the pauper’s fate!’

Some benevolent gentleman, either from a charitable motive, or to put an end to his lachrymose oration, bought the volume for \$1.25. Mr. Algrieve received the money with many expressions of gratitude, and, gathering up his stock, moped off into the drinking room, and invested a dime in a gin cocktail, and five cents in a cigar, with which he sought to solace himself for all the inflictions of the inexorable world.

Thus Jordan Algrieve goes about telling of his reverses and misfortunes, exhibiting them to the public eye like a beggar his sores, without shame or remorse; seeking to levy contributions on his fellow men, as one who has been robbed of his estate. Reader, will you say that you have never met with Jordan Algrieve?

Another common species of the complaining bore are those who are continually parading their bodily infirmities. For example, a man will call on you, apparently for the express purpose of illustrating a most interesting case of neuralgia. He comes into your office, perhaps, with his head tied up in a handkerchief, and an expression of face as if he had some time winked one eye very close, and had never since been able to open it. Thinking himself an object worthy of study, he shows how the darting pains vacillate between his

eyes, invade his teeth, hold general muster in his cheeks, take refuge in the back of his neck; and demonstrates these points to you by applying his hands to the parts designated, and uttering cries of feigned anguish to give effect to his description. He informs you, as a piece of refreshing intelligence, that it is devilish hard to bear, and enough to make a saint indulge in profanity. When he has proceeded thus far, he may be taken with one of his capricious pains, ducks his head between his knees, squeezes it with his hands, and bawls out: ‘O-h! Je-ru-sa-lem!’ with a duration of sound only limited by the capacity of his wind. He feels that he has a witness to his sufferings, and wishes to make the most of it. When he gets sufficiently easy, he tells you his experience with various remedies, enumerates all the lotions, liniments, ointments, and other applications he has used, with his opinion on the merits of each.

Another person will accost you on a bright day with a most saturnine and wo-begone visage, informing you that he is in a terrible way, that his food distresses him, and he can’t any longer take comfort in eating. He places his hand in the region of his stomach, remarks that he feels a great load there, and makes the usual complaints of a dyspeptic. He is pathetic over the fact that his physician has denied him fried oysters and mince pie for evening lunch, and closes his observations by exclaiming in a moralizing vein that ‘such is life!’

A third individual has a throat disease, and, forgetful of his bad breath, desires you to take a minute survey of his glottis, and inform him of its appearance. Accordingly he opens his mouth and throws back his head as if he were inviting you to an entertaining show.

These are but a tithe of the examples of people who exhibit in public and at social gatherings their ills and

ailments, accompanied with dreary complainings of their bodily inflictions. It implies no indifference or lack of sympathy for physical pain and hardships to say that its victims have no right to mar the enjoyment of others by the unnecessary display of their infirmities or present sufferings. If a man will make a travelling show of his disorders, he should be obliged to carry a hand organ to give variety to his stupid entertainment. Were these fellows all compelled to furnish this accompaniment, what a musical bedlam our streets would become! Of course, there is no law against complaining and repining—it may not be immoral—but it is a very poor method of making those around us happy, which is a duty that none but selfish natures can forget. A man who goes through life with a smiling face and

cheerful temper, despite the grievances common to us all, is a public benefactor in his way, as much as one who founds a library or establishes an asylum.

Misanthropy is a sublime egotism that mistakes its own distemper for a disease of the universe. With all the mishaps to which our life is subject, a glance over a wide range of human experience proves that God helps those who help themselves, and whatever be the tenor of our fortune, levity is more seemly than moodiness, and under any circumstances there is more virtue in being a clown than a cynic. But in adversity, a subdued cheerfulness and quiet humor are, next to Christian fortitude, the golden mean of feeling that makes the loss of worldly things rest lightly on the heart, and spreads out before the hopeful eye the vision of better days!



DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

‘How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy’s feet have ever trod.’

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ICE MAIDEN, AND OTHER TALES. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by FANNY FULLER. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt. New York: C. T. EVANS. 1863.

PROBABLY no writer of stories for the young ever equalled Hans Christian Andersen; certainly none ever succeeded as he has done in reproducing the nameless charm of the real fairy tale which springs up without an author among the people,—the best specimens of which are the stories collected by the Brothers Grimm in Germany. But this exquisite fascination of an inner life in animals and in inanimate objects, which every child's mind produces from dolls and other puppets, and which makes fairies of flowers, is by Andersen adroitly turned very often to good moral and instructive purpose, without losing the original sweet and simple charm which blends the real and the imaginary. Here he surpasses all other tale writers, nearly all of whom, in their efforts at simplicity in such narratives, generally become supremely silly.

The present volume contains four stories—'The Ice Maiden,' 'The Butterfly,' 'The Psyche,' and 'The Snail and the Rose Tree,'—all in Andersen's usual happy and successful vein; for he is preëminently an *equal* writer, and never falls behind himself. Perhaps the highest compliment which can be paid them is the truthful assertion that any person may read them with keen interest, and never reflect that they were written for young people. Poetry and prose meet in them on equal grounds, and any of them in verse would be charming. The main reason for this is that such stories to charm must set forth natural objects with Irving-like fidelity; nay, the writer must, with a few words, bring before us scenes and things as in a mirror. In this 'The Ice Maiden' excels; Swiss life is depicted as though we were listening to *yodel* songs on the mountains, and felt the superstitions of the icy winter nights taking hold of our souls.

'The Psyche' is an art-story. Most writers

would have made it a legend of 'high' art, but it is far sweeter and more impressive from the sad simplicity and gentleness with which it is here told. 'The Butterfly,' on the contrary, is a delightful little burlesque on flirtations and fops; and 'The Snail and the Rose Tree' is much like it. Both are really fables of the highest order, or shrewd prose epigrams.

The volume before us is well translated; very well, notwithstanding one or two trifling inadvertencies, which, however, really testify to the fact that the best of all pens for such version—a lady's—was employed in the work. A *Skytte*, for instance, in Danish, or *Schutz* in German, is generally termed among the fraternity of sportsmen a 'shot,' and not a 'shooter.' But the spirit of the original is charmingly preserved, and Miss Fuller has the rare gift of using short and simple words, which are the best in the world when one knows how to use them as she does. We trust that we shall see many more stories of this kind, translated by her.

We must, in conclusion, say a word for the dainty binding (Pawson & Nicholson), the exquisite paper and typography, and, finally, for the pretty photograph vignette with which this volume is adorned. Mr. Leypoldt has benefited Philadelphia in many ways,—by his foreign and American circulating library, his lecture room, and by his republication in photograph of first-class engravings,—and we now welcome him to the society of publishers. His first step in this direction is a most promising one.

NOTES, CRITICISMS, AND CORRESPONDENCE
UPON SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS AND ACTORS.
By JAMES HENRY HACKETT. New York:
Carleton, 413 Broadway. 1863.

THIS work will be one of great interest, firstly to all those who visit the theatre, secondly to readers of Shakspeare, and thirdly to all who relish originality and naïvete of character, such as Mr. Hackett displays abundantly, from the rising of the curtain

even to the going down of the same, in his book. There are no men who live so much within their profession as actors, or are so earnest in their faith in it; and this devotion is reflected unconsciously, but very entertainingly, through the whole volume. Shakspeare tells us that all the world is a stage—to the actor the stage is all his world, the only one in which he truly lives.

We thank Mr. Hackett for giving us in this volume, firstly, very minute and excellent descriptions of all the eminent actors of Shakspeare within his memory—not a brief one, he having been himself a really excellent and eminent actor since 1828. It is to be regretted that there are not more such judicious descriptions as these. The author has, as we gather from his book, been in the habit of recording his daily experiences, and consequently writes from better data than those afforded by mere memory. The reader will also thank him for many agreeable minor reminiscences of celebrities, and for giving to the public his extremely interesting correspondence on Shakspearean subjects with John Quincy Adams and others. The views of the venerable statesman on *Hamlet*, and on 'Misconceptions of Shakspeare on the Stage,' indicate a very great degree of study of the great poet, and of reflection on the manner in which he is over or under acted. Nor are Mr. Hackett's own letters and criticisms by any means devoid of merit—witness the following:

'Mr. Forrest recites the text (of King Lear) as though it were all prose, and not occasionally written in poetic measure; whereas, blank verse can, and always should, be distinguishable from prose by proper modulations of the voice, which a listener with a nice ear and a cultivated taste could not mistake, nor, if confounded, detect in their respective recitals: else Milton as well as Shakspeare has toiled to little purpose in the best-proportioned numbers.'

The criticism on Forrest is throughout judicious, and, though frequently severe, is still very kindly written when we consider the 'capacities' of the subject.

As regards Mr. Hackett's views of readings, we detect in them a little of that tendency to excessive accentuation, and that disposition to 'make a hit' or a sensation in every sentence which renders most, or all, Shakspearean or tragic acting so harsh and strained,

and which has made the word 'theatrical' in ordinary conversation synonymous with 'unnatural.' Something of this is reflected in the enormous amount of needless italicizing with which the typography of the book is afflicted, and which we trust will be amended in future editions. We cheerfully pardon Mr. Hackett for sounding his own praises—sometimes rather loudly and frequently, as in the republication of a sketch of himself—since, after all, we thereby gain a more accurate idea of a favorite actor, who has for thirty-six years pleased the public, and gained in that long time the character of a conscientious artist who has always striven to improve himself.

To one thing, however, we decidedly object—the questionable taste displayed by the author in answering in type criticisms of his acting, and in republishing them in his work. We can well imagine the temptation to be great, but to yield to it is not creditable to a good artist. With this little exception, we cordially commend the work to all readers.

DEVOTIONAL POEMS. By R. T. CONRAD. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862.

THE late Judge Conrad left a number of religious poems, which fortunately fell into the hands of those who appreciated their merit, and we now have them in volume, with an introductory poem to the widow of the deceased and a preface by George H. Boker, to whom the editing of the present volume was committed. These lyrics, as we infer, were written in the spirit of private devotion, and are therefore gifted with the greatest merit which can possibly inspire religious writing—we mean deep sincerity. But apart from the *spirit*,—the *sine qua non*,—the beauty of the form of these works will always give them a high value to the impartial critic. They are far above the mediocrity into which most religious writers always at first *appear* to be lost, owing to the vast amount of thoughts and expressions which they are compelled to share in common with others. And as there has been awakened within a few years a spirit of collecting and studying such poetry, we cordially commend this work to all who share it.

As regards form, one of the more marked

poems in this collection is 'The Stricken;' we have room only for the beginning:

Heavy! Heavy! Oh, my heart
Seems a cavern deep and drear,
From whose dark recesses start,
Flutteringly like birds of night,
Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,
Screaming in their flight.
Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,
Spreading a horror dim,—a woe that cannot
weep!

Weary! Weary! What is life
But a spectre-crowded tomb?
Startled with unearthly strife,
Spirits fierce in conflict met,
In the lightning and the gloom,
The agony and sweat;
Passions wild and powers insane,
And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick
Promethean pain.

We select this single specimen from its remarkable resemblance to Anglo-Saxon religious poetry,—by far the sincerest, and, so far as it was ripened, the soundest, in our language. With the exception of the Promethean allusion, every line in these verses is singularly Saxon—the night birds, screaming in gloom—as in the '*Sea Farer*,' where, instead of joyous mirth,

'Storms beat the stone cliffs,
Where them the starling answered,
Icy of wing.'

The divisions of this work are 'Sinai,' which is in great measure a commentary on virtues and vices, 'Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer,' and 'Bible Breathings.' Of these we would commend the Sonnets, as forming collectively a highly finished and beautiful poem, complete in each detail. The little poem, 'A Thought,' is as perfect as a mere simile in verse could be.

Robert T. Conrad, who was born in Philadelphia in 1810, and died there in 1858, first became known to the public by a drama entitled *Conrad of Naples*, a subject which has been extensively treated by German writers, Uhland himself having written a tragedy on it. After being admitted to the bar, Conrad connected himself with the press, but resumed the practice of law in 1834 with success, being appointed judge of the criminal sessions in 1838, and of the general sessions in 1840. He was subsequently president of a well-known railroad company, and mayor of his native city. During the intervals of his business he was at one time editor of *Graham's*

Magazine, and acquired a literary reputation by his articles in the *North American*, and by the well-known tragedy of *Aylmere*, in which Mr. Forrest, the actor, has frequently appeared as 'Jack Cade.' In addition to these, Mr. Conrad published, in 1852, a volume entitled '*Aylmere and other poems*,' which was very extensively reviewed. In it the 'Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer' first appeared.

The volume before us is very well edited in every respect, and makes its appearance in very beautiful 'externals.' The paper, binding, and typography are, in French phrase, as applied to such matters, 'luxurious.'

SKETCHES OF THE WAR: A Series of Letters to the North Moore Street School of New York. By CHARLES C. NOTT, Captain in the Fifth Iowa Cavalry. New York: Charles T. Evans, 448 Broadway. 1863.

WERE this little work ten times its present length, we should have read it to the end with the same interest which its perusal inspired, and arrived, with the same regret that there was not more of it, at its last page. It is simple and unpretending, but as life-like and spirited as any collection of descriptive sketches which we can recall. We realize in it all the vexations of mud, all the horrors of blood, and all the joys of occasional chickens and a good night's rest, which render the soldier's life at once so great and yet so much a matter of petty joys and sorrows. The love of the rider for the good horse—for his pet Gypsy—her caprices and coqueties, are set forth, for instance, very freely, without, however, a shadow of affectation, while in all his interviews with men and women, the characters come before us 'like life,' and give us a singularly accurate conception of the social effects of the war in the West. The appearance of the country is unconsciously detailed as accurately as in a photograph, and the events and sensations of battle are presented with great ability; in fact, we have as yet seen no sketches from the war which in these particulars are equal to them. They are free from 'fine writing,' and are given in simple, intelligible language which cannot fail to make them generally popular. The occasional flashes of humorous description are extremely well given—so well that we only wish there had been more of them, as the author has evidently a talent in that direction, which we trust will be more fully developed in other works.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH all the outcry that has been raised at the slow progress of the war, it is difficult for a comprehensive mind to conceive how, on the whole, the struggle with the South could have advanced more favorably to the *general interests* and future prosperity of the whole country, than it has thus far done. 'Had the Administration been possessed of sufficient energy, it could have crushed the rebellion in the first month,' say the grumblers. Very possibly—to break out again! No amount of prompt action could have calmed the first fire and fury of the South. It required *blood*; it was starving for war; it was running over with hatred for the North.

The war went on, and, as it progressed, it became evident that, while thousands deprecated agitation of the slave question as untimely, the war could never end until that question was disposed of. And it also became every day more plain that the 'little arrangement' so frequently insisted on, and expressed in the words, 'Conquer the enemy *first*, and *then* free the slaves,' was a little absurdity. It was 'all very pretty,' but with the whole North and South at swords-points over this as the alleged cause of war—with all Europe declaring that the North had no intention of removing the cause of the war—with the slave constantly interfering in all our military movements—and, finally, with a party of domestic traitors springing up everywhere, at home and in the army itself, it became high time to adopt a fixed policy. It was adopted, and President LINCOLN, to his lasting honor, and despite tremendous opposition, issued the Proclamation of January First—the noblest document in history.

It is difficult to see how, when, or in what manner slavery would have disappeared from a single State, had the war been sooner ended; and nothing is more certain than that any early victory or temporary compromise would have simply postponed the struggle, to be settled with compound interest. But another benefit has resulted and is resulting

from the experience of the past two years. Our own Free States have abounded with men who are at heart traitors; men who have, by their ignorance of the great principles of national welfare involved in this war, acted as a continual drawback on our progress. This body of men, incapable of comprehending the great principles of republicanism as laid down in the Constitution, and as urged by Washington, would be after all only partially vanquished should we subdue the rebels. They are around us here in our own homes; their treason rings from the halls of national legislation; they are busy night and day in their 'copperhead' councils in giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and in poisoning the minds of the ignorant, by hissing slanders at the President and his advisers as being devoid of energy and ability.

It would avail us little could we conclude a peace to-morrow, if these aiders and abettors of treason—these foes of all enlightened measures—these worse than open rebels—were to remain among us to destroy by their selfishness and malignity those great measures by which this country is destined to become great. The war is doing us the glorious service of bringing the 'copperheads' before the people in their true light—the light of foes to equality, to the rights of the many, and as perverse friends of all that is anti-American. Who and *what*, indeed, are their leaders! Review them all, from FERNANDO WOOD down to the wretched SAULSBURY, including W. B. REED, in whose veins hereditary traitorous blood seems, with every descent, to have acquired a fresh taint—consider the character which has for years attached to most of them—and then reflect on what a party must be with such leaders!

These men have no desire to be brought distinctly before the public; they would by far prefer to burrow in silence. But the war and emancipation have proved an Ithuriel's spear to touch the toad and make him spring up in his full and naturally fiendish

form. The sooner and the more distinctly he is seen, the better will it be for the country. We must dispose of rebels abroad and copperheads at home ere we can have peace, and the sooner the country knows its foes, the better will it be for it. We have come at last to either carrying out the great centralizing system of an Union, superior to all States Rights, as commended by Washington, or to division into a thousand petty principalities, each ruled by its Wood, or other demagogue, who can succeed in securing a majority-mob of adherents!

It is with such men and their measures that Gen. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, the frequently proposed candidate for the next presidency, is becoming firmly connected in the minds of the people! Fortunately the war has developed the objects of the traitors, and the Union Leagues which are springing up by hundreds over the country are doing good service in making them thoroughly known. Until treason is fairly rooted out at home and abroad, and until *Union at the centre for the people everywhere* is fully enforced, this war can only be concluded now, to be renewed in tenfold horror to-morrow.

THERE is a complication of interests at present springing up in Europe, which is difficult to fathom. Just now it seems as if the Polish insurrection were being fomented by Austria, at French instigation, in order that the hands of Russia may be tied, so that in case of war with America, we may be deprived of the aid of our great European friend. England sees it in this light, and angrily protests against Prussian interference in the matter. Should a general war result, who would gain by it? Would France avail herself of the opportunity to array her forces against Prussia, and seize the Rhine, and perhaps Belgium? Or would the Emperor avail himself of circumstances to embroil England in a war, and then withdraw to a position of profitable neutrality? Let it be borne in mind, meantime, that it required all the strength of France, England, and Austria, combined, to beat Russia in the Crimea, and that a short prolongation of the war would have witnessed the arrival of vast bodies of Russian troops—many of whom had been nearly a year on the march. Those troops are now far more accessible in case of war.

A war between England and the United States, however it might injure us, would be utter ruin to our adversary. With our commerce destroyed, we should still have a vast territory left; but nine tenths of England's prosperity lies within her wooden walls, which would be swept from the ocean. With her exportation destroyed, England would be ruined. We should suffer, unquestionably, but we could hold our own, and would undoubtedly progress as regards manufacturing. But what would become of the British workshops, and how would the British people endure such suffering as never yet befell them? Even with our Southern Rebellion on our hands, and English men-of-war on our coast, we could still, with our merchant marine, bring John Bull to his face. And John Bull knows it.

England is now building, in the cause of slavery and for the South, a great fleet of iron-clad pirate vessels, which are intended to prey on our commerce. How long will it be before retaliation on England begins, and, when it begins, how will it end? Ay—*how* will it end? It is not to be supposed that we can long be blinded by such a flimsy humbug as a transfer to Southern possession of these vessels 'for the Chinese trade!' Are the English mad, demented, or besotted, that they suppose we intend to endure such deliberate aid of our enemies? When those vessels 'for the Chinese' are afloat, and our merchants begin to suffer, let England beware! We are not a people to stop and reason nicely on legal points, when they are enforced in the form of fire and death. Better for England that she weighed the iron of that fleet pound for pound with gold, and cast it into the sea, than that she suffered it to be launched. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se.* England is the *real* criminal in this business, for her Government could have *prevented* it; and to her we shall look for the responsibility. All through America a spirit of fierce indignation has been awakened at hearing of this 'Chinese' fleet, which will burst out ere long in a storm. We are very far from being afraid of war—we are in it; we know what it is like—and those who openly, brazenly, infamously, aid our enemies and make war for them, shall also learn, let it cost what it may.

England hopes to cover the world's oceans with pirates, with murder, rapine, and rob-

bery—to exaggerate still more the horrors of war—and yet deems that her commerce will escape! This is a different matter from the affair of the Trent.

Don't grumble! Don't be incessantly croaking from morning to night at the war and the administration and the generals, and everything else! Things have gone better on the whole than you imagine, and your endless growling is just what the traitors like. Were there no croakers there would be no traitors.

It was growling and croaking which caused the reverses of the army of the Potomac—sheer grumbling. Now the truth is coming out, and we are beginning to see the disadvantages of eternal fault-finding. The truth is that the war in the Crimea was much worse conducted than this of ours has been—even as regards swindling by contracts—and it was so with every other war. We have no monopoly of faults.

Now that the war is being reorganized, we would modestly suggest that a little severity—say an occasional halter—would not be out of place as regards deserters. There has been altogether too much of this amusement in vogue, which a few capital punishments in the beginning would have entirely obviated. Pennsylvania, we are told, is full of hulking runaway young farmers, and our cities abound in ex-rowdies, who, after securing their bounties, have deserted, and who are now aiding treason, and spreading 'verdigrease' in every direction by their falsehoods. Let every exertion be made to arrest and return these scamps—cost what it may; and let their punishment be exemplary. And let there be a new policy inaugurated with the new levy, which shall effectually prevent all further escaping.

READER—wherever you are, either join a Union League, or get one up. If there be none in your town, gather a few friends together—and mind that they be good, loyal Unionists, without a suspicion of verdigrease or copperhead poison about them—and at once put yourselves in connection with the central Leagues of the great cities. Those of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston are all conducted by honorable men of the highest character—and we may remark, by the way,

that in this respect the contrast between the leaders of the League and of the Verdigrease Clubs is indeed remarkable. When you have formed your League, see that addresses are delivered there frequently, that patriotic documents and newspapers are collected there, and finally that it does good service in every way in forwarding the war, and in promoting the determination to preserve the Union.

The copperheads aim not only at letting the South go—they hope to break the North to fragments, and trust that in the general crash each of them may secure his share. When the war first broke out, FERNANDO WOOD publicly recommended the secession of New York as a free city—and a very free city it would have been under the rule of Fernando the First! And this object of 'dissolution and of division' is still cherished in secret among the true leaders of the traitors.

The time has come when every true American should go to work in earnest to strengthen the Union and destroy treason, whether in the field or at home. A foe to liberty and to human rights is a foe, whether he be a fellow countryman or not, and against such foes it is the duty of every good citizen to declare himself openly.

It will be seen by the annexed that our Art correspondent, a gentleman of wide experiences, has gone into the battle. We trust that his experiences will amuse the reader. As for the *facts*—never mind!

CAMP O'BELLOW, }
Army of the Potomac. }

MY PATRIOTIC FRIEND AND EDITOR:

I have changed my base.

When I last wrote you, it was from the field of art—this time it is from the floor of my tent—at least it will be, as soon as my fellows pitch it. N. B.—For special information I would add that this is not done, as I have seen a Kalmouk do it, with a bucket of pitch and a rag on a stick. One way, however, of pitching tents is to pitch 'em down when the enemy is coming, and run like the juice. Ha, ha!

But I must not laugh too loudly, as you small soldier may hear me. Little pitchers have long ears.

Now for my sufferings.

The first is my stove.

My stove is made of a camp kettle.

It has such a vile draught that I think of giving it a lesson in drawing. *Joke.* Per-

haps you remember it of old in the jolly old Studio Building in Tenth Street. By the way how is WHITTREDGE?—I believe *he* imported that joke from Rome where he learned it of JULES DE MONTALANT who acquired it of CHAPMAN who got it from GIBSON, who learned it of THORWALDSEN who picked it up from DAVID who stole it from the elder VERNET to whom it had come down from MICHAEL ANGELO who cribbed it from ALBERT DURER who sucked it somehow from GIOTTO.

I wish you could see that stove. I cook in it and on it and all around the sides and underneath it. I wash my clothes in it, make punch in it, write on it, when cold sit on it, play poker on it, and occasionally use it for a trunk. It also gives music, for though it don't draw, it can sing.

My second friend is my Iron Bride—the sword. She is a useful creeter. Little did I think, when you, my beloved friends, presented me with that deadly brand, how useful she would prove in getting at the brandy, when I should have occasion to 'decap' a bottle. She kills pigs, cuts cheese, toasts pork, slices lemons, stirs coffee, licks the horses, scares Secesh, and cuts lead pencils. In a word, if I wished to give useful advice to a cavalry officer, it would be not to go to war without a sword.

A revolver is also extremely utilitarian. A *large* revolver, mind you, with *six* corks. Mine contains red and black pepper, salt, vinegar, oil, and ketchup—when I'm in a hurry. A curious circumstance once 'transpired,' as the missionaries say, in relation to this article of the *quizeen*. All the barrels were loaded—which I had forgotten—and so proceeded to give it an extra charge of groceries. * * *

It was a deadly fray. *Rang tang bang, paoufff!* We fought as if it had been a Sixth Ward election. Suddingly I found myself amid a swarm of my country's foes. Sabres slashed at me, and in my rage I determined to exterminate something. Looking around from mere force of habit to see that there were no police about, I drew my revolver and aimed at JIM MARRYGOLD of Charleston, whom I had last seen owling it in New Orleans, four years ago. He and DICK MIDDLETONGUE of Natchez (who carved the Butcher's Daughter at Florence, and who is now a Secesh major), came down with their cheese knives, evidently intending to carve *me*. Such language you never heard, such a diluvium of profanity, such double-shotted d—ns! I drew my pistol *at once*, and gave Dick a blizzard. The ball went through his ear—the red pepper took his eyes, while Jim received the shot in his hat, and with it the sweet oil. In this sweet state of affairs, CHARLEY RUFFEM of Savannah was

descending on me with his sabre. (He was the man who said my browns were all put in with guano.) I put him out of the way of criticism with a *third* barrel—killed him *dead*, and *salted* him.

The best of this war is, it enables me to exterminate so many *bad artists*.

The worst of it is that Charley owed me five dollars.

A fifth Secesh now made his appearance. We went it on the sword, and fought—for further particulars see *Ivanhoe*, volume second. My foe was RAWLEY CHIVERS, of Tuscumbia, Ala., and as the mischief would have it, he knew all my guards and cuts. We used to fence together, and had had more than one trial at '*fertig—los!*' on the old *Pauk-boden* in Heidelberg.

'Pop!' said he on the seventeenth round, 'are we going to chop all day?'

'CHIV,' said I, as I drew my castor, '*are you ready?*'

'Ready,' quoth he, effecting the same manœuvre—'*one, two, three.*'

I scratched his cheek, but the mustard settled him. Sputter—p'l'z'z'z—how he swore! I went at him with both hands.

'Priz?' I cried.

'Priz it is,' he answered.

So I took him off as a priz. He was very glad to go too, for he hadn't had a dinner for six weeks, and would have made a fine study for a Murillo beggar so ar as rags went.

I punish my men whenever I catch them foraging. Punish them by confiscation. Mild as I am by nature, I never allow them to keep stolen provisions—when I am hungry.

Yesterday evening I detected a vast German private with a colossal bull-turkey.

'Lay it down *there*, sir!' I exclaimed fiercely—indicating the floor of my tent as the bank of deposit.

'But den when I leafs it you eats de toorky up!' he exclaimed in sorrowful remonstrance.

'Yes,' I replied, like a Roman. 'Yes—I may *eat* it—but,' I added in tones of high moral conscientiousness, 'remember that I didn't *STEAL* it!'

He went forth abashed.

No more till it is eaten, from

Yours truly,

POPPY OYLE.

WE are indebted to a Philadelphia correspondent for the following:

Alas! that noble thoughts so oft
Are born to live but for an hour,
Then sleep in slumber of the soul
As droops at night the passion flower,

Their morn is like a summer sun
 With splendor dawning on the day—
 Their eve beholds that glory gone,
 And light with splendor fled away.

J. W. L.

True indeed. The difference between the great mind and the small is after all that the former can *retain* its 'noble thoughts,' while with the latter they are evanescent. And it is the glory of Art that it revives such feelings, and keeps early impressions alive.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

My love, in our light boat riding,
 We sat at the close of day;
 And still through the night went gliding,
 Afar on our watery way.

The Spirit Isle, soft glowing,
 Lay dimming 'neath moon and star;
 There music was softly flowing,
 And cloud dances waved afar:

And ever more sweetly pealing,
 And waving more winningly;
 But past it our boat went stealing,
 All sad on the wide, wide sea.

HERE is an

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR, from a Philadelphia correspondent:

'We had gone out one morning, while camping upon the river San Joaquin, to indulge in the sport of fowling. There were three of us, and we possessed two skiffs, but an accident had reduced our skulls to a single pair, which my companion used to propel one of the boats down the stream, after securing the other, with me as its occupant, in the midst of a thicket of tule, where I awaited in ambush the flying flocks. As geese and ducks abounded, and nearly all of my shots told, in a few hours I had killed plenty of game; but becoming weary, as the intervals lengthened between the flights of the birds, I sat down, and had already begun to nod dozingly, when a startling splash, near the river bank, instantly aroused me. Grasping my gun and springing upright, I looked in the direction whence the sound had come; but, owing to the intervening mass of tule, could not see what kind of animal—for such I at once conjectured it must be—had occasioned my sudden surprise. Having hitherto seen no domestic stock hereabouts, I therefore felt fully satisfied that it could not belong to a tame species. Judging from the noise of its still continued movements,

it was of no small bulk; and, if its ferocity were correspondent with its apparent size, this was indeed a beast to be dreaded.

'The thought at once occurred to me that, as I possessed neither oars nor other means of propulsion, it would be difficult to move the boat from its mooring if chance or acuteness of scent should lead the creature to my place of concealment. In short, this, with various suggestions of fancy, some of them ludicrously exaggerated, speedily made me apprehensive of imminent danger. Nor was my suspicion unfounded, for a crisis was at hand.

'There was a space of clear water between the river bank and the margin of the tule, in which the brute seemed to disport a few moments; and then the rustling of the reeds indicated that it was about to advance. With heavy footfalls it came toward me; as it approached my nervousness increased; I could not mistake that significant tread; undoubtedly it was a grizzly bear. But how could I escape? Bruin, though his progress was not unimpeded, was surely drawing near. Following my first impulse in this pressing emergency, I placed myself forward in the boat, and, seizing a handful of green blades on either side of it, endeavored, by violently pulling upon them, to force the craft through the thick growth which surrounded it. The headway of the skiff was slow, but my efforts were not silent. In fact, the commotion occasioned by my own panic became, to my hearing, so confounded with the sound made by my floundering pursuer that my excited imagination multiplied the single supposed bear, and the water seemed to be dashed about by several formidable 'grizzlies.'

'You smile, gentlemen, but really I was so impressed with this and like extravagant creations of fear that my better judgment was temporarily suspended. This deception, however, was only of momentary duration.

'Suddenly the skiff encountered some obstacle and remained immovable. Quickly clutching my gun and firing it aimlessly, I sprang overboard, and, with extraordinary energy, made for the other side of the river and safety.

'My remembrance of that hazardous crossing even now fills me with a sympathetic thrill. The river, near where I had leaped in, varied in depth from my middle to my neck, and the snaky stalks of tule clung to me, retarding my retreat like faithful allies of the enemy. An area of this plant extended to the channel, a distance of some fifty yards, where a clear current rendered swimming feasible; and this I essayed to reach, urged onward by terror, and regardless of ordinary obstructions. So vigorous was my action that, notwithstanding the frequent feversals of my head and

'head's antipodes' as I tripped over reeds and roots, perhaps I should have reached the 'point proposed' with only a loss equivalent to the proverbial 'year's growth,' had not a hidden snag unluckily lain in the way, which 'by hook or by crook' fastened itself in the part of my trowsers exactly corresponding, when dry, with that 'broad disk of drab' finally seen, after much anxiety, by the curious Geoffrey Crayon between the parted coat-skirts of a certain mysterious 'Stout Gentleman,' and inextricably held me in check despite my frantic struggles.

'Imagine my feelings while thus entangled by a bond of enduring material, a bait for a fierce brute which eagerly pressed forward to snap at me. Believe me, boys, this was *not* the happiest moment of my life. I knew no reason why I should resignedly submit to so undistinguished a fate. My knife, however, was in the boat, so that my release could only be attained by extreme exertion. Accordingly I writhed and jerked with my 'best violence,' all the time denouncing the whole race of bears, from 'Noah's pets' down; and, you may be sure, emphatically expressing not a very exalted opinion of snags.

'Ah! how that brief period of horrible *suspense* appeared to stretch out almost to the crack of doom. I roared lustily for help, but no aid came. The bear continued its course through the thicket; in another instant I might be seized.

'Rather than suffer such a 'taking off' as this, which now seemed inevitable, I should have welcomed as an easy death any method of exit from life that I might hitherto have deprecated. Incited then by the proximity of the beast, which so intensified the horror of my situation, to a last desperate effort to avert this much dreaded fate; and, concentrating nearly a superhuman strength upon one impetuous bound, *the stubborn fabric burst*, and—joy possessed my soul!

'Even greater than my recent misery was the ecstasy which succeeded my liberation. The happy sense of relief imparted to me such a feeling of buoyancy that I was enabled to extricate myself from this 'slough of despond,' and I soon reached the swift current, when a few strokes landed me in security on a jutting bar.

'Without unnecessary delay I sought out my comrades, to whom I told the story of my escape. Their response was a hearty laugh, and certain equivocal words which might imply doubt—not as to my fright, for that was too plain—but concerning the identity of the 'grizzly.' I observed, however, that, as they rowed nearer to the scene of my disaster, their display of levity lessened; and as we

came within sight of the suspicious locality, there was not the 'ghost of a joke' on board; but, on the contrary, they both charged me to 'keep a bright look out,' as well as to 'see that the arms were all right,' thus showing a remarkable diminution of their previous incredulity.

'While cautiously exploring the vicinity of my memorable flight, we saw the bear in the distance, upon a piece of rising ground. It moved off with a lumbering shuffle and probably a contented stomach, for, on searching for my scattered game, we found but little of it left besides sundry fragments and many feathers.'

In the old times people received queer names, and plenty of them. On Long Island a Mr. Crabb named a child 'Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Crabb.' The child went by the name of *Trippy*. Scores of such names could be cited. The practice of giving long and curious names is not yet out of date. In Saybrook, Conn., is a family by the name of Beman, whose children are successively named as follows:

1. Jonathan Hubbard Lubbard Lambard Hunk Dan Dunk Peter Jacobus Lackany Christian Beman.

2. Prince Frederick Henry Jacob Zacheus Christian Beman.

3. Queen Caroline Sarah Rogers Ruhamah Christian Beman.

4. Charity Freelove Ruth Grace Mercy Truth Faith and Hope and Peace pursue I'll have no more to do for that will go clear through Christian Beman.

Some of the older American names were not unmusical. In a Genealogical Register open before us we frequently find Dulcena, Eusena, Sabra, and Norman; 'Czarina' also occurs. Rather peculiar at the present day are Puah and Azoa (girls), Albion, Ardelia, Philomelia, Serepta, Persis, Electa, Typhenia, Lois, Selim, Damarias, Thankful, Sephenia, Zena, Experience, Hilpa, Penninnah, Juduthum, Freelove, Luthena, Meriba (this lady married 'Oney Anness' at Providence, R. I., in 1785), Paris, Francena, Vienna, Florantina, Phedora, Azuba, Achsah, Alma, Arad, Asenah, Braman, Cairo, Candace, China (this was a Miss Ware—China Ware—who married Moses Bullen at Sherburne, Mass., in 1805), Curatia, Deliverance, Diadema, Electus, Hopedill, Izanna,

Loannis, Loravia, Lovice, Orilla, Orison, Osro, Ozoro, Permelia, Philinda, Roavea, Rozilla, Royal, Salmon, Saloma, Samantha, Silence, Siley, Alamená, Eda, Aseneth, Bloomy, Syrell, Geneora, Burlin, Idella, Hadassch, Patrora (Martainly), Allethina, Philura, and Zebina.

Some of these names are still extant—most have become obsolete. It would be a commendable idea should some scholar publish a work containing the Names of all Nations !

DOUBTLESS the reader has heard much of the Wandering Jew and of his trials, but we venture to say that he has probably not encountered a more affecting state of the case than is set forth in the following lyric, translated from the German, in which language it is entitled 'Ahasver,' and beginneth as follows :

THE EVERLASTING OLD JEW.

'Ich bin der alte
Ahasver,
Ich wand're hin,
Ich wand're her.
Mein Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer,
Und nimmermehr.'

I am the old
Ahasuér ;
I wander here,
I wander there.
My rest is gone,
My heart is sair ;
I find it never,
And nevermair.

Loud roars the storm,
The milldams tear ;
I cannot perish,
O *malheur* !

My heart is void,
My head is bare ;
I am the old
Ahasuér.

Belloweth ox
And danceth bear,
I find them never,
Never mair.

I'm the old Hebrew
On a tare ;
I order arms :
My heart is sair.

I'm goaded round,
I know not where :
I wander here,
I wander there.

I'd like to sleep,
But must forbear :
I am the old
Ahasuér.

I meet folks alway
Unaware :
My rest is gone,
I'm in despair.
I cross all lands,
The sea I dare :
I travel here,
I wander there.

I feel each pain,
I sometimes swear :
I am the old
Ahasuér.
Criss-cross I wander
Anywhere ;
I find it never,
Never mair.

Against the wale
I lean my spear ;
I find no quiet,
I declare.
My peace is lost,
My heart is sair :
I swing like pendulum in air.

I'm hard of hearing,
You're aware ?
Curaçoa is
A fine *liqueur*.
I listed once
En militaire :
I find no comfort
Anywhere.

But what's to stop it ?
Pray declare !
My peace is gone,
My heart is sair :
I am the old
Ahasuér.
Now I know nothing,
Nothing mair.

Truly a hard case, and one far surpassing the paltry picturing of Eugène Sue. There is a vagueness of mind and a senile bewilderment manifested in this poem, which is indeed remarkable.

ONE fine day, some time ago, SAVIN and PIDGEON were walking down Fifth avenue to their offices.

A funeral was starting from No. —. On the door plate was the word IRVING.

'Such is life,' said Savin. 'All that is mortal of the great essayist is being borne to the grave : in fact, the cold and silent tomb.'

A tear came to Pidgeon's eye. Pidgeon has an enthusiastic veneration for genius. He adores literary talent.

'Savin,' said he, 'there is a seat vacant in this carriage. I will enter it, and pay my last tribute of respect to the illustrious departed. But I thought he had a place up the river.'

'This was his town house,' said Savin. 'How I should like to join with you in your thoughtful remembrance, and in your somewhat unceleritous journey to the churchyard! But, no, the case of Blackbridge *vs.* Bridge-black will be called at twelve, and I have no time to lose.'

Pidgeon entered the carriage. There was a large man on the seat, but Pigeon found room beside him. The carriage slowly moved off. Pidgeon put his handkerchief to his eyes; the large man coughed and took a chew of tobacco.

Presently said Pidgeon :

'We are following to the grave the remains of a splendid writer.'

'Uncommon,' said the large man. 'Sech a man with a pen *I* never sec—ekalled by few, and excelled by none; copperplate wasn't nowhere.'

'Indeed,' replied Pidgeon, 'I wasn't aware his chirography was so unusually elegant; but his books were magnificent, weren't they? So equable, too, and without that bold speculation that we too often meet with, nowadays.'

'Ah, you may well say so,' returned the large man. 'He always kept them himself; had 'em sent up to his house whenever he was sick, likeways; but he wasn't without his bold speculations neither. Look at that there operation of his into figs, last year.'

'Figs!'

'Figs, yes; and there was dates into the same cargo.'

'Dates! figs! My good friend, do you mean to say that the great Washington Irving speculated in groceries?'

'Lord, no, not that *I* know of. This here is Josh Irving, whose remains'—

Pidgeon opened the carriage door, and, being agile, got out without stopping the procession. Arriving at his office, where the boy was diligently occupied in sticking red wafers over the velvet of his desk lid, he took down 'Sugden on Vendors,' to ascertain if there was any legal remedy for the manner in which he had been sold, and at the latest dates had unsuccessfully travelled nearly half through that very entertaining volume.

THERE is no time to be lost. Either the Union is to be made stronger, or it is to perish; and the sooner every man's position is defined, the better. If you are opposed to the war, say so, and step over to Secession, but do not falter and equivocate, croak and grumble, and play the bat of the fable. The manly, good, old-fashioned Democrats, at least, are above this, and are rapidly dividing from the copperheads. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, a staunch patriotic journal, says :

'The sooner that the fact is made clear that the mass of the Democrats, as well as of all other parties, are loyal and opposed to the infamous teachings of Vallandigham, Biddle, Reed, Ingersoll, Wood, and their compeers, the sooner will the war be brought to an end and the Union be restored.'

Show your colors. Let us know at once who and what everybody is, in this great struggle.

LOVE-LIFE.

IN a forest lone, 'neath a mossy stone,
Pale flowrets grew :
No sunlight fell in the sombre dell,
Raindrop nor dew.

Bring them to light, where all is bright,
See if they grow ?
Yes, stem and leaf are green,
While, hid in crimson sheen,
The petals glow.

Girl blossoms, too, love the sun and dew,
And the soft air :
Hidden from love's eye they fade and die,
In city low or cloister high,
Yes, everywhere.

Give them but love, the fire from above,
And they will grow,
The once cold children of the gloom,
Rich in their bloom, shedding perfume
On high and low.

We beg leave to remind our readers that Mr. LELAND's new book, *Sunshine in Thought*, retail price \$1, is given as a premium to all who subscribe \$3 in advance to the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY. Will the reader permit us to call attention to the following notice of the work from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* :

'A beautiful volume, entitled *Sunshine in Thought*, by Charles Godfrey Leland, has just been published by Charles T. Evans. No work from Mr. Leland's pen has afforded us so much pleasure, and we recommend it to all who

want and relish bright, refreshing, cheering reading. It consists of a number of essays, the main idea of which is to inculcate joyousness in thought and feeling, in opposition to the sickly, sentimental seriousness which is so much affected in literature and in society. That a volume based on this one idea should be filled with reading that is never tiresome, is a proof of great cleverness. But Mr. Leland's varied learning, and his extensive acquaintance with foreign as well as English literature, combine with his native talent to qualify him for such a work. He has done nothing so well, not even his admirable translation of Heine's *Reisebilder*. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his motto, '*Hilariter*,' and in expressing his bright thoughts, he has been peculiarly felicitous in style. Nothing of his that we have read shows so much elegance and polish. Every chapter in the book is delightful, but we especially enjoyed that on 'Tannhäuser,' with the fine translation and subsequent elucidation of the famous legend.' But the boldest and most original chapter is the concluding one, with its strange speculations on 'The Musical After-Life of the Soul,' and the after-death experience of 'Dione' and 'Bel-er-oph-on,' which the author characterizes in the conclusion as 'an idle, fantastic, foolish dream.' So it may be, but it is as vividly told as any dream of the Opium-Eater or the Hasheesh-Eater. Mr. Leland is to be congratulated on his *Sunshine in Thought*. It is a book that will be enjoyed by every reader of culture, and its effect will be good wherever it is read.'

The aim proposed in this work is one of great interest at the present time, or, as the Philadelphia *North American* declares, 'is a great and noble one'—'to aid in fully developing the glorious problem of freeing labor from every drawback, and of constantly raising it and intellect in the social scale.' 'Mr. LELAND believes that one of the most powerful levers for raising labor to its true position in the estimation of the world, is the encouragement of cheerfulness and joyousness in every phase of literature and of practical life.' 'The work is one long, glowing sermon, the text of which is the example of Jesus Christ.'

E. K.

BUST-HEAD WHISKEY.

For two days the quiet of the Rising Sun Tavern, in the quaint little town of Shearsville, Ohio, was disturbed by a drunken Democratic member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who visited the town in order to address what he hoped would turn out to be the assembled

multitude of copperheads, but which proved after all no great snakes!

For two days this worthless vagabond insulted travellers stopping at the tavern, until at last the landlord's wife, a woman of some intelligence, determined to have her revenge, since no man on the premises had pluck enough to give the sot the thrashing he so well merited.

On the third day, after a very severe night's carouse on bust-head whiskey, the Pennsylvanian appeared at the breakfast table, looking sadly the worse for wear, and having an awful headache. The landlady having previously removed the only looking glass in the tavern—one hanging in the barroom—said to the beast as he sat down to table:

'Poor man! oh, what *is* the matter with your face? It is terribly swollen, and your whole head too. Can't I do something for you? send for the doctor, or'—

The legislator, who was in a state of half-besottedness, listened with sharp ears to this remark, but believing the landlady was only making fun of him, interrupted her with—

'There ain't nothin' the matter with my head. I'm all right; only a little headache what don't 'mount to nothing.'

But a man who sat opposite to him at table, and who had his clue from the landlady, said with an alarmed look—

'I say, mister, I don't know it's any of my business, but I'll be hanged for a horse thief, if your head ain't swelled up twicet its nat'ral size. You'd better do something for it, I'm thinking.'

The drunken legislator! (Legislator, *n.* One who makes laws for a state: vide dictionary) believing at last that his face must in fact be swollen, since several other travellers, who were in the plot, also spoke to him of his shocking appearance, got up from the table and went out to the barroom to consult the looking glass, such luxuries not being placed in the chambers. But there was no glass there. After some time he found the landlady, and she told him that the barroom glass was broken, but she could lend him a small one; which she at once gave him.

The poor sot, with trembling hand, held it in front of his face, and looked in.

'Well,' said he, 'if that ain't a swelled head I hope I may never be a senator! or sell my vote again at Harrisburg.'

'Poor man!' exclaimed the bystanders.

'Fellers,' said the legislator, 'wot d'ye think I'd better do?' Here he gave another hard look in the glass. 'I ought to be back in Harrisburg right off, but I cant go with a head like that onto me. Nobody'd give me ten cents to vote for 'em with such a head as that. It's a'—

'Big thing,' interrupted a bystander.

'Fellers,' said the blackguard, 'I'll kill a feller any day of the week, with old rye, if he'll only tell er feller how to cure this head of mine.'

'Have it shaved, sir, by all means,' spoke the landlady: 'shaved at once, and then a mild fly blister will draw out the inflammation, and the swelling will go down. Don't you think so, doctor?'

The doctor thus addressed was a cow doctor, but, accustomed to attending brutes, his advice was worth something in the present case; so he also recommended shaving and blistering.

'I'll go git the barber right off the reel, sha'n't I?' asked the doctor, to which the legislator assenting, it chanced that in fifteen minutes his head was as bald as a billiard ball, and in a few more was covered with a good-sized fly blister.

'Ouch—good woman—how it hurts!' he cried. But that was only the beginning of it.

'Ee—ea—ah!' he roared, as it grew hotter and hotter. One might have heard him a mile. The neighbors did hear it, and rushed in. The joke was 'contaminated' round among them, and they enjoyed it. He had disgusted them all.

'Golly! what a big head!' cried a bystander.

The legislator took another look at the glass. They held it about a yard from him.

'It's gittin' smaller, ain't it?' he groaned.

'Yes, it's wiltin',' said the landlady. 'Now go to bed.'

He went, and on rising departed. Whether he ever became an honest man is not known, but the legend says he has from that day avoided 'bust-head whiskey.'

Don't you *see* it, reader? The landlady had shown him his face in a convex mirror—one of those old-fashioned things, which may occasionally be found in country taverns.

WAR-WAIFS.

THE chronicles of war in all ages show us that this internecine strife into which we of the North have been driven by those who will eventually rue the necessity, is by no manner of means the first in which brother has literally been pitted against brother in the deadly 'tug of war.' The fiercest con-

flict of the kind, however, which we can at present call up from the memory of past readings, was one in which THEODEBERT, king of Austria, took the field against his own brother, THIERRI, king of Burgundy. Historians tell us that, so close was the hand-to-hand fighting in this battle, slain soldiers did not fall until the *mêlée* was over, but were borne to and fro in an upright position amid the serried ranks.

Although many and many of England's greatest battles have been won for her by her Irish soldiers, it is not always that the latter can be depended upon by her. With the Celt, above all men, 'blood is thicker than water;' and, although he is very handy at breaking the head of another Celt with a blackthorn 'alpeen,' in a free faction fight, he objects to making assaults upon his fellow countrymen with the 'pomp and circumstance of war.' A striking instance of this occurred during the Irish rebellion of 1798. The 5th Royal Irish Light Dragoons refused to charge upon a body of the rebels when the word was given. Not a man or horse stirred from the ranks. Here was a difficult card to play, now, for the authorities, because it would have been inconvenient to try the whole regiment by court martial, and the soldiers were quite too valuable to be mowed down *en masse*. The only course left was to disband the regiment, which was done. The disaffected men were distributed into regiments serving in India and other remote colonies, and the officers, none of whom, we believe, were involved in the mutiny, were provided for in various quarters. The circumstance was commemorated in a curious way. It was ordered that the 5th Royal Irish Light Dragoons should be erased from the records of the army list, in which a blank between the 4th and 6th Dragoons should remain forever, as a memorial of disgrace. For upward of half a century this gap remained in the army list, as anybody may see by referring to any number of that publication of half-a-dozen years back. The regiment was revived during, or just after, the Crimean war, and the numbers in the army list are once more complete.

THE
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THE GREAT PRAIRIE STATE.

I SHOULD not wonder if some of your readers were less acquainted with this Western Behemoth of a State than with the republic of San Marino, which is about as large as a pocket handkerchief. The one has a history, which the other as yet has not, and of all people in the world, our own dear countrymen—with all their talk about Niagara, and enormous lakes, and prodigious rivers—care the least for great natural features of country, and the most for historical and romantic associations. When an Englishman, landing at New York, begins at once to inquire for the prairies, it is only very polite New Yorkers who can refrain from laughing at him.

But it is not so much of natural features that I wish to speak at present. Illinois has been abused lately; brought into discredit by the misbehavior of some of her sons; but this only makes her loyal friends love her the more, knowing well how good her heart is, how high-toned her feeling, how determined her courage.

Looking at this State from New York, the image is that of a great green prairie, the monotony of whose surface is scarcely broken by the rivers which cross it here and there, and the great

lines of railroad that serve as causeways through the desperate mud of spring and winter. A scattered people, who till the unctuous black soil only too easily, and leave as much of the crop rotting on the ground through neglect as would support the entire population; rude though thriving towns, where the grocery and the tavern, the ball room and the race course are more lovingly patronized than the church, the Sunday school, and the lyceum; where party spirit runs high, and elections are attended to, whatever else may be forgotten; where very unseemly jokes are current, and language far from choice passes unrebuked in society; in short, where what are known as 'Western characteristics' bear undisputed sway, making their natal region anything but a congenial residence for strangers of an unaccommodating disposition—such is the picture.

It were useless to deny that most of the points here indicated would be recognized and placed on his map by a Moral and Social topographer who should make the tour of the entire State from Cairo to Dunleith, both inclusive; but it is none the less certain that if he noted only these he would

ill deserve his title. Cicero had a huge, unsightly wart on his eloquent nose; the fair mother of Queen Elizabeth, a 'supplemental nail' on one of her beautiful hands; Italy has her Pontine Marshes, New York city her 'Sixth Ward'; but he must be a green-eyed monster indeed who would represent these as characteristics. Illinois deserves an explorer with clear, kind eyes, and a historiographer as genial as Motley. All in good time. She will 'grow' these, probably. While we are waiting for them, let us prepare a few jottings for their use.

A great State is a great thing, certainly, but mere extent or mere material wealth, without intellectual and social refinement and a high moral tone, can never excite very deep interest. Not that we can expect to find every desirable thing actually existent in a country as soon as it is partially settled and in possession of the first necessities of human society. But we may expect aspirations after the best things, and a determination to acquire and uphold them. These United States of ours—God bless them forever!—have a constitutional provision against the undue preponderance of physical advantages over those of a higher kind. Rhode Island (loyal to the core), and Delaware (just loyal enough to keep her sweet), each sends her two Senators to Congress; and huge Illinois—whom certain ill-advised Philistines are trying to make a blind Samson of—can send no more. If we say the State that sends the best men is the greatest State (for the time, especially the present time), 'all the people shall answer Amen!' for one loyal heart, just now, is more precious than millions of fat acres. Whether Illinois could prudently submit to this appraisal just at the present moment, remains to be proved; but that her heart is loyal as well as brave, there can be no question.

Without going back, in philosophical style, to the creation of the world,

we may say that the State had a good beginning. Father Marquette and his pious comrade Allouez, both soldiers of the Cross, explored her northern wilds for God, and not for greed. They saw her solid and serene beauty, and presaged her greatness, and they did all that wise and devoted Catholic missionaries could do toward sanctifying her soil to good ends forever. They found 'a peaceful and manly tribe' in her interior, the name Illinois signifying 'men of men,' and the superiority of the tribe to all the other Indians of the region justifying the appellation. Allouez said, 'Their country is the best field for the gospel,' and he planted it as well as he could with what he believed to be the Tree of Life, long nourished with the prayers and tears of himself and his successors. The Indians took kindly to the teaching of the good and wise Frenchman, and it is said that even after troubles had begun to arise, owing, as usual, to the misconduct of rapacious and unprincipled white settlers, many of the Indians held fast by their newly adopted faith, and even showed some good fruits of it in forbearance and honesty of dealing. All this was not far from contemporary with the period when Cotton Mather, in New England, while teaching the principles of civil government, was persecuting Quakers and burning witches; and in yet another part of the new country, William Penn, neither Catholic nor Puritan, was making fair and honest treaties with savages, and winning them, by the negative virtue of truthfulness, to believe that white men could be friends.

The Great Colbert, minister to Louis XIV, under whose auspices the French missionaries had been sent out, very soon came to the conclusion that it was important to enlarge and strengthen French influence in this great new country, particularly after he had ascertained the existence of the 'Great River,' which Father Marquette had undertaken to explore, and by means

of which he expected to open trade with China! But the minister of finance required rather more worldly agents than the single-hearted and devoted ministers of religion, and he found a fitting instrument in the young and ardent Robert de la Salle, a Frenchman of enterprise and sagacity, worldly enough in his motives, but of indomitable energy and perseverance. He was very successful in establishing commerce in furs and other productions of the country, but lost his life somewhere near the mouth of the Mississippi, which he first explored, after escaping a thousand dangers. His name is famous in the land, and a large town was called after it; but what would he say if he heard his patronymic transformed into 'Lay-sell,' as it is, universally, among the 'natives'?

It is in La Salle's first *procès verbal* for his government that we find the first mention of the river 'Chekagou,' a lonely stream then, but which now reflects a number of houses and stores, tall steeples, colossal grain depots, and—the splendid edifice which fitly enshrines the northern terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, the greatest railway in the world, and certainly one of the wonders which even the ambitious and sanguine La Salle never dreamed of; a daily messenger of light and life through seven hundred miles of country, which, without it, would have remained a wilderness to this day.

The first settler on the banks of this now so famous river was a black man from St. Domingo, Jean Baptiste Pointau-Sable by name, who brought some wealth with him, and built a residence which must have seemed grand for that time and place. He did not stay long, however, and the Indians, who had probably suffered some things from the arrogance of their white neighbors, thought it a good joke to say that 'the first 'white man' that settled there was a negro.' Like some other jokes, this one seems to have rankled deep and

long, for to this day Illinois tolerates neither negro nor Indian. The Indian, as an Indian, has no foothold in the State; and the negro, even in the guise of born and skilled laborer in the production of the crops which form the wealth of the country, and of the new ones which are to be transplanted hither in consequence of the war, is forbidden, under heavy penalties, to set foot within her boundaries—the threat of slavery, like a flaming sword, guarding the entrance of this paradise of the laborer.

Illinois has not suffered as much in tone and character from unprincipled speculators as some others of the new States. Her early settlers were generally men of muscle, mental as well as bodily; men who did not so much expect to live by their wits and other people's folly, as by their own industry and enterprise. Among the early inhabitants of Chicago and other important towns, were some whose talents and character would have been valuable anywhere. Public spirit abounded, and the men of that day evidently felt as men should feel who are destined to be the ancestors of great cities. In 1837, when the business affairs of Chicago were in a distressing state, and private insolvency was rather the rule than the exception, many debtors and a few demagogues called a public meeting, the real though not the avowed object of which was to bring about some form of repudiation. Some inflammatory suggestions, designed to excite to desperate thoughts those whose affairs were cruelly embarrassed, having wrought up the assembly to the point of forgetting all but the distresses of the moment, a call was made for the mayor, who came forward, and in a few calm and judicious words besought all present to pause before they ventured on dishonorable expedients. He entreated them to bear up with the courage of men, remembering that no calamity was so great as the loss of self-respect; that it were better for

them to conceal their misfortunes than to proclaim them; that many a fortress had been saved by the courage of its defenders, and their determination to conceal its weakened condition at all sacrifices. 'Above all things,' he said, 'do not tarnish the honor of our infant city!'

These manly words called up manly thoughts, and the hour of danger passed by.

At one time the legislature were induced, by means of various tricks, together with some touches of that high-handed insolence by which such things are accomplished, to pass a resolution for a convention to alter the constitution of the State, with a view to the introduction of SLAVERY. One of the newspapers ventured an article which exposed the scandalous means by which the resolutions had been carried through the House. The 'proofs' of this article were stolen from the printing office, and the parties implicated in this larceny attempted to induce a mob to demolish the office and the offending editor. But the pluck which originated the stinging article sufficed for the defence of the office. The effort to establish slavery in Illinois was kept up for a year or more, but the bold editor and other friends of freedom labored incessantly for the honor of the State, and succeeded at length in procuring an overwhelming vote against the threatened disgrace.

Laws against duelling are laughed at in other States, but Illinois made hers in earnest, affixing the penalty of death to the deliberate killing of a man, even under the so-called code of honor. This severe law did not suffice to prevent a fatal duel, the actors of which probably expected to elude the penalty with the usual facility. The State, however, in all simplicity, hung the survivor, and from that day to this has had no further occasion for such severity.

Of late, the same Personage who has in all ages been disposed to buy men's

souls at his own delusive price, and to make his dupes sign the infernal contract with their blood, has been very busy in certain parts of the State, trying to get signatures, under the miserable pretence that party pays better than patriotism, and that times of whirlwind and disaster are those in which he, the contractor, has most power to advance the interests of his adherents. But some of those who listened most greedily to the glozings of the arch deceiver begin already to repent, and are ready to call upon higher powers to interfere and efface the record of their momentary weakness. In all *diablerie* the *fiat* of a superior can release a victim, so we may hope that godlike patriotism may not only forgive the penitent, but absolve him from the consequences of his own rash folly. To have been instrumental in dimming for one moment the glorious escutcheon of Illinois, requires pardon. To such words as have been spoken by some of her sons we may apply the poet's sentence:

'To speak them were a deadly sin!

And for having but thought them thy heart
within

A treble penance must be done.'

The recent Message of Governor Yates is full of spirit, the right spirit, a warm and generous, a courageous and patriotic one. He glories in the great things he has to tell, but it is not 'as the fool boasteth,' but rather as the apostle, who, when he recounts only plain and manifest truths, says, 'Bear with me.' And truly, what wonders have been achieved by the 'men of men'! Since the war began, Illinois, though she has given one hundred and thirty-five thousand of her able-bodied men to the field, and though the closing of the Mississippi has produced incalculable loss, has sent away food enough to supply ten millions of people, and she has now remaining, of last year's produce, as much as can be shipped in a year. This enormous productiveness has given rise to the idea that

Illinois is principally a grain-growing State, but she none the less possesses every requisite for commerce and manufactures. Not content even in war time with keeping up all her old sources of wealth, she has added to the list the production of sugar, tobacco, and even cotton, all of which have been found to flourish in nearly every portion of the State. The seventh State in point of population in 1850, she was the fourth in 1860, and in the production of coal she has made a similar advance. In railroads she is in reality the first, though nominally only the second; possessing three thousand miles, intersecting the State in all directions. Ten years ago the cost of all the railroad property within her bounds was about \$1,500,000; in 1860 it was \$104,944,561—an instance of progress unparalleled. But these are not the greatest things.

Education receives the most enlightened attention, and all that the ruling powers can accomplish in persuading the people to avail themselves of the very best opportunities for mental enlargement and generous cultivation is faithfully done. It is for the people themselves to decide whether they will be content with the mere rudiments of education, or accept its highest gifts, gratis, at the hands of the State. If the pursuit of the material wealth which lies so temptingly around them should turn aside their thoughts from this far greater boon, or so pervert their minds as to render them insensible to its value, they will put that material wealth to shame. It is true that in some cases the disgust felt by loyal citizens at infamous political interference may have operated to prevent their sending their children to school; but these evils are sectional and limited, and the schools themselves will, before long, so enlighten the dark regions as to render such stupidity impossible. It is to the infinite credit of the State that since the war began there has been no diminution, but on the contrary, an

increase in schools, both private and public, in number of pupils, teachers, school houses, and amount of school funds. Of eight thousand two hundred and twenty-three male teachers in 1860, *three thousand* went to the war, showing that it is among her most intelligent and instructed classes that we are to look for the patriotism of Illinois. The deficiency thus created operated legitimately and advantageously in giving employment to a greatly increased number of female teachers.

As to patriotism, let not the few bring disgrace upon the many. It is true that scarcely a day passes unmarked by the discovery that some grovelling wretch has been writing to the army to persuade soldiers to desert on political grounds; yet as these disgraceful letters, as published in the papers, give conclusive proof of the utter ignorance of their writers, we must not judge the spirit of the State by them, any more than by the louder disloyal utterances of men who have not their excuse. Governor Yates speaks for the PEOPLE when he says:

‘Our State has stood nobly by the Constitution and the Union. She has not faltered for a moment in her devotion. She has sent her sons in thousands to defend the Flag and avenge the insults heaped upon it by the traitor hordes who have dared to trail it in the dust. On every battle field she has poured out her blood, a willing sacrifice, and she still stands ready to do or die. She has sent out also the Angel of Mercy side by side with him who carries the flaming sword of War. On the battle field, amid the dying and the dead; in the hospital among the sick and wounded of our State, may be seen her sons and daughters, ministering consolation and shedding the blessings of a divine charity which knows no fear, which dreadeth not the pestilence that walketh by night or the bullet of the foe by day.’

Governor Yates himself, on receiving intelligence of the battle of Fort Donelson, repaired at once to the scene of suffering, feeling—like the lamented Governor Harvey of Wisconsin, who lost

his life in the same service—that where public good is to be done, the State should be worthily and effectively represented by her chief executive officer. There on the spot, trusting to no hearsay, Mr. Yates, while distributing the bounteous stores of which he was the bearer, ascertained by actual observation the condition and wants of the troops, and at once set about devising measures of relief. After Shiloh, that Golgotha of our brave boys, the Governor organized a large corps of surgeons and nurses, and went himself to Pittsburg Landing to find such suffering and such destitution as ought never to exist on the soil of our bounteous land, under any possible conjuncture of circumstances, however untoward and unprecedented. Without surgeons or surgical appliances, without hospital supplies, and, above all, worse than all, without SYSTEM, there lay the defenders of our national life, their wounds baking in the hot sun, worms devouring their substance while yet the breath of life kept their desolate hearts beating. Doing all that could be done on the spot, and bringing away all who could be brought, the Governor returned, sending the adjutant-general back on the same errand, and going himself a second time as soon as a new supply of surgeons and sanitary stores, contributed by private kindness, could be got together. And so on, as long as the necessity existed. The great expenses involved in the relief and transportation of many thousands of sick and wounded, expenses unusual and not provided for by law, were gladly borne by the State, and careful provision was made against the recurrence of the evil. May our Heavenly Father in His great mercy so order the future as to make these preparations unnecessary, wise and humane though they be! Says Governor Yates:

‘I have hope for my country, because I think the right policy has been adopted. There remains but one other

thing to make my assurance doubly sure; and that is, I want to see no divisions among the friends of the Union in the loyal States. Could I know that the people of the Free States were willing to ignore party, and resolved to act with one purpose and one will for the vigorous prosecution of the war and the restoration of the Union, then I should have no doubt of a happy end to all our difficulties. * * *

‘If the members of this General Assembly, and the press and people of Illinois, in the spirit of lofty patriotism, could lay aside everything of a party character, and evince to the country, to our army, and, especially to the secession States, that we are one in heart and sentiment for every measure for the vigorous prosecution of the war, it would have a more marked effect upon the suppression of the rebellion than great victories achieved over the enemy upon the battle field. For, when the North shall present an undivided front—a stern and unfaltering purpose to exhaust every available means to suppress the rebellion, then the last prop of the latter will have fallen from under it, and it will succumb and sue for peace. Should divisions mark our councils, or any considerable portion of our people give signs of hesitation, then a shout of exultation will go up, throughout all the hosts of rebeldom, and bonfires and illuminations be kindled in every Southern city, hailing our divisions as the sure harbingers of their success. We must stand by the President, and send up to him, and to our brave armies in the field, the support of an undivided sentiment and one universal cheer from the masses of all the loyal States. The stern realities of actual war have produced unanimity among our soldiers in the army. With them the paltry contests of men for political power dwindle into insignificance before the mightier question of the preservation of the national life. Coming into closer contact with Southern men and society, the sentiments of those who looked favorably upon Southern institutions have shifted round. They have now formed their own opinions of the proper relations of the Federal Government to them, which no sophistry of the mere politician can ever change. Seeing for themselves slavery and its effects upon both master and slave, they learn to hate it and swear eternal hostility to it in their

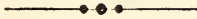
hearts. Fighting for their country, they learn doubly to love it. Fighting for the Union, they resolve to preserve, at all hazards, the glorious palladium of our liberties.

'I believe this infernal rebellion can be, ought to be, and will be subdued. The land may be left a howling waste, desolated by the bloody footsteps of war, from Delaware bay to the gulf, but our territory shall remain unmutated—the country shall be one, and it shall be free in all its broad boundaries, from Maine to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean.

'In any event, may we be able to

act a worthy part in the trying scenes through which we are passing; and should the star of our destiny sink to rise no more, may we feel for ourselves and may history preserve our record clear before heaven and earth, and hand down the testimony to our children, that we have done all, perilled and endured all, to perpetuate the priceless heritage of Liberty and Union, unimpaired to our posterity.'

And in this fervid utterance of our warm-hearted Governor, the free choice of a free people, let us consider Illinois as expressing her honest sentiments.



A WINTER IN CAMP.

I WAS painfully infusing my own 'small Latin and less Greek' into the young Shakspeares of a Western college, when the appointment of a friend to the command of the —th Iowa regiment opened to me a place upon his staff. Three days afterward, in one of the rough board-shanties of Camp McClellan, I was making preparations for my first dress parade. The less said of the *dress* of that parade, the better. There was no lack of comfortable clothing, but every man had evidently worn the suit he was most willing to throw away when his Uncle Samuel presented him with a new one; and a regiment of such suits drawn up in line, made but a sorry figure in comparison with the smartly uniformed —th, which had just left the ground. Their colonel, in the first glory of his sword and shoulder straps, was replaced by a very rough-looking individual, with a shabby slouched hat pushed far back on his head, and a rusty overcoat, open just far enough to show the place where a cravat might have been. It was very plain, as he stood there with his arms folded,

thin lips compressed, and gray eyes hardly visible under their shaggy brows, that whether he *looked* the colonel or not was the last thought likely to trouble him. I fancied that he did, in spite of all, and that he saw a great deal of good stuff in the party-colored rows before him, which he would know how to use when the right moment came: subsequent events proved that I was not mistaken. The regiment had no reason to be ashamed of their rough colonel, even when the two hundred that were left of them laid down their arms late in the afternoon of that bloody Sabbath at Shiloh, on the very spot where the swelling tide of rebels had beaten upon them like a rock all day long.

But these after achievements are no part of my present story. The more striking passages of this great war for freedom will be well and fully told. Victories like Donelson, death-struggles like that on the plains of Shiloh, will take their place in ample proportions on the page of history. As years roll on they will stand out in strong re-

lief, and be the mountain tops which receding posterity will still recognize when all the rest has sunk beneath the horizon. It were well that some record should also be made of the long and dull days and weeks and months that intervened between these stirring incidents: at least that enough should be told of them to remind our children that they existed, and in this as in all other wars, made up the great bulk of its toils. This indeed seems the hardest lesson for every one but soldiers to learn. Few but those who have had actual experience know how small a part fighting plays in war; how little of the soldier's hardships and privations, how little of his dangers even are met upon the battle field. Tame as stories of barrack life must seem when we are thrilling with the great events for which that life furnishes the substratum, it is worth our while, for the sake of this lesson, to give them also their page upon the record, to spread these neutral tints in due proportion upon the broad canvas. It is partly for this reason that I turn back to sketch the trivial and monotonous scenes of a winter in barracks. It is well to remind you, dear young friends, feminine and otherwise, at home, that a great many days and nights of patient labor go to one brilliant battle. When your loudest huzzas and your sweetest smiles are showered on the lucky ones who have achieved great deeds and walked through the red baptism of fire, remember also how much true courage and fortitude have been shown in bearing the daily hardships of the camp, without the excitement of hand-to-hand conflict.

The new uniforms came at last, and all the slang epithets with which our regiment had been received were duly transferred to the newly arrived squads of the next in order. Then we began to speculate on the time and mode of our departure. It was remarkable how keenly the most contented dispositions entered into these questions. There is

in military life a monotony of routine, and at the same time a constant mental excitement, that make change—change of some sort, even from better to worse—almost a necessity. I had already stretched myself in my bunk one evening, and was half asleep, when I heard joyful voices cry out, 'That's good!' and unerring instinct told me that orders had come for the —th to move. On the third day again we stood in our ranks upon the muddy esplanade of the Benton Barracks, patiently waiting for the A. A. G. and the P. Q. M. to get through the voluminous correspondence which was to result in quarters and rations. At least twenty thousand men were crowded at that time into this dismal quadrangle. Perseverance and patience could overcome the prevalent impression at the commissary that every new regiment was a set of unlawful intruders, to be starved out if possible, but could not conquer the difficulty of crowding material bodies into less space than they had been created to fill. Two companies had to be packed into each department intended for one. As for 'field and staff,' they were worse off than the privates, and took their first useful lesson in the fact that they were by no means such distinguished individuals in the large army as they had been when showing off their new uniforms at home. It must have been comforting to over-sensitive privates to hear how colonels and quartermasters were snubbed in their turn by the 'general staff.' The regimental headquarters, where these crest-fallen dignitaries should have laid their weary heads, were tenanted by Captains A., who had a pretty wife with him, and B., who gave such nice little suppers, and C., whose mother was first cousin to the ugly half-breed that blew the general's trumpet from the roof of the great house in the centre. Wherefore the colonel, the surgeon, the chaplain, the quartermaster, and the 'subscriber' were content to spread their blankets

for the first night with a brace of captains, on the particularly dirty floor of Company F., and dream those 'soldier dreams' in which Mrs. Soldier and two or three little soldiers—assorted sizes—run down to the garden gate to welcome the hero home again, while guardian angels clap their wings in delight and take a receipt for him as 'delivered in good order and well-conditioned' to the deities that preside over the domestic altar.

Such dreams as these were easy matters for most of us, who had no experience. With our regimental colors fresh from the hands of the two inevitable young ladies in white, who had presented them (with remarks suitable to the occasion), we saw nothing before us but a march of double quick to 'glory or the grave.' Luckily we had cooler heads among us: men who had fought in Mexico, camped in the gulches of California, drilled hordes of Indians in South America, led men in desperate starving marches over the plains. These went about making us comfortable in a very prosaic, practical way. The first call for volunteers from the ranks was not to defend a breach or lead a forlorn hope, as we had naturally expected, but—for carpenters. They were set to knocking down the clumsy bunks in the men's quarters and rebuilding them in more convenient shape, piercing the roof for ventilators, building shanties for the dispensary and the quartermaster's stores. Colonel and chaplain made a daily tour of the cook rooms and commissary, smelt of meat, tasted hard bread, dived into dinner pots, examined coffee grounds to see whether any of the genuine article had accidentally got mixed with the post supply of burnt peas. The surgeon commenced vaccinating the men, and taking precautions against every possible malady, old age, I believe, included. Meanwhile the adjutant and the sergeant-major shut themselves up in a back room like a counting house, and were

kept busy copying muster rolls, posting huge ledger-like books, making out daily and nightly returns, receiving and answering elaborate letters from the official personages in the next building. The company officers and men were assigned their regular hours for drill, as well as for everything else that men could think of doing in barracks. In short, we found ourselves all drawn into the operations of a vast, cumbrous, slow-moving machine, with a great many more cogs than drivers, through which no regiment or any other body could pass rapidly. The time required in our case was nearly three months.

How much of this delay was necessary or beneficial I leave for wiser military critics than myself to discuss. The complaint it awakened at the time has almost been forgotten in the glory of the achievements which followed when the great army actually began to move. Perhaps it is remembered only by those who mourn the brave young hearts that never reached the battle field, but perished in the inglorious conflict with disease and idleness. Few appreciate the fearful loss suffered from these causes, unless they were present from day to day, watching the regular morning reports, or meeting the frequent burial squads that thronged the road to the cemetery. Even in a place like St. Louis, with amply provided hospitals, and all the appliances of medical skill at hand, men died at a rate which would have carried off half the army before its three years' service expired. And of these deaths by far the greater portion were the direct consequence of idleness and its consequent evils in camp. The healthiest body of troops I saw in Missouri were busy night and day with scouting parties, and living in their tents upon a bleak hilltop, ten miles from the nearest hospital or surgeon. When their regiment was concentrated after four months' service, this company alone marched in the hundred and one men it had brought from home, not a single man missing

or on the sick list. Perhaps another such instance could scarcely be found in the whole army.

But it was not by death alone that precious material wasted faster than a whole series of battles could carry it off. Under such circumstances the living rot as well as the dead. Physically and morally the men deteriorate for want of occupation that interests them. Most of our Western volunteers were farmers' boys, fresh from an active, outdoor life. They were shut up in the barracks, with no exercise but three or four hours of monotonous drill, no outdoor life but a lounge over the level parade ground, and no amusements but cards and the sutler's shop. Their very comforts were noxious. The warm, close barracks in which they spent perhaps twenty hours out of the twenty-four, would enervate even a man trained to sedentary habits; and the abundant rations of hot food, consumed with the morbid appetite of men who had no other amusement, rendered them heavy and listless. In our regiment, at least, it was absolutely necessary to cut down the rations of certain articles, as for instance of coffee, and to prevent their too frequent use. The cooks told us that it was not an uncommon thing for a man to consume from four to six quarts of hot coffee at the three meals of a single day.

Upon their minds the influence was even greater than upon their bodies. More enthusiastic soldiers never assembled in the world than came up from all parts of the country to the various rendezvous of our volunteers. This is not merely the partial judgment of a fellow countryman. In conversation with old European officers of great experience, who had spent the autumn in instructing different regiments, I have heard testimony to this effect more flattering than anything which I, as an American, should dare to say. Of course a part of this enthusiasm was founded on an illusion which experience must sooner or later have dispel-

led; but wise policy would have husbanded it as long as possible, by putting them into service which should at the same time have fed their love of adventure and given them practice in arms. Even as a matter of drill—which to some of our officers seems to be the great end, and not merely the means of a soldier's life—this would have been an advantage. The drill of a camp of instruction is not only monotonous, but meaningless, because neither officers nor men are yet alive to its practical application. Had these men been placed at once where something *seemed* to depend on their activity, instruction in tactics would have been eagerly sought after, instead of being looked upon as an irksome daily task. Nor would it have been necessary for this purpose to place raw troops in positions of critical importance. The vast extent of our line of operations, and the wide tracts of disaffected country which were, or *might easily have been*, left behind it, offered an ample field for a training as thorough as the most rigid martinet could desire, at a safe distance from any enemy in force, but where they would have been kept under the *qui vive* by the belief that something was intrusted to them. Drill or no drill, I do not think there was a colonel in the barracks who did not know that his men would have been worth more if marched from the place of enlistment directly into the open field, than they were after months in a place where the whole tendency was to chill their patriotism by making them feel useless, and to wear off the fine edge of their patriotism by subjection to the merest mechanical process of instruction.

But without dwelling longer on a subject still so delicate as this, let it be said that the advantages of the camp of instruction were principally with the officers. These really learned many things they needed to know, and perhaps unlearned some that they needed as much to forget. I have hinted already at one of these latter lessons—

that of their own insignificance. Familiarity breeds contempt, even with shoulder straps. It did the captains and majors and colonels, each of whom had been for a time the particular hero of his own village or county, not a little good to find themselves lost in the crowd, and quite overshadowed by the stars of the brigadiers. Even these latter did not look quite so portentous and dazzling when we saw them in whole constellations, paling their ineffectual rays before the luminary of headquarters. Many an ambitious youth, who had come from home with very grand though vague ideas of the personal influence he was to have upon the country's destinies, found it a wholesome exercise to stand in the mud at the gate all day as officer of the guard, and touch his hat obsequiously to the general staff. If there was good stuff in him he soon got over the first disappointment, and learned to put his shoulder more heartily to that of his men, when he found that his time was by no means too valuable to be chiefly spent in very insignificant employments. Some few, it is true, never could have done this, even if they had been brayed in a mortar. I remember one fussy little cavalry adjutant, who never allowed a private to pass him without a salute, or sit down in his presence. I lost sight of the fellow soon afterward, but it was with great satisfaction that I saw his name gazetted a week or two since, 'dismissed the service.'

As for regular instruction in tactics, there was perhaps as much as the nature of the case admitted, to wit, none at all. Every now and then a fine system would be organized, and promulgated in general orders. Sometimes a series of recitations were prescribed that would have dismayed a teachers' institute. Field officers were to say their lessons every evening at headquarters, and head classes from their own line in the forenoon. The company officers in turn were to teach non-commissioned ideas how to shoot.

Playing truant was strictly forbidden; careless officers who should 'fail to acquire the lesson set for them' were to be reported, and, I presume, the unlucky man who missed a question would have seen 'the next' go above him till the bright boy of each class had worked his way up to the head. These systems did *not* prove a failure: they simply never went at all, but were quietly and unanimously ignored by teacher and teachee. Every man was left to thumb his Hardee in private, and find out what he lacked by his daily blunders on drill. These furnished ample subject for private study, as well as for animated discussion among the other military topics that occupied our leisure. Emulation and the fear of ridicule kept even the most indolent at work.

It was amusing to see how rapidly the *esprit de corps*—their own favorite word, which they took infinite pleasure in repeating on all occasions—grew upon our newly made warriors. How learned they were upon all the details of 'the service,' and how particularly jealous of the honors and importance of their own particular 'arm!' I used to listen with infinite relish to the discussion in our colonel's quarters, which happened to be a favorite rendezvous for the field officers of some half dozen different regiments, during the idle hours of the long winter evenings. No matter how the conversation commenced, it was sure to come down to this at last, and cavalry, infantry, and artillery blazed away at each other in a voluble discussion that was like Midshipman Easy's triangular duel multiplied by six.

'There's no use talking, colonel, you never have done anything against us in a fair hand-to-hand fight, and you never can.'

(*You* on this occasion may be supposed to be cavalry, personified in a long, lantern-jawed attorney from Iowa, while *us* stands for infantry, represented by an ex-drover from Indiana.)

'Never done anything, eh?' replies the attorney, who, on the strength of a commission and mustache of at least six months' date, ranks as quite a veteran in the party; 'what did you do at Borodino? Pretty show you made there when we came charging down upon you!'

'Oh, that was all somebody's fault—what's his name's, you know, that commanded there. Didn't find those charges work so well at Waterloo, did you?' Thus the ex-drover, fresh from the perusal of Halleck on Military Science.

'Ah, but you see they could not stand our grape and canister,' interposes artillery (Major Phelim O. Malley, now of the 99th Peoria Battery, till last month real-estate and insurance broker, No. — Dearborn street, basement).

'If we play into a hollow square'—

'Yes, but you see we come down obliquely and cut off your corners'—

'All they want then is a couple of field pieces; zounds, sir!'—(the major has found this expletive in Lever's novels, and adopted it as particularly becoming to a military man.)

'Echelon—charge—right guides—Buny Visty—Austerlitz'—

Meanwhile old Brazos and the Swiss major sit grimly silent, one nursing his lame shin, where the Mexican bullet struck him, the other drawing hard on his pipe and puffing out wreaths of smoke that hang like Linden's 'sulphurous canopy' over the combatants. I have no doubt a great deal of excellent tactics was displayed in these discussions; still less, if possible, that the zeal of the disputants was all the more creditable to them for their peaceful antecedents during their whole lives; but the ludicrous side of the scene was brought out all the more strongly by the silence of these old soldiers, who alone out of the whole party had ever seen what men actually could and did do on the battle field.

Sometimes these conversations took a high range, and dwelt upon the causes

and the policy of the contest in which we were engaged. I do not think, however, that these were half so much talked or thought of among the officers as in the barracks of the men; and it is only justice to add, that among a large class of the privates I have heard them discussed with a clearness, a freedom from all prejudices and present interests, that surpassed the average deliberations of the shoulder straps. There never probably was so large an army assembled in the world where so great a proportion of the intelligence could be found in the ranks. Marked individual instances were constantly met with. There was at least one corporal in the —th, who occupied his leisure hours with the Greek Testament, that the time spent in fighting for his country might not be all lost to his education for the ministry. I hope the noble fellow will preach none the less acceptably without the arm that he left at Donelson. Another of our non-commissioned officers was a member of the Iowa Legislature. Could there be a happier illustration of the fine compliment paid by President Lincoln in his message of last summer to the rank and file of our army? Pity it must be added that no representations could procure him a furlough to allow him to take his seat during the session. Had he been a colonel, with \$3,000 a year, the path would have been wide and smooth that led from his duties in the camp to his seat in Congress, or any other good place he was lucky enough to fill.

This, by the way, is only one instance of the greatest defect in our volunteer system: the broad and almost impassable gulf of demarcation between commissioned officers and enlisted men. The character of the army requires that this should be eradicated as soon as possible. Enthusiastic patriotism might make men willing to bear with it for a time, or while the war seemed a temporary affair. But since the conviction has settled down upon the popu-

lar mind that we are in for a long and tedious struggle, and that a great army of American citizens must be kept on foot during the whole of it, overshadowing all peaceful pursuits, and remoulding the whole character of our people, there begins to be felt also the need of organizing that army as far as possible in conformity with the genius of our people and Government. The greenest recruit expects to find in the army a sharp distinction of rank, and a strict obedience to authority, to which he has been a stranger in peaceful times. But he is disappointed and discouraged when he finds a needless barrier erected to divide men into two classes, of which the smallest retains to itself all the profits and privileges of the service. He comprehends very well that a captain needs higher pay and more liberty than a private, and a general than a captain; but he fails to see the reason why a second lieutenant should have four or five times the pay of an orderly sergeant, and be officially recognized all through the army regulations as a gentleman, while he who holds the much more arduous and responsible office is simply an 'enlisted man.' It will be much easier for him to discover why this is so than to find any good reason why it should remain so. We are managing an army of half a million by the routine intended for one of ten thousand, and we are organizing citizen volunteers under regulations first created for the most dissimilar army to be found in the civilized world. We adopted our army system from England, where there are widely and perpetually distinct classes of society in peace as well as war; the nobility and gentry furnishing all the officers, while the ranks are filled up with the vast crowd, poor and ignorant enough to fight for sixpence a day. To our little standing army of bygone days the system was well enough adapted, for in that we too had really two distinct classes of men. West Point furnished even more officers than we

needed, with thorough education, and the refined and expensive habits that education brings with it. The ranks were filled with foreigners and broken-down men, who had neither the ambition nor the ability to rise to anything higher. But we have changed all that. The healthiest and best blood of our country is flowing in that country's cause. Our army is composed of more than half a million citizens, young, eager, ambitious, and trained from infancy each to believe himself the equal of any man on earth. With the privates under their command the officers have for the most part been playmates, schoolmates, associates in business, all through life. A trifle more of experience or of energy, or the merest accident sometimes has made one captain, while the other has gone into the ranks; but unless those men were created over again, you could not make between them the difference that the army regulations contemplate. Once off duty, there is nothing left to found it on.

'I say, Jack,' said an officer at Pittsburg Landing to an old crony who was serving as private in another company, 'where did you get that turkey?'

'Well, cap, I want to know first whether you ask that question as an officer or as a friend.'

'As a friend, of course, Jack.'

'Then it's none of your d— business, Tom!'

The difference in pay is not only too great, but is made up in a way that shows its want of reason. Both have lived on the same fare all their lives, and the captain knows that it is an absurdity for him to be drawing the price of four rations a day on the supposition that he has been luxuriously trained, while in reality he satisfies his appetite with the same plain dishes served out to his brother in the ranks. He knows that it is an absurdity for him to receive a large pay in order to support his family according to their supposed rank, while the private's wife and children are to

be made comfortable out of thirteen dollars a month; the fact being that Mrs. Captain and Mrs. Private probably live next door to each other at home, and exchange calls and groceries, and wear dresses from the same piece, and talk scandal about each other, all in as neighborly a manner as they have been accustomed to do all their lives. Indeed, whatever aristocracy of wealth and elegance was growing up among us has been set back at least a generation by this war, which has brought out into such prominent notice and elevated so high in our hearts the rougher merits of the strong arm and the dextrous hand. Every month sees a larger proportion of officers coming from among those whose habits have been the reverse of luxury. It is hard to say which would be more mischievous and absurd: for these to spend their extra pay and rations in an effort to copy the traditional style of an English Guardsman, or to keep on in their old way of life, and pocket large savings that are supposed to be thus spent.

We need therefore to root out entirely this division of the army into two classes. Let the scale of rank and pay rise by regular steps from corporal to general, so that the former may be as much or as little a 'commissioned officer' as his superiors. Abolish all invidious distinctions by a regular system of promotions from the ranks, and only from the ranks, except so far as West Point and kindred schools furnish men educated to commence active ser-

vice at a higher round of the ladder. Then we shall have an army into which the best class of our youth can go as privates without feeling that they have more to dread in their own camps than on the battle field.

No doubt there would be an outcry against such a change from those who have been accustomed to the old system and enjoyed its benefits. This of itself would be no great obstacle, unless supported by a vague impression among the people at large that there must be some good reason for the present state of things, and that civilians had better not meddle with it. I see them sinking down covered with confusion when some red-faced old 'regular' bursts out upon them with 'Stuff, sir! What do *you* know about military matters?' The best answer to this is, that other nations, like the French, have set us the example, though by no means so well provided with intelligent material to draw from in the ranks; and that in fact England and the United States are about the only countries in which the evil is allowed to exist. In both of these it has remained from the fact that the body of the citizens have never been interested in the rank and file of the army. In this country we have now an entirely new state of things to provide for; and Yankee ingenuity must hide its head for shame if a very few years do not give us a republican army better organized and more efficient than any the world has yet seen.

T A M M A N Y.

AND at their meeting all with one accord

Cried: 'Down with LINCOLN and Fort Lafayette!'

But while jails stand and some men fear the LORD,

How *can* ye tell what ye may chance to get?

I N M E M O R I A M .

In the dim and misty shade of the hazel thicket,
Three soldiers, brave Harry, and Tom with the dauntless eyes,
And light-hearted Charlie, are standing together on picket,
Keeping a faithful watch 'neath the starry skies.

Silent they stand there, while in the moonlight pale
Their rifle barrels and polished bayonets gleam ;
Nought is heard but the owl's low, plaintive wail,
And the soft musical voice of the purling stream ;

Save when in whispering tones they speak to each other
Of the dear ones at home in the Northland far away,
Each leaving with each a message for sister and mother,
If he shall fall in the fight that will come with the day.

Slowly and silently pass the hours of the night,
The east blushes red, and the stars fade one by one ;
The sun has risen, and far away on the right
The booming artillery tells that the fight is begun.

* * * * *

' Steady, boys, steady ; now, forward ! charge bayonet ! '
Onward they sweep with a torrent's resistless might ;
With the rebels' life-blood their glittering blades are wet,
And many a patriot falls in the desperate fight.

The battle is ended—the victory won—but where
Are Harry and Charlie, and Tom with the dauntless eyes,
Who went forth in the morn, so eager to do and to dare ?—
Alas ! pale and pulseless they lie 'neath the starry skies.

Together they stood 'mid the storm of leaden rain,
Together advanced and charged on the traitor knaves,
Together they fell on the battle's bloody plain,
To-morrow together they'll sleep in their lowly graves.

A father's voice fails as he reads the list of the dead,
And a mother's heart is crushed by the terrible blow ;
Yet there's something of pride that gleams through the tears they shed,
Pride, e'en in their grief, that their boys fell facing the foe.

And though the trumpet of fame shall ne'er tell their story,
Nor towering monument mark the spot where they lie,
Yet round their memory lingers an undying glory :
They gave all they could to their country—they only could die.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

'ALL of which I saw, and part of which I was.'

CHAPTER XXII.

I FOUND Selma plunged in the deepest grief. The telegram which informed her of Preston's death was dated three days before (it had been sent to Goldsboro for transmission, the telegraph lines not then running to Newbern), and she could not possibly reach the plantation until after her father's burial; but she insisted on going at once. She would have his body exhumed; she must take a last look at that face which had never beamed on her but in love!

Frank proposed to escort her, but she knew he could not well be spared from business at that season; and, with a bravery and self-reliance not common to her years and her sex, she determined to go alone.

Shortly after my arrival at the house, she retired to her room with Kate, to make the final arrangements for the journey; and I seated myself with David, Cragin, and Frank, in the little back parlor, which the gray-haired old Quaker and his son-in-law had converted into a smoking room.

As Cragin was lighting his cigar, I said to him:

'Have you heard the news?'

'What news?'

'The dissolution of Russell, Rollins & Co.'

'No; there's nothing so good stirring. But you'll hear it some two years hence.'

'Read that;' and I handed him the paper which Hallet had signed.

'What is it, father?' asked Frank, his face alive with interest.

'Cragin will show it to you, if it ever gets through his hair. I reckon he's learning to read.'

'Well, I believe I *can't* read. What the deuce does it mean?'

'Just what it says—Frank is free.'

The young man glanced over the paper. His face expressed surprise, but he said nothing.

'Then you've heard how things have been going on?' asked Cragin.

'No, not a word. I've *seen* that Hallet was abusing the boy shamefully. I came on, wanting an excuse to break the copartnership.'

'Do you know you've done me the greatest service in the world? I told Hallet, the other day, that we couldn't pull together much longer. He refused to let me off till our term is up; but I've got him now;' and he laughed in boyish glee.

'Of course, the paper releases you as well as Frank. It's a general dissolution.'

'Of course it is. How did you manage to get it? Hallet must have been crazy. He wasn't *John Hallet*, that's certain!'

'The *genuine* John, but a *little* excited.'

'He must have been. But I'm rid of him, thank the Lord! Come, what do you say to Frank's going in with me? I'll pack him off to Europe at once—he can secure most of the old business.'

'*He* must decide about that. He can come with me, if he likes. He'll not go a begging, that's certain. He'll have thirty thousand to start with.'

'Thirty thousand!' exclaimed Frank. 'No, father, you can't do that; you need every dollar you've got.'

'Yes, I do, and more too. But the money is yours, not mine. You shall have it to-morrow.'

'Mine! Where did it come from?'

'From a relative of yours. But he's modest; he don't want to be known.'

'But I *ought* to know. I thought I had no relatives.'

'Well, you haven't—only this one, and he's rich as mud. He gave you the five thousand; but this is a last instalment—you won't get another red cent.'

'I don't feel exactly like taking money in that way.'

'Pshaw, my boy! I tell you it's yours—rightfully and honestly. You ought to have more; but he's close-fisted, and you must be content with this.'

'Well, Frank,' said Cragin, 'what do you say to hitching horses with me? I'll give you two fifths, and put a hundred against your thirty.'

'What shall I do?' said Frank to me.

'You'd better accept. It's more than I can allow you.'

'Then it's a trade?' asked Cragin.

'Yes,' said Frank.

'Well, old gentleman, what do *you* say—will you move the old stool?' said Cragin, addressing David.

'Yes; I like Frank too well to stay with even his father.'

In the gleeful mood which had taken possession of the old man, the words slipped from his tongue before he was aware of it. He would have recalled them on the instant, but it was too late. Cragin caught them, and exclaimed:

'His father! Well, that explains some riddles. D—d if I won't call the new firm Hallet, Cragin & Co. I've got him all around—ha! ha!'

Frank seemed thunderstruck. Soon he plied me with questions.

'I can say nothing; I gave my word I would not. David has betrayed it; let him explain, if he pleases.'

The old bookkeeper then told the young man his history, revealing everything but the degradation of his poor mother. Frank walked the room, struggling with contending emotions. When David concluded, he put his hand in mine, and spoke a few low words. His

voice sounded like his mother's. It was again *her* blessing that I heard.

* * * * *

Two weeks afterward, the old sign came down from the old warehouse—came down, after hanging there three quarters of a century, and in its place went up a black board, on which, emblazoned in glaring gilt letters, were the two words,

'JOHN HALLET.'

On the same day, the busy crowd passing up old Long Wharf might have seen, over a doorway not far distant, a plainer sign. It read:

'CRAGIN, MANDELL & Co.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

Kate heard frequently from Selma within the first two months after her departure, but then her letters suddenly ceased. Her last one expressed the intention of returning to the North during the following week. We looked for her, but she did not come. Week after week went by, and still she did not come. Kate wrote, inquiring when we might expect her, but received no reply. She wrote again and again, and still no answer came. 'Something has happened to her. *Do* write Mrs. Preston,' said Kate. I wrote her. She either did not deign to reply, or she did not receive the letter.

None of Selma's friends had heard from her for more than three months, and we were in a state of painful anxiety and uncertainty, when, one morning, among my letters, I found one addressed to my wife, in Selma's handwriting. Her previous letters had been mailed at Trenton, but this was post-marked 'Newbern.' I sent it at once to my house. About an hour afterward I was surprised by Kate's appearance in the office. Her face was pale, her manner hurried and excited. She held a small carpet bag in her hand.

'You must start at once by the first train. You've not a moment to spare!'

'Start where?'

She handed me the letter. 'Read that.'

It was hurriedly and nervously written. I read:

'MY DEAREST FRIEND: I know *you* have not forsaken me, but I have written you, oh! so many times. To-day, Ally has told me that perhaps our letters are intercepted at the Trenton post office. It must be so. He takes this to Newbern. Is he not kind? He has been my faithful friend through all. Though ordered away from the plantation, he refused to go, and stood by me through the worst. He whom my own sister so cruelly wronged, has done everything for me! Whatever may become of me, I shall ever bless him.

'I have not heard from or seen any of my friends. Even my brother has not answered my letters; but he must be here, on the 17th, at the sale. That is now my only hope. I shall then be freed from this misery—worse than death. God bless you!

Your wretched SELMA.'

'I will go,' was all that I said. Kate sat down, and wept. 'Oh! some terrible thing has befallen her! What can it be?'

I was giving some hurried directions to my partners, when a telegram was handed in. It was from Boston, and addressed to me personally. I opened it, and read:

'I have just heard that Selma is a slave. To be sold on the seventeenth. I can't go. You must. Buy her on my account. Pay any price. I have written Frank. Let nothing prevent your starting at once. If your partners should be short while you're away, let them draw on me.

'AUGUSTUS CRAGIN.'

It was then the morning of the twelfth. Making all the connections, and there being no delay of the trains, I should reach the plantation early on the seventeenth.

At twelve o'clock I was on the way.

Steam was too slow for my impatience. I would have harnessed the lightning.

At last—it was sundown of the sixteenth—the stage drove into Newbern.

With my carpet bag in my hand, I rushed into the hotel. Four or five loungers were in the office, and the lazy bartender was mixing drinks behind the counter.

'Sir, I want a horse, or a horse and buggy, at once.'

'A horse? Ye're in a hurry, hain't ye?'

'Yes.'

'Wall, I reckon ye'll hev ter git over it. Thar hain't a durned critter in th' whole place.'

'I'm in no mood for jesting, sir. I want a horse *at once*. I will deposit twice his value.'

'Ye couldn't git nary critter, stranger, ef ye wus made uv gold. They're all off—off ter Squire Preston's sale.'

'The sale! Has it begun?'

'I reckon! Ben a gwine fur two days.'

My heart sank within me. I was too late!

'Are all the negroes sold?'

'No; them comes on ter morrer. He's got a likely gang.'

I breathed more freely. At this moment a well-dressed gentleman, followed by a good-looking yellow man, entered the room. He wore spurs, and was covered with dust. Approaching the counter, he said:

'Here, you lazy devil—a drink for me and my boy. I'm drier than a parson—Old Bourbon.'

As the bartender poured out the liquor, the new comer's eye fell upon me. His face seemed familiar, but I could not recall it. Scanning me for a moment, he held out his hand in a free, cordial manner, saying:

'Ah! Mr. Kirke, is this you? You don't remember me? my name is Gaston.'

'Mr. Gaston, I'm glad to see you,' I replied, returning his salutation.

'Have a drink, sir?'

'Thank you.' I emptied the glass. I was jaded, and had eaten nothing since morning. 'I'm in pursuit of a horse under difficulties, Mr. Gaston. Perhaps you can tell me where to get one. I must be at Preston's to-night.'

'They're scarcer than hen's teeth round here, just now, I reckon. But hold on; I go there in the morning. I'll borrow a buggy, and you can ride up with me.'

'No, I must be there to-night. How far is it?'

'Twenty miles.'

'Well, I'll walk. Landlord, give me supper at once.'

'Walk there! My dear sir, we don't abuse strangers in these diggin's. The road is sandier than an Arab desert. You'd never get there afoot. Tom,' he added, calling to his man, 'give Buster some oats; rub him down, and have him here in half an hour. Travel, now, like greased lightning.' Then turning to me, he continued: 'You can have *my* horse. He's a spirited fellow, and you'll need to keep an eye on him; but he'll get you there in two hours.'

'But how will *you* get on?'

'I'll take my boy's, and leave the darky here.'

'Mr. Gaston, I cannot tell you the service you are doing me.'

'Don't speak of it, my dear sir. A stranger can have anything of mine but my wife;' and he laughed pleasantly.

He went with me into the supper room, and there told me that the sale of Preston's plantation, furniture, live stock, farm tools, &c., had occupied the two previous days; and that the negroes were to be put on the block at nine o'clock the next morning. 'I've got my eye on one or two of them, that I mean to buy. The niggers will sell well, I reckon.'

After supper, we strolled again into the bar room. Approaching the counter, my eye fell on the hotel register, which lay open upon it. I glanced involuntarily over the book. Among the

arrivals of the previous day, I noticed two recorded in a hand that I at once recognized. The names were, 'JOHN HALLET, *New Orleans*; JACOB LARKIN, *ditto*.'

'Are these gentlemen here?' I asked the bartender.

'No; they left same day the' come.'

'Where did they go?'

'Doan't know.'

In five minutes, with my carpet bag strapped to the pommel of the saddle, I was bounding up the road to Trenton.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I sprang from the horse and rang the bell at the mansion. A light was burning in the library, but the rest of the house was dark. A negro opened the door.

'Where is master Joe, or Miss Selly?'

'In de library, massa. I'll tell dem you'm here.'

'No; I'll go myself. Look after my horse.'

I strode through the parlors and the passage way to the old room. Selma was seated on a lounge by the side of Joe, her head on his shoulder. As I opened the door, I spoke the two words: 'My child!'

She looked up, sprang to her feet, and rushed into my arms.

'And you are safe!' I cried, putting back her soft brown hair, and kissing her pale, beautiful forehead.

'Yes, I am safe. My brother is here—I am *safe*.'

'Joe—God bless you!—you're a noble fellow!'

He was only twenty-three, but his face was already seamed and haggard, and his hair thickly streaked with white! We sat down, and from Selma's lips I learned the events of the preceding months.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Selma arrived at home about a week after her father's funeral. The affairs of the plantation were going on much as

usual, but Mrs. Preston was there in apparently the greatest grief. She seemed inconsolable; talked much of her loss, and expressed great fears for the future. Her husband had left no will, and nothing would remain for her but the dower in the real estate, and that would sell for but little.

The more Preston's affairs were investigated, the worse they appeared. He was in debt everywhere. An administrator was appointed, and he decided that a sale of everything—the two plantations and the negroes—would be necessary.

Selma felt little interest in the pecuniary result, but sympathy for her step-mother induced her to remain at home, week after week, when her presence there was no longer of service. At last she made preparations to return; but, as she was on the point of departure, Mrs. Preston—whose face then wore an expression of triumphant malignity which chilled Selma's very life-blood—told her that she could not go; that she was a part of her father's estate, and must remain, and be sold with the other negroes!

Dawsey, shortly prior to this, had become a frequent visitor at the plantation; and, the week before, Phylly had been dreadfully whipped under his supervision. Selma interceded for her, but could not avert the punishment. She did not at the time know why it was done, but at last the reason was revealed to her.

Among the papers of the first Mrs. Preston, the second wife had found a bill of sale, by which, in consideration of one gold watch, two diamond rings, an emerald pin, two gold bracelets, some family plate, and other jewelry, of the total value of five hundred dollars, General —, of Newbern, had conveyed a negro girl called 'Lucy,' to Mrs. Lucy Preston, wife of Robert Preston, Esq. Said girl was described as seven years old, light complexioned, with long, curly hair, of a golden brown; and the child of Phyllis, other-

wise called Phyllis Preston, then the property of Jacob Larkin.

Mrs. Preston inquired of Phyllis what had become of the child. The nurse denied all knowledge of it; but Selma's age, her peculiar hair, and her strong resemblance to Rosey, excited the Yankee woman's suspicions, and she questioned the mother more closely. Phyllis still denied all knowledge of her child, and, for that denial, was whipped—whipped till her flesh was cut into shreds, and she fainted from loss of blood. After the whipping, she was left in an old cabin, to live or die—her mistress did not care which; and there Ally found her at night, on his return from his work in the swamp. Wrapping her mangled body in an oiled sheet, he conveyed her to his cabin. Dinah carefully nursed her, and ere long she was able to sit up. Then Mrs. Preston told her that, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to live through it, she would be again and again beaten, till she disclosed the fate of the child.

She still denied all knowledge of it; but, fearing the rage of her mistress, she sent for her husband, then keeping a small groggery at Trenton, four miles away. He came and had a conference with Ally and Dinah about the best way of saving his wife from further abuse. Phyllis was unable to walk or to ride, therefore flight was out of the question. Ally proposed that Mulock should oversee his gang for a time while he remained about home and kept watch over her. None of the negroes could be induced to whip her in his presence; and if Dawsey or any other white man attempted it, he was free—he would meet them with their own weapons. Mulock agreed to this, and the next day went to the swamp.

Learning of his presence on the plantation, the mistress sent for him, and, by means of a paltry bribe, induced him to reveal all! Selma thought he loved Phyllis as much as his brutal nature was capable of loving, and that

he betrayed her to save her mother from further ill usage.

The next morning, four strong men entered Ally's cabin before he had left his bed, bound him hand and foot, and dragged Phyllis away, to be again whipped for having refused to betray Selma. Unable to stand, she was tied to a stake, and unmercifully beaten. Weak from the effects of the previous whipping, and crushed in spirit by anxiety for her child, nature could no longer sustain her. A fever set in, and, at the end of a week, she died.

Selma was told of their relation to each other. The nurse, so devotedly attached to her, and whom she had so long loved, was her own mother! She learned this only in time to see her die, and to hear her last blessing.

Then Selma experienced all the bitterness of slavery. She was set at work in the kitchen with the other slaves. It seemed that Mrs. Preston took especial delight in assigning to the naturally high-spirited and sensitive girl the most menial employments. Patiently trusting in God that He would send deliverance, she endeavored to perform, uncomplainingly, her allotted tasks. Wholly unaccustomed to such work, weary in body and sick at heart, she dragged herself about from day to day, till at last Mrs. Preston, disgusted with her 'laziness,' as she termed it, directed her to be taken to the quarters and beaten with fifty lashes!

Ally had been ordered away by the mistress, and that morning had gone to Trenton to consult the administrator, and get his permission to stay on the plantation. That gentleman—a kind-hearted, upright man—not only told him he could remain, but gave him a written order to take and keep Selma in his custody.

He returned at night, to find she had been whipped. His blood boiling with rage, he entered the mansion, and demanded to see her. Mrs. Preston declined. He then gave her the order of the administrator. She tore it into

fragments, and bade him leave the house. He refused to go without Selma, and quietly seated himself on the sofa. Mrs. Preston then called in ten or twelve of the field hands, and told them to eject him. They either would not or dared not do it; and, without more delay, he proceeded to search for Selma. At last he found her apartment. He burst open the door, and saw her lying on a low, miserable bed, writhing in agony from her wounds. Throwing a blanket over her, he lifted her in his arms, and carried her to his cabin. Dinah carefully attended her, and that night she thanked God, and—slept.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, Dawsey and three other white men, heavily armed, came to the cabin, and demanded admittance. Ally refused, and barricaded the door. They finally stealthily effected an entrance through a window in the kitchen, and, breaking down the communication with the 'living room,' in which apartment the mulatto man and his mother were, they rushed in upon them. Ally, the previous day, had procured a couple of revolvers at Trenton, and Dinah and he, planting themselves before the door of old Deborah's room, in which Selma was sleeping, pointed the weapons at the intruders. The assailants paused, when Dawsey shouted out: 'Are you afraid of two d—d niggers—and one a woman!' Aiming his pistol at Ally, he fired. The ball struck the negro's left arm. Discharging two or three barrels at them, the old woman and her son then rushed upon the white men, and they FLED! all but one—he remained; for Dinah caught him in a loving embrace, and pummelled him until he might have been mistaken for calves-foot jelly.

Ally then sent a messenger to the administrator, who rode over in the afternoon, and took Selma to his own house. There she remained till her brother reached the plantation—three days before my arrival.

As soon as she was safely at Trenton, Selma wrote to her friends, mailing the letters at that post office. She received no answers. Again and again she wrote; the administrator also wrote, but still no replies came. At last Ally suggested mailing the letters at Newbern, and rode down with one to Joe, one to Alice, and one to Kate.

Her brother came on at once. In the first ebullition of his anger he ejected his stepmother from the mansion. She went to Dawsey's, and, the next day, appeared at the sale with that gentleman; and then announced that for two months she had been the woman-whipper's wife.

Dawsey had bought the plantation, and most of the furniture, the day before, and had said he intended to buy all of the 'prime' negroes.

As Selma concluded, Joe quietly remarked:

'He'll be disappointed in that. I allowed him the plantation and furniture, because I've no use for them; but I made him pay more than they are worth. The avails will help me through with father's debts; but not a single hand shall go into his clutches. I shall buy them myself.'

'What will you do with them?'

'I have bought a plantation near Mobile. I shall put them upon it. Joe will manage them, and I'll live there with Selly.'

'You're a splendid fellow, Joe. But it seems a pity that woman should profane your father's house.'

'Oh! there's no danger of that. I've engaged 'furnished apartments' for her elsewhere.'

'What do you mean?'

'The sheriff is asleep up stairs. He has a warrant against her for the murder of Phyllis. When she comes here in the morning, it will be served!'

CHAPTER XXV.

The next morning I rose early, and strolled out to the negro quarters. At the distance of about a hundred yards

from the mansion, the sun was touching the tops of about thirty canvas camps, and, near them, large numbers of horses, 'all saddled and bridled,' were picketed among the trees. Some dozens of 'natives' were littered around, asleep on the ground; and here and there a barelegged, barefooted woman was lying beside a man on a 'spring' mattress, of the kind that is supposed to have been patented in Paradise.

It was a beautiful morning in May, and one would have thought, from the appearance of the motley collection, that the whole people had 'come up to worship the Lord in their tents,' after the manner of the Israelites. The rich planter, the small farmer, the 'white trash'—all classes, had gathered to the negro sale, like crows to a feast of carrion.

A few half-awake, half-sober, russet-clad, bewhiskered 'gentry' were lighting fires under huge iron pots; but the larger portion of the 'congregation' was still wrapped in slumber.

Passing them, I knocked at the door of Ally's cabin. The family was already astir, and the various members gave me a greeting that cannot be *bought* now anywhere with a handful of 'greenbacks.' Boss Joe, Aggy, and old Deborah had arrived, and were quartered with Ally.

'An' 'ou wusn't a gwine ter leff massa Preston's own chile be sole widout bein' yere; wus 'ou, massa Kirke?' cried Dinah, her face beaming all over with pleasurable emotion.

'No, Dinah; and I've come here so early to tell you how much I think of *you*. A woman that can handle four white men as you did is fit to head an army.'

'Lor' bress 'ou, massa! dat wusn't nuffin'. I could handle a whole meetin'-house full ob sech as dem.'

'Joe, you know your master's plans, I suppose?'

'Yas, massa Kirke; he mean ter buy all de folks.'

'But can he raise money enough for the whole?'

'I reckon so. Massa Joe got a heap.'

'But don't you want to borrow some to help out your pile?'

'I'se 'bliged ter you, sar; but I reckon I doan't. I'se got nigh on ter free thousan', an' nary one'll pay more'n dat fur a ole man an' two ole wimmin.'

'I hope not.'

I remained there for a half hour, and then strolled back to the mansion. On the lawn, at the side of the house, was the auction block—the carpenter's bench which had officiated at Ally's wedding. It was approached by a flight of steps, and at one end was the salesman's stand—a high stool, in front of which was a small portable desk supported on stakes driven into the ground. Near the block was a booth fitted up for the special accommodation of thirsty buyers. The proprietor was just opening his own and his establishment's windows, and I looked in upon him. His red, bloated visage seemed familiar to me. Perceiving me, he said:

'How is ye, stranger? Hev a eye-opener?'

'I reckon not, old fellow; but I ought to know you. Your name is Tom.'

'Thomas, stranger; but Tom, fur short.'

'Well, Thomas, I thought you had taken your last drink. I saw your store was closed, as I came along.'

'Yas; th' durned 'ristocrats driv me out uv thet nigh a yar ago.'

'And where are you now?'

'Up ter Trenton. I'm doin' right smart thar. Me an' Mulock—thet used ter b'long yere—is in partenship. But war moight ye hev seed me, stranger?'

'At your store, over ten years since. I bought a woman there. You were having a turkey match at the time.'

'Oh, yas! I 'call ye now. An' th' pore gal's dead! Thet d—d Yankee 'ooman shud pull hemp fur thet.'

'Yes; but the devil seldom gets his due in this world.'

'Thet ar's a fact, stranger. Come, hev a drink; I woan't ax ye a red.'

'No, excuse me, Tom; it's before breakfast;' and, walking off, I entered the mansion.

* * * * *

Shortly after breakfast the people from the neighboring plantations began to gather to the sale, and, by the hour appointed for it to commence, about five hundred men and women had collected on the ground. Some were on horseback, some in carriages, but the majority were seated on the grass, or on benches improvised for the occasion.

A few minutes before the 'exercises' commenced, the negroes were marched upon the lawn. No seats had been provided for them, and they huddled together inside a small area staked off for their reception. They were of all colors and ages. Husbands and wives, parents and children, grandparents and grandchildren, aunts, uncles, and cousins, gathered in little family groups, and breathlessly awaited the stroke of the hammer which was to decide their destiny. They were all clad in their Sunday clothes, and looked clean and tidy; but on every face except Joe's was depicted an ill-defined feeling of dread and consternation. Husbands held their wives in their arms, and mothers hugged their children to their bosoms, as if they might soon part forever; but when old Joe passed among them, saying a low word to this one and the other, their cloudy visages brightened, and a heavy load seemed to roll off their hearts. Joe was as radiant as a summer morning, and walked about with a quiet dignity and unconcern that might have led one to think him the owner of the entire 'invoice of chattels.'

As the auctioneer—a spruce importation from Newbern—mounted the bench, a splendid carriage, drawn by two magnificent grays, and driven by

a darky in livery, made its way through the crowd, and drew up opposite the stand. In it were Dawsey and his wife!

The salesman's hammer came down. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' he said, 'the sale has commenced. I am about to offer you one hundred and sixty-one likely negro men and women, belonging to the estate of Robert Preston, Esq., deceased. Each one will be particularly described when put up, and all will be warranted as represented. They will be sold in families; that is, husbands and wives, and parents and young children, will not be separated. The terms are, one quarter cash, the balance in one year, secured by an approved indorsed note. Persons having claims against the estate will be allowed to pay by authenticated accounts and duebills. The first lot I shall offer you will be the mulatto man Joe and his wife Agnes. Joe is known through all this region as a negro of uncommon worth and intelligence. He is'—

Here he was interrupted by Dawsey, who exclaimed, in a hurried manner:

'I came here expecting this sale would be conducted according to custom—that each hand would be put up separately. I protest against this innovation, Mr. Auctioneer.'

The auctioneer made no reply; but the administrator, a small, self-possessed man, mounted the bench, and said:

'Sir, I regulate this sale. If you are not satisfied with its conditions, you are not obliged to bid.'

Dawsey made a passionate reply. In the midst of it, Joe sprang upon the stand, and, in a clear, determined voice, called out:

'Mr. Sheriff, do your duty.'

A large, powerful man, in blue coat and brass buttons, stepped to the side of the carriage, and coolly opening the door, said:

'Catharine Dawsey, you are charged with aiding and abetting in the murder of Phyllis Preston. I arrest you. Please come with me.'

'By ——, sir!' cried Dawsey; 'this lady is my wife!'

'It makes no difference whose wife she is, sir. She is my prisoner.'

'She must not be touched by you, or any other man!' yelled Dawsey, drawing his pistol. Before he could fire, he rolled on the ground, insensible. The sheriff had struck him a quick blow on the head with a heavy cane.

As her husband fell, Mrs. Dawsey sprang upon the driver's seat, and, seizing the reins from the astonished negro, applied the lash to the horses. They reared and started. The panic-stricken crowd parted, like waves in a storm, and the spirited animals bounded swiftly down the avenue. They had nearly reached the cluster of liveoaks which borders the small lake, when a man sprang at their heads. He missed them, fell, and the carriage passed over him; but the horses shied from the road into the trees, and in an instant the splendid vehicle was a mass of fragments, and Mrs. Dawsey and the negro were sprawling on the ground.

The lady was taken up senseless, and badly hurt, but breathing. The driver was dead!

The crowd hurried across the green to the scene of disaster. Joe and I reached the man in the road at the same instant. It was Ally! We took him up, bore him to the edge of the pond, and bathed his forehead with water. In a few minutes he opened his eyes.

'Are you much hurt, Ally?' asked Joe, with almost breathless eagerness.

'I reckon not, massa Joe,' said Ally; 'my head, yere, am sore, an' dis ankle p'raps am broke. Leff me see;' and he rose to his feet, and tried his leg. 'No, massa Joe; it'm sound's a pine knot. I hain't done fur *this* time.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Joe, with an indescribable expression of relief.

Mrs. Dawsey was borne to the mansion, the negro carried off to the quarters, and, in a few moments, the crowd once more gathered around the auc-

tioneer's stand. Dawsey, by this time recovered from the sheriff's blow, was cursing and swearing terribly over the disaster of his wife and—his property.

'Twenty-five hundred dollars gone at a blow! D—n the woman; didn't she know better than that?'

As he followed his wife into the house, the sheriff said to the administrator, who was a justice of the peace:

'Make me out a warrant for that man—obstructing the execution of the law.'

The warrant was soon made out, and in fifteen minutes, Dawsey, raving like a wild animal, was driven off to jail at Trenton. Mrs. Dawsey, too much injured to be removed, was left under guard at the mansion, and the sale proceeded.

Boss Joe and Aggy ascended the block, and 'Master Joe' took a stand beside them.

'How much is said for these prime negroes?' cried the auctioneer. 'Everybody knows what they are, and there's no use preaching a sermon over them. Boss Joe might do that, but *I* can't. He can preach equal to any white man you ever hard. Come, gentlemen, start a bid. How much do you say?'

'A thousand,' said a voice in the crowd.

'Eleven hundred,' cried another.

'It's a d—d shame to bid on them, gentlemen. Boss Joe has been saving money to buy himself; and I think no white man should bid against him,' cried a man at my elbow.

It was Gaston, who had just arrived on the ground.

'Thet's a fact.' 'Them's my sentiments.' 'D—n th' man thet'll bid agin a nigger.' 'Thet's so, Gaston,' echoed from all directions.

'But I yere th' darky's got a pile—some two thousan'; *thet* gwoes 'long with him, uv course,' yelled one of the crowd.

'Of course it don't!' said young Joe, from the stand. 'He's saved

about three thousand out of a commission his master allowed him; but he *gave* that to *me*, long before my father died. It is *mine*—not *his*. I bid twelve hundred for him and his wife; and I will say to the audience, that I shall advance on whatever sum may be offered for them. So fire away, gentlemen; I ask no favors.'

'Is there any more bid for this excellent couple?' cried the auctioneer. 'It is my duty to cry them, and to tell you they're worth twice that money.'

There was no more bid, and Boss Joe and Aggy were struck down at twelve hundred dollars—about two thirds their market value.

'Now, gentlemen, we will offer you the old negress, Deborah, the mother of Joe. Bring her forward!' cried the man of the hammer.

Four strong negroes lifted the chair of the aged African, and bore her to the block. When the strange vehicle reached the steps, young Preston steadied it into its appropriate position, and then took a stand beside it.

'This aged lady, gentlemen, is warranted over eighty; she may be a hundred. She can't walk, but she can pray and sing to kill. How much is bid for all this piety done up in black crape?' cried the auctioneer, smiling complacently, as if conscious of saying a witty thing.

Joe turned on him quickly. 'Sir, you are employed to *sell* these people, not to sport with their feelings. Let me hear no more of this.'

'No offence, Mr. Preston. Gentlemen, how much is bid for old Deborah?'

'Five dollars,' said young Preston.

The old negress, who sat nearly double, straightened up her bent form, and, looking at Joe with a sad, pleading expression, exclaimed:

'Oh, massa Joe! ole nussy'm wuth more'n dat. 'Ou woan't leff har be sole fur no sech money as dat, will 'ou, massa Joe?'

'No aunty; not if you want to bring

more. I'd give your weight in gold for you;' and, turning to the auctioneer, he said: 'A hundred dollars is my bid, sir.'

'Bress 'ou, massa Joe! bress 'ou! 'Ou'm my own dear, bressed chile!' exclaimed the old negress, clutching at his hand, and, with a sudden effort, rising to her feet. She stood thus for a moment, then she staggered back, fell into her chair, uttered a low moan, and—was FREE!

A wild excitement followed, during which the body was borne off. It was a full half hour before quiet was restored and the sale resumed. Then about twenty negroes, of both sexes, were put up singly. All of them were bought by Joe, except a young woman, whose husband belonged to Gaston. The bidding on her was spirited, and she was run up to ten hundred and fifty dollars. As Gaston bid that sum, he jumped upon a bench, and called out:

'Gentlemen, I can stand this as long as you can. I mean to have this woman, anyhow.'

No one offered more, and 'the lot' was struck off to Gaston. Joe did not bid on her at all.

When the next negro ascended the stand, Joe beckoned to me, and said:

'Selly is next on the catalogue. Will you bring her here?'

As I entered the mansion, she met me. Her face was pale, and there was a nervous twitching about her mouth, but she quietly said:

'You have come for me?'

'Yes, my child. Have courage; it will soon be over.'

She laid her head upon my shoulder for a moment; then, turning her large, clear, but tearless eyes up to mine, she said:

'I trust in God!'

I took her arm in mine, and walked out to the stand. The auctioneer was waiting for her, and we ascended the block together. A slight tremor passed over her frame as she met the sea of

upturned faces, all eagerly gazing at her; and, putting my arm about her, I whispered:

'Do not fear. Lean on me.'

'I do not fear,' was the low reply.

'Now, gentlemen,' cried the auctioneer, in an unfeeling, business-like way, 'I offer you the girl, Lucy Selma. She is seventeen years old; in good health; well brought up—a superior lot every way. She has recently been employed at cooking, but, as you see, is better adapted to lighter work. How much shall I have for her? Come, bid fast gentlemen; we are taking up too much time.'

Before any response could be made to this appeal, Joe stepped to the side of Selma, and, in a slow, deliberate voice, said:

'Gentlemen, allow me a few words. This young lady is my sister. I have always supposed—she has always supposed that she was the legitimate child of my father. She was not. My mother bought her when she was very young; gave her jewels—all she had—for her, and adopted her as her own child. The law does not allow a married woman to hold separate property, and Selma is therefore inventoried in my father's estate, and must be sold. Rightfully she belongs to me! She has been delicately and tenderly reared, and is totally unfitted for any of the usual work of slave women. Her value for such purposes is very little. I shall bid a thousand dollars for her, which is more than she is worth for any honest use. If any man bids more, it is HIS LIFE OR MINE *before he leaves the ground!*'

A breathless silence fell on the assemblage. It lasted for a few moments, when Gaston called out:

'Come, Joe, this isn't fair. You've no right to interfere with the sale. I came here prepared to go twenty-five hundred for her myself.'

In a firm but moderate tone, the young man replied:

'I intend no disrespect to you, Mr. Gaston, or to any gentleman present;

but I mean what I say. I shall stand by my words !’

‘Come, youngster, none uv yer brow-beatin’ yere. It woan’t gwo down,’ cried a rough voice from among the audience. ‘I’ve come all th’ way from Orleans ter buy thet gal ; an’ buy har I shill !’

Quite a commotion followed this speech. It lasted some minutes, and the speaker was the object of considerable attention.

‘He’s some on th’ trigger, ole feller,’ cried one. ‘He kin hit a turkey’s eye at two hundred paces, he kin,’ said another. ‘He’ll burn yer in’ards, shore,’ shouted a third. ‘Ye’ll speak fur warm lodgin’s, ef ye bid on thet gal, ye wull,’ cried a fourth.

‘Come, my friends, ye karn’t skeer me,’ coolly said the first speaker, mounting one of the rough benches. ‘I’ve h’ard sech talk afore. It doan’t turn *me* a hair. I come yere ter buy thet

gal, an’ buy har I shill, ’cept some on ye kin gwo higher’n my pile ; an’ my pile ar *eighty-two hundred dollars* !’

He was a tall, stoutly-built man, with bushy gray whiskers and a clear, resolute eye. It was Larkin !

Turning to Joe, I exclaimed :

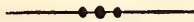
‘I understand this. Get the auctioneer to postpone the sale for half an hour for dinner. Take Selly into the house.’

‘No. It might as well be over first as last. Let him bid—he’s a dead man !’ replied Joe coolly, but firmly.

‘You’re mad, boy. Would you take his life needlessly ?’

The auctioneer, who overheard these remarks, then said to me :

‘I will adjourn the sale, sir ;’ and, turning to the audience, he cried, drawing out his watch : ‘Gentlemen, it is twelve o’clock. The sale is adjourned for an’ hour, to give you a chance for dinner.’



SHYLOCK vs. ANTONIO.

OPINION OF THE VICAR.

THE Vicar desires briefly, modestly, and by way of suggestion, rather as *Amicus Curie* than as an advocate, to lay before his learned brethren of the law a legal point or two, for their consideration.

The case to which I refer is well known to all the members of the bar as that of *Shylock versus Antonio*, reported, in full, in 2 Shakspeare 299. The decision which I am desirous of having reviewed, is that of the Chief Justice, or Ducal Magistrate, who heard that curious case, and who yielded to the extraordinary arguments of the young woman, Portia. The judgment rendered, and the argument or decision of

the Lady Advocate, on that occasion, have been regarded as models of judicial acumen, have received the approbation of many worthy and enlightened students, and, when theatrically represented, have been greeted with the plaudits of nearly every theatre. It may be arrogant to impugn a judicial decision of such antiquity and acknowledged authority ; but, as a member in full standing of the worshipful P. B., I have the right to be slightly arrogant ; for I am well aware that this is a tribunal the circumference of whose jurisdiction is infinite, or rather is a circle whose centre is a little village on the Hudson river, where I reside.

No false modesty shall restrain me, therefore, from discussing this case upon its merits. Before entering upon it, however, I desire to call your attention to a few preliminary points.

In the first place, I ask you—who are all familiar with the record—if an undue sympathy for the defendant, Antonio, was not felt on the trial? The favor and good wishes of the court, the spectators, and of the reporter, were evidently enlisted for him as against his opponent. This Antonio, perhaps, was a very worthy fellow in his way; and in a criminal action—as on an indictment for murdering a family or two, or slaughtering a policeman—might have been able to prove previous good character. But such a plea, in a civil action for *debt*, is entitled to no weight, while the fact that he was a good fellow in a series of scrapes, not the least of which was matrimony, does not entitle him to our sympathy. The prejudices of the court ought to have been against instead of for him. He had failed in business, could not pay his outstanding liabilities, and thus stood before the commercial world in the position of bankruptcy. The fact that he had made a foolish contract, which imperilled his life, does not improve his moral condition, or entitle him to any just sympathy, unless it could be shown that there was insanity in his family. No such plea was entered. His counsel did not attempt to prove that his great-grandfather owned a mad dog; a plea from which the court, fortified by many modern criminal decisions, might have inferred his moral insanity. No such attempt to relieve Antonio from the consequences of his criminal folly was made, and I can see nothing in the case to entitle him to the sympathy which was and had been always entertained for him.

Again: The lengthy and much-admired plea of the defendant's counsel on the subject of mercy was clearly out of place, especially if, as I have endeavored to show, the defendant was not

entitled to any particular clemency or sympathy. The remarks of Portia, commencing,

‘The quality of Mercy is not strained,’

(and, by the way, who but a woman would talk of straining an emotion as one strains milk?) are wholly irrelevant to the issue, and ought not to have been allowed. They were eloquent, indeed, but had nothing whatever to do with *the trial*, which arose on a very plain case at law: A owed B three thousand ducats, due and not paid on an ascertained day. Whereupon B moves the court for the penalty, and demands judgment. If the defendant had no answer at law, there is an end to the case; and it was very irregular, impertinent, and contrary to well-settled practice for the defendant's counsel to endeavor to lead off the mind of the court from the true issue of the case. Portia, in what she says of mercy being ‘twice blessed’ and ‘dropping like the gentle rain from heaven,’ &c., &c., was, I fear, ‘talking buncombe,’ and all that part of her speech should be stricken from the record, especially as it was addressed to the plaintiff instead of the court, a highly indecorous proceeding. Instead of indulging in all this sentimentality, her true course would have been to have filed a bill in equity against Shylock, and have obtained an injunction on an *ex parte* affidavit, which only requires a little strong swearing; or to have patched up a suit against him for obtaining his knife under false pretences; than which (under the New York code of procedure) nothing can be easier. But what better conduct of a suit can you expect from a she-advocate—an attorney-in-petticoats?

And this brings me to another point of some delicacy, and which nothing but a conscientious devotion to abstract justice would induce me to touch upon. What law, or what precedent, can be cited to authorize a woman to appear as an advocate in a court of justice and

usurp the offices and prerogatives of a man? I will not dwell upon the impropriety of such conduct; but on my honor, as a member of the bar, the behavior of Portia was outrageous. This young female, not content with 'cavorting' around the country in a loose and perspicuous style, actually practises a gross swindle on the court. She assumes to be a man when she is only a woman, dons the breeches when she is only entitled to the skirts, and imposes herself upon the Duke of Venice as a learned young advocate from Rome, when in fact she is only a young damsel of Belmont, with half a dozen lovers on hand, on her own showing. And yet this young baggage, whose own father would not trust her to choose a husband, whose brains are addled by her own love affairs, and who had no more business in court than the deacon would have in Chancellor Whiting's suit in the Lowber claim, not only came into court under a fraudulent disguise, argued the case under false pretences, but actually took the words from the judge's own mouth, and decided her case on her own responsibility. I venture to say that such unparalleled impudence was never witnessed out of the court of a justice of the peace, and that even Judge —— (unless the editor of the —— had interfered) would have marched this false pretender out of court, or have deposited her in the Tombs on an attachment of contempt.

But these preliminary points appear of small moment when we come to consider the plea, if it be worthy of that name, which the counsel for the defendant opposed to the suit of the plaintiff. The bond is admitted, the penalty is confessed, the pound of flesh is forfeited, the bosom of Antonio is bared to the knife—when this brief but briefless barrister, this skylarking young judge of Belmont steps jauntily forward, with a most preposterous quibble on her lips, and manages by an adroit subtlety to defeat the judgment

to which the plaintiff is legally entitled. She awards the flesh, fibres, nerves, adipose matter, in controversy, to Shylock; but declares his life and fortune confiscate if he sheds a drop of blood, or takes more or less than the exact pound.

Now if there be one principle of law better settled than another (and probably it was as clearly set forth in the Revised Statutes of Venice as is set forth in our own common law), it is that a party entitled to the possession of a commodity, whether grain, guano, dead or live men's flesh, bones and sinews, is entitled, also, to pursue the usual necessary and appropriate means of obtaining the possession of the same. I appeal to Colonel W—— if this be not good law, and asking whether, if he be entitled to a dinner, he has not a right to seize upon it, whenever or however he can find it; whether, if a man owes him a bottle of champagne, he has not the right to break the neck of the bottle if a corkscrew is not convenient? So, to use a drier example, the sale of standing timber entitles the purchaser to enter the land upon which it is situated, and to cut down and carry off his own property. On the same principle, if A sells B a house and lot, entirely surrounded by other land owned by A, B has clearly a right of way to his own wife and fireside over A's land. (2 Blackstone 1149.) A hundred examples might be given in point, but it would be insulting the dignity of this court to argue at length a theory so transparently clear. If the shedding of a few drops of blood, more or less, was incidental and necessary to the rights of the plaintiff, if the article of personal property, forfeited to him on the bond, could be obtained in no other way, then, according to all the principles of law and common sense, he *had* a right to spill those drops, more or less; and that, too, without legal risk.

If the penalty was legal, and that were admitted, the method of exacting it was legal also. Portia's quibble was

so transparent and barefaced that the decision of the court can only be explained on the theory that the court was drunk, or in love, which seems to have been the condition of several of the prominent parties in this proceeding, excepting always the plaintiff. As to the other part of Portia's plea, it is doubtless true that the plaintiff would take more of the commodity involved in the suit than the court awarded him at his peril; but as half a pound, or a quarter of a pound, cut off from the right spot would have answered his purpose, I do not see under what principle of law he was defrauded of that satisfaction. There was nothing to have prevented him from cutting less than a pound from Antonio's body, and of so releasing him, the defendant, from a portion of the penalty; and the court should have instructed the plaintiff as to his rights in this particular, instead of adopting a quibble worthy of only a Tombs lawyer or a third-rate pettifogger.

I cannot then believe that Mr. Reporter Shakspeare, in handing down to posterity the record of this remarkable case, meant to express an approval of Portia's subterfuge. My inference rather is that he was aiming a covert sarcasm at those women who thrust themselves conspicuously upon the notice of the public, and that he meant to hint that those who thus unsex themselves often make a showy appearance without displaying much solid merit. If this subtle, sharp, and strong-minded female did not turn out to be something of a shrew, before her husband was done with her, I am much mistaken. Possibly, however, Shakspeare's sarcasm might bear a more general interpretation, and implies that women in an argument seldom meet the true issue presented to them, but are prone to go off at a tangent on some side quibble, and to repel the arguments of their antagonists by the subtlety of their inventions rather than by the cogency of their logic. I appeal to my

friend, the sage of Cattaraugus, who has a large knowledge of the customs of the sex, if this be not the usual result.

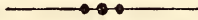
Not to cut the reply of the deacon too short, I go on to remark that whether he agrees with me or not, neither he nor any other well-balanced man would have descended, on the trial of so important a case as the one we are discussing, to a trivial playing upon words. Even my friend, the district attorney, than whom no man is more remorselessly given—in private life—to the depraved habit of quibbling, and who never hesitates to impale truth upon the point of a verbal criticism, would by the temptation of a fee commensurate with the vigor of the moral effort required, have discussed the question on broader and truer principles. Had he been retained on the part of Antonio, he would have proved himself equal to the occasion, and have unfolded a logical and consistent answer to the claim of the plaintiff.

He would have boldly attacked the bond itself, as absolutely void in its inception, because it was aimed at the life of a citizen of Venice, and would have called upon the court to abrogate a contract which violated the very laws that the court was bound to administer. With his usual eloquence, he would have urged that a penalty so illegal, immoral, and monstrous, and which involved the commission of the highest crime, except treason, known to the laws of the state, could never be enforced in a civilized country. He would have offered to the court no woman's quibble like that of Portia, based upon the assumption that the penalty of a bond which sanctioned a high and capital crime could be enforced in a court of law; and in fine, would have addressed an argument to the reason and understanding of the court which might render a consideration of this case by the tribunal unnecessary.

But no good plea to the plaintiff's

cause of action was made on the trial, and the court was, and I fear that the whole world has been deceived by Portia's subterfuge. We must, therefore, regard Shylock as a badly used man. After all, he was no worse than many creditors and note shavers of this day, who *only* demand the life blood of their victims, and if on the pleas before the court he was entitled to judgment, like them he should have had it. Doubtless in private life Shylock was a very honest and well-behaved gentleman, not a mere mountebank as he is some-

times represented on the stage, but a vigorous and energetic man of the world, shrewd, sagacious, and long sighted in business, honored on 'change, respected by his friends, and a pattern of prudence and morality. And then, perhaps, he was only carrying on a joke, a kind of *Jew d'esprit*, conceived in a moment of amiable eccentricity, and never to be executed. If not a joke, however, the judgment of Judge Portia should be set aside, and a new trial, with costs, should, in my opinion, have been ordered.



A HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

WE had watched with her alternate nights throughout all her illness, but this night we thought would be her last, and neither of us was willing to leave her. The surgeons and nurses had gone, and we were at last alone. We sat through the remaining hours in deathly stillness, occasionally moistening the lips and tongue of the sufferer. It was the last office of friendship, and I yielded it, though reluctantly, to her earliest and dearest friend. Monotonous the hours were, but not long. We would have made them longer if we could, for though the waning life before us was but the faintest shadow of the life we had companioned with, we were loath to lose it—to face the blank that would be left when it was gone.

One, two, three o'clock sounded, and still no perceptible change; but soon after the breathing became shorter, a slight film gathered on her eyes, and we stood in the presence of the last great mystery. Shorter and shorter grew the breath, deeper and deeper the film, till, just as the first gray light showed itself in the eastern horizon, came the last sigh, and Mrs. Simmons,

leaning forward, exclaimed in a low voice, 'It is over.' As for me, I buried my face in the pillow and wept unrestrainedly.

In a hospital the day treads closely on the night, and soon the morning came. We retired to our apartment for rest, but we could not sleep. We could only think of our loss, and after an hour or two we rose, somewhat rested, but not refreshed. Ever since my first acquaintance with Laetitia Sunderland, I had eagerly desired to learn her previous life. Glimpses of it I had obtained, but I wanted it as a whole, and now I was with one, perhaps for the last time, who could give me a full account of it. It was an opportunity not to be lost, and while partaking of our morning coffee, I asked Mrs. Simmons if she would tell me what I so longed to know. She willingly assented, and as I was relieved from duty for the day, and the morning was mild and beautiful, we sought a rustic seat in the garden, and there in a little nook retired from view, I heard the story of that life to which my own during the past year had been so closely knit.

'There is one thing,' said Mrs. Simons, 'in regard to our friend, to which we have never alluded, and which, perhaps, you would rather have me now pass over; but on that very thing her whole character and history turn, and to omit it would leave nothing worth the telling—I mean her personal appearance.'

'When I was a child, my parents moved into the suburbs of Condar, and as there were no houses between ours and Mr. Sunderland's, the two families soon became well acquainted. On the day that I was ten years old, my mother told me there was a baby girl at Mrs. Sunderland's, and said she would take me to see it. I was delighted, and wanted to go immediately, but mother said I must wait till to-morrow. To-morrow came, and I was sick; and at last the baby was a week old when I was taken, the happiest little mortal in existence, into that upper room where the little one lay in its nurse's arms. I looked at it, and then at my mother.'

'What is the matter, Mary?' said she.

'It isn't a very pretty baby, is it, mother?'

'Oh it will grow prettier,' said my mother, and with that I was satisfied. I was extravagantly fond of babies, and this one I adopted as my especial care, for there was no other in the neighborhood; and besides, in my childish confusion of ideas, I supposed we were twins, our birthdays being the same.

'From the time Laetitia first learned to speak, she came to me with all her troubles and her interests, and I was always glad to be her sympathizer, her counsellor, and her playmate. When she was five or six years old she went to the nearest district school. She was always a marked girl, from her extreme homeliness, her excellent scholarship, her boldness in all active sports, and an odd humor which never failed to interest and amuse. My mother's prophecy, alas! was not fulfilled. She grew no prettier, but rather the reverse. She was the same in childhood as when you

knew her, with the high, bold forehead, crowned with white, towy hair, small greenish-gray eyes, shaded and yet not shaded with light yellowish eyelashes, short and thin; scanty eyebrows of the same color; a nose so small and flat it seemed scarcely a projection from her face; teeth tolerably good, but chin and mouth receding in a peculiar manner, and very disagreeably; and a thick, waxy complexion, worse in childhood than of late years, for the spirit had not then found its way through it, as it did afterward. Moreover, by a singular malignancy of fortune, when she was twelve years old, she was attacked with varioloid, and taking a severe cold as she was getting well, had a relapse, and was left as you see her, not closely marked, but sufficiently pitted to attract attention.

'My parents thought more of education than the Sunderlands, and my advantages were much better than Laetitia's. I went for some time to a good select school in the town, and afterward two years to an excellent boarding school. When Laetitia had learned all that her instructors in the little district school could teach her, she came to me and begged that I would let her read with me. I was very glad to do so, and soon after my cousin and niece joined us. To those readings I am indebted for some of the most delightful hours of my life. My pupils, as I used to call them, were at that age when childhood is verging into womanhood, and it was my delight to watch the first dawns of consciousness in their minds, the first awakening to the realities of life. Laetitia was the youngest of the three, but she was as intelligent and mature as the others. How well I remember the glow of enthusiasm with which she read of the heroes and martyrs of old, the intense sympathy with which she entered into the *amor patriæ* of the Greek and Roman, and her fervent admiration for the nobleness of action which this feeling called forth in them!

'The second year I began to see the development of new sentiments. The romance of life, as well as its heroism and duties, was revealed to them. Pieces of poetry which before had been read listlessly, or with only a distant apprehension of their meaning, were now full of interest. The sentiment which had passed unnoticed, now kindled their imaginations with delight; and there came, too, all the new attentions to dress and looks which first show themselves at this time. Life lay before them, golden and beautiful, and they saw all its shining angels coming to meet them—love, friendship, duty, praise, self-sacrifice, each with a joy in her hand, but the sorrow was concealed from their eyes, or, rather, was but another form of joy. They admitted its probability, but it was with the disguised pleasure which we feel in the troubles of the heroines of romance.

'Laetitia shared these feelings with the others, though with less reason; but her thought and imagination were so vivid, and gave color so completely to her life, that it would have been as absurd for her as for them to have looked at the probabilities of the case. Never once did she say to herself, that to one in her circumstances, life would most likely be full of disappointments and commonplace incidents. But time, the great revealer, soon opened to her those pages which her wisest friend would not have dared to show her so early.

'One evening I went to Mrs. Sunderland's on some trivial errand. The family were all out excepting Laetitia, whom I found sitting by the window, in the dark, with her head resting on her hand. Her manner indicated great depression; and I looked at her a moment and said, 'My dear child, what is the matter with you this evening?'

'Her head dropped upon the table, and she burst into tears. She continued to weep and sob, till, seeing she was not relieved, I put my hand upon her

shoulder and said, 'Laetitia, Laetitia, don't cry so.'

'Don't call me Laetitia,' she replied. 'I shall never be Laetitia again.'

'The answer seemed melodramatic, but I knew she was suffering. Still I responded lightly: 'Oh yes, you will be Laetitia many, many times yet. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' you know.'

'She did not reply, and we sat a while in silence, till at length I begged of her to tell me the cause of her grief, just to see if I could not help her. I think she wanted to tell it, for she tried two or three times, but could not get any further than 'Yesterday afternoon'— At last she said, 'I have a very great trouble; it will never be any less as long as I live, and it will forever keep me from being happy. I *cannot* tell it to you: can you help me without knowing it?'

'This was a new appeal, and I did not know how to answer it, but a thought came to me, and I replied: 'Go and tell God about it.'

'This I said at a venture, for, old as I was, I had never called upon Him in deep distress, and I did not know what the effect would be; but I saw immediately that the advice was unexpected, and seemed to meet the exigency.

'Her mother's voice was at that moment heard at the door, and I went out to give Laetitia an opportunity of slipping off to her room without meeting the family.

'Have you seen Titia?' said Mrs. Sunderland to me.

'Yes, she has just gone to her room.'

'Well, I don't know what's the matter with the child since last night, she's acted so queer. I 'spect she'll get over it, though; she always did have tantrums.'

'In one sense, however, she never did get over it, and it was many years before she really recovered much of her old light-heartedness, although she had

an appearance of it to superficial companions. For a long time her inner life was shut from the view of her friends; but I am at present able to read it for you, partly from what she herself told me afterward, and partly from that insight which we all have into those lives and experiences with which we are in sympathy.

'One afternoon she left me very happy and gay, and went to see a friend near the town. She was returning slowly toward home, satisfied with herself, and enjoying intensely the beauty of the season, when she saw two ladies approaching her. They were strangers, and she looked at them with interest, attracted by their pleasing faces and graceful bearing. As they passed her, she overheard one of them say in an undertone, 'What a frightfully homely girl!'

'There could be no mistake. She only was meant, and the words went like a sharp dagger to her heart.

'While she was thinking how charming they were, she to them appeared only frightful. The whole future in an instant opened before her, and she saw herself, as she moved through it, constantly exciting, wherever she went, only repulsion in the minds of strangers and friends.

'All the charm and interest of life fled at the moment. That day and the next she was in a stupor of grief, from which she was first awakened by my tones of sympathy. My advice, too, opened a door of relief by giving her something to *do*. For the first time she remembered there was a Being who knew all about her sorrow, knew it was coming, understood its cause, and its effects. This Being she could open her mind to, and only to Him. He would not be surprised, and He would not annoy her with sympathy which could not cure and would only irritate. She knelt down, and with minute fidelity told Him every thought of her heart. The next day she felt cheerful—she thought she was resigned; but it was

only the reaction caused by the tears and confession of the previous night, and it soon passed away. The words 'frightfully homely' echoed and re-echoed through her heart. All that was dreary, hopeless, and miserable clustered around them, and shut out from her the bright, happy life of the past. Her duties were performed as before. With others she was sufficiently animated; but when alone, she was wretched. Thus the months rolled on, till they became a year; and I, who had never been deceived by her occasional liveliness, began to think what I could do to change the current of her thoughts, which seemed to have no tendency to change of themselves.

'But Laetitia's life was not all feeling. Feeling suffers passively, with greater or less endurance, according to the strength of the physical frame, but the intellect always seeks a remedy for sorrow. It seemed horrible to her that she of all the world—of all her world, at least—should be so homely that no one could look on her without pain. It was intolerable, it ought not to have been, but it *was* permitted, it must be. Rebellion came of course, bitter rebellion, but it could do no good. There was the fate, it was impossible to escape it. What then? Drag through a miserable life till death came happily to relieve it? She was too young. Fifty, sixty years of travel over a dreary, barren waste, with no joy upon it? No, no, she could not do it—suicide first. But suicide was wrong, and could never be resorted to. There *must* be some relief elsewhere. Where was it? what was it?

'Continual dropping will wear away a stone, and continual thinking will wear a hollow into the stoniest of mysteries. At length, through all the mists of proximate causes and natural laws, some glorious truths became clear to her. The near and the visible receded to their proper importance, and she learned to hold principles and ideas more dear than the externals which

embody them. She saw that God loves His children equally, and though the laws of nature must take their course, there is room for each result in His design; and in the infinite of His heart and His work each individual has place and purpose. She found, too, that angels laden with joy might descend and ascend between His soul and hers without a ladder made of earthly triumphs and successes. Thus in place of rebellion came happy acquiescence.

‘But she was not yet contented. She was convinced that there was a life for her which she could not or would not lead if she were like others; but this life she could not find. She saw no intimations of it in herself. She had no genius for any special thing, and she continued restless and disturbed, wondering what it was appointed to her to do. At length it came to her.

‘One day, as she was passing the house of her physician, through the open window she saw and heard that which induced her to go in and offer her services. A man in a disgusting stage of intoxication had cut his arm badly, and had come to have it bound up. His little child was with him, shrieking with terror, her face and clothes covered with dirt. The doctor roughly and with ill-concealed repugnance was caring for the wound, while the cook, with no attempt at concealment, was loudly expressing her disapprobation of the whole proceeding. Laetitia assisted the doctor, and washed off the blood; then took the child home with her, bathed her, gave her clean clothes and a dinner, and sent her away with a new happiness in her heart. While she was doing all this, she found what she had been seeking. There are very many things in this world disagreeable in the extreme, which ought to be done with interest, with care, with *love*. Why should she not undertake to do them? In themselves they would be repugnant, but *she* would do them for God, and she loved her Heavenly Father so well that

the hardest thing done for Him would be the sweetest. In a day or two the feeling settled itself: it was firmly impressed upon her mind that in these employments she would have rest.

‘One morning, about two years perhaps after the first day of her sorrow, she dropped into my room with something of her old suddenness, and, after the customary greetings, said simply: ‘I am happy again now.’

‘‘You need not tell me that: I can see it in your face.’

‘The pleased expression remained for a moment, and then an intensely black cloud fell upon her countenance. She said nothing more, and in a few minutes went away. You see how it was—by one of those freaks by which the imagination loves to torture us, my remark recalled her whole misery and its unalterable cause, and having lost for the time the keynote to her new-found joy, the other took entire possession of her mind and overwhelmed it. In a few days she came back to me, and I said: ‘I pained you when you were here before. I do not know how, but I am very sorry.’

‘‘You did pain me, but you were entirely innocent. Afterward it grieved me still more that I *was* pained—that what you said had the *power* to pain me. I will tell you all, if you will hear it;’ and, without waiting for my answer, she gave me the key to the last two years of her life.

‘She finished, but I had nothing to reply. She had said all. Hitherto I had led her, but now her experience was deeper than mine. Besides, I could then less than ever understand the life that was opening before her, for I had just yielded my heart and promised my hand to one whom I loved; and though I by no means thought it impossible that she, too, might have tried the same path, yet I knew she thought so; and I could not conceive how she could look forward with contentment to a life in which that element of happiness was wanting.

I could only assure her of my own warm affection, an assurance which gave her a pleasure that it always makes me happy to think of.

‘Notwithstanding the apparently contradictory evidence of her late depression, her new experience was not precarious and uncertain: it was firm, enduring, to be *rested* upon in the most trying emergencies; yet it was not, for many years, unwavering. During all that period of a woman’s life when looks and manners pass for so much and the real character for so little, she suffered at times greatly. As she went onward, every new phase of the feelings which possess a girl’s heart brought with it its own pang, and each had to be overcome, some by stifling, some by postponement to another existence, and others by studying to dis sever, if possible, the essential sentiment from the shows in which it was imbedded. She was unwilling passively to outgrow her trials, feeling that thereby she would lose the strength they were intended to give. Her work, however, helped her more than anything. She was not eager to enter upon it. She did not stretch forth impatient, unskilled hands toward what her Father had designed for her. Entirely confident, she was right, she was at ease, knowing her work would come to her in the proper time, and it did.

‘I must say something about this work of hers, else you will be misled. She undertook to do that which others would not do, or would not do well, owing to a natural dislike to the thing itself. Not intending to become a drudge, she did not allow indolence or sentimentality to shift upon her that which others would be all the better for doing themselves. She knew what Master she served, and looked to Him for guidance, and not to the wishes and opinions of her fellow mortals. Gradually she found enough to do, first in her own house, and then outside. Friends and acquaintances called upon her, philanthropic societies applied for

her services, surgeons and nurses sought her assistance, and even strangers learned that there was one who would willingly do for them, in cases of emergency, what they could not do, and what no wages could procure well done. As her life became known, she obtained the respect of some, the contempt of others, and the wonderment of most. I will not specify what she did, for my story is already getting too long; but you would be surprised to know how often she was needed.

‘Her means, though small, were large enough to allow her to do most of her work gratuitously, but she received sufficient pecuniary compensation during the year to enable her to provide well for herself and give much to others.

‘In pursuing the duties of her vocation, she came in contact at one time or another with almost every kind of misery, and though, from familiarity, she ceased to be shocked at new forms of suffering, yet she never became hardened, but each year grew more tender and sympathizing.

‘In due time the practical workings of the great sin of the nineteenth century came under her observation. She talked with fugitive slaves, and all the pent-up fire within her burst forth in intense indignation. She had not thought of the question before—it had not been in her way; but now every feeling, her love of God, her love of country, her great interest in human rights and destinies, conspired to make her throw her whole soul into it, and she saw slavery as it is, its intense wickedness and its fearful results. She looked with dismay at its effect upon the country, its ‘trail’ upon everything in it, on church, on politics, on society, on commerce, on manufactures, on education. There was nothing which had not been corrupted by it—it was fast eating into the vitals of religion and liberty. The more she studied the subject the more earnest grew her feeling. But what should she do? She had

not lost self-love, that passion which never deserts us; but she had lost its *glamour*—eyes that have wept much see clear—and she knew that the least valuable offering which a woman without good looks, high position, or great talent, can make to an unpopular cause, is—herself. So far from her conspicuous support of a new thing being an encouragement and assistance to others, it would be a hindrance: fear of being identified with her would be another lion to be encountered in the path.

‘She loved her cause better than she loved herself, and would not make it more odious by any marked advocacy of it. It was a new trial to her, but she did not murmur. One who in early youth has rebelled against the very laws by which he has his existence, and has become reconciled, does not go through life hitting his head against every projection which society thrusts in his way. She did what she could. She cleared *herself*, as far as possible, from all participation in the sin, gladly avowed her views when called upon, and never hesitated to show, by suitable words and acts, her sympathy with a despised people. Yet she could not accomplish much. But if she did little for the cause, it did a great deal for her. It broadened her life, enlarged her views, increased her comprehension of the world’s progress as revealed in history, and brought her into closer sympathy with reformers of all ages. It gave her a perpetual object of interest. It was like a great drama, whose acts were years and whose scenes were continually passing before her. It gave a new zest to life, made this world more real, and diminished her longings for the next. In narrowing her friendships it made them more vital and satisfactory; and being in communion with hundreds of other minds in the country, reading their thoughts became almost like personal intercourse with them, and was a new happiness to her. Studying daily a subject of such vast complications, her mind perceptibly

grew, and from year to year she was able to grasp new and higher truths. She gained the hatred of a few clear-sighted opponents, but most persons only ridiculed her, contemptuously wondering why she should pursue this course when her interest lay so clearly the other way. But she was now far beyond the reach of such weapons.

‘I have given you, thus, a sketch of the history and character of Laetitia, but I cannot reproduce her as she appears to my own mind.’ You must fill up the outlines from your own personal knowledge. I fear I have rendered her too intense, and, perhaps, too sombre. Intense she certainly was, but it did not oppress one in ordinary intercourse; and she was not at all sombre. After she recovered fully from her youthful grief, her elasticity of temperament returned, and her love of fun. She looked on the bright side of all things, and was full of encouragement and hope for her friends. To me, besides being, during the last five years particularly, a valuable friend and adviser—no one but myself can know how valuable—she was always an interesting companion. And yet she was not generally liked. She was seldom understood. Her life was so deep, her tone of thought so peculiar; and her dependence upon the opinions of others so slight, that persons ordinarily could not ‘make her out,’ as they said. Still she had very warm friends, and derived great pleasure from their friendship. I have never seen any one derive more. But she distrusted strangers; I mean their interest in her. She did not expect new persons to care for her, and it took her a long while to be sure that they did. I must myself confess, for the first and last time, that until within two or three years I never met her after an absence without being newly impressed with her exceeding homeliness. It was a sin against friendship, I knew, and I was glad when I felt I was free from it.’

‘It was not so with me,’ I said. ‘After I became accustomed to her

face it never affected me unpleasantly. I did not see the features, but the spirit which animated them.'

'Yes, you were with her continually, and, besides, she must have been so completely identified in your mind with the relief of pain, that you could think of her only as an angel of mercy. It was a great advantage to her that she was always scrupulously neat in her dress and person; and her clothes, too, were well put on, if without a great deal of taste.

'Upon the whole, her life was a happy one, though not perhaps triumphant except in periods of exaltation, for there was a large part of her nature unsatisfied; but she was thoroughly contented, willingly living as long as was necessary, glad to go whenever the time came. She never expected to die young, but she did; she was only thirty-six.'

'She seemed older,' I said.

'Yes, she always looked older than she was, and then she had lived so much that she necessarily impressed one as being old.

'She followed,' continued Mrs. Simons, resuming her narrative, 'with increasing interest the progress of the grand anti-slavery drama, until that winter which, in defiance of all mathematical measurements, every American *knows* to be the longest in the annals of his country. With fixed attention she watched every event, every indication. What next would come she could not see, but she felt sure she should have some part in it, whatever it was. At length the signal gun pealed forth, the first shot was fired, the spell was broken. She wrote me, 'America calls her sons and daughters. Up! up! to work! all true-hearted men and women! live for me, die for me, and your reward shall be everlasting. There is a work for all, for all who love freedom, for all who love democracy, for all who love humanity, for all who love right law, union, and peace.'

'She felt that all her life had been

preparing for this moment. Averse to war as she was from instinct and principle, she yet believed it necessary in the progress of the world, and her clear eyes scattered all the sophisms which made both sides partly wrong and partly right. She looked only at essential principles, and she saw that on one side was God, and in the current of His good will to men they were fighting; on the other was Satan, and by whatever plausible arguments he might deceive some, he could never do aught but cause and perpetuate evil. Her mind was quickly made up, and she asked me in her letter what steps she should take. I sent for her to come to me, and we applied to a committee to receive her as nurse. A great many questions were asked her, and then her application was accepted; but she was kept waiting for the final answer more than a week. Fast as heads and hearts and hands moved in those days, still time could not be annihilated—it must have its place in every work. I was present when her case was discussed.

'I think she is an enthusiast,' said one; 'I am sure she will not do.'

'We are all enthusiasts now,' answered another; 'that does not make any difference.'

'I don't believe she is,' exclaimed a pretty young woman; 'behind such a face there can be only a very matter-of-fact mind.'

'A tall, cold-looking lady said: 'No, she is a devotee; I know it by her manner. We do not want such persons.'

'I do not think we can afford to lose her services,' interrupted another, who had been looking over a pile of papers. 'Listen to her testimonials. Here is one from Dr. Weston, another from the Rev. Mr. Samuels, and others. Listen, she is just the one we want.'

All listened, and when Laetitia came, after another flood of questions, her credentials were given her. During this delay, though she was, like all the rest of us, at white heat regarding her country, she was entirely quiet about

herself. I asked her what she would do if she were not accepted. 'I shall go,' said she, 'whatever obstacles are thrown in the way.' She started very soon for the seat of war. I came here with her to see that she had everything she needed, and you know the rest better than I do.'

Yes, I knew the rest, for I had been with her ever since.

Though a resident of Washington, I was not 'to the manor born,' but a 'mudsill' from Vermont, and when the war broke out I applied to be received into the hospitals, but was refused on account of want of experience. Intent, notwithstanding, upon making my services necessary, I passed part of every day in one or other of them. One day I noticed a new comer. Her head was bent down as I approached her; but when I passed, she looked up for a moment, and I had a glimpse of her face. 'That is the homeliest face I ever saw,' said I to myself. It will be a perpetual annoyance to me. I am sorry she has come.' The next day I was again in that hospital, and, standing near a door which opened into a side room, I overheard a conversation going on between a surgeon and a lady. It was not of a private nature, and I kept my place and listened to it. I was charmed by the agreeable tones of the lady, her well-chosen words, and the great good sense and tender kindness of her remarks. 'I must know that woman,' said I, 'she will be a treasure if she is going to stay here.' She came out, and I recognized the homely nurse of the previous day. I was astonished, but my prejudice was entirely disarmed. I soon made her acquaintance, and gradually established myself as her assistant, until, at her request, I was allowed to take up my abode in the building.

Her presence in the hospital was soon evident. The surgeons found with surprise that her skill and knowledge were equal to every requirement, that she shrank from no task, however fearfully

repelling it might be, and they quickly began to avail themselves of her womanly deftness. To the soldiers she was a perpetual blessing. Every means which her thoughtful experience could suggest she put in requisition to soothe their pain or strengthen them to bear it. Nature, who never denies all gifts to any of her children, had given her a good voice, not powerful, but sweet and penetrating; and often, when all else failed, I have seen her lull a patient to sleep with some favorite tune set to appropriate words. Priceless indeed were her services, and priceless was the recompense she received.

But for the humor that peeped out occasionally in Miss Sunderland, to an ordinary observer her character—as she moved unambitiously through the wards, doing always the right thing at the right time, unexpectant of blame and regardless of praise, obeying directions apparently to the very letter, yet never allowing the mistakes or carelessness of the director to mar her own work—would have seemed almost colorless; but I have never considered myself an ordinary observer where character is concerned, and I soon saw that hers was not the unreasoning goodness of instinct, that it derived life and tone from a past full of culture and discipline. I noticed in her three things particularly: First, complete and unusual happiness, a happiness entirely independent of the incidents of the day. It was as if an unclouded sun were perpetually shining in her heart. This came, I knew afterward, from the fact that she was serving the cause she loved most, that she was doing her work well, and that through it and connected with it she found place for all her best qualities and highest knowledge. Second, her thorough refinement. Without, as I perceived, hereditary breeding, and without conventional pruderies, she had a rare purity and elevation of feeling, which exerted a manifest and constant influence, sadly needed in a soldiers' hospital. Third,

her life within. From choice, not from necessity, her life continually turned upon itself; from within she found her chief motive, sanction, and reward, and this took from her intercourse with others all pettiness, and made their relations to herself uncommonly truthful.

From time to time, as the scene of battle shifted, we removed to other hospitals, I always accompanying Miss Sunderland; but at last, in the spring, we again got back to Washington. The battles all around were raging fearfully, and the wounded were continually brought to us in scores. Day and night Miss Sunderland was engaged. Usually careful of herself in the extreme, she seemed now to forget all prudence.

'You cannot endure this,' said I one day to her. 'Your first duty is to take care of your health.'

'No, no,' said she, 'my first duty is to save the lives of these men; the second, to take care of my health for their future benefit; but I cannot give out now. Don't you see how necessary my work is?'

'Yes, I see it,' I replied. 'I don't know how you could spare yourself, but it does not seem right that you should be entirely worn out.'

'Yes, it *is* right,' answered she; 'a life saved now is of as much consequence as one saved next year. I am useful at this time, for I understand my profession; but others are learning the art of nursing in no feeble school, and if I die, you will find plenty of new comers ready to fill my place.'

I knew from this that she anticipated the result, yet neither did I myself see how it could be avoided; but I resolved to watch and spare her all I could.

During all the year, notwithstanding her unceasing cares, she had kept herself well informed on public affairs. She knew every incident of the war, and particularly all its moral defeats and victories. At one time defeats of both kinds seemed to come thick and

fast. She would shudder sometimes, as she laid down the newspaper, and say: 'This prolongs the war such a time;' weeks, months, or years, as it might be; but she never was really disheartened. She did not doubt that the contest, when it did come to a conclusion, would end in the triumph of the right, in the triumph of freedom, in the regeneration of the nation; and her courage never yielded, her resolution never faltered, till one day in the latter part of May.

She went out then in the afternoon to breathe the fresh air she so much needed, but in a half hour came back with a new look in her face. A stern, forbidding expression did not leave her during the day, and at night she tossed about on her bed, wakeful and disturbed. At length she rose, and sat for more than an hour by the window in the darkness, seeking that peace which had left her so unaccountably. A new thought, in time, took possession of her. She went back, and slept. In the morning she called me to her, and told me that on the previous day she had seen a black man knocked down in the streets of Washington and carried in chains to slavery. Then she said in earnest tones: 'Child' (she always called me *child*, though I was not much younger than herself), 'have you in your life done all that you could do against this abomination?'

'No,' said I.

'You hate it?' she asked; 'you understand its vileness, and hate it?'

'Yes, I do now, from the bottom of my heart.'

'Will you not promise me that until you die, you will, regardless of self, use every effort in your power against it?'

'I will, in all solemnity and truth.'

She was satisfied, and said no more, for she never wasted words, and I recognized this as her legacy to me. The next day she was taken ill. I immediately sent for Mrs. Simmons, who thought she would be able to take her home with her; but before she arrived,

I saw it would not be possible. Her only hope of recovery was in remaining where she was.

Mrs. Simmons came, and Miss Sunderland, notwithstanding our careful preparations, was so overcome with emotion at meeting her old friend, that for some time she could scarcely speak. After this warmth of feeling had subsided, she looked up in her face with a pleasant smile, and said :

‘I was well named, after all. I have entered into the joy of my Lord.’

The next day she had an earnest talk with her friend on the present state of the country. Her faith had returned through intuition, but the grasp of her intellect was weakened by disease, and she could not see clearly the grounds of it. Mrs. Simmons, though she had, like the rest of us, seasons of doubt, was in a very hopeful mood that morning, hopeful for our leading men, for the common people, and for the tendency of events; and she explained the reasons for her belief that the enormities of that period were no new crime, but a remnant of the old not to be eradicated at once, any more than it is possible for an individual to turn from great baseness to real goodness without some backslidings, even after the most unmistakable of conversions. Miss Sunderland was satisfied, the future again became clear to her, and after that she seemed to lose interest in the details of affairs. Her thoughts and conversation were filled with heaven and a regenerated earth.

We clung to hope as long as possible,

but she herself saw the end of the disease from the beginning. She talked with us, and with the soldiers who were permitted to see her, as long as she was able. Wise words she spoke, and words ever to be remembered; but at last weakness overcame her, and her life was but a succession of gasps. One morning, after being unconscious for many hours, she opened her eyes wide and looked at us. She glanced from one to the other, and then, fixing her gaze on Mrs. Simmons, said :

‘Mary, I am glad—I am glad’—but she was too weak, she could not finish the sentence. Again she essayed. We heard the words ‘frightfully homely,’ but we could not catch the rest. The light faded from her eyes, and we thought we had seen the last expression of that wise and vigorous mind; but the next day the bright, conscious look came again into her face, but it gave no evidence of recognition, though ardent affection sought eagerly for it. For a moment she lay still, and then said, in a feeble but distinct voice :

‘It is better to enter into life maimed and halt than, having two hands and two feet, to be cast into hell.’ A half hour afterward she said softly, as if to herself :

‘The joy of my Lord.’

They were her last words. She relapsed into unconsciousness, and lingered till the dawn of the next day, when she went to join that glorious and still-increasing band of martyrs who have been found worthy to die for our country.

S I M O N Y.

THOU hast diamonds and emeralds and greenbacks,
Thou hast more than a mortal can crave;
Thou canst make a big pile, yet be honest,
Contractor—oh, why wilt thou shave?

N A T I O N A L O D E.

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION OF JANUARY 1, 1863.

I.

SHINE forth upon the earth,
 Bright day of dedicated birth,
 And breathe in thundering accents thy command !
 A mighty nation's heart awake,
 Her self-enwoven fetters shake,
 And vivify the pulses of the land !
 Arising from the past
 With stormy clouds o'ercast,
 And darkened by a long-enduring night,
 The Future's child and Freedom's—seraph bright !
 Arise great day, and legions of the free,
 Beneath thy conquering flag, lead forth to victory.

II.

Great Freedom dead ! Foul thought
 From lies of vaunting Treason caught,
 And Fear's pale minions, wrapped in sorrow's pall.
 Great Freedom dead ! In God-like power,
 'Tis Freedom rules e'en this dread hour,
 And guides the tempest 'neath whose blows we fall.
 Yea ! War and Anarchy
 Discord and Slavery,
 And drunken Death, and all these tears
 Shaking our hearts with unaccustomed fears—
 E'en these are Freedom, waiting to arise
 In glad eternal triumph from her foul disguise.

III.

Our country's glory slain !
 Her kingdom rent and torn in twain !
 Her strong foundations crumbling into dust !
 With Truth's shield armed, and sword of light,
 Speak thou, Columbia, in thy might,
 Unharm'd by thy false children's hate and lust.
 Arise—no more betrayed
 By fears too long obeyed,
 And bid, from shore to distant shore,
 Ten million voices, like the ocean's roar,
 In one full chorus gloriously proclaim
 The pride and splendor of thy star-immortal fame.

IV.

Arise ! no more delay !
 Arise ! For this triumphant day
 Shall crush the serpent cherished in thy breast.
 E'en now the slimy coils unfold,
 The venom'd folds relax their hold,
 The tooth is drawn that stung thee from thy rest.
 Arise ! For with a groan
 Falls Slavery from his throne !
 While, seizing Song's immortal lyre,
 And girt afar with Heaven's Promethean fire,
 Eternal Freedom, winged with prophecy,
 Awakes, in swelling chords, the Anthem of the FREE.

V.

No more Conspiracy,
 With Treason linked and Anarchy,
 Shall dig, with secret joy, their country's grave.
 No more thy waning cheek shall pale,
 Thy trembling limbs with terror fail,
 Thy bleeding wounds Heaven's balsam vainly crave.
 Uplift thy forehead fair,
 And mark the monstrous snare
 Of subtle foes, who sucked thy fainting breath,
 And yielding thee to the embrace of death,
 Awaited the fulfilment of their reign,
 To shed thy lovely limbs dismembered o'er the plain.

VI.

No more, degenerate,
 And heedless of their darkening fate,
 Shall thine own children revel in thy woes—
 Enchained to Mammon's loathsome car,
 Led on by War's red, baleful star,
 No longer shall they sell thee to thy foes—
 No more abandoned, bare,
 Piercing with shrieks the air,
 Thy millioned slaves shall lift on high
 Their black, blank faces, dragging from the sky
 The curse, which, riding on the viewless wind,
 Sweeps Ruin's hurricane o'er all of human kind.

VII.

No longer in sad scorn
 Shall Freedom wander forth forlorn,
 Forsaking her false kingdom in the West,
 Quitting a world too sunk in crime
 To heed that glorious light sublime—
 No longer shall she hide her burning crest—
 No more her children's cries
 In vain appeal shall rise,

While ruthless War's fierce earthquake shocks
 With throes convulsive thy dominion's rock,
 And tyrants, in their proud halls, celebrate
 The anguish of a nation tottering to her fate.

VIII.

Thy courts no more defiled,
 Thy people's hearts no more beguiled !
 What foes, what dangers shall Columbia fear ?
 Prosperity and holy Peace
 Within thy borders shall increase—
 The Future's dawning glory draweth near !
 The vine-clad South shall rest
 Upon her brother's breast,
 And, smiling in the glory of his worth,
 Her teeming wealth and sunny gifts poured forth,
 While tributes of the world's full treasures blent
 With tides of plenty lave the love-girt continent !

IX.

Joy ! Joy ! Awake the strain,
 And still repeat the glad refrain
 Of Liberty, resounding to the sky.
 Around thee float thy sacred dead,
 Whose martyr blood for thee was shed,
 Whose angel choirs, celestial, hover nigh !
 Joy ! Joy ! No longer weep :
 Rich harvests shalt thou reap,
 Whose seeds, in tears and anguish sown,
 With bounteous rapture thy rich feasts shall crown,
 When, rising to fulfil thy destiny,
 Thou ledest the nations on to Peace and Liberty.

X.

Hail then to thee, great day,
 Bright herald of the coming sway
 Of Truth immortal and immortal Love—
 Uplift in fuller strains thy voice,
 Call all the nations to rejoice,
 And grasp thy olive—Time's long-promised dove !
 No longer tempest-tost,
 Redeem dark ages lost ;
 And may the work by thee begun
 Ne'er pause nor falter 'till yon rising sun
 Beholds the flag of Promise, now unfurled
 'Neath Freedom's conquering smile, extending o'er the world.

THE SURRENDER OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

A COMPLETE history of the bombardment and subsequent surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and of the brilliant passage of our fleet up the Mississippi river, which resulted in the capitulation of New Orleans, is yet wanting, to afford the public a full comprehension of all the attendant circumstances, respecting which there appears to have been some misunderstanding. The daring exploit of running by the forts must be recorded as another evidence of the historic valor and coolness of the American navy. No less renown will attach in future times to the bombardment of the forts by the mortar fleet, conducted as it was entirely on scientific principles, and proving the efficiency of mortars, when used with discretion and with a knowledge of the localities. The great destruction in the forts was only fully ascertained after the surrender, and shows that the success of the fleet, in passing them safely, depended, in a great measure, upon the inability of greater resistance on the part of Fort Jackson.

A number of vessels, comprising the 'Western Gulf Squadron,' were commanded by comparatively young officers, and that very important branch of the same, the mortar flotilla, was mostly under the individual guidance of captains (acting masters) selected from the merchant marine. It became necessary for the navy department to select a commander-in-chief (flag officer) and a commander for the mortar flotilla, possessed of such qualities as to manage and render effective the various branches of this peculiar combination of armed vessels, as well as to inspire confidence and give satisfaction to their respective commands.

The appointment of Captain David G. Farragut as flag officer of the squadron, was acknowledged as a judicious one. He was popular in his fleet, and has realized the expectations of the country. His personal bravery was demonstrated during the hazardous passage of the forts—while his ship was enveloped in flames, kindled from an opposing fire raft—by his dashing attack on the Chalmette forts near New Orleans, and his speedy reduction of the city.

The choice of a suitable commander for the mortar flotilla was less difficult, inasmuch as this little fleet was a creation of the officer who was chosen as its leader. David D. Porter, for gallantry and ingenuity, for theoretical and practical seamanship, and for general popularity among the officers of his own rank and date, has no superior in the navy, and his appointment to this command was truly fortunate.

The squadron, after having rendezvoused at Key West and Ship Island, arrived without any material detention, at the South West Pass of the Mississippi. A want of acquaintance with the changes in the bar, occasioned probably by the sinking of four or five rafts, flatboats, and an old dry dock by the enemy, resulted in some delays, but the whole squadron at length, with the exception of the frigate Colorado, got safely over, and anchored twelve miles up the river at the head of the passes.

The efficiency of mortars, elevated permanently at forty-five degrees, depends chiefly upon an accurate knowledge of the distance to the object to be fired upon. This distance determines the quantity of powder necessary for the discharge, and the length of the fuses to be employed. Captain Porter

understood the impossibility of judging and estimating distances and bearings correctly, particularly when the objects are for the most part hidden from view, as was the case with the forts on the wooded and crooked Mississippi, and had therefore requested of the department the aid of a party from the U. S. coast survey, and the writer of these notes had been detailed by Prof. A. D. Bache, the superintendent of that work. One acting assistant, two sub-assistants, and one aid were attached to the party, and the steam gunboat *Sachem* was placed at their disposal. This vessel arrived in the Mississippi on the 11th of April. Captain Porter at once requested Mr. Gerdes to furnish a reliable survey of several miles of the river, below and including the fortifications. In this service a number of gunboats belonging to the fleet and to the mortar flotilla accompanied the *Sachem*, partly to afford protection, and partly to draw the enemy's attention from the operations of the surveyors. Mr. Gerdes commenced work with his party on the 13th of April, and continuing for five consecutive days, made a reliable map of the river and its shores from the 'Jump' to and including Forts Jackson and St. Philip, with their outworks and water batteries; the hulks, supporting the chain across the river, and every singular and distinguishable object along its banks. The survey was made by triangulation carried forward simultaneously on both sides of the river. Two coast survey signals were found, the 'Jump telegraph post,' and 'Salt-work's chimney top,' of which the geodetic relations were known, and the work was founded upon a base line connecting these two points. Sub-assistant Oltmanns, and Mr. Bowie as aid, were detailed for the west shore, Mr. Gerdes and acting assistant Harris taking the eastern side, while sub-assistant Halter observed angles from permanent stations. The angular measurements were made with all kinds of instruments found suitable to the

locality. Only a few of the stations were on solid ground, nearly all the shore being overflowed. Frequently the members of the party were compelled to mount their instruments on the chimney tops of dilapidated houses. In other places boats were run under overhanging trees on the shore, in which signal flags were hoisted, and the angles measured below with sextants. It was very satisfactory, however, that the last measurement determined (leading to the flagstaff on St. Philip) agreed almost identically with the location given by the coast survey several years ago. It seemed to be a regular occupation of the garrison in the fort, to destroy, during the night-time, the marks and signals which were left daily by the party; and for this reason, Mr. Gerdes caused numbered posts to be set in the river banks, and screened with grass and reeds so that they could not be found by the enemy in the dark. From these marks, which were separately determined, he was enabled to furnish to Captain Porter the distances and bearings, from almost any point on the river to the forts, and by the resulting data the commander selected the positions for his mortar vessels.

On the 17th day of April the mortar schooners were moved to their designated positions, and the exact distances and bearings of each vessel being ascertained from the map, were furnished to the respective captains. Then the bombardment fairly commenced, and was continued, with only slight intermission, for six days. Twice Captain Porter ordered some of the vessels to change their positions when he found localities that would answer better; the coast survey party furnished the new data required. From the schooners, which were fastened to the trees on the riverside, none of the works of the enemy were visible, but the exact station of each vessel and its distance and bearings from the forts had been ascertained from the chart. The mortars

were accordingly charged and pointed and the fuses regulated. Thus the bombardment was conducted entirely upon theoretical principles, and as such with its results, presents perhaps a new feature in naval warfare. When the whole number of shells discharged from the flotilla is compared with those that fell and left their marks on the dry parts of Fort Jackson (to which must be added, in the same ratio, all those falling in the submerged parts), the precision of the firing appears truly remarkable, and must command our highest admiration, particularly when we consider that every shot was fired upon a *computed* aim.

During the days of the bombardment, the exact damage done to the forts could not be ascertained. A deserter from the garrison came to the fleet and stated that Jackson was a complete wreck, but his information was considered rather doubtful. After six days' firing, when the forts showed no disposition to surrender, and when our stock of ammunition was considerably reduced, Captain Porter submitted to the flag officer a plan for passing with the fleet between the forts. The order to pass the forts was given on the 23d of April, and a favorable reference in this order was made to Captain Porter's plan. On the morning of the 24th of April, at three o'clock, the fleet got under weigh. The steam gunboats of the flotilla ran up close to the western fort and engaged the water battery and the rampart guns, and from the mortar vessels a shower of shells was thrown into the besieged work. This bombardment made it impossible for the leaders of the enemy to keep their men on the ramparts. Three times they broke, although they were twice driven back to their guns at the point of the bayonet. From Fort St. Philip a much greater resistance was offered to the ships in their passage up between the works, as that fort had not been (comparatively speaking) so effectively at-

tacked, nor had it suffered previously nearly so much as the other from the mortars of Captain Porter. That the resistance of Jackson was much slighter on this occasion, is further demonstrated, by the fact, that our ships received little injury from the port side (Fort Jackson), while nearly all the shot holes were found to be on the starboard, the Fort Philip side.

After the fleet had thus passed the stronghold of the enemy, and destroyed ten or twelve of his armed steamers, the famous ram 'Manassas' among them, Captain Farragut gallantly ascended the river, took and occupied the quarantine, where he paroled the garrison, and then continued his course for New Orleans. In the mean time, it had been ascertained, that the iron-clad battery Louisiana, fourteen guns, and two or three other armed steamers of the enemy were still unharmed near the forts, and it appeared therefore precarious, for Captain Porter to remain with his mortar schooners (all sailing vessels) quite unprotected and liable to momentary attack from such overpowering structures. He consequently despatched them to the gulf, to watch and cut off in the rear all communication with the forts, while he remained with the few steam gunboats of the flotilla, at the station occupied during the bombardment. The Sachem, commanded by Mr. Gerdes, he had sent east of Fort St. Philip, to aid Major-General Butler in landing troops by the back bayou, leading to the quarantine. This duty was successfully executed by the coast survey party. They sounded the channel, and buoyed it out with lamps, and thus facilitated the landing of about one thousand five hundred soldiers during the night in boats and launches of the transports.

By this time, flag officer Admiral Farragut had successfully silenced the extensive batteries of Chalmette, and finally appeared with his fleet before New Orleans.

LIST of the Mortar Flotilla, attached to the Western Gulf Squadron, under the command of Com. D. D. PORTER.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER DIV.	<i>Harriet Lane</i> ,	Lt. Com. J. M. Wainwright.
		Flagship of Com. D. D. Porter.
	<i>Westfield</i> ,	Com. W. B. Renshaw.
	<i>Owasco</i> ,	Lt. Com. J. Guest.
	<i>Clifton</i> ,	Act. Lt. Com. Charles Baldwin.
	<i>Jackson</i> ,	Lt. Com. S. E. Woodsworth.
	<i>Miami</i> ,	Lt. Com. A. D. Harrel.
	<i>Sachem</i> ,	Ass't. Coast Survey, F. H. Gerdes.

MORTAR VESSELS.

FIRST DIVISION.	<i>Norfolk Packet</i> ,	Schooner, Lt. Com. W. Smith.
	<i>Oliver H. Lee</i> ,	“ Act. Mas. W. Godfrey.
	<i>Para</i> ,	“ “ E. G. Furber.
	<i>C. P. Williams</i> ,	“ “ A. R. Langthorn.
	<i>Arietta</i> ,	“ “ T. E. Smith.
SECOND DIVISION.	<i>W. Bacon</i> ,	“ “ W. P. Rogers.
	<i>Sophonida</i> ,	“ “ L. Bartholomew.
	<i>T. A. Ward</i> ,	“ Lt. Com. W. W. Queen.
	<i>M. J. Carlton</i> ,	“ Act. Mas. Charles E. Jack.
	<i>Mathew Vasser</i> ,	“ “ H. H. Savage.
THIRD DIVISION.	<i>George Mangham</i> ,	“ “ J. Collins.
	<i>Orvetta</i> ,	“ “ F. C. Blanchard.
	<i>S. C. Jones</i> ,	“ “ J. D. Graham.
	<i>John Griffith</i> ,	“ “ H. Brown.
	<i>Sarah Bruen</i> ,	“ “ A. Christian.
	<i>Racer</i> ,	“ “ A. Phinney.
	<i>Sea Foam</i> ,	“ “ H. E. Williams.
	<i>Henry James</i> ,	“ “ L. W. Pennington.
	<i>Dan. Smith</i> ,	“ “ G. W. Brown.
	<i>Horace Beal</i> ,	Bark, “ G. W. Sumner.

The First Division	commanded by Lt. Com. W. Smith.
The Second “	“ by Lt. Com. W. W. Queen.
The Third “	“ by Lt. Com. K. R. Breese.
The Steamer “	“ by Com. W. B. Renshaw.

LIST of Vessels and Officers commanding them, that passed up the river :

FIRST DIVISION, Capt. T. BAILY, Commanding.

<i>Cayuga</i> ,	Lt. Com. N. B. Harrison.
<i>Pensacola</i> ,	Capt. Henry W. Morris.
<i>Mississippi</i> ,	Com. M. Smith.
<i>Oneida</i> ,	“ S. P. Lee.
<i>Varuna</i> ,	“ Charles S. Boggs.
<i>Katahdin</i> ,	Lt. Com. G. H. Preble.
<i>Kineo</i> ,	“ “ George M. Ransom.
<i>Wissahickon</i> ,	“ “ A. N. Smith.

SECOND DIVISION, Fleet Captain H. H. BELL, Commanding.

<i>Hartford</i> ,	Capt. R. Wainwright.
<i>Brooklyn</i> ,	“ Thomas T. Craven.
<i>Richmond</i> ,	Com. James Alden.
<i>Sciota</i> ,	Lt. Com. E. Donaldson.
<i>Iroquois</i> ,	Com. John De Camp.
<i>Pinola</i> ,	Lt. P. Crosby.
<i>Winona</i> ,	Lt. Com. Edward T. Nichols.
<i>Itasca</i> ,	“ “ C. H. B. Caldwell.
<i>Kennebec</i> ,	“ “ J. H. Russell.

When this fact became known to General J. K. Duncan, he accepted terms for the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip to Commodore Porter. While negotiations were progressing on board the ‘Harriet Lane,’ between our own and the confederate officers, (that vessel, and the Westfield, Clifton, Jackson, and Owasco, were at anchor between the two forts, each carrying a large white flag at the mast-head,) the leaders of the enemy’s marine forces set fire to the iron-clad battery Louisiana, cast her loose, and sent her adrift straight for our fleet. This dishonorable act on the part of the enemy during a time of truce, and while their own officers were in consultation with the commander of our forces, on board of a United States vessel, might have resulted in a very serious disaster to us, had not the magazine of the Louisiana exploded before she reached the fleet, which it did in full view of our vessels, and not far off. This explosion was succeeded by a crash, presenting a scene such as has been rarely witnessed. After this fearful episode, the capitulation was concluded, and both the forts, the garrison, the armament, ammunition, stock, and provisions, were formally surrendered to Commander Porter, of the mortar flotilla, and transferred by him, on the next day, to Major-General Butler, commanding the United States army in the Department of the Gulf.

Many contradictory opinions existed regarding the actual damage inflicted by the bombardment, as well as by the broadside fire of the passing fleet; and Captain Porter desired Mr. Gerdes to make such a survey of Fort Jackson, as would settle all doubts touching the matter in question. Under his supervision, Acting Assistant Harris, aided by the other members of his party, traced in their corresponding places on the large existing detailed plan of the fort, all the injuries arising from the attack. Every hole in the ground, (whether caused by the mortar shells or round shot,) break in the walls, crack

in the masonry, each gun dismantled or disabled, the burnt citadel, the hospital and outbuildings, the destroyed bridges and injured magazines, were noted by actual measurement.

The levees, which before the attack had kept the high water of the Mississippi from entering the fort, were found destroyed in numerous places by bombshells. Much of the area of the fort was in consequence overflowed. The number of balls and shells which fell in the inundated parts, was estimated from the proportion found in the dry parts. In the plan, the submerged parts were distinctly marked, and it plainly shows, that hardly one quarter of the whole area remained dry or above the level of the water.

From this survey the following statistics are gathered :

1. Number of 13 in. shells fired from the mortar flotilla that fell on solid ground 1,113
2. Number of shells purposely exploded over the forts 1,080
3. Number of shells that fell in overflowed ground (computed) 3,339
4. Number of round shot visible on dry ground fired from the fleet and the gunboat of the flotilla 87
5. Number of round shot that fell on overflowed ground (computed) 261
6. The total destruction of the citadel of the forts, of the hospitals, the outbuildings, the magazines, the bridges, and of thirteen scows for use in the moat.
7. The very severe injury to the ramparts, particularly on the northwest side to the casemates, all along the front, (which were cracked from end to end,) to the levees, which were completely riddled, and to the works in general.

The demolition was so great, that the shell holes in the ground left hardly anywhere a free passage for walking.

It is further ascertained from this survey, that the armament of the fort consisted of fifty 32-pounders, seven columbiads, ten short guns, three rifle guns, two brass field pieces, and three mortars, in all seventy-five guns.

The following are extracts from Mr. Harris' report to Assistant Gerdes, accompanying the plan, which was published by the Navy Department :

'My informant, (an intelligent and reliable eyewitness,) voluntarily gave the credit of reducing the forts to the bomb fleet. The fort was so much shaken by this firing, that it was feared the casemates would come down about their ears. The loss of life by the bombs was not great, as they could see them coming plainly, and avoid them, but the effect of their fall and explosion no skill could avert.

'About one shell in twenty failed to explode; even those that fell in the water going off. It is worth noticing, that the bombs that fell in the ditches close to the walls of the fort and exploded there, shook the fort much more severely, than any of those that buried themselves in the soft ground.

'The fort was in perfect order when the bombardment commenced, the dirt which now disfigures everything is the accumulation of a few days. The water did not enter the fort until the levee had been broken by the bombs; during the summer of 1861, when the Mississippi was even higher, the parade ground remained entirely dry.'

The above statistics and information show, that the surrender of the forts was caused by the terrific bombardment of the mortar fleet, a fact which should always remain identified with the brilliant achievements, that ended in the recapture of the second commercial city of our country.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

'All arts are one, howe'er distributed they stand,
Verse, tone, shape, color, form, are fingers on one hand.'

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME FIRST.

THE first volume of this work contains an inquiry into the principles of art, and an attempt to present a rational solution of the delight felt in the contemplation of Beauty. The related thoughts upon art and beauty, found scattered almost at random over so many pages, and in so many different tongues, have been brought together, and, closely linked in logical sequences, placed in such connections that they now mutually illustrate and corroborate one another. No longer drifting apart in the bewildering chaos of multitudinous pages, they now revolve round a common centre, the heart of all artistic beauty, through whose manifestations alone it gains its power to charm the human soul: viz., 'the infinite attributes of the Author of all true Beauty.'

These thoughts on Art and Beauty have been carefully compiled, condensed, and arranged from many writers of eminence: Tissandier, Ruskin, Schlegel, etc., etc.; and are interwoven with much original matter, placing their great truths in new relations, and developing their complex meanings. By working up *with them* the thoughts suggested *by them*, the author has sedulously endeavored to form them into a whole of higher power.

The first volume being devoted to the theory of art, an attempt has been made in the second to bring the more general thoughts to a focus, and concentrate their light upon the vexed and confused subject of versification. The second volume may indeed be considered as a 'Manual of Rhythm,' for the most *practical* rules are given for its construction and criticism, and simple and natural solutions offered of its

apparent irregularities and anomalies; while examples of sufficient length are cited from our most musical poets to give just ideas of the characteristics and power of all the measures in use in English versification.

That the book may prove useful to the reader, is the earnest wish of the author!

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO EUGENE B. COOK.

When the busy little sailor bird builds himself a nest in which he—with his mate and their tiny brood—may swing secure through the sudden storms of fitful springs, and find shelter from the heats of summer, sewing it so tightly together that the rain cannot permeate it, nor the wild winds waft away the light beams and rafters of the swinging home, we do not quarrel with the little architect because he has industriously gleaned such materials as were needed for his purpose, because he has torn his leaves from the great forest book of nature. The leaves are freely given by God, and the little builder has a natural right to play the artist with them, if he can succeed in forming them into a *new whole*, fitted for the maintenance of a higher order of life. Thus the thoughts of great men are the common heritage of humanity.

Or, when we eat of the fragrant honey, we do not quarrel with the thymy bees because they have blended for us the sweets of Hybla. The flowers from which they were drawn are lovely and perfumed as before, but the workers have made from them a *new whole*, in which the pilfered sweets have gained a higher value from their perfect union. Those who prefer the dewy juice as it exists in the plant, may use

their own powers to extract it, for the bee has not injured the flowers, and they may still be found blooming in the keen mountain air; but let those who may not scale the heights, nor work the strange transmutation, who yet love the fragrant honey, eat—blessing the little artist for his waxen cells and winged labor.

Who would quarrel with a friend because he had roamed through many a clime to find flowers for a wreath woven for our pleasure? Virgin Lilies from the still lakes of Wordsworth, Evergreens from the labyrinthine forests of Schlegel, Palm from the holy hills of Tissandier, Amaranth with the breath of angels fresh upon it from the Paradise groves of Ruskin, interwoven with Passion Flowers and Anemones of his own wilds,—shall we not acknowledge our wreath as a new whole, seeing that the isolated fractions are raised to a higher power in becoming essential parts of a new unity?

Eugene, the wreath of Lilies, Evergreen, Palm, and Amaranth—the honey of Hybla—the many-leaved nest of the little architect, in which you may swing through the storms of the finite, into the deep and cloudless blue of the infinite,—are now before you!

Will you not look up from the fleshless and skeleton perfection of the problemed forms, which start at your slightest touch from the formal squares of the chess board,—forms which confuse me with their complexity, bewilder me in the mazes of their ceaseless combinations, dazzle me with their chill erudition, and appal me with want of life,—and smile acceptance on the glowing gifts here lovingly tendered you?

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BEAUTY.

'The awful shadow of some unknown Power
Floats, though unseen, among us, visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.'
SHELLEY.

A PHILOSOPHICAL theory of poetry and the fine arts should consider, in the first place, the fundamental and general laws of Beauty; in the second place, analyze the faculties necessary for the perception or creation of the Beautiful; and, in the last place, should strive to account for the pleasure always experienced in its contemplation. Such an analysis is necessary, as an introductory study, to the full and complete comprehension of any specific branch of art.

On the other hand, every specific art has its own special theory, designed to teach the limits of its means, and the difficulties peculiar to the medium through which it is to manifest the Beautiful, with the various rules by which it must be regulated in its realization of the fundamental laws of Beauty.

A clear, deep, and comprehensive view of the origin and nature of the Fine Arts, is the work most needed by the readers and thinkers of the present century. Some noble attempts have indeed been made in this direction, but, valuable as such essays may be, they do not yet correspond to the growing requisitions of the public mind. It is true such a work would be one of great difficulty, exacting immense stores of information, and highly cultivated tastes. The writer must possess the logical power requisite for the most subtle analyses; he must have the *creative* genius to combine the scattered facts of natural beauty, with their varied effects upon the human consciousness, into one great whole; while, at the same time, the tenderness and susceptibility of the *receptive* genius must be equally developed in him. He should blend the loving and devout soul of a Fra Angelico with the logical

acumen of a Bacon. How seldom is the creative genius sufficiently tender and humble to be, in the full sense of the term, at the same time, *receptive*!

After its treatment of the philosophical theory of Art, such a work should also throw its light upon the special theories, and more general rules of specific arts; for such rules, when true, are never arbitrary, but spring from the fundamental laws of universal Beauty. They are but the external manifestation, through material mediums, of eternal laws.

The compiler of the present article can offer no such great work to the reader. An earnest effort will however be made to bring together the related thoughts upon Art and Beauty found scattered almost at random over so many pages; to link them together by arranging them in their logical sequences, placing them so that they will illustrate and mutually corroborate one another: and, working up with them the thoughts suggested, by them, the author has labored to form of them a compact and easily perused *whole*. For the ideas selected are *essentially related*, and, scattered as they may have hitherto been, naturally gravitate round a common centre. No longer drifting apart through the chaos of multitudinous pages, they are now formed into a system of order, a galaxy of which the central sun is—the Divine attributes as manifested through the Beautiful.

If the writer shall succeed in suggesting to some lucid and comprehensive mind the fact that a noble field for the culture of the human heart and soul remains almost unexplored, and induce one worthy of the task to undertake its cultivation; or if her humble work shall induce one lover of pure art to direct his attention to the glorious promises which it reveals to him of a closer communion with the Great Artist, the beneficent Creator of the Beautiful—she will feel herself more than

compensated for her 'pleasant labor of love.'

All true art is symbolic; a thought, an idea, must always constitute the significance, the soul of its outward form. The mere delusive imitations, the servile copyings of the actual shapes of reality, are not the proper objects of art. To form a master work of art, the idea symbolized must be pure and noble; the technical execution, faultless. No heavier censure can, however, be passed upon an artist, than that he possesses only the technic or rhetoric of art, without having penetrated to its subtle essence of forming thought.

Man is chiefly taught through *symbolism*. Living in a symbolic world of sensuous emblems, he seeks in them a substitute for the wondrous powers of immediate cognition which he lost in his fall. His highest destination is *symbolical*, for is he not made in the Divine image? Through the symbolism of the matter is the soul taught its first lessons in the school of life: when it is known and felt that nature is but the symbol of the Great Spirit, the instinct of our own immortality awakes. In the Old Covenant, the twilight of faith was studded with the starry splendor of a marvellous symbolism; and the new era of the ascending and ever-brightening dawn still bears on its front the glittering morning star of symbolic Christian art.

Notwithstanding its earthly intermixture, however it may have wandered from its true source, however sensuous and worthless it may have become, art, in its essence, is still divine. Men devoted to the pursuit of mere material well being, have been too long in the habit of regarding poetry and the arts as mere recreations, to be taken up at spare moments, pursued when we have nothing better to do; as a relief for the ennui of idleness, or an ornament for the centre table; without remembering how many good and great men have given up their whole lives to

its advancement; without considering into how many hearts it has borne its soothing lessons of faith and love.

Men look upon art as if it were to be pursued merely for the sake of art, for the egotistic pleasure of the artist, and not as a moral power full of responsibility and dignity. We might as well suppose that science is to be pursued merely for the sake of science, that we are to think only that we may think. But while everything has its determinate end in the lower world of matter, concurring in its degree to the life of the whole; can there exist faculties and tendencies without aim in the soul; permanent, regular, and general facts without a final cause? Can art exist as an accidental fact in the bosom of society? Is it not rather an important means for the development of the finer feelings of the heart, the higher faculties of the soul?

Man was created 'to glorify God and enjoy him forever,' says the elementary catechism of the sternest of all creeds. Anything, therefore, which sets before us more preëminently the glory of God, thus placing more vividly before us the only source of all true enjoyment, must be, in the highest sense of the word, useful to us, as enabling us to fulfil the very end of our creation. Things that only help us to draw material breath, are only useful to us in a secondary sense: if they alone are thought of, they are worse than useless; for it would be better we should not exist at all, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of our existence. Yet men in this material age speak as if houses and lands, food and raiment, were alone useful; as if the open eye and loving appreciation of all that He hath made were quite profitless; as if the meat were more than the life, the raiment than the body. They look upon the earth as a stable, its fruit as mere fodder, loving the corn they grind and the grapes they crush better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden, so that the woe of the Preacher

has fallen upon us: 'Though God has made everything beautiful in his time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.'

'The age culls simples,
With a broad clown's back turned broadly
to the glory of the stars;
We are gods by our own reck'ning, and may
well shut up our temples—
And wield on, amid the incense steam, the
thunder of our cars.
'For we throw out acclamations of self-thank-
ing, self-admiring,
With, at every mile run faster, 'Oh, the won-
drous, wondrous age,'
Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly
as our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of
pilgrimage.'

Utility has a nobler sense than a mere ministering to our physical wants, a mere catering to our sense of luxury. Geology is surely higher when refresh- ing the dry bones and revealing to us the mysteries of a lost creation, than when tracing veins of lead and beds of iron; astronomy, when opening the houses of heaven for us, than when teaching us the laws of navigation. That these things are useful to us in a lower sense, is God's merciful condescension to the wants of our material life;—that we may discern their eternal beauty, and so glorify their Maker in the enjoyment of His attributes, is an earnest, even here, of our blissful immortality.

If art has frequently fallen from its high mission, if it has often failed to incarnate the divine ideas from which all its glories must flow, it must be attributed in part to the artists themselves; in part to the public for whom they labor, and whom they too often seek only to amuse. They clutch at the ephemeral bouquets of the passing passions of a day, not caring to wait for the unfading crowns of amaranth. If the artist will stoop to linger in the Circean hall of the senses, he must not be astonished if good and earnest men

should reproach him with the triviality of a misspent and egotistic life.

If we should pause and examine into the reasons for the different estimation in which art is held by different persons, we should find them in the various definitions of the Beautiful which would be offered us by the individuals in question. Let us linger for a moment to examine such definitions.

One class of men would tell us that the Beautiful is that which is agreeable to the senses of sight and hearing. They would admire, in painting, the delineation of naked flesh, luxuriant as it glows upon the canvas of Vandyke and Rubens; in statuary, they would seek voluptuous and sensual positions; while in music, they would love that which titillates the ear, which lulls them into an indolent yet delicious languor. Such men are the dwellers in the halls of Circean senses; they can appreciate only the sensuous. The poets of this class are very numerous. They never rise to those general ideas which are found in the universal consciousness, but are forever occupied with fugitive thoughts, passing as the hour in which they are born. They delight in representing the *accidental*, the exceptional, the peculiar, the fashion, mode, or exaggeration of the flying hour. They never sing of the high and tender feelings which pervade the human heart; of the joys and sorrows of the soul in its mystic relations with God, its sympathetic affections with humanity; but delight in describing furtive sensations, passing impressions, individual and subjective bliss and woe. Never daring to grapple with the sublime yet tender simplicity of nature, they sport with eccentricity, delight in fantastically related ideas, revel in surprises, in sudden and unforeseen developments. Their style is full of individualities and mannerisms, ornaments and intricacies; the *coloring* is always worth more than the *form*, the sensation than the idea. Their heroes and heroines are grotesque beings, sentimental cari-

catures, souls not to be comprehended, always placed in unnatural situations, and surrounded with dark, gloomy, and impenetrable mysteries. If their readers can be made to exclaim at every page: 'Inconceivable! astonishing! original!' they consider their work perfect. Such poets seldom attempt long poems; if they should imprudently do so, we find but little sequence, and nothing of that clear order, of that marvellous *unity*, which mark the works of the masters. Everything is sought to flatter that pretentious vanity of the limited understanding which piques itself on its stereotyped knowledge, always striving to usurp the higher empire of the divining soul. Such writing certainly requires subtlety of intellect, for talent is required to discover that which no one can see; to invent relations where none exist. We may, indeed, often observe great perfection in the details, high finish in the execution, keen intellect in the analysis; but nothing in the thoughts which appeals to the universal heart. Brilliant pictures succeed to brilliant pictures, decoration to decoration, but there is an utter want of essential unity. Absorbed in the sensuous gorgeousness of highly colored details, if they can but glue together startling and overwrought images, they are satisfied, even while neglecting the principal idea. They seize everything by the outside; nothing by the heart.

The painters of this class give us glaring colors and violent contrasts; the musicians, antitheses, concetti, ingenious combinations, *tours de force*, rather than flowing melodies or profound harmonies. The power they *wish* to possess spoils that they *really have*; all *true* inspiration abandons the hopeless artist in the midst of his ingenious subtleties; it flies before his fantastic conceits; laughs at the follies of his prurient fancies; and withdraws its solemn light from the vain and presumptuous intellect, doting ever over its own fancied superiority. Inspira-

tion, that holy light only vouchsafed to the loving soul, speaks to man in the silence of the subjective intellect. If the heart is tossed by a thousand passing and selfish passions, how can its solemn but simple and tender voice be heard? Suffering such inflated spirits to plume themselves upon the transitory admiration they are always sure of obtaining, it allows them to take the evil for the good; the grotesque for the beautiful; the meteors of vanity for the heaven stars of truth.

Such artists love not the mighty arches of gothic architecture, in whose vast curves and dim recesses lurks the mystic idea of the infinite; they take no interest in the ascetic faces which the old masters loved to picture, worn into deep furrows of care by penitence and holy sorrow, though lighted with the triple ray of Faith, Hope, and Love. They have no sympathies with the saints and heroes who have been great through self-abnegation, for such lives are a constant reproach to their own sybaritical tendencies. Constantly mistaking the effervescence of passion for the fire of genius; viewing the sublime realities of religion only as fantastic dreams; seeing nothing but the gloom of the grave beyond the fleeting shadows of the present life; granting reality to nothing but that which is essentially variable, phenomenal, and contingent; forever reveling in the luxuriousness of mere sensation—they understand only that which can be seen and handled. But the devotion to the True in art is a disinterested worship—a worship requiring the most heroic self-abnegation; for the love of fame, of self, of pleasure, will so bewilder and confuse the artist, that he will never be able to sound the depths of any art. And now, can we wonder if pure and earnest men utterly refuse to acknowledge the dignity and worth of art, when manifested to them through the works of fantastically sensuous, or voluptuously sensual artists? This misconception of the true aim of

art, of the meaning of the Beautiful—with its natural consequence, merely sensuous manifestations of Beauty through the medium of different arts—has been one of the causes of the violent and inveterate prejudices which have arisen against art itself in the minds of many good men; and, were this view of beauty and art the true one, we could not deny that such prejudices or opinions would be but too well founded. To combat such debasing and false views of the aims of art, will be the chief object of the present volume. If art were to be degraded into the servant and minister of the senses, we would be among the first to condemn it. But all Beauty proceeds from the All Fair, who hath pronounced all 'good,' and 'loveth all that He hath made.'

Leaving the 'men of the senses' in their Circean sleep, we proceed to question the 'men of the schools' with regard to their conception of art, their definition of the Beautiful. Erudite as they may be, their response to our question is scarcely more satisfactory. The Beautiful, in their estimation, is but the realization of *known rules*, fixed and sanctioned by long usage. Such men are the connoisseurs in art, the students of manuals, who are familiar with all the acknowledged *chefs d'œuvre*, and all the possible resources of art; they have traced for genius itself the path in which it must walk, and will accept none as true artists who wander from it. They are not ashamed to take a poet such as Shakspeare, to compare his wonderful creations with the rules they have acquired with so much labor, and, seeking in his living dramas only the application of the principles with which *they* are familiar, scruple not to condemn the immortal works of the greatest of all uninspired writers. Madame de Staël truly says: 'Those who believe themselves qualified to pronounce sentence upon the Beautiful, have more vanity than those who believe they possess genius.' Taste in

the fine arts, like fashion in society, is indeed considered as a proof of *haut-ton*, a claim to fashionable and personal distinction. Should a man of the most cultivated mind and soul, venture to pronounce a judgment upon the character of some great architectural work, without being versed in the terms and technics of scientific architecture—remark with what profound contempt his opinion on its effect will be received by the pompous men of the schools! Or, let him venture to take pleasure in a musical composition not approved by the musical savants, in which they have detected various crimes against the laws of harmony, the fixed rules of counter point—and behold the men of the schools, how they will shrug their classic shoulders in contempt at his name and besotted ignorance! Or, should he venture to delight in the original and naive lyrics of some untaught bard of nature, without being able to justify his admiration by learned citations from Virgil and Horace, to say nothing of the categories of Aristotle—he is considered as an ignoramus, who might possibly impose upon those ignorant as himself, but who should at least have the modesty to yield up at once his opinion to the conclusive decisions of the great literary pundits! In vain may he assert that such and such a passage is touching and noble; in vain may he say it has appealed to his inmost soul, and awakened deep and holy emotions, that it has made him a better man;—the same wise shrug of contempt greets him; he is told ‘such effects are impossible, for the work in question offends a fixed rule!’

Yet what great diversity of opinion obtains among the very band of self-constituted elect! How few possess the requisite mastery of the rules, and what an immense number of the human race would thus be excluded from the elevating sources of enjoyment to be found in poetry and the fine arts! Such scholastic critics confound two things

to be distinguished in every work in all branches of art; viz., the *pure idea*, and the *material form* through which it is manifested. It is indeed necessary that the artist should make severe studies, and thoroughly master the technics of his chosen art, whatever it may be; for, as means to facilitate the clearest manifestation of his conceptions, such formulæ are of immense importance;—but an erudite acquaintance with the technics of art is not necessary for the comprehension of the *idea* manifested; for the *idea* itself is ever within the range of the human intellect, and the soul may always consider the thought of the soul, when appropriately manifested, *face to face*. ‘Imbibe not your opinions from professional artists,’ says Diderot; ‘they always prefer the difficult to the beautiful!’

Artistic judgment is, indeed, too apt to be satisfied with correct drawing and harmony of colors; harmony and keeping of plastic forms; harmony of tones; harmony of thoughts in relation to one another; without considering that to these necessary harmonies two more, primarily essential, must be added: harmony of thought with the eternal, with the divine attributes of truth, infinity, unity, and love; and harmony of expression with what ought to be—which is indeed to assert that true Beauty is neither sensuous nor scholastic, but vitally and essentially moral. True Beauty lingers not in the soft halls of the Circean senses; it wanders not in the trim paths, beaten walks, or dusty highways of the schools, though the artist must indeed be familiar with all the intricacies of their windings, that he may there master the laws and proportions of the form through which he is to manifest the supernal essence through our senses to our souls; it dwells above, too high to be degraded by our low sensualism, too ethereal to lose its sweet freedom in the logically woven links of our scholastic trammels. ‘Ye shall know the *truth*, and it shall make you free,’ is a proposition not

only of moral, but of universal artistic application.

Disgusted by the idle pretensions and stilted pedantry of the men of the schools, can we wonder if good and earnest men still refuse to acknowledge the high worth and dignity of art, which, in accordance with such definitions, would be nothing but a manifestation and studied application of the rules and laws of the limited and pedantic human understanding? To prove art essentially *moral*, in exact correspondence with the triune being of man addressing itself *through* his senses, in accordance with the requisitions of his understanding, *to* his soul—and that it is only delightful to the soul created for the enjoyment of God, in so far as it is successful in manifesting or suggesting some portion of the Divine attributes—are the chief objects of the book here offered to the reader. If art were indeed to be degraded into nothing higher than the exponent or incarnation of the logical data and rigid formulæ of the limited understanding of man, the writer would be frozen to death in the attempt to plant its chilling banner. She too would regard it but as a solemn trifling with time and the fearful responsibilities of eternity.

Having failed to obtain any elevated or satisfactory definition of Art and Beauty from the men of the senses, or the men of the schools; as the supporters of a government founded upon a belief in the virtues of the people, we turn to them in our despair to ask for deeper insight into these important subjects. Alas! they are as yet too busy and too ignorant to formulate for us a definite reply! But from them must come the sibylline response, for the true artist has no home upon earth save the heart of humanity! The kingdom of the Beautiful belongs not exclusively to the luxurious, nor to any aristocracy of the refined and cultivated, but, like the blue depths of God's heaven arch, spans the world, everywhere visible, and everywhere beneficent!

As they may not formulate for us a definite reply, let us place our ears close to the throbbing heart of the masses, that we may hear what effect the Beautiful, as manifested in art, has upon the electric pulses. And now our despair passes forever, for men made in the image of God, when not degraded by a corrupting materialism, nor lost in the bewildering mazes of a luxurious sensualism, nor puffed up with the vain conceit of the limited understanding, and thus holding themselves above all the high enthusiasm and holy mysteries of art, always seem able to recognize that which awakens in them noble thoughts or tender feelings; so that when a poet sings to them of heroism, of liberty, of fraternity, of justice, of love, of home, of God, if he can succeed in causing their hearts to throb with generous emotions, they stop not to consult the critics, they listen only to the voice of their own naive souls, and at once and with one accord enthusiastically cry: 'Beautiful! beautiful! how beautiful!' La Bruyère himself says: 'When a poem elevates your mind, when it inspires you with noble and heroic feeling, it is altogether useless to seek other rules by which to judge it; it is—it must be good, and the work of a true artist.' Such is really the criterion consulted by the people, and on this broad and just base rests the general correctness of their judgments.

Uncultured as they may be, is it not, indeed, among the people that we see the most vivid sympathies with the really great artists, the true poets? It is among them we most frequently find that glowing enthusiasm which excites and transports them until they lose all selfish thoughts; contrasting strongly with the measured calm, the still and prudent reserve of the elite, the connoisseurs, which an impassioned artist (Liszt) truly says 'is like the glacés on their own tables.' Let the artist but strike some of the simple but sublime chords which the Creator has tuned to

the same harmony in human bosoms, and they will respond from the heart of the people in an instantaneous thrill of noble instincts and generous emotions. It is ever with the people that the artist meets with that profound and *loving* admiration which so greatly increases his own powers, and which always leads them to noble acts of devotion for those who have succeeded in touching the harmonizing chords vibrating through the mighty bosom of humanity made in the image of God!

If we would learn something of the effect of art on the soul, and understand the secrets of its power, we should go to a representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and mark the attentive crowd silently contemplating the high scenes which the poet unrolls before them. Immersed in poverty and suffering as they may themselves be, we will see that at the words 'glory, honor, liberty, patriotism, love'; at the sight of the courageous struggle of the just against the unjust; at the fall of the wicked, the triumph of the innocent,—the furrowed and rugged faces glow with sympathy, all hearts proclaim the loveliness of virtue, or are unanimous in the condemnation of vice. Full of just indignation against the aggressor, of generous sympathy with the oppressed, shall the palpitating throng stay the quick throbbing of their hearts to inquire of the men of the senses if they may *admire*, or of the critics and schoolmen if they may *approve*? Their intuitions have already decided the question for them. Why do the masses always accord in their estimation of the just and unjust? why do they always agree about glory and shame, vice and virtue, courage and cowardice? why do they always find Beauty in the success of suffering virtue, the triumph of oppressed innocence, the rescue of the wronged and helpless? The answer throws its light over the whole world of art: Because God's justice, even when it condemns

themselves, is one of the Divine attributes for whose enjoyment they were created; because it stands pledged that whatever may be the disorder visible upon earth, it will rule in awful majesty over the final ordering of all things. The soul, urged on by an unconscious yet imperative thirst for the Absolute, having in vain tried to find its realization in a world furrowed by vanities and seared by vices, takes its flight to the clime of the ideal, to find there the growth of eternal realities. The poet builds ideal worlds in which he strives to find the absolute, adorning them with all the beauties for which the human heart pines: heroism, patriotism, devotion, love, take form and find appropriate expression; for all is wisdom, power, liberty, and harmony in the artistic realms. Art is a celestial vision which God sends to his exiled children, to give them news of the invisible world for which they were created, to soothe their sorrows, to turn their thoughts and affections to their true centre. Art is the transient realization, the momentary possession of the desires of the soul!

There is then a Beauty inaccessible to the senses, above the narrow limit of technical laws, which a simple and uncorrupted people intuitively feel and love, for which the masses reserve their most profound admiration, and which it is unquestionably the province of the true artist to manifest through whatever medium he may have chosen as his specific branch of art. The delight felt in the Beautiful arises from the fact that it manifests or suggests, in a greater or less degree, some portion of the Divine attributes for whose enjoyment we were created. Is it not then time that the good and earnest men of our own broad land should cease to ignore, if not to persecute, art; should indeed reverently pause to inquire into the resources and capabilities of the mighty symbolism used and wielded by the fine arts?

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

I.

WE are engaged in a life-and-death struggle for our national existence—for the preservation of the Union, for these are synonymous. To succeed, we need an animating spirit that shall carry us through all obstacles; that shall smile at repeated defeat; that shall ever buoy us up with strong hope and confidence in the ultimate success of our efforts. Such a spirit cannot flow from a simple love of opposition, excited by the wicked bravado of our opponents; nor from a desire to prove ourselves the stronger: neither can it flow from the mere wish to destroy slavery. None of these motives singly, nor all of them combined, are sufficient to sustain us in this hour of trial, or to carry us clear through to the desired goal. The only motive which can do this, and which, in the heart of every loyal man, should be of such large proportions as immensely to dwarf all lower ones, is one that can flow only from a clear comprehension of the value of the Union, coupled with a conviction, arising out of this intelligent valuation, that the Union, being what it is—containing within itself untold, and yet undeveloped blessings to ourselves and to the human race at large—is nothing less than a most precious gift of God; given into our charge, to be ours as long as we deserve its enjoyment by our individual and national adherence to truth and right; a conviction also, that our Union, from the very marked Providential circumstances attending its establishment, is in no small sense a divine work; and hence, that we may rest in the sure hope that God will not permit His own work to be destroyed, except by our refusing to coöperate with Him in its preservation.

All our blessings, natural and spirit-

ual, are enjoyed by us only in the degree of our free and voluntary coöperation with the intentions of the Divine Giver. No good thing is forced upon us, and nothing that we ought to have is withheld if we put forth the power granted us to obtain it. The atmosphere surrounds us, but the lungs must open and expand to receive it. The food is before us, but the mouth must open, and the hands convey it thither, or it is of no service. Light flows from the sun, but the eye must open to enjoy it. And so with the blessings which we enjoy in the Union; we must use our active powers to profit by them; and at this crisis we must not only act to enjoy them, but must strain every nerve to preserve them. The nation is now on its trial, to be tested, as to whether it adequately values the divine gift of the Union. If it does thus value it, it will use diligently and carefully all the abundant resources which lie around it and within it, like an atmosphere—wealth, population, energy, intelligence, mechanical ingenuity, scientific skill, and all the needed *materièl* of warfare. It is rich in all this, far more so than the South. All this, Providence lays at the feet of the nation. It can do no more. The nation, as one man, must now do *its* part, or continue to do as it has done; it must coöperate, must put forth a determined *will*—a will tenfold more resolute, more fixed and immovable to preserve the Union, than is that of its enemies to destroy it. This will cannot exist without a clear, intellectual appreciation of the worth of the Union; of its value as an agent, which, if rightly employed, will continue to develop increasing power to humanize and Christianize men, and to elevate, to broaden, and intensify human life and happiness more than

any form of political institution that the world has ever witnessed.

Full of this conviction, we shall then, individually and collectively, be resolved that this noble continent, stretching three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, and opened like a new world to man, just at an epoch when religious and political liberty, starting into life in Europe, might be transplanted into this virgin soil, where thus far they have developed into this fair republic—we shall then be resolved that this broad, rich territory shall be forever devoted

To man's development—not to his debasement.

To liberty and free order—not despotism and forced order.

To an ever-advancing civilization—not to a retrograding barbarism.

To popular self-government—not to the rule of a slave-holding oligarchy.

To religion, education, and morality—not to irreligion, ignorance, and licentiousness.

To educated and dignified labor—not to brutalized labor under the lash.

To individual independence and equal rights—not to individual subjugation to caste.

To peace—and not to border wars between conflicting States.

To unity, harmony, and national strength—not to disunity, civil discord, and subjection to foreign powers.

All these blessings on the one hand are guaranteed in the Union, and only there—all their opposite horrors are involved as inevitably and certainly in the Southern lunacy, resting on slavery and secession as its corner stones! Madness most unparalleled!

We will look now at a singular and beautiful fact—for fact it is, account for it as we may. It is this: The course of civilization upon this globe has apparently followed the course of the sun. Sunlight and warmth travel

from east to west. The moral and intellectual illumination of the nations has travelled the same route. From central or farther Asia, it goes to Assyria, and successively to Egypt, to Greece—thence to Italy and Rome—then to western Europe, England, France, Spain. From thence it leaps the Atlantic. The Bible, church, and school house, with the Pilgrims and other colonies, scatter the primeval darkness and savagism from the Atlantic coast. Still 'westward the march of empire takes its way' to the Alleghanies, to the Mississippi; thence, by another leap, across two thousand miles of continent, where it sparkles with a golden lustre on the queenly California, enthroned upon the far-off Pacific shore (yet by the miraculous telegraph within whispering distance). There the newest and highest civilization comes face to face with the oldest on the earth—hoary with ages; greets it in China across the wide Pacific, and the circle of the globe is joined.

Now the civilization inaugurated upon our continent, in these United States, may be said to be, indeed is, the result of all that have preceded it. It combines somewhat of the elements of all the civilizations that have been strung along the earth's eastern semi-circumference, besides others, peculiar to itself. And why should it not be considered as the bud and opening flower growing out of the summit of all the past, and for which the long ages have made toilsome preparation. Long time does it take for stem and leaves to unfold, but in the end comes the flower, and then the fruit. But here, in this bud of splendid promise, the American Union, lurks the foul worm of slavery, threatening to blast the fondest hopes of mankind by destroying this glorious augury of a mature civilization, where man shall develop into the full earthly stature of a being created in the divine image. Shall it be? Not if the North is faithful to God, to mankind, and to itself.

Let us take courage. The westward-travelling sunbeams have ever to oppose the western darkness, but they conquer always. So American civilization, also, has its darkness and barbaric elements to battle with, but they too, God willing, shall vanish before it.

Why have we been forced into this desperate, unexpected conflict? One reason may possibly be, that by it, we may be aroused to a living sense of the great value of our inheritance, the Union, when threatened with its loss. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.' Benefit's daily enjoyed, with hardly a care or effort on our part, are not prized as they should be. When, however, we are threatened with their loss, we awaken from indifference. A new sense of their value springs up, and a severe contest for their preservation stamps their true worth indelibly on the heart. Threaten to cut off the air a man breathes, the food and drink that sustains him, and you rouse all his energies into new life; and he now prizes these common but unthought-of blessings as he never did before. And so it will be one effect of this contest, to arouse us as a nation to see clearly our vantage ground in the world's progress, and to stir us up as individuals, to lead higher and truer lives, each for his own and for his country's sake. And when this Southern insane wickedness is quelled, and the great American nation can rest and breathe freely once more, it will then calmly ponder the past, and survey the future. In the degree of its religion and virtue, and next of its intelligence and energy, it will, in the course of time, clearly perceive and wisely inaugurate a new social and industrial life, which will be as far in advance of the present system of free labor as the latter is itself in advance of slavery. What that is, cannot here be stated. It will, however, be but the inevitable result of agencies and influences now at work, and only interrupted and endangered by this pro-slavery rebellion.

With these remarks, we enter upon our topic: 'Why is the Union priceless?'

There are two reasons, among others, why it is so, upon which we shall dwell at some length.

The first is involved in the great fact that such is man's nature as bestowed by the Creator, that only in the society of his fellows can that nature be developed into all its grandeur, and thus bestow and receive the utmost amount of happiness. The old adage, 'the more, the merrier,' might be truly amplified in many ways. When numbers are engaged in common pursuits, common interests, common views, common joys—each one zealous, earnest, life-giving and life-receiving—the happiness of the whole flows in upon each, and multiplies it a thousandfold.

Now if we look at history, keeping in mind the fact that the sole end of the Creator is the happiness of his creatures, and that this happiness is multiplied in proportion to the number of those who can be brought into accord and concert of action (and action, too, as diversified as possible)—looking at history, we say, under the light of this fact, it would seem as if Providence, in the course of human events, was in the continual effort, so to speak, to bring mankind into ever closer, more harmonious, and more multiplied and diverse relations; ever striving to mass the human race more and more into larger and larger communities; the different portions of which should still retain all the freedom they were prepared for, or needed to enjoy, while at the same time, they were in close but free membership with the common body and its central head.

We say that this seems to be the aim of Providence; while on the other hand, there is just as evidently to be seen the working of an opposing force, viz., human selfishness, human ignorance, individual ambition, ever seeking its own at the expense of others.

A selfish, energetic, and ignorant spirit of individualism (as distinguished from an enlightened, large-minded, *social* individualism, which only becomes more marked and healthily developed by wide social intercourse), has in all ages tended to split up society into smaller parts, animated by mutual rivalry, jealousy, and hostility. When these antagonisms have been carried to a certain length the evil cures itself, by the rise of a despotism, which, as the instrument in the hands of Providence, brings all these clashing communities under a strong government, that binds them over, as it were, to keep the peace. By this, leisure and opportunity are given for the cultivation of the arts, the sciences, and industries, which tend to humanize men, and lessen the restless war spirit.

Thus the massing of many petty and warring tribes of barbarians into one large nation, and under a strong despotic monarchy, without which they could neither have been brought together nor kept together, is so much gained for human progress.

After this has continued for a time, when certain changes, certain ameliorations have been effected in the intellectual, social, and moral character of the nation, from the cultivation of the arts of peace, it is then allowed to be broken up, as the period may have arrived for the infusion of new elements and agencies of social progress which shall place men upon a higher plane of national existence. It falls to pieces through its own corruption and degeneracy, or by the invasion of stronger neighbors. It is swallowed up by the destroying force, and its people, its institutions, its ideas, its arts and sciences, its customs, laws, modes of life, or whatever else it may have elaborated, become mingled with those of surrounding nations, and a new political and social structure, formed out of the old and the new elements recombined anew and useless matter eliminated—stands forth in history: a struc-

ture tending still more than previous conditions to raise men in the scale of civilization—to bring them into closer relations—to enlarge and multiply their ideas—to quicken their moral and social impulses—to rub off the harsh angles of a selfish, narrow-minded individualism, and, in a word, to advance them yet more toward that degree of virtue and intelligence which is absolutely indispensable to the union of large masses of men into a nation, whose political system shall at once unite the utmost freedom for each individual with the most perfect general order also.

For the establishment of such a government we think the world has been carried through a long educational process; for in such a government, men will find the greatest earthly happiness, and also the greatest facilities and inducements to live in such a way as shall secure the happiness that lies beyond. And we think that the course of events in history will show that such a method as that described has been pursued by Providence, gathering men from the isolation and warfare of petty and independent tribes, into large despotisms, where the lower, rude, and selfish passions of wild men being held in restraint, some opportunity is given for peaceful pursuits and the development of a higher range of mental qualities—breaking these despotisms up again at certain periods, and massing their constituent elements into larger or differently constituted governments, with new agencies of progress added, according as human mental conditions and needs required.

That those great ancient monarchies, as the Assyrian, Persian, etc., had this effect, cannot well be doubted. But in the rise and fall of the great Roman empire, this appears very plainly. How many nations and small communities—far and near—isolated, independent, and more or less engaged in wars among themselves or in the constant apprehension of it—how many, we say, of such communities were gath-

ered under the broad wings of the Roman eagle! From Spain and England on the west, to the borders of India on the east—from the Baltic on the north, to the deserts of Africa on the south—all were brought under the Roman sway; were brought under a common tranquillity (such as it was), under a common government, common laws, a common civilization more or less. All these countries were raised from a lower to a higher condition by their subjection to Roman domination. How far superior in England was the Roman civilization, its laws, manners, institutions, to the rude Anglican and Saxon life!

Rome thus established a grand humanizing unity over all these different regions, which otherwise had remained divided, hostile, or isolated from each other.

In the next place, through the instrumentality of this Roman unity, Christianity was established with comparative ease over the greater part of the then known world. This would perhaps have been very difficult if not impossible had these regions been occupied by a multitude of independent, and most likely, warring sovereignties.

Christianity thus widely planted, and firmly rooted upon this Roman civilization and by means of it, and this civilization, now perfected as far as it was capable of being, or standing in the way of further human progress, the empire fell to pieces, to make room for a new order of things, in which Christianity, the remains of Roman civilization, and the peculiar features of northern barbarian life, were the ingredients. These elements, after numberless combinations, dissolutions, and reconstructions, have resulted in the civilization of modern Europe. The progress toward this civilization has everywhere exhibited a constant tendency to larger and larger national unities—parts coalescing into wholes, and these into yet larger units. Witness the reduction of the number of German

principalities, from one hundred or more to forty in the present day—the movement now on foot in Germany for a federal union among these forty—also the new Italian nationality. These we mention but incidentally, not intending here to trace the steps of this advance.

This progress toward unity has also been accompanied with a constant though slow advance in the principles of religious and political freedom.

But now, out of this European civilization, the result itself of the breaking up of the Roman semi-pagan, semi-Christian empire, and the multiplied interminglings, changes, and reconstructions of the Roman, the ecclesiastical, and northern barbarian elements—out of this European civilization, with its movements toward large nationalities—its progress toward religious and political freedom, and toward the acknowledgment and recognition of human rights; the substitution of constitutional monarchies for absolute, and the creation of representative bodies from the people as part of the government—out of all this, there springs as the fruit of all the long turmoil, the wars, the blood and treasure, the groans and tears, the martyrdoms of countless human lives, that during these long ages have, apparently in vain, been offered up in the cause of liberty, of order, of national peace, unity and freedom, of the right of man to the full and legitimate use of all his God-given faculties—there springs, we say, as the fruit, the result of all this suffering, our glorious American republic! our sacred—yes, our sacred Union! The fairest home that man has ever raised for man! To lay violent hands on which, should be deemed the blackest, most unpardonable sacrilege. It is the actualization of a dazzling vision, that may have often glowed in the imagination of many a patriot and statesman of olden times—which he may have vainly struggled to realize in his own age and nation, and died at last, heart-broken, amid the carnage of civil strife.

Our republic, we repeat, is the fruit of European struggles. If Europe had not passed through what she has, the United States would never have arisen. The principles of religious and political liberty sprang to birth in Europe, but there they have been of tardy growth, because surrounded and opposed by habits and institutions of early ages. They needed transplantation to a new and unoccupied soil, where they could enjoy the free air and sunshine, and not be overshadowed by anything else.

Here then we have our American civilization, formed out of what was good in European, combined with much else that has had its origin upon our own shores—the result of free principles allowed *almost* unobstructed play.

Let us survey the many elements of unity which we possess.

First in large measure, a common origin, viz., from England—that country of Europe farthest advanced of any other in religion, in politics, in freedom, and in science and industry.

Next, a common birth, as it were, in the form of numerous colonies, from the mother country; planted almost simultaneously, it may be said; possessed of common charters, which differed but slightly—containing systems of colonial administration, full of the spirit of popular rights and representation.

Next, a common language, a common literature, a common religion, and common interests, that should bind us together against all foes.

Lastly, a common territory, washed by the two remote oceans—a territory, in the present advanced state of science and of improved modes of travel and of communication, without any material dividing lines or barriers; but having, on the contrary, an immense river in the centre, stretching its arms a thousand miles on either side, as if on purpose to keep the vast region forever one and united.

Never was the birth of a nation so

full of promise—so full of all the elements of a prosperous growth. If any one event can be said to be, more than another, under the divine guidance, then, all the circumstances attending the colonization of these shores, and the formation of this Union, have been most minutely and marvellously providential. ‘Here at last,’ we may conceive some superior being to exclaim, who from his higher sphere has watched with deep sympathy the weary earth-journey of the human race, ‘here at last, after these long ages of discipline and suffering, has a long desired goal been reached. Here a portion of the human family, having attained to such a degree of virtue and intelligence, combined with skill in political arrangements, and a commensurate knowledge of art, and science, and industrial pursuits—may be intrusted with liberty proportioned to their moral and intellectual advancement. Here they shall begin to live unitedly, more and more in accordance with the divine intentions than man has ever yet done. Millions on millions shall here be banded together into one vast, free, yet orderly community, where each individual shall enjoy all the liberty to which he is entitled by his moral character, and possess all possible facilities for the full and healthy development of his entire nature. Here, under the combined influence of true religion, intelligence, and freedom—and these must go hand in hand—the millions composing this great nation must become ever more and more united, prosperous, and happy.

This then, is the first reason why the Union is priceless—because in this Union, Providence appears to have reached an end, a goal, to which it has long been in the effort to conduct the human race, viz., the bringing a larger and more rapidly increasing population into a more free, united, and happy life, one more in accordance with human wants, and with the measureless

divine benevolence, than has ever yet been brought about in the annals of mankind.

We proceed now to consider the second reason why the Union is priceless.

This reason lies in the *method* of the organization of this Government.

What is this plan or method?

We reply that the immense value of the Union rests also upon the incontrovertible fact (perhaps not widely suspected, but evident enough when looked for) that the system of government of these United States, the mode in which the smaller and larger communities are combined into the great whole, together with the working of all in concert, *comes the nearest of any other political structure to the Creator's method of combining parts into wholes throughout the universe.*

Wherever we behold a specimen of the divine creative skill, whether in the mineral, vegetable, animal, or human kingdoms; whether it be a crystal, a tree, a bird, or beast, a man, or a solar system, in all these we observe one universal method of grouping, common to all conditions. This method is that of grouping parts around centres, and several of such groups around larger centres, upward and onward indefinitely; while in living beings, according to their complexity, each individual part, and each individual group of parts with its centre, *is left free to move within its own sphere, yet at the same time is harmonized with the movements of its neighbors through the medium of the common centre.*

Every such work of the Creator is an *E pluribus unum*, a one out of many—a unit composed of many diversified parts, exhibiting a marvellous unity, with an equally wonderful variety. Look at yonder tree, examine its parts, leaves, twigs, branches, trunk, all endowed with a common life. Yet each little individual leaf lives and moves freely upon its centre or twig, which

is a common centre for many leaves. Many little twigs in their turn, each free to move by itself within a certain limit, are ranged along their common centre, a branch. Many branches cluster around a large one, and all the largest branches in their turn cluster around the common trunk, or great centre supporting the whole fabric. Each leaf and twig and branch contributes its share to the life of the whole tree, and is in turn supported by the general life and circulating sap.

All this is repeated with far greater fulness and complexity in the living animal, or in the human body. How numerous are the parts composing a single organ! How many organs go to one system, how many systems, bony, muscular, fibrous, circulatory, nervous, combine to make up the entire body! Then again, all the members of the body move, *within a certain limit*, in perfect independence of all the rest. The finger can move without the hand, the hand can move without the arm, the forearm without the upper arm, the entire arm without any other limb; and yet all the parts of one limb, and all the limbs together, are harmonized in action by the central brain.

So also in the solar system. The moons move around the planets; the planets around the sun; our group of suns around their magnetic axis, the milky way; yet each of these heavenly bodies rolls freely in its own orbit. In all these instances we have the great problem solved, of reconciling liberty with order, liberty of the individual parts with perfect order in the whole.

As far then as human governments imitate this divine method of organization seen in created objects, so far do they solve this problem in the sphere of political arrangements, making due allowance of course for the disturbing influence acting in man's own mental constitution, by reason of his fall from the innocence and holiness in which he was created. It is just because this divine and universal method has been

unconsciously followed by the good and wise and immortal framers of the national Constitution, and also because the morality and intelligence of the people were adapted to this wise political structure, that the American nation has prospered as it has, and become the envy of the world.

Is it asked in what consists this resemblance? We reply that it is in the grouping of

- Individuals into townships;
- Of the townships into counties;
- Of the counties into States;
- Of the States into the national Union, with a central government.

The township acts in township affairs through its officers, who collectively compose its centre, and harmonize the actions of all the individuals of the township in all matters which concern that individual township. Through their officers, the people of the township act freely together within the lawful sphere of the township. The common wants of the township are attended to by the people through their officers, who compose the centre around which all township action revolves.

A number of townships, having common wants, are erected into a county. The county officers and county court form the harmonizing centre of this larger organization.

A number of counties, having common wants, are erected into a State, with a State government. This is the harmonizing centre, concentrating the efforts of as many counties, townships, and individuals as may be requisite to accomplish an object in any portion of the State, or in the whole of it. At ten days' notice by its Governor, Pennsylvania sent near one hundred thousand men into the field. Without political organization this could never have been effected. What a power is here exhibited, and yet all emanating directly from the people, without coercion of any kind, beyond respect for their own-made laws! The spectacle is truly grand.

Finally, the States altogether have common wants, which only a central, national government can supply. (Oh the deep wickedness or trebly intensified insanity of secession! Language fails to express the utter madness of the rebel leaders: the recklessness of a suicide is nothing in comparison; for here are eight millions of men intent upon their own destruction; fighting the North like fiends, because it would rescue them from themselves, and save both North and South from a common abyss of ruin!) The national government alone is strong at home and respected abroad. It alone can concentrate the energies and resources of thirty-four States, and of thirty-one millions of people, into any one or many modes of activity which the nation may judge best for its own interest. It is thus resistless. No single foreign power in the world nor any probable or possible alliance of foreign powers could hope to effect anything, with an army of three or four millions of soldiers that the entire republic could raise and keep in the field. Thus in union is our strength at home, for it gives the whole power and resources of the nation to works of common utility and necessity. Such are the maintenance of the army and navy, the building and support of forts, lighthouses, and customhouses, collection of the revenue, the keeping rivers and harbors navigable, the establishment of a general post office, and its countless ramifying branches, constructing immense public works, like the Pacific railroad, providing for extensive coast surveys, and the like. Then in a different department, harmonizing the action of States by national laws, by the Supreme Court, and by the national courts in each State, dispensing an even justice throughout the entire Union, by deciding appeals from State and county courts. Each State enjoys the benefits of these national functions, with the least possible cost to itself; and were there no national government, each State would

have to provide itself with all these things, or what proportion of them it required, at a very heavy outlay of its own more limited resources, and would be obliged to double, perhaps quadruple its taxes. Each State requires the means of its own defence; and as they would all be independent sovereignties, each would be compelled, like the European nations, to keep its own standing army, and watch its neighbors closely, and be ready to bristle up on the least sign of aggression on their part. The soldiers of each standing army would be, as in Europe, so much power withdrawn from productive industry, kept in idleness, and supported by those who were left free to labor. Each State requires a postal system; those on the seaboard require tariffs, a navy, etc., and in the absence of a national government we can hardly form an idea of the endless disputes that would ensue from these and a thousand other sources. For this reason the old federation of the States was an experience of inexpressible value. It settled forever, in the minds of all communities who are governed by cool common sense and not mad passion, the utter impracticability (for efficient coöperation, and peaceful union) of a mere league or confederacy among sovereign and independent States. While the seven years' war of independence lasted, it managed to hold the States together; but when peace was restored the evils of the league were so glaring, and the dangers in the future so imminent, that the good sense of the people saved the young nation in time, by sheltering it under that broad, strong roof, the present national Constitution. Thus the individual States legislate and act for themselves in all that concerns themselves alone. But in that which concerns themselves in connection and in common with other States, and where, if each State were absolutely independent, such State action would come into conflict with the wants or rights of other States, and also be a

great cost to the single State—all such common and general matters are accomplished with uniformity and harmony by all the States collectively through the general or central government.

But further.—This central government itself, like the nation which it serves, is a compound body; a unit composed of parts, each of which in its own sphere is independent, yet beyond that sphere is limited by the functions of the other parts. This government is a *triple* compound, and consists of the legislative, the judicial, and the executive departments.

The legislative, or Congress, declares the will of the nation.

The judicial or judging department decides and declares the proper ways and means, the how, the when, the persons and conditions, according to which this national will is to be carried out—and

The executive department is the arm and hand that does the carrying out; that performs by its proclamations and by its civil and military agents, what the Congress and judicial departments have willed and constitutionally decided shall be done.

Thus is perceived a beautiful analogy between these three departments acting separately and yet in concert—and the will, the intellect, and the bodily powers of the individual man. A man's will is very different and distinct from his intellect or reasoning faculty; and both will and intellect are widely distinct from the bodily powers. Not only are these three distinct and totally different elements in man's nature, but only in the degree that they remain distinct, and that they are duly balanced against each other, and that they all act in concert—only in this degree is the life of the individual self-poised, harmonious, and free.

And precisely the same is true of these three functions of government. It is essential to a free republican state that these functions should remain distinct, and administered by different bodies. When they are all merged into

each other, and vested in a single individual or a single body of individuals, the government is then a despotism. The very essence of what we understand by despotism, is this massing, this fusing together of elements that can properly and justly live and act *only* when each is at liberty, in freedom to be itself, in order that it may perform its own, its peculiar and appropriate function, in harmonious connection with others performing theirs. Despotism is the binding, compressing, suffocating of individual life; first of the three functions of government, which should always be kept separate, and next, as a natural and inevitable consequence, of those who come under that solidified administration. The nation governed by a despotism must be moulded after the same pattern; it must necessarily have the variety and freedom of its many constituent parts destroyed, and be massed and melted together into a homogeneous and indiscriminate whole; only permeated in all directions by the channels conveying the will of the despotic head.

Thus the province of free government is not to be conceived of as that of restraining, repressing, punishing. This is only its negative function. Its positive office is the very opposite, and is truly a most exalted one. And this is, to remove every barrier to the freest outflow of human energies. It is to give an open field and the widest scope for the play of every human faculty consistent with right. Government does this, by establishing order among multitudes teeming with life and activity—each seeking, in his own way, the broadest vent for his God-given energies. These human energies are given to men for the very purpose that they may flow forth in a thousand modes of activity and industry, and that, thus, men may mutually impart an exalted happiness upon each other. These energies are to be repressed only when they are wrong, when they take a wrong direction, when they conflict

with the welfare of the community. When these energies, these human impulses to act, are right, when they aim at useful results, then they must have every facility, every possible channel opened to their outflow. And the very first and most essential condition of this free outflow of life among multitudes is, that there be order among them—that there be some system, some methodical arrangement whereby concert and unity of action may be effected among this diversified life. Without this order—without systems or common methods of action in the thousand affairs which concern every community, it is evident that there must be *disorder*, confusion, and clashing. The activity of each individual, and of each class of individuals, will come into collision, and be repressed by the like activity of others. It is utterly impossible, in a community where there is no order, no mutually understood arrangement of relations, duties, and pursuits; in other words, where there is no government; it is impossible, under such conditions, for individuals, if even of the best intentions, to live and do as they wish. For many wills must come into conflict, unless they can be harmonized, unless they have a mutual understanding and consent among each other that there shall be common and well-defined methods of procedure, under the countless circumstances in which men *must* act together, or not act at all.

Now, it is the true function of government to establish these common or general modes of procedure, termed laws, among masses, and to punish departures from them. Government is thus the great social harmonizer of these otherwise necessarily conflicting and mutually interfering human energies.

Government coördinates, harmonizes, concentrates the efforts of multitudes. It does this by establishing and maintaining *order*, an orderly arrangement of human activities—arrangements, methods of procedure, which are adapted to

the wants of the community, and *into* which men's activities flow freely and spontaneously, and without compulsion (except in the case of violators of law), because of their adaptation to the public wants.

But now, what constitutes order? What is its essential nature?

The answer is, that order is the harmonious relation of parts in a whole; and parts can have no orderly, that is, symmetrical and harmonious, relation to each other, except through their relation to a common centre.

Order is the *subordination* of things, of things lower to something that is higher; and *subordination* is the ordination or ordering of parts *under* something that is above—something to which the rest must *conform*, that is, must form themselves or be formed *with* it, in harmony with it, if order is to result.

This something is thus, of course, that which is central—the chief element in the group; that which is the most prominent feature, and which gives character to all subordinate parts.

It is thus clearly evident that the very essence of government, of order, of harmony, of subordination, is the grouping of individual parts around centres; of these compound units as larger individuals, around some higher centre again, and so on, until a limit is prescribed by the very nature of the thing thus organized into an ascending series of compounds.

This method of grouping and organizing parts into wholes, is, as we have already seen, the divine method; and, of course, being such, as has also been said, it is seen in every created object—in minerals, plants, animals, and in the systems of suns and planets.

It is the method of man's bodily organization, and much more, if possible, is it the method of his mental organization. Man's mind consists of powers of affection and thought. His affections, loves, desires, or whatever they

may be termed, all group themselves around some leading motive, some ruling passion, which is central for a part or the whole of a lifetime. All minor motives and ends of action are subordinate, and only subservient as a means to satisfy the central, dominant passion. They revolve around it, like satellites around their primary, or like planets around their sun.

His thoughts, likewise—the method of his intellectual operations, obey the same law. In every subject which he investigates, he marshals a multitude of facts around central principles or conclusions. He shuts them up under a general, chief, leading fact or law. A number of conclusions, again, are marshalled around one still more general and comprehensive, and thus he mounts up into the highest and most universal principles. All the knowledge stored away in his mind is thus organized, almost without his consciousness, into groups of lower and higher facts and details, ranged under or around their central principles.

The closer and more symmetrical is this grouping of particulars and generals in the intellect, or, rather, the greater the power thus to arrange them, the more logical and compactly reasoning is that mind. The looser and less connected is this grouping, the less logical is the mind; and when the proper connection fails to be made between particulars and generals, between facts and their principles, or between parts and their centre, then the mind is in an idiotic or insane condition.

Now, man's mental movements, being thus themselves obedient to this great order-evolving method, then, of course, when he applies his faculties to investigate the objects and phenomena of the outer world, he classifies, arranges, and disposes them strictly after the same method, because he cannot help doing so. The naturalist studies minerals, plants, animals—and each kingdom, at his bidding, marshals itself into order

before him. Each resolves its otherwise confused hosts into groups and series of groups, each with its own centre and leading type. The animal kingdom has its sub-kingdoms, classes, orders, families, and species. Botanists speak of divisions, classes, orders, genera, and species, &c., species being the first assemblage of individuals.

It is, therefore, seen that, by the very necessity of the case, when men themselves are to be massed into communities and nations, they come inevitably under the same universal method of organization. Whether the government be free, or whether it be despotic, it must, in either case, be organized, and organized according to this universal method. It must consist of parts with their centres, compounded into wholes, and of these compound units formed into still larger ones; until the entire nation, as a grand whole, revolves upon a central pivot, or national government.

But here there presents itself a vast distinction between despotic and free governments—a distinction which arises out of the different relations sustained, in these respective modes of administration, between the government and the people—between the centre and the subordinate parts. What is this difference?

If we look around through nature, we shall find that all organized beings, that is, beings composed of different parts or organs, all aiding, in their several ways, to the performance of a common function, or a number of harmonized functions—in such an organized structure, whether it be a plant, an animal, the human body, or even the globe itself, we shall find two reciprocal movements—one from the centre, outward, and another from without, inward, or toward the centre; and further, that the integrity of the life of the individual depends upon the harmonious relation or balance between these two opposite movements.

The individual man, for instance, is a centre of active energies that are ever

radiating from himself toward men and things around him; and he receives from them, in return, countless impressions and various materials for supporting his own life. What is thus true of the man himself, is also true of the organs and systems of organs of which his body is composed. The nervous system exhibits nerves with double strands; one set (the motor fibres) conveying nervous force from the centre as motor power to the limbs; the other, conveying sensations to the centre, from without.

The heart, again, the centre of the circulating system, sends forth its crimson tide to the farthest circumference, and receives it back as venous blood—to send it forth afresh when purified in the lungs.

The plant has its ascending and descending sap; it drinks in the air and sunshine, and gives these forth again in fragrance and fruit. The very globe receives its life from the sun—and radiates back, forces into space.

Human governments—human political and social organizations, are no exceptions to this general law. Every government, even the most despotic, while it rules a nation with a rod of iron, depends for its life upon the people whom it oppresses. While the central head radiates its despotic will through its pliant subordinates, down through all ranks and classes of the community, it receives from them the means of its own preservation.

A free government likewise radiates authority from the central head, and also depends for its life on the people whom it governs. What is the point of difference between them?

It is simply this:

There are two elements of power in a nation.

One is *moral*, viz., the free-will and consent of the people.

The other is *physical*, viz., military service, and revenue from taxation.

The free consent of the people is the *soul* of the national strength.

The treasure and the armies which they furnish, constitute the *body*.

For the highest efficiency, soul and body must act as one, whether in the individual or in the collective man. They must not be separated. Hence the perfect right of men who would be free to refuse to be taxed by government without being represented—without having a voice in its management. The *material* support must not be given without the *moral*—that is one form of slavery.

But of these two elements of national strength, a despotism, a government of force, possesses and commands only the physical or material, viz., military service and revenue. It controls only the *body* of the national powers. Not resting upon the broad basis of the free choice and consent of the people, it is like a master who can force the body of another to do his bidding, while the spirit is in concealed rebellion. Such a government, in proportion as it severs this national soul from the body, is weak through constant liability to overthrow, from any chance failure of its material props.

A free government, on the other hand, possesses both the elements of strength. It rests upon the free will and affection of the people, as well as upon the abundant material support which they must ever yield to a government of their own creation, and which exists solely for their own use and benefit. Such a government is capable and strong in exact proportion to the virtue and intelligence of the masses from whom it emanates.

Thus it is seen that a despotism differs from a free government as to the reciprocal action that takes place between the people and the government. In a despotism, all authority flows only in one direction, viz., from the central head down to the different ranks of subordinate officers, and through these numerous channels it reaches all classes of the people. But there is no returning stream of authority from the people to the government, from the parts to the

centre. The only return flow is that of military service and revenue.

But a free government returns to the people all that it receives from them. From the masses there converges, through a thousand channels, to the central government, both the elements of national strength, viz., authority to act, and the means of carrying out this authority, that is, money and military service—the body, of which the popular will and authority is the soul. The people declare their will that such and such individuals shall be clothed with, and represent their united power, and act for them in this representative capacity. The persons thus chosen, and who constitute the government or central head, with its subordinate agencies, declare from this central position of authority with which they have been invested by the people, that such and such things are necessary for the welfare and orderly activity of the people, and in the name, and with the coöperation of the people, they *will* to carry these measures out.

Thus life, energy, power, from the people, flow from all points to the government, to the centre; and from the government it flows back again to the people as *order*, as the force that arranges, methodizes, harmonizes, and regulates the outflow of the popular energies in all the departments of human activity. It clears the channels of national industry of all obstacles. By its legislative, judicial, and executive functions, it establishes, on the one hand, common methods of action among multitudes having common interests and aims, and thus obviates clashing and confusion; and, on the other, it punishes those who would interfere with and obstruct or destroy this order.

The government is the concentrated will and intelligence of the people, directed to the wise guidance of the national life—directed to the harmonizing of the diversified activity and industry of the nation, to the opening of all possible channels for that activity, and

to the removal of everything that would obstruct and counteract the nation's utmost development and progress.

In this way, a free government exhibits, as far as human imperfection admits, the union of the two great principles, *liberty* and *order*. The people are free to think, talk, write, and act as they see fit; but since there can be no liberty, but only license, or lawlessness, without order—without beneficent methods, symmetrical forms and arrangements, *in which* that liberty can be enjoyed by individuals and communities, without conflicting with other individuals and communities, parts of the same free whole—therefore government is created by the people to prescribe and maintain this order, essential to this common liberty; an order which is the *form*, or *forms*, under which both individuals and communities shall act, singly or in concert, in the countless relations in which the members of the same community or nation come into contact with each other.

Now, in the United States, the chart of this orderly and symmetrical network of political arrangements for the free movement among each other of the individuals in the township, of the townships in the county, of the counties in the State, and of the States in the Union—and within the protecting lines of which political arrangements, the people are enabled to pursue their industrial avocations without mutual interference and collision, and to attend in peace and security to all the employments that tend to elevate, refine, and freely develop the individual man (for government is only and solely a *means* to this great end)—the chart, we say, of all these orderly arrangements, is our immortal national Constitution, together with the State constitutions that cluster around it, as their centre, axis, and support.

Through each State constitution, the national and central one sends down an iron arm, clasping them all by a firm bond to itself and to each other. And

in each, the grasp of this arm is riveted and double riveted, above and below, by these two comprehensive, unmishtakable articles, without which the others had else been valueless; and for which the framers of this great instrument are entitled to our lasting gratitude and admiration.

The articles are these, viz.: Art. 6th, sec. 2d: 'This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . *shall be the supreme law of the land* . . . anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'

And art. 4th, sec. 4th: 'The United States shall *guarantee* to every State in the Union a *republican* form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion. . . .'

The first of these admits of no separation or secession. The second preserves everywhere that form of government under which alone the fullest political freedom can be enjoyed. In fighting, then, for the Constitution, we fight for an undivided Union on the one hand, and, on the other, for a Union that guarantees to each member of it that form of government which secures the greatest liberty to those who live under it. May we not, we say again, rest in an all but certain hope that the Divine Being will see fit to preserve His own work? For such, though accomplished through human agency, we feel constrained to believe, have been this Union and its remarkable constitution.

We have regarded the Union as the culmination of a long series of endeavors, so to call them, on the part of Providence, to bring men from a social condition characterized by the multiplicity, diversity, separation, antagonism, and hostility of independent, warring, petty states, into that larger, higher form of political and social life, that shall combine in itself the three conditions of unity—variety in unity, and of the utmost liberty with order—as the soul and life of the political body. And that it has

also been the aim of Providence, in the formation of this Union, to accomplish the above object on as large a scale as possible, in the present moral and intellectual condition of the race.

Can we be far wrong in such a view? Think of our republic embracing in its wide extent, one, two, three, or more hundred millions of human beings, all in political union, enjoying the largest liberty possible in the present life, as well as the ever-increasing influence and light of religion, science, and education, giving augmented power to preserve and rightly use that liberty. Extent of territory in the present age, is no bar to the union of very distant regions. When the telegraph, that modern miracle, brings the shores of the Pacific within three hours' time of the Atlantic seaboard—when railroads contract States into counties, and counties into the dimensions of an average farm, as to the time taken to traverse them—when *spaces* are thus brought into the closest union, it is but the counterpart and prophecy of the close moral and industrial union of the people who inhabit the spaces. When slavery, that relic of barbarism, that demon of darkness and discord, is destroyed, we can conceive of nothing that shall possess like power to sunder one section of the Union from another—of nothing that shall not be within the power of the people to settle by rational discussion or amicable arbitration. No! Slavery once destroyed, an unimagined Future dawns upon the republic. The Southern rebellion, and the *utterly unavoidable* civil war thence arising—as these are the two instrumentalities by which slavery will be cut clean away from the vitals of the nation, and the Union left untrammelled, to follow its great destiny—these twin events, we say, will, in after ages, be looked back upon as blessings in disguise—as the knife of the surgeon, that gives the patient a new lease of a long, prosperous, and happy life.

We have contemplated the Union, and

seen something of its matchless symmetry, beauty, and indefinite capabilities, ever unfolding, to promote human welfare, through its unity with variety, its liberty with order, its freedom of action of each part in its own sphere, coëxisting with the harmonious working of all together as one grand whole—all of which arises, as was said, from the unconscious modelling (on the part of its authors) of our political structure upon the Divine and universal plan of organization in mineral, in plant, in animal, in the planetary systems, and, above all, in man himself, body and mind.

We saw that the method of this organization was the grouping of individual parts into wholes around a centre; of many such compound units around a yet higher centre, and so on, indefinitely, onward and upward. That by such an organization, individual freedom was secured to each part, within a certain limit, wide enough for all its wants, and yet perfectly subordinated to the freedom and order of all the parts collectively, revolving or acting freely around the common centre and head. We saw that in the Divine creations—in all the objects of the three kingdoms of nature, the two great principles of liberty and order were thus perfectly reconciled and harmonized (true *order* being only the *form* under which true *liberty* appears, or can appear); and, further, that in proportion as human affairs and institutions obey the same law, or, rather, in proportion as men individually and collectively advance in virtue and intelligence, do they unconsciously, and more or less spontaneously, come into this Divine order, both in the regulation of personal motive and conduct, and in outward political and social matters.

Hence, as has already been stated, the near approach to this method in the political organization of the United States was the result of an amount of moral and intellectual culture, first in the colonies, and afterward in the con-

trivers and adopters of our political framework, without which it could never have been formed; and in the degree that this mental condition is maintained and advanced yet more and more, will the citizens of the Union apply the same method of organization to the less general affairs of industrial and social life. Now, all this is not fancy; human progress in the direction indicated, can be scientifically demonstrated.



WAR SONG:—EARTH'S LAST BATTLE.

DEDICATED TO

THE SOLDIERS OF THE UNION.

UP with the Flag of Hope!
 Let the winds waft her
 On through the depths of space
 Faster and faster!
 Up, brave and sturdy men!
 Down with the craven!
 He who but falters now,
 Fling to the raven!

CHORUS: On while the blood is hot—on to the battle!
 Flash blade and trumpet sound! let the shot rattle!

Come from your homes of love
 Wilder and faster!
 Hail balls and sabres flash!
 Wrong shall not master!
 Strike to the throbbing heart
 Brother or stranger!
 Traitors would murder hope!
 Freedom's in danger!

CHORUS: On for the rights of man—just is the battle!
 Flesh deep the naked blade! let the shot rattle!

Men of the rugged North,
 Dastards they deem you!
 Wash out the lie in blood,
 As it beseems you!
 Glare in the Southern eye
 Freedom, defiance!
 Traitors with death and hell
 Seal their alliance!

CHORUS: On—shed your heart's best blood! glorious the battle!
 Freedom is born while death peals his shrill rattle!

Down with the rattlesnake !
Armed heel upon it !
Rive the palmetto tree—
Cursed fruit grows on it !
Up with the Flag of Light !
Let the old glory
Flash down the newer stars
Rising in story !

CHORUS : On—manhood's hot blood burns ! God calls to battle !
Flash, blades, o'er crimson pools ! let the shot rattle !

Death shadows happy homes ;
Faster and faster
Woe, sorrow, anguish throng ;
Blood dyes disaster !
Men doubt their fellow men :
Hate and distraction
Curse many a council hall ;
Traitors lead faction !

CHORUS : Cease this infernal strife ! rush into battle !
Blast not all human hope with your cursed prattle !

God ! the poor slave yet cowers !
Call off the bloodhounds !
Men, can ye rest in peace
While the cursed lash sounds ?
Woman's shrill shrieks and wails
Quick conquest urges ;
Bleeding and scourged and wronged,
Wild her heart surges !

CHORUS : Wives, mothers, maidens call ! God forces battle !
Stay the oppressor's hand though the shot rattle !

Hark ! it is Mercy calls !
Will ye surrender
Freedom's last hope on earth ?
No,—rather tender
Heart's blood and life's life
'Neath our Flag's glory :
Scattered its heaven stars,
Dark human story !

CHORUS : Strike, for the blow is love ! Despots force battle !
' Good will to men,' our cry, wings the shot's rattle !

Up from the cotton fields,
Swamps and plantations,
Drinking new life from you,
Swarms the dusk nation.

Send them not back to pain !
Strike and release them !
Hate not, but succor men ;
Sorrow would cease then !

CHORUS : On—let God's people go ! Mercy is battle !
Freedom is love and peace,—let the shot rattle !

Oh, that ye knew your might,
Knew your high station !
God has appointed you
Guardian of nations !
Teach tyrants o'er the world,
Bondage is over ;
Bid them lay down the lash,
Welcome their brothers !

CHORUS : Pour oil in every wound, when done the battle !
Man now must stand redeemed though the shot rattle !

On—till our clustering stars
No slave float over,
Man joins in harmony,
Helper and lover !
Ransom the chained and pained,
Nations and stations !
On—till our Flag of Love
Floats o'er creation !

CHORUS : Strike, till mankind is free, mute the chains rattle !
Fight till love conquers strife—Freedom's last battle !

Yes, we shall stand again
Brother with brother,
Strong to quell wrong and crime,
All the world over !
Heart pressed to heart once more,
Nought could resist us,
Earth cease to writhe in pain,
Millions assist us !

CHORUS : On till the world is free through the shot's rattle !
When love shall conquer hate, fought earth's last battle !

MIRIAM'S TESTIMONY.

I do not know why it was that I studied the characters of Miriam and Annie so closely at Madame Orléans' school, for I had known them both from early childhood; we were of the same age, and had lived in the same village, and attended the same schools. I suppose it was partly owing to the fact of my having arrived at a more thoughtful age, or it may be that their peculiarities of disposition exhibited themselves more strongly among strangers. They were neither of them surface characters. Miriam was too reserved, and Annie too artful to be easily understood. But no one who had once known Miriam could ever forget her. Her parents called her 'a peculiar child;' among her friends the old people called her 'queer,' and the young ones 'cracked.' She was not pretty, but everybody pronounced her a fine-looking girl. Her eyes were the only peculiarity in her face. They were of a rich, dark-gray color, small, and deeply set; but at times—her 'inspired times,' as Annie called them—they would dilate and expand, until they became large and luminous. At such times she would relate with distinctness, and often with minuteness, events which were transpiring in another house, and sometimes in another part of the world.

It was seldom that we had an opportunity of testing the truth of these 'visions,' but when we did we found them exact in every particular.

At other times her mind took a wider range, and she would see into the future. When we were children, I remember the awe with which we used to listen to 'Miriam the prophetess,' as we called her, and the wonder with which we remarked that her prophecies invariably were fulfilled. But, as I grew older, my awe and won-

der diminished in proportion, and, being of a very practical turn of mind myself, and very skeptical of spiritual agencies, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, and indeed of anything out of the ordinary course of events, I put no faith whatever in any of Miriam's visions and prophecies; especially as I noticed they only occurred when she was sick, or suffering under depression of spirits. Annie either did believe, or professed to believe, every word she said. As Miriam grew into womanhood it was only to Annie and me that she confided her strange visions, although she well knew I did not believe in their reality. We were the only ones who never laughed at her, and she was very sensitive on the subject.

Annie was so beautiful that it was a delight to look at her lovely face, listen to her musical voice, and watch her graceful motions. She fully appreciated her own charms, and had a way of making others appreciate them also. She had many more friends than Miriam, for who could resist the charm of her face and manner?

She had become quite accomplished, for she possessed a good deal of talent, but was worldly minded, vain, and selfish. It may be matter of surprise that such a girl should have been my intimate friend, and still stranger that she should have been the friend of Miriam; but she was lively and agreeable, and when we were children together we did not care to analyze her character, and when we knew her thoroughly we still loved her—from habit, I suppose. At all events, whatever were the sympathies which bound us together, we continued firm friends until we were eighteen, when we left Madame Orleans' school, where we had resided for four years.

At that time Annie returned to our

native village, while Miriam and I went to a Southern city, intending to spend the winter with her uncle's family; but we liked our new home so much that we prolonged our visit two years. After we had been there a few months, by some chance, which I have now forgotten, Henry Ackermann came to the city where we resided. He was a few years older than we, but had been one of our playmates in childhood. His parents had removed from our native village, and gone to California some years before, when the gold fever was at its height, since which time we had heard little about them, and Henry had nearly faded out of our recollections, until now he suddenly appeared, destined to be the controlling fate in the life of one of us, for Miriam and he soon grew to love one another; though what affinity there was between their natures I never could imagine. But he told me that he loved her, and she told me that she was very happy, and I was bound to believe them both, and thought that on the whole they would be a better-matched couple than most of those I saw about me.

It is needless to say much of their courtship. Their engagement was not made public, therefore it was not necessary to make a parade of their affection before indifferent acquaintance. Miriam's love, like that of all proud, reserved natures, was intense. Ackermann's attentions to her were graceful and delicate, and he ever manifested toward her in his whole manner that silent devotion, unobtrusive and indescribable, which is so gratifying to woman. It was evident that he understood her thoroughly: whether he appreciated her as thoroughly was another matter, about which I had my doubts.

It was true that strange rumors had floated from California to our distant little city in regard to Ackermann. Evil rumors they were—they could scarcely be called rumors—nobody repeated them, nobody believed them—and yet they were whispered into the

ear so stealthily that it seemed as if they were breathed by the very air which surrounded Ackermann. I paid no heed to them. Miriam heard them, did not care for them—why should I?

Months passed away—happily to the lovers—pleasantly to me. Circumstances then compelled Ackermann to return to our village, while Miriam felt it to be her duty to remain where she was; but she expected to follow him in a few months at latest. He carried with him a letter of introduction to Annie, in which Miriam told her of her engagement to the bearer, and requested Annie to be his friend for her sake. This was soon answered by a characteristic letter from Annie congratulating Miriam on her choice, pronouncing Ackermann the most delightful of men, etc.

During the winter which followed, Miriam seemed quietly happy and always pleasant and cheerful. Henry's letters were frequent, and so were Annie's. I did not see the former, but they appeared to afford a great deal of satisfaction to Miriam. Annie's letters were as lively and merry as herself, and contained frequent hints that the devoted attentions of a certain Mr. Etheridge—a wealthy, middle-aged suitor—were not entirely disagreeable to her; that she thought she should like right well to be mistress of his fine mansion; with much more nonsense of the same kind.

I should have mentioned that Miriam had never told her lover of the peculiar gifts of prophecy and second sight which she had, or fancied that she had. She was too happy at the time he was with her to be visited by her 'visions.' I thought they had ceased altogether, and I think Miriam believed they had, and was happy to be done with them forever.

I was quite surprised then to see her walk into my room one day in a hurried manner, with a face ghastly pale, and eyes unusually distended, and gazing at me with a wild, fixed stare.

She trembled exceedingly, and tried to speak, but the words refused to come at her bidding. I was much alarmed, and, remembering there was a glass of wine in the closet, I brought it to her, but she motioned it away. I opened the window, and the rush of cold air revived her. She sat down by it, and after a little time, she said :

‘Hester, do you remember the little sitting room of Annie’s, at the foot of the back stairs, with windows opening into the garden?’

‘Yes, I remember it perfectly. Why do you ask?’

‘She has had it newly furnished, and very elegantly.’

‘How do you know?’

‘Because I was there this afternoon; spent some time in it.’

‘You! in Annie’s room!’

‘I was there, in Annie’s room—that is, the only part of me that is worth anything; my body remained here, in my own room, I suppose.’

I saw at once that the old spell was on her again, and, as I made it a point to fall in with her humor on such occasions, I said :

‘Well, what did you see there?’

‘I saw an open piano, and books and music scattered around. There were a great many flowers in the room. A bright fire was in the grate, and Pompey—the house dog—was stretched on a rug before it. A large easy-chair, covered with blue damask, stood near the fireplace. Henry Ackermann was seated in it. Annie was kneeling before him. He talked to her while he stroked her hair. I heard every word that he said.’

Here she paused. I was getting quite excited with her narrative, but I spoke as calmly as I could :

‘You have only fancied these things, Miriam. You are ill.’

‘The *material* part of my nature may be ill. I do not know. But the *immaterial* is sound and healthy. It sometimes leaves its grosser companion, and makes discoveries for itself. This is

not the first time it has happened, as you well know. I have been particular in my description, in order that I might convince you that I have actually been there. You know that the description I have given is entirely different from the appearance of Annie’s room in former times. I have never heard that she had newly furnished it. Write to her, and ask her to describe her room to you, and you will find that I have seen all that I have told you.’

Finding her so calm, and so willing to reason on what she had seen, I ventured to ask :

‘And what did Ackermann say to her?’

‘Only a very little thing,’ said she, with bitter emphasis. ‘That he loved her—and admired me; she stirred the depths of his heart—I excited his intellect; she was his darling—I, his sphinx.’

‘Are you sure it is not all a dream?’

‘I have not closed my eyes to-day.’

I did not know what to say to her. I still thought what she had related was but a delusion, but to her it was a reality, and I knew her outward calmness was but the expression of intense excitement of mind. Thinking I might divert her mind, I read to her a letter I had received but a few minutes before. It was from my sister, who had just returned from Europe, with her husband and children; and had taken a house in our native village. She wished me to come to her at once. At any other time Miriam would have manifested the greatest interest in this communication. It had been a source of regret to her that I was separated from this sister, who was the only near relative I had. Now she sat, perfectly unmoved, gazing out into the sunshine as if it bewildered her. I did not know whether she had heard a word I said. I laid down the letter, and took up a book, glancing at her occasionally. I continued reading for about two hours, while she sat there as if turned to stone. Then she turned to me and said :

'Hester, would you not like to see your sister very much?'

'Very much.'

'Then let us return home at once.'

'I am very willing.'

'Mr. Sydenham leaves here to-morrow night for New York. Let us go with him.'

I hesitated. It seemed such a hasty departure from the friends who had been so kind to us, but a glance at the pale, eager face of Miriam decided me. I consented.

The next day brought a letter from Ackermann. Miriam showed it to me. It was the only letter of his I was ever permitted to read. It was a good letter—very lover-like, but earnest and manly. It seemed to me the truth of the writer was palpable in every line.

'Of course this has removed all your doubts,' I said, as I returned the letter to Miriam.

'It has not shaken my faith in the evidence of the finest of my senses,' was her only reply.

Since we had left our pretty little village, a railroad track had been laid through it. The depot was near Annie's house. As we had apprised no one of our arrival, we found ourselves alone on the platform when we stepped out of the cars.

'Let us call and see Annie,' said Miriam.

'Before you visit your father and mother?' said I, surprised.

'This is the hour Ackermann usually visits her.'

'I will go with you.'

It was but a few minutes' walk. We felt perfectly at home there. We opened the front door, and walked in without ceremony. No one was in the front rooms. We passed quickly through them into the little room at the foot of the back stairs. I noticed the furniture as soon as I entered. It was new, and was arranged pretty much as Miriam had described it. Ackermann and Annie stood by the window looking into the garden. I am not

sure, but I think he was holding her hand. They turned as we entered, and, for a few minutes, were speechless with amazement. Annie was the first to recover herself.

'What a delightful surprise!' she exclaimed, running toward us; but she stopped before she was half across the room. Something in Miriam's manner arrested her. Ackermann's perceptions were quicker. He saw at one glance that Miriam knew all, and, though very much agitated, he stood, looking defiantly at her. She took no notice of Annie, but said to Ackermann:

'I trusted you. You have deceived me. I believed in your love so fully that I would have been yours faithfully until death. You lightly threw mine away. I thought your words of love so sacred that I kept them hid in my heart from the sight of the most faithful friends. You have made mine the subjects of jest. But I do not come here to reproach you. Henceforth you are nothing to me. I came to demand my ring.'

'I have no ring of yours,' said he, with calm decision. 'This ring that I wear you put upon my finger, and told me not to part with it under *any* circumstances. You charged me to wear it until death. It is mine. I will not part with it, even to you.'

Miriam looked at him incredulously for a moment. Her fortitude began to give way.

'I do not know,' she said slowly, 'why you wish to keep that ring. You can never look at it without thinking of me, and of the words of love I have spoken to you. It is hateful to me to think that you have anything to remind you of the past. For this reason I want the ring. I will not wear it. I will not keep it. I will destroy it utterly. But by the memory of my past trust, I beseech you to give me that ring.'

A sneer curled the lip of Ackermann.

'I will not give it to you!' he said, decidedly.

Miriam did not look at him now, but at the ring. It glowed on his hand like a flame; for it was set with a cluster of diamonds.

'It will ruin you,' she said, raising her eyes slowly, and fixing them on his face. 'It will be your curse.'

She turned and left the room. Ackermann looked displeased, and annoyed. Annie was pale and frightened. I did not know whether to follow Miriam, or remain to hear Annie's explanations. I finally decided to do neither, and, walking out of the open window into the garden, I took another route to my sister's.

They say that no nature is thoroughly evil, that every man has some redeeming qualities. This is probably true, and I suppose Ackermann had his virtues, but I was never able to discover any. The only sides of his character presented to my observation were evil, and wholly evil. He loved Annie, it is true, but it was an unnatural, selfish, exacting love. Such a love is a curse to any woman, and it was doubly so to Annie, who loved him too entirely to see any faults in him, and was too weak minded to resist his merciless exactions. So thoroughly selfish was he that, notwithstanding his love for Annie, he would have married Miriam if she had not so peremptorily broken the engagement. Miriam was very wealthy, while Annie was comparatively poor. Ackermann himself was worth nothing. Why he persisted in keeping the ring I never knew, unless it was that Miriam's proud contempt and indifference roused his malignant temper to oppose her in the only way which lay in his power. He possessed the art of making himself agreeable, and had a very fair seeming, so that when his engagement to Annie was made public, she was warmly congratulated. His former engagement to Miriam was unknown, even to her own parents.

I saw but little of Ackermann and Annie, and never met them but in public. His wickedness and her weakness

made them both contemptible in my eyes. And my mind was occupied in other matters. Miriam resolved to make the tour of Europe, and I was to accompany her—for she would take no denial. For many weeks we were busied in preparations for our departure; Miriam had settled all her affairs satisfactorily, and we were thinking of making the last farewells, when she was taken ill. The doctors said it was an organic disease of the heart. This was an hereditary disease in the family, but Miriam up to the time of her acquaintance with Ackermann had been entirely free from any symptom of it, or of any particular disease whatever. Whether this sudden exhibition of it was the effect of natural causes, or was produced by mortified love and pride, I leave the reader to conclude.

I was her constant attendant during her sickness. She could scarcely bear me out of her sight. She had never spoken to me of Ackermann since the interview in Annie's room. Now she seemed to take delight in talking about him, and I was amazed at the intense hatred with which she regarded him. She was gentle and patient under her sufferings, and tender and loving at all times, except when speaking of him. Then all the bad passions of her nature were aroused. It was in vain that I represented to her that at such a time she should endeavor to be at peace with all the world, and forgive as she hoped to be forgiven.

'If I have sinned against my God, as Henry Ackermann has sinned against me, I neither expect or wish to be forgiven,'—was the only reply she would make to such arguments. She had not the slightest feeling of ill will against Annie; she spoke of her as a misguided, loving girl; but often repeated the assertion that Ackermann and Annie would never be married.

The physicians were inclined to think that Miriam would recover from this attack, but she knew, she said, that she must die, and she exacted a promise

from me that I would watch over her body until it was consigned to the grave, imploring me not to let indifferent people be with her after death. I readily gave the promise, little knowing what a fearful obligation I was taking upon myself.

One morning I left Miriam's bedside, and walked through the village in order to get some exercise, and breathe the fresh air. I remember the day well. It was in the latter part of May—a warm, sweet, sunny day, with enough of chilliness in the air to give a zest to walking. I was surprised at the ripeness and luxuriance of the foliage, so early for a New England spring; but I was still more surprised at the aspect of our usually silent village. The streets were full of men hurrying to and fro, and groups of men, and women, too, stood at some of the corners. To my utter amazement I learned that Annie had disappeared mysteriously the night before. She had left home alone early in the evening, saying she was going to the river, and had not returned. Search was made for her during the night in all the houses of the village; that morning the river had been dragged; but not the slightest trace of Annie was anywhere to be found. Of course everybody was in a state of intense excitement. Ackermann was represented to me as almost distracted with grief, but he had been active in conducting the search for her.

I thought it best to tell this to Miriam as soon as I returned. It produced a strange effect upon her. It gave her a most intense desire for life.

'I do not desire life for myself,' said she to me, the next day, 'nor for any happiness it could confer upon me, for it has no gift that I value; but I wish to live that I may show Ackermann to the world, as he is, false, and cruel, and revengeful. I feel that I would have the power to do it, had I but health and strength; but what can a dead body do? Can the soul return to it again? Where does the soul go?'

I made no reply to this. I had gone over this ground very often with Miriam. It was not strange that one who had had such remarkable mental experiences should be a believer in spiritual agencies. She was also a firm believer in all the doctrines of the Bible, but she always maintained that this sacred book nowhere taught that the soul, on its release from the body, went directly to heaven. She argued that it was *impossible* for it to go there immediately. Then where did it go? These ideas disposed her to a mystical kind of reading, with which I did not sympathize, and in which I never indulged.

I stood at the window some time, looking out, but seeing nothing, for I was thinking how strange it was that two girls so entirely opposite as Miriam and Annie should love the same man, and he so different from both. I was aroused by Miriam's voice hurriedly calling me. I hastened to her side. Never shall I forget her eyes as she fixed them upon me. The pupils were dilated, and intensely black, while they shone so brilliantly that it seemed as if a fire were burning within them. She spoke eagerly:

'Promise me once more, Hester, that you will not leave my body, after the soul has left it, until it is laid in the grave, and that you will not let idle curiosity come and gaze at it.'

I readily gave her this promise, thinking it was very little to do for a dying friend. The unnatural expression faded from her eyes. She seemed entirely satisfied.

It was late in the afternoon that I was aroused from a sound sleep by the intelligence that Miriam was dead. She died while asleep, without a struggle, or a groan. I called in Mrs. Grove, the housekeeper, who had been devotedly attached to Miriam, and we dressed her in a white robe, and scattered fragrant flowers around her, to take away, if possible, the horror and ghastliness of death. She did not look at all like

the Miriam I had known and loved. Her features were sharp and pinched, and her face looked careworn, and *anxious*—if anything so lifeless can be said to have expression.

No one came into the room that evening but the family, and they retired early, and left me alone with the dead. Mrs. Grove sat up all night in the dining room, which was separated from Miriam's room by a narrow entry. She would have remained with me, but I saw that she was very nervous and timid, and insisted that she should leave me. I could not understand her feeling. I felt not the slightest fear of the inanimate body before me, or of the disembodied spirit. She had been my friend during her whole life—why should she harm me now?

I put out the light, and seated myself by the open window at the foot of the bed. The round, full moon, in a cloudless sky, made every object in the room and out of it as distinct as in the day. I looked at the fountain, which spun its threads of light under the window; and at the little flowers just peeping above the ground; and at the foliage, with its many-shaded green; and occasionally I looked at the body stretched upon the bed. And each time that I looked it seemed to me that it gently stirred. This did not startle me at all, for I was accustomed to the appearance of death. Who that has lost a friend does not find it impossible to realize that the form is utterly without life? And who has ever gazed long at a corpse without fancying that it moved? So again and again I looked at Miriam, and again and again I fancied there was a slight motion, scarcely perceptible. At last the constant repetition of this feeling made me uneasy, and to quiet my mind, and satisfy myself that it was only *seeming*, I went to the bed and bent over Miriam.

My blood ran cold in my veins, as I encountered the eyes of Miriam, open, dilated, and black, fixed upon mine!

There was a strange light in them. It scarcely looked like life, and yet it surely could not be death. It seemed more like a light shining far down some black and deep sepulchre. Half frenzied with terror, and scarcely knowing what I did, I forced down the eyelids and shut out that hateful light; but the instant I removed my fingers the eyes opened upon me again. This time it seemed the expression was more life-like—there was *eagerness* in it. Again I pressed down the eyelids, but now there was resistance to my touch. I could feel it. The hands, which had lain quiet on her breast, were convulsively raised. I stepped back from the bed, and Miriam sat upright! Incredible as it may appear, the frenzy of my terror was gone. Miriam looked like herself. The ghastly pallor of death, the sunken cheek, the pinched features were all there; but there was something in the face which made me think of the Miriam of olden days—the Miriam I had known before this last terrible sickness came upon her. I was not entirely free from fear, but it was a charmed fear. I never thought of calling any one. I could do nothing but watch Miriam.

After a few convulsive efforts she got off the bed, and stood erect for a moment. I remember thinking that all this was very strange, and wondering what she would do next. She moved slowly to the door. I followed her with my eyes. At the door she turned, and looked at me. And then there rushed upon my mind the whole weight and responsibility of the promise I had made her, that I would never leave her body until it was consigned to the tomb! I comprehended that I must follow her, and mechanically I obeyed the impulse. She took her way through the dining room. Mrs. Grove was sitting in an easy-chair, fast asleep. I wondered how she could sleep with this awful presence in the room. Miriam did not glance at her, but passed out of the front door, into the street.

My mind was in a constant state of activity. My will was under the guidance of Miriam. I had no control over it. My thoughts were my own, and wandered from object to object. As we were passing down the steps I thought how beautifully the river would look in the moonlight; but Miriam turned in an opposite direction from the river, and I was disappointed. How fearfully quiet was everything! I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, if I could have seen a familiar face. I even had a half-formed thought to scream loudly for help, but I could not do it. My will was utterly powerless. We approached the house where Ackermann resided, and I was seized with horror, thinking it possible that she might murder him while I witnessed the bloody deed, powerless to prevent it. But she never once looked at the house while passing it. This phantom—whatever it might be—seemed to be entirely free from human feelings. I do not think this idea tended to reassure me, and when we left the closely built street, and merged into the open country, where the fields stretched away on every side of us, with no life in them, and where loneliness and desolation reigned supreme, I felt a new terror, and longed to turn, and flee back to human life. But no! I must follow my conductress wherever she chose to lead me!

Miriam walked slowly at first, but had increased her speed as she proceeded, and now she was walking so swiftly that I could scarcely keep pace with her. I saw white marbles gleaming among the trees at the top of a hill, and knew that we were approaching the graveyard. It was a dreary-looking place—a disgrace to the village. The stone wall was in a dilapidated condition, and in some places there were gaps in it. The graves were overgrown with rank weeds, and many old gray tombstones lay on the ground. The gate was swinging loosely on its hinges, and we passed swiftly through

it. And now, thought I, the mystery is solved. Miriam is going to bury herself, and has brought me to fill the grave, so that no one may see her body but me. I can never, never do it, if she fixes those terrible eyes upon me! An open grave lay in our pathway. The red clay soil, which was heaped around it, was moist. I felt my feet sink in it as we passed over it—for around the grave we went on our swift, unerring course—although I knew the grave had been that day dug for Miriam! Did she know this? If so, she gave no sign of that knowledge, and I breathed more freely when we were fairly out of the graveyard. On the other side of it was a thick wood, into which I had never penetrated. Indeed the thorny thickets, and low, poisonous bushes made it impenetrable to any one, and yet it was into this wood that Miriam led the way. How we pushed through it I do not know. My clothes were nearly torn into rags, and so were Miriam's. My flesh was torn also in several places. I had no means of knowing whether hers was torn also.

At last she stopped before a mass of—but my heart grows sick and my brain dizzy when I think of that—I cannot describe it, but I knew by unmistakable evidences that the lost Annie was found!

I looked at Miriam, but she did not return my glance. I could not see her face. She stopped only a moment, and continued her walk. And now I followed fearlessly. As soon as I discovered that the phantom had a *human* purpose, my terror abated. I was now in a state of feverish excitement, wondering what other discoveries would be made. Our way lay along the bank of a little brook. The space was more open. The weeds and bushes had evidently been trampled down, and broken away. Miriam walked more slowly, and looked upon the ground. At last she again paused, and pointed with a rigid, bony finger to a little alder twig, which was trembling in the

breeze. I could see nothing there but a dewdrop sparkling in the moonlight ; but, obeying the impulse of my will, which was in obedience to Miriam, I stooped to touch the dewdrop, and instead, I took off the twig—a ring ! It was the diamond ring, which Miriam had given to Ackermann. I clutched it in my hand, and turned to Miriam, but she was retracing her steps.

I remember nothing of the return home. I saw nothing, felt nothing. I seemed to be sailing through the air, so exhilarated was I. I can compare my state to nothing but that of a person who has been taking ether. I took but little notice of Miriam, until we entered the village, when I observed that she walked more slowly. After a time it seemed to be an effort to her to walk at all, until finally she tottered, and fell close by her own door. I stood an instant, and looked at her. She lay on the step, a stiff and rigid corpse. Her eyes were open, but they were fixed in the glassy stare of death ! I ran into the house. Mrs. Grove was in the dining room, sleeping heavily. I was about to awaken her, when I remembered that I would have to account for the strange fact of the body lying at the front door. How could I tell Mrs. Grove, who had showed herself to be a weak and nervous woman, the wonderful story of our night walk ? Would she be able to help me if she knew it ? I thought of calling upon Miriam's father, but that seemed horrible. These thoughts rushed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, and I ran out of the door again, not knowing what to do. A man was standing on the step : I suppose he happened to be passing, and stopped in amazement at the sight ; but I did not pause to look at him, or ask him any questions. I had no time to give him explanations, for I saw the gray dawn was breaking in the eastern sky, and feared that soon other persons might come along the street. I gave him a confused and hurried account of how we had thought

Miriam dead, and how she had walked that far, and fallen ; and I begged him to help me carry her in the house. He consented, and then I remembered that there was a side door, which was near Miriam's room, and if we carried the body through that we should avoid waking Mrs. Grove. I passed silently through the dining room, and, having unbolted the door, I returned, and lifted the body of my poor friend in my arms, while the stranger raised her head. And thus we carried her in the house, and laid her on the bed. I smoothed her dishevelled hair, and arranged her torn dress, forgetting that any one else was in the room, until I was startled by a groan. And then for the first time I looked at the stranger. It was Ackermann !

My fingers involuntarily closed tighter around the ring, which, all this time, I had kept shut up in my hand. Not for the world would I have had him to see it then. I was more afraid of him than I had been of Miriam during all our journey. She might be called an Avenging Angel. He was a destroying Fiend.

He trembled violently. He laid his hand heavily upon my arm. It was as cold as ice, and made a chilly horror creep over me.

'Tell me, Hester,' he said, in a hoarse voice, 'what is the meaning of this ? You and Miriam have been farther than the front door, or your clothes would not be in this cut and ragged condition. Why do you look at me so strangely—so horribly ? Speak to me ! Speak !'

I longed to show him the ring, and confront him then with his horrid crimes, but he looked so fiercely I dared not. It is well that I did not. I know not what might have been the result. Justice might have been cheated of her proper prey, and I not have been here to write this tale. I made my escape from the room, and left him with his dead victim.

I have a confused recollection of

being surrounded with pale and eager faces, and of telling them my wonderful story, and showing them the ring. And then I remember nothing more for many hours, for I fell into a heavy sleep.

That night, so full of horrors, did not turn my hair white, or make me ill, or cause me to lose my reason. I was subject to a nervous irritability for some time afterward, but that passed away, and the only feeling I have left to remind me of that terrible night is my aversion to sit up with a dead body. I have never done it since.

The route that Miriam and I had followed was carefully traced. Our tracks were not discernible until the graveyard was nearly reached. There they found the print of our shoes in the wet gravel; and in the loose soil around the newly dug grave. On Annie was found a note from Ackermann appointing a meeting with her on that evening when she had so mysteriously disappeared.

Ackermann was arrested and brought to trial. When he learned the nature of the evidence against him it seemed to fill him with a superstitious horror, which drew from him a full confession of his guilt, although, at first, he protested his innocence. He gave in his confession, and met his ignominious death with the same bold front and reckless daring he had manifested during all his life.

It only remains to tell how Ackermann was led to murder a woman he loved—for he certainly loved Annie. It seems that Annie, in her light, trifling way, had seriously wounded him by flirting with one of her former suitors. He remonstrated, but his evident distress only urged the giddy girl to further trials of her power. And she had an object in arousing his jealousy, for she too was jealous of Miriam's ring. He persisted in wearing it, notwithstanding her entreaties, and she feared some lingering affection for the giver gave rise to the reluctance to part with the gift. On the night of

the murder, high words had passed between them in regard to it. In the heat of the discussion, Annie had managed dexterously to slip the ring off his finger. He struggled to regain it. She threw it away. The quarrel now grew more violent, until at last, in his rage, and as unconscious of what he was doing as an intoxicated man, he struck the fatal blow, and Annie fell dead at his feet. In the midst of his horror and remorse—for even he was filled with horror at such a deed—he thought of himself, and provided for his safety by hiding the body among the thorny and poisonous bushes, knowing it would be more unlikely to be found there than if he threw it into the river, or dug a grave for it. Creeping carefully in and out among the thick, thorny bushes, so as to disarrange them as little as possible, he first deposited his dead burden, and then returned to the place of the last fatal struggle, that he might look for the lost ring.

The moon had risen, and he could see every object with great distinctness. He looked carefully along the ground, pushing aside the weeds, and removing every stone under which it might have rolled. After a few minutes' search he became conscious that some one else was looking for the ring! He was angry with himself for entertaining such a delusion; but still, in spite of his efforts to get rid of it, the feeling continued. He had a dim and vague idea that something impalpable was near him, now by his side, now before him, *never behind him*, looking as eagerly and as anxiously as himself for the lost diamonds. He inwardly cursed his own cowardice, for he thought this apparition was born from his guilty conscience, and he determined to pay no heed to it.

At last he approached a cluster of alder bushes, which he now remembered to have been the place where Annie threw away the ring. He was about to commence a search among these, when

suddenly Miriam stood between him and the bushes. He saw her distinctly for a moment, and then she vanished from his gaze. He pursued her in the direction she had taken, but no trace of her could he find. Then, recollecting how very ill she was, he became convinced that he had become subject to an optical illusion. But he had now become fearful and nervous, and dared not return to the spot to renew the search. And thus it was that the ring was left upon the twig of alder to bear witness against him.



N A P O L E O N ' S T O M B .

Written by HON. ROBERT J. WALKER (*then a student*) *in 1821, on hearing of the death of Napoleon.*

SEE where amid the Ocean's surging tide
 A little island lifts its desert side,
 Where storms on storms in ceaseless torrents pour,
 And howling billows lash its rocky shore—
 There lies Napoleon in his island tomb :
 Nations combined to antedate his doom.
 Mars nursed the infant in a thundercloud,
 France gavè him empire, Britain wrought his shroud.
 Danger and glory claimed him as their own,
 And Fortune marked him as her favorite son ;
 Science seemed dozing in eternal sleep,
 And superstition brooded o'er the deep ;
 Black was the midnight of the human soul,
 Such Gothic darkness shrouds the icy pole :
 Napoleon bade his conquering legions pour
 The blaze of battle on from shore to shore :
 Though blood and havoc marked the victor's way,
 Blest Science shed her genial ray.
 Betrayed, not conquered, round the hero's sleep
 The Arts shall mourn, and Genius vigil keep.

THE DESTINY OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANY persons may be disposed to receive with a large share of scepticism the affirmation that there is an aspect of the 'negro question,' which has not, within the last thirty years of ceaseless agitation, undergone a thorough discussion. Yet such an assertion would be perfectly true. There is one side of that question, at which, during all the fierce excitements of the time, we have scarcely looked; and which many, even those who have taken an active and leading part in the controversy, have not carefully studied.

The morality of our system of slavery has been fully and thoroughly discussed, and may be considered as finally and forever settled, in the judgment of all right-minded and impartial men throughout Christendom. It may henceforth be taken as the *consensus omnium gentium*, that men and women, with their children and their children's children forever, cannot rightfully be made, by human laws, chattels personal and articles of merchandise.

The economy of slavery has been discussed. Its relations to wealth, to industry, to commerce, manufactures, and the arts, as well as to education, public intelligence, and public morals, are so well understood, that it is not probable that the efforts even of Jefferson Davis, or the whole 'Southern confederacy,' with the aid of such transatlantic allies as the *London Times*, will be able, in respect to such matters as these, to change or even to unsettle the judgment of mankind.

But there is another class of questions on which the public mind is as unthoughtful and unenlightened, as in respect to these it is thoughtful and intelligent. We have pretty well considered what consequences may be expected from the continuance of slavery;

but we have neglected to inquire, on the supposition of the emancipation of the negro, what will be his condition, what his future, and what his influence on our national destiny. Upon such questions as these, we have, during the controversy, dogmatized much, and thought little. They have called forth many outbursts of passion, but very little calm, thoughtful discussion.

There is no lack of earnest and confident opinions in the public mind in relation to this class of questions. It is in respect to this very side of the negro question, that prejudices the most intense and inveterate are widely prevalent; prejudices, too, which have exerted the most decisive influence on the controversy, through every stage of its progress. The masses of the American people believe in those principles of political equality upon which all our constitutions are founded. They not only believe in them, but they cherish and love them. They perceive, too, by a kind of instinct, what many a would-be philosopher has failed to see, that the application and carrying out of those principles necessarily involve the fusion of the entire mass to which they are applied, into one homogeneous whole; that we cannot have a government founded on political equality, consistently with our having an inferior and proscribed class of citizens; a class from whose daughters our sons may not take their wives, and to whose sons we are not willing, either in this or in any future generation, to give our daughters in marriage. Political equality implies that the son of any parents may be raised to the highest offices in the government, and wear the most brilliant honors which a free people can confer. And the masses of the people instinctively see, or rather

feel, that it is impossible to admit to such equality a class to whom we deny, and always intend to deny all equality in the social state; and with whom we are shocked at the very thought of ever uniting our race and our blood.

I am not now saying where the moral right of this matter lies; or whether, in this inveterate hostility to a social equality with the negro, the masses of the people are right or wrong. I am only affirming, what certainly cannot be successfully denied, that while they retain and cherish it, they will never be willing to apply to him this doctrine of political equality. They will always resist it, as carrying with it, by inevitable consequence, that social equality to which they are determined never to submit. If the doctrine of political equality, so fundamental to our system of government, is ever to be extended so as to embrace the colored man, it can only be done by overcoming and utterly obliterating this social aversion.

If it were proved to be ever so desirable to effect such a change in the tastes and prejudices of the American people, history does not lend any countenance to the belief that it is possible. Wherever one people has conquered another, the conquerors and their descendants have always asserted for themselves a political superiority for ages; and that political superiority has extended itself into all the relations of social life. This has taken place with such uniformity, as to impress upon the mind the belief that it occurs in obedience to some great law of human nature, which may be expected to baffle all attempts at resistance in the future, as it has done in the past. The testimony of history is, that equality can be the law of national life only when the nation was originally formed from equal elements. But two peoples never met on the same soil, and under the same government, under conditions so widely unequal as the European and the African populations of this country. The Europeans

are, to a great extent, the descendants of the most enlightened men of the world, heirs by birth to the highest civilization of the nineteenth century. The Africans, on the contrary, are the known descendants of parents who were taken by force from their own country, and brought hither as merchandise, sold as chattels and beasts of burden to the highest bidder; and have even now no civilization except what they have acquired in this condition of abject slavery; separated, too, from the dominant class, not only by this stigma of slavery, but by complexion and features so marked and peculiar, that a small taint of the blood of the servile class can be detected with unerring certainty. If history decides anything, it is that a system of political equality cannot be formed out of such elements. The experience of the world is against it.

This deeply seated aversion to the recognition of the equality of the white man and the black man is a potent force, which has been incessantly active in all our history, and furnishes the only satisfactory explanation of the fact that slavery did not perish, at least from all the Northern slaveholding States, long ago. There is, especially in the Border Slave States, a large non-slaveholding class, who know that the existence of slavery is utterly prejudicial to their interests and destructive of their prosperity as free laborers. They are so keenly sensible of this, that they regard with almost equal hatred the system of slavery, the negro, and the slave owner. But one consideration, which is never absent from their minds, always prevails, even over their regard for their own interests, and receives their steady and invariable co-operation with the slave owner in perpetuating the enslavement of the colored man. That consideration is the dread of negro equality. If, say they, the colored man becomes a freeman, then why not entitled to all the privileges and franchises which other freemen en-

joy? And if admitted to political, then surely to social equality also.

And to many it seems perfectly clear that the universal emancipation of the negro carries with it by inevitable necessity his admission to the full enjoyment of all equality, political and social, and his becoming homogeneous with the mass of the American people; and the fact that they think so is the only adequate explanation of the inflexible energy of will with which they resist all measures which are supposed to tend in the smallest degree toward emancipation. And they think themselves able to give unanswerable reasons for the bitterness with which they note everything which is expressed by the word 'abolitionism.' They assume it for a fact, which admits no contradiction, that the natural increase of the negro race in this country is more rapid than that of the white man. So far as my observation extends, the great majority of the people believe this with an undoubting faith. It is constantly asserted in conversation, and in the most exaggerated form in newspaper paragraphs; although (as I shall presently show) a mere glance at our census tables disproves it. It is also assumed, with a faith equally undoubting, that if the slaves were all emancipated, the negro race would still increase as rapidly in freedom as in slavery. Emancipation, it is said, would at once cast upon the country four millions and a half of free negroes; and by the rapidity of their increase, they would, at no distant day, become a majority of the whole population.

If then, it is further argued, you emancipate them, and yet withhold from them a full participation in all our political privileges, they will be hostile to our government, a great nation of aliens in the midst of us, who would be the natural enemies of our institutions. An internecine war of races, it is said, must follow. Even here it would be well for persons who entertain such gloomy apprehensions, to re-

member that if these assumptions were all true (though I will show in the sequel that they are not), even then, emancipation could not make of the negroes more dangerous enemies to our institutions than slavery has made of the masters. It is also said that the only possible mode of escaping all these horrible results, would be to admit the negro, if he must be freed, to all the privileges and franchises of the Constitution, and amalgamate him entirely with the mass of American society. Thus it is taken for proved that emancipation would carry with it the equality of the negro and the white man in all their relations.

I believe it to be true beyond reasonable doubt, that the great majority of the American people do at this time accept this substantially as their creed on the question of emancipation. They do not mean to justify slavery; they abhor and hate it; they regard it as economically, socially, politically, and morally wrong. But they regard emancipation as tending directly and inevitably to incorporate the negro into the mass of American society, and compel us to treat him as homogeneous with it. To such a solution of the question they feel an unconquerable aversion. It shocks their taste; it violates their notions of propriety and fitness; they resist it by a sort of instinct, rather than from set conviction and purpose.

Nor is there one man in a thousand of us, who is not conscious in himself of a certain degree of sympathy with this view of the subject, however much we may think that we morally disapprove it. With enslaving the negro, and reducing him to an article of merchandise, or depriving him of one of those moral rights which God has given him as a man, we have no sympathy. But if, in full view of a proposition to break down all the social barriers which now divide the races, so that our descendants and those of the colored man shall form one homogeneous people, we interrogate our own

consciousness, we shall discover that we, even those of us who have most eloquently and indignantly denounced 'prejudice against color,' are compelled to own ourselves in sympathy with the great mass of the American people, in utter and unconquerable aversion to such an arrangement.

It is probable that this article may fall into the hands of some friends of mine whose judgment I greatly respect, and whose feelings I should be most reluctant to wound, to whom these sentiments will at first view be far from agreeable. But for many years I have entertained them with undoubting confidence of their truth; and at this solemn crisis of our nation's destiny it becomes us to lay aside all our prejudices, and to endeavor to reach the truth on this momentous question. I repeat it: this side of the subject has not been fairly met and considered in this discussion. The time has come when we must meet it. Emancipation is an indispensable condition of the restoration and perpetuity of the Union, perhaps even of our continued national existence. The one great objection to emancipation, in the minds of the people, North and South, is the belief, so confidently and even obstinately entertained, that it carries with it as an inevitable consequence, either an internecine war of races, which would destroy us, or the amalgamation of our race and blood with that of the negro. If we mean, as practical men and statesmen, to seek our country's salvation by means of emancipation, we must, in some way, relieve the national mind from the pressure of this objection. Till we do so, the masses of the people will say to us: 'We do not approve of slavery; we abhor it; but if we are to have the negro among us, we believe in keeping him in slavery.' All of us, who are in the habit of talking with the people on this subject, know that almost in these very words we are met at every street corner. We must answer it, or in some form slavery will

still continue to be the curse of our country, and to hurry it on to an untimely and ignominious end.

Let it be distinctly borne in mind that it is not the *moral* equality of the negro to the white man, which is under consideration. That indeed is only indirectly assailed by the inveterate national prejudice of which I speak. Those masses of the people who have no pecuniary interest in slavery, trample on the moral rights of the colored man only because they are made to believe themselves placed under the hard necessity of doing so, in order to resist any approach toward that political and social equality with him to which they are determined never to submit. Show them how they can concede to him the former without conceding the latter, and they will gladly do it. For myself, nothing can be added to the intensity of my conviction not only that the colored man must be protected in the full enjoyment of all the moral rights of humanity, as a condition of our prolonged national existence; but that the masses of the people never will consent to a political and social equality with the negro race.

How then can the public mind be assured that to emancipate the enslaved race, to confer on them all the moral rights of humanity, does not involve by any necessity or even remote probability, either an internecine war of races on our own soil, or the fusion of the two races into one homogeneous people? One answer, which satisfies many, is, the freedmen must be colonized in some unoccupied region of the earth, where they may be separated from the white man, and build up for themselves an independent and homogeneous nationality. I have no controversy with this proposed solution of the difficulty, or with the excellent men who are advocating and promoting it, with an earnest patriotism worthy of all honor. But I have grave doubts of the adequacy of this solution to meet the momentous exigencies of the present crisis.

At least, I feel no necessity of resting the whole cause upon it, when there is another solution at hand, which certainly is adequate, furnished by the very laws of nature which the Creator has established, and so certain in its operation, that we have only to strike the fetters from the limbs of the poor slave, and recognize his manhood, and God will take care of the rest, and protect our country from the evils we have so much dreaded.

That solution is found in a great law of population. It is necessary, therefore, that I should state this law, and prove its reality, and its adequacy to meet all the necessities of the case in hand.

Whenever two peoples, one of which is little removed from barbarism, and the other having the full strength of a mature civilization, are placed in juxtaposition with each other, on terms of free labor and free competition, the stronger will always either amalgamate itself with the weaker, or extinguish it. In the former case, civilization undergoes an eclipse, almost an extinction. The homogeneous people resulting from such a union, occupies a position in the scale of civilization much nearer to that of their barbarous than that of their civilized parents. Numerous and conclusive examples of this have occurred in the progress of the French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies in proximity to the various native tribes of this continent. They have generally amalgamated freely with their savage neighbors; and a deep eclipse of civilization has in every instance resulted. When that eclipse is to end, we have not the foresight to determine.

The English colonies, on the other hand, in all parts of the world, have steadily refused to enter into any marriage relations with their barbarous neighbors, or to recognize as belonging to their community any half-breeds springing from licentious and illicit connection with them. Here, too, the

results are almost entirely uniform. The extinction of such barbarous tribes brought within the sphere of their competition has been rapid and almost if not absolutely invariable; while the English colonies themselves have preserved the civilization of the parent stock in almost undiminished vigor.

A mere general view of the history of European colonization in barbarous regions of the earth, does therefore afford a very striking proof of the truth of my proposition. And it is much to our purpose here to remark, that the very aversion to incorporating the negro into our nationality, which is so firmly fixed in the minds of the masses of the people, is no new thing in our history, and no outgrowth of slavery. It is the same national characteristic which, in all parts of the world, has prevented the English colonist from intermarrying with his barbarous neighbor. Call it by what hard name you please, call it 'prejudice against color,' and denounce it as eloquently and indignantly as you may, it is one of the most remarkable and one of the most respectable features of the English colonies wherever found, and one of the chief causes of their preëminence over those of other European nations, in civilization, wealth, and power. But what it is chiefly to our purpose to remark is, that while it is to the colonies themselves the cause of unequalled prosperity and rapidity of growth in all the elements of national greatness, to their savage neighbors it is the cause of rapid and certain extinction.

Precisely in such relations to each other will the white and colored populations of the United States be placed by an act of universal emancipation, the substitution of free labor and free competition for the compulsory power of the master. And while on the one hand the history of the colonial offshoots of England shows that the amalgamation of the races will not follow, it shows with equal clearness and certainty that the rapid extinction of the

colored race will follow. Here I might rest the whole argument, with a high degree of assurance of the soundness and certainty of my conclusion, that the result of emancipation must be, not the amalgamation of the races, not an internecine war between them, but the inevitable extinction of the weaker race by the competition of the stronger. I say the *competition* of the stronger, because, to avoid extending this article to a very unreasonable length, I must assume that the reader is sufficiently versed in American history to know that even the Indian perishes, for the most part, not by the sword or the rifle of the white man, but by the simple competition of civilization with the Indian's means of subsistence.

I might, I say, leave my argument here; but to do so would be great injustice to the subject. There are abundant and unquestionable facts, which show to a demonstration, that the case of the negro in his relations to the European population of this country is embraced in the law just stated.

In the first place, the two races are not amalgamated. Intermarriages between them are so rare, that few of the readers of this article can remember ever to have known one. Such marriages are regarded as monstrous and disgraceful, though the law should, as in some of the States, recognize them. One sentiment in respect to them pervades the whole community, and that a sentiment of aversion. Those half-breeds which spring from licentiousness, or even from the very few lawful marriages which have occurred, are not accepted as standing in any nearer relations to the white man than the pure-blooded African. In those States where slavery has been longest extinct, and the colored man has been relieved from all legal disabilities, the line between the two races is as sharply drawn to-day as it was two hundred years ago. On such a question two hundred years and more is long enough for an experiment. The experiment already tried does prove

that the Anglo-American and African populations of this country cannot be amalgamated, either by freedom or slavery; and those who pretend to fear it, are either trying to deceive others for selfish and criminal purposes, or else they are wofully deceived themselves.

Nor are the apprehensions of those who dread the rapid increase of the negro, at all sustained by facts. That fear of a coming internecine war of races, in case the colored man is emancipated, which haunts some minds, has no foundation except in ignorance of the real facts. In no portion of our history has our colored population ever increased with a rapidity nearly so great as the white population. From 1790 to 1860 the colored population increased in the ratio of 1 to 5.86; and the white population in the ratio of 1 to 8.50. If we compare them for any shorter period, we shall always find that the white population increased the more rapidly of the two. From 1790 to 1808, we might perhaps expect to find it otherwise; for during that period the slave trade was in full activity, and tens of thousands of Africans were imported as articles of merchandise. But from 1790 to 1810, while the colored population increased in the ratio of 1 to 1.81, the white population increased in the ratio of 1 to 1.84, although during that period the white population of the country was very little increased by immigration. How it has happened that this point, which our tables of population make so entirely plain, has been so much misapprehended, and why the prevailing notions respecting it are so erroneous, is not easy to explain. The above estimate also reckons all half-breeds as belonging to the colored population. (See De Bow's 'Compendium of the United States Census of 1850,' Tables 18, 42, and 71.)

But this is not all. A careful examination of Tables 42 and 71 of the volume above referred to, will show that the increase of the colored race in free-

dom is certainly not half so great as in slavery. Indeed there is great reason to doubt whether our colored population has ever increased at all, except in slavery. From 1790 to 1800 the free colored population almost doubled, evidently by the emancipation of slaves; for during that period the slave population of Connecticut, Delaware, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont was greatly diminished, while that of New Jersey and Maryland was very little increased. In the last mentioned the increase of her slave population was only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in ten years, while the increase of her free colored population was $143\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the same period. These figures leave no room for doubt that the rapid increase of the free colored population in all that decade was caused by the fact that the great mass of the people were honestly opposed to slavery, and therefore the work of emancipation went on with rapidity.

From 1800 to 1810 the increase of the free colored population was 72 per cent., under the continued though somewhat slackened operation of the same cause. From 1810 to 1820 the increase had declined from 72 to 25 per cent.; for the very obvious reason that most of the Northern States had now no slaves to emancipate, while the Southern States were holding to the system of slavery with increased tenacity, and emancipation was becoming less frequent. From 1820 to 1830 the ratio of increase was again raised to 37 per cent. in ten years. By referring again to Table 71, it will be seen that in that decade, New York and New Jersey emancipated more than 15,000 slaves, adding them to the free colored population. From 1830 to 1840 the rate of increase declined to 21 per cent., and from 1840 to 1850 to only $12\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and to 10 per cent. from 1850 to 1860.

These figures prove that from 1790 to 1840 the increase of the free colored population depended chiefly on the emancipation of slaves, and leave no

reason to believe that its own natural increase ever exceeded $12\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in ten years; while the average increase of the slave population is nearly 28 per cent. in ten years, and of the white population 34 per cent. in ten years. Thus, beyond controversy, the reproductive power of the colored population, always greatly inferior to that of the white population, is yet not half so great in freedom as in slavery. This difference is to be accounted for in great measure by the wicked and beastly stimulus applied to the increase of slaves, that the chattel market may be kept supplied.

There is no reason to suppose that the increase of the free colored population would be in a greater ratio if all were emancipated; but, as will appear from considerations yet to be presented, much for supposing that it would be in a much smaller ratio. How then would the case stand on that supposition? In 1860 there were about 27,000,000 of our white population, increasing at the rate of 34 per cent. in ten years; and less than 4,500,000 of colored population, increasing (on the supposition of universal freedom) in a ratio not exceeding $12\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in ten years. Surely, that must be a very timid man who, in this relation of the parties, fears anything from the increase of free negroes. A war between these two races, so related to each other, is simply absurd, and the fear of it childish and cowardly. Slavery may multiply the colored population till its numbers shall become alarming; but if we will give freedom to the black man, we have nothing to fear from his increase.

But this certainly is not the full strength of the case. There is no good reason to believe that the natural increase of the free colored population is even $12\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in ten years, but much for suspecting that even this apparent increase is the result of emancipation, either by the slave's own act, or by the consent of the master. If we take our departure from Chicago, make the tour of the lakes to the point where

the boundary line of New York and Pennsylvania intersects the shore of Lake Erie, thence pass along the southern boundary of New York, till it intersects the Hudson river, thence along that river and the Atlantic coast to the southern boundary of Virginia, thence along the southern boundaries of Virginia and Kentucky to the Mississippi, thence along that river to the point where the northern boundary of Illinois intersects it, and thence along that boundary and the shore of Lake Michigan to the place of departure, we shall have embraced within the line described ten of the thirty-four States of the Union. By an examination of Table 42, already referred to, it will be seen that outside of those ten States the free colored population not only did not increase between 1840 and 1850, but actually diminished, and that all the increase of that decade was in those ten States.

Why then was there an increase in those ten States, while in the other twenty-four there was an actual decrease? I think this question can only be answered by ascribing that increase to emancipation. In Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, slavery is unprofitable and declining, and acts of emancipation frequently occur. Pennsylvania and New Jersey, before the passage of the fugitive slave law of 1850, were favorite resorts of fugitives, perhaps partly on account of the known sympathies of the Quakers. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, were also resorted to by fugitives, both on account of their easy accessibility from adjacent Slave States, and their proximity to Canada, and also because such labor as a fugitive from slavery is best able to do, is there always in demand. These States have also received thousands of colored persons, brought to them by humane and conscientious masters, for the very purpose of emancipating them.

From 1850 to 1860 the facts are still more striking. The increase which

occurred was not, as would have been true of a natural increase, scattered over our whole territory, and in some proportion to the colored population previously existing, but almost wholly, either where the unprofitableness and decline of slavery was leading to emancipation, or where from any cause the fugitive slave law of 1850 was not strictly enforced. Examples of the former are Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri, and of the latter are Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and even Massachusetts and Connecticut, in the latter of which it had been declining for twenty years previous.

With the facts before us, then, furnished by the United States Census, from 1790 to 1860, how is it possible to believe that the colored population of this country has ever increased at all, except in slavery? How can we help seeing that it is slavery, and slavery alone, which has swelled their numbers from a little more than half a million, as it was in 1790, to near four and a half millions at the present time? Yet there are millions among us that turn pale at the thought of emancipation, lest thereby we should be overrun by the multiplication of the colored race! There are millions who would be thought intelligent men, who think they have propounded an unanswerable argument against emancipation when they have asked, 'What will you do with the negro?' We may well ask what shall we do with the negro, if we continue to multiply the race in slavery as beasts of burden and articles of merchandise. But on the supposition of freedom, the question has no significance. The men who are always scaring themselves and others by such fears are either very ignorant or very hypocritical.

But the case will be still stronger when we come to inquire, as we must before we close, into the causes of the facts which have just been presented. There is no reason to believe that the slower increase of the colored race is at

all due to any original inferiority in the powers of reproduction, or that any such inferiority exists. Its causes are to be found wholly in the different circumstances, characters, and habits of the two peoples. The negro is, to a great extent, a barbarian in the midst of civilization. He is destitute of those comforts of life, that care, skill, and intelligent watchfulness, which are indispensable to success in rearing children in the midst of the dangers, exposures, and diseases of infancy. His dwelling does not afford the necessary protection from the cold and storms of winter, or from the heats of summer: it is ill warmed and ill ventilated; he has not an unfailing supply of food and clothing suited to the wants of that most frail and delicate of living creatures, a human infant. Hence a large portion of his children die in infancy.

On the last page of the Appendix to the volume already referred to, is a most instructive table, showing the truth of this operation. Thus in 1850 the white population of Alabama was 426,514; the colored population, slave and free, was 365,109. In that year the deaths of white children under five years of age were 1,650; of colored children, 2,463. That is, only two thirds as many white children died as colored; and yet the white population was greater almost in the ratio of 7 to 6. By running the eye down the table, it will be seen that similar facts exist in every State where there is a large colored population. These facts leave us in no doubt as to the reason why the increase of the colored population is always slower than that of the white population.

This occurs, as the table just referred to shows, under slavery, where the pecuniary interest of the master will secure his watchful coöperation with the parent to preserve the life of the infant. But in freedom the same causes act upon the colored race with vastly more destructive effect. The preservation of infant life and health is then left

solely to the care, skill, and resources of the parent. The result is that decay of the colored race which we have seen indicated in the census. It is essential to our purpose that this point should be made quite plain.

It is obvious that there is in every community a lower stratum of population, in which wages are sufficient to support the individual laborer in comfort, but not sufficient for the support of a family. This not only always has been so, but it always must be, as long as competition continues to be the test of value; and competition must continue to be the test of value as long as the individual right of property is protected and preserved. Nor is this, as many superficial thinkers of our day have thought it, merely the hard and selfish rule by which Shylock oppresses and grinds the face of his victim: it is a necessary and beneficent law of the best forms of society which can ever exist in this world. The welfare of society in all the future imperatively requires that it should be propagated from the strong, the sound, the healthy, both in body and mind, from the strongest, most vigorous, and noblest specimens of the race; and not from the diseased, the weak, the vicious, the degraded, the broken-down classes. Thus only can the life and health of society be preserved age after age. This is as necessary as it is that the farmer should propagate his domestic animals from the finest of his stock, and not from the diminutive, the weak, and the sickly. And it is accomplished in well ordered society by that very law of wages just stated. As a general rule, it is the very persons who are unfit to be the parents of the coming generation, that are thrown into that lower stratum where wages are insufficient for the support of a family. And just in proportion as the entire structure of society is pervaded by intelligence and virtue, this class of persons will abstain from marriage, by prudently considering that they have not a satisfactory prospect

of being able to support a family. It is thus only that the horrors of extreme poverty can be avoided at the bottom of the social pyramid. The severity of this law of wages and population can thus be greatly mitigated and the comforts of life be universally enjoyed; but the law itself is necessary and beneficent, and never can be repealed till human nature and human society are constructed on other principles than those known to us.

To apply this to the question before us: When by the act of emancipation the negro is made a free laborer, he is brought into direct competition with the white man; that competition he is unable to endure; and he soon finds his place in that lower stratum, which has just been spoken of, where he can support himself in tolerable comfort as a hired servant, but cannot support a family. The consequence is inevitable. He will either never marry, or he will, in the attempt to support a family, struggle in vain against the laws of nature, and his children will, many of them at least, die in infancy. It is not necessary to argue to convince a candid man (and for candid men only is this article written) that this is, as a general rule, the condition of the free negro. And it shows, beyond the possibility of mistake, what in this country his destiny must be. Like his brother, the Indian of the forest, he must melt away and disappear forever from the midst of us. I do not affirm or intimate that this must be his destiny in all countries. In the tropical regions of the earth, where he may have little to fear from the competition of the more civilized white man, he may preserve and multiply his race. Let him try the experiment. It is worth trying.

Far be it from me to intimate that the negro is the only class of our population that are in this sad condition. In our large cities and towns there are hundreds of thousands of men who have no drop of African blood in their veins, and who are more clamorous than

any other class against negro equality, who, through ignorance or vice, or superstition, or inevitable calamity, are in the same hard lot; their children, if they have any, perish in great numbers in infancy, and they will add nothing to the future population of our country. That will be derived from a stronger, nobler parentage. Their race will become extinct. Their case differs from that of the colored man only in this, that they are not distinguished by color and features from the rest of the population; so that the decay of their race cannot be traced by the eye and the memory, and expressed in statistical tables.

We are now prepared to see why the colored population has been, for a considerable time, declining in New York and New England. In those States population is dense; all occupations which afford a comfortable living for a family are crowded; and the competition of the white man is quite too much for the negro. If emancipation were now to be made universal, the same thing would rapidly occur in all parts of our country. The white laborer would rush in and speedily crowd every avenue to prosperity and wealth; and the negro, with his inferior civilization, would be crowded everywhere into the lower stratum of the social pyramid, and in a few generations be seen no more. The far more rapid increase of the white race would render the competition more and more severe to him with each successive generation, and render his decay more rapid, and his extinction more certain.

I am well aware that this article may fall into the hands of many excellent men who will not relish this argument, nor this conclusion. They will say it were better then to keep the poor negro in slavery. But they would not say so if they would consider the whole case. If slavery were a blessing to the black man, it is so great a curse to the white man that it should never be permitted to exist. The white man can afford to

be kind to the negro in freedom ; but he cannot afford to curse himself with being his master and owning him as his property. On this point I need not enlarge, for I am devoutly thankful that the literature of Christendom is full of it.

But slavery is not a blessing to the negro, even in the view of his condition which I have presented ; it is an *unmitigated curse*. To a man of governed passions and virtuous life, it is infinitely better to be an unmarried freeman, enjoying the comforts of this life, and the hopes of the life to come, than to live and die a slave, and the parent of an interminable posterity of slaves. To a being of vicious life and ungoverned passions, all life is a curse, whether in slavery or freedom ; and it surely is not obligatory on us, or beneficial to the colored man, to preserve the system of slavery for the sake of perpetuating a succession of such lives down through coming generations.

Slavery, by forced and artificial means, propagates society from its lowest and most degraded class, from a race of barbarians held within its bosom from generation to generation, without being permitted to share its civilizing influences. It thus propagates barbarism from age to age, till at last it involves both master and slave in a common ruin. Freedom recruits the ranks of a nation's population from the homes of the industrious, the frugal, the strong, the enlightened, the virtuous, the religious ; and leaves the ignorant, the superstitious, the indolent, the improvident, the vicious, without an off-

spring, and without a name in future generations. Freedom places society, by obeying the law of propagation which God imposed on it, upon an ascending plane of ever-increasing civilization ; slavery, by a forced and unnatural law of propagation, places it upon a descending plane of ever-deepening vice and barbarism.

That dread of negro equality which is perpetually haunting the imaginations of the American people, is, therefore, wholly without foundation in any reality. It is a delusion, which has already driven us, in a sort of madness, far on the road to ruin. It is, I fear, a judicial blindness, which the all-wise and righteous Ruler of the universe has sent upon us for the punishment of our sins. The negro does not aspire to political or social equality with the white man. He has evidently no such destiny, no such hope, no such possibility. He is weak, and constantly becoming weaker ; and nothing can ever make him strong but our continued injustice and oppression. He appeals not to our fears, but to our compassion. He asks not to rule us : he only craves of us leave to toil ; to hew our wood and draw our water, for such miserable pittance of compensation as the competition of free labor will award him—a *grave*. If we deny him this humble boon, we may expect no end to our national convulsions but in dissolution. If we promptly grant it, over all our national domain, we may expect the speedy return of peace, and such prosperity as no nation ever before enjoyed.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOETHE.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER IV.

WE go back to look a little at the fortunes of the Meeker family. Twenty-three years have passed since we introduced it to the reader, on the occasion of Hiram's birth. Time has produced his usual tokens. Mr. Meeker is already an old man of seventy, but by no means infirm. His days have been cheerful and serene, and his countenance exhibits that contented expression which a happy old age produces.

A happy old age—how few of the few who reach the period enjoy *that*! Mr. Meeker's life has been unselfish and genuine; already he reaps his reward.

Mrs. Meeker, too, is twenty-three years older than when we first made her acquaintance. She is now over sixty. She still possesses her fair proportions; indeed, she has grown somewhat stouter with advancing years. Her face is sleek and comely, but the expression has not improved. When she wishes to appear amiable, she greets you with the same pleasing smile as ever; but if you watch her features as they relapse into their natural repose, you will discover a discontented, dissatisfied air, which has become habitual. Why? Mrs. Meeker has met with no reverses or serious disappointments in the daily routine of her life. But, alas! its sum total presents no satisfactory consequences. She has become, though unconscious of it, weary of the changeless formality of her religious duties, performed as a ceaseless task, without any real spirit or true devotion. Year after year has run its course and carried her along, through early womanhood into mature life, on to the confines of age. What has she for all those years? Nothing but disquiet and solicitude, and a vague anxiety, without apparent cause or satisfactory object.

As they advance in age, Mr. and Mrs. Meeker exhibit less sympathy in each other's thoughts and views and feelings. By degrees and instinctively the gulf widens between them—until it becomes impassable. Everything goes on quietly and decorously, but there is no sense of united destiny, no pleasurable desire for a union beyond the grave.

The children are scattered; the daughters are all married. Jane and Laura have gone 'West,' and Mary is living in Hartford. Doctor Frank we will give an account of presently. George is a practical engineer, and is employed on the Erie canal. William, who was to remain at home and manage the farm, is married, and lives in a small house not far off. His mother would permit no 'daughter-in-law' with her. She did not like the match. William had fallen in love with a very superior girl, fine-looking and amiable, but not possessed of a penny. Besides, she belonged to the Methodist church, a set who believed in falling from grace! Mrs. Meeker had peremptorily forbid her son marrying 'the girl,' but after a year's delay, and considerable private conversation with his father, William *had* married her, and a small house which stood on the premises had been put in order for him. What was worse, William soon joined the same church with his wife, and then the happiness of the young couple seemed complete. Mrs. Meeker undertook, as she said, to 'make the best of a bad bargain,' so the two families were on terms of friendly intercourse, but they continued to remain separated.

Dr. Frank, as he was called, had taken his medical degree, and, by the indulgence of his father, whose heart yearned sympathetically toward his

firstborn, opportunity was afforded him to spend a year in Paris. Mrs. Meeker groaned over this unnecessary expense. When she saw that on this occasion she was not to have her own way, she insisted that the money her husband was wasting on Frank should be charged against his 'portion.' She never for a moment forgot Hiram's interest. She had schemed for years so to arrange affairs that the homestead proper would fall to him, notwithstanding George was to be the farmer. Mrs. Meeker calculated on surviving her husband for a long, indefinite period. She was several years younger, and, as she was accustomed to remark, came of a long-lived race. 'Mr. Meeker was failing fast' (she had said so for the last fifteen years)—'at his age he could not be expected to hold out long. He ought to make his will, and do justice to Hiram, poor boy. All the rest had received more than their share. *He* was treated like an outcast.'

This was the burden of Mrs. Meeker's thoughts, the latter portion of which found expression in strong and forcible language. For she calculated, by the aid of her 'thirds' as widow, to so arrange it as to give her favorite the most valuable part of the real estate.

There was a fixedness and a tenacity about this woman's regard for her youngest child that was, in a certain sense, very touching. It could not be termed parental affection—that is blind and indiscriminating; it was rather a sympathetic feeling toward a younger second self, with which, doubtless, was mingled the maternal interest. Whatever touched Hiram affected her; she understood his plans without his explaining them; she foresaw his career; she was anxious, hopeful, trembling, rejoicing, as she thought of what he must pass through before he emerged rich and powerful.

Hiram visited home but seldom. Even when at Burnsville, he came over scarcely once in three months. Often, when expecting him, his mother would

sit by the window the whole afternoon, watching for her son to arrive. Many a time was supper kept hot for him till late into the night, while she sat up alone to greet him; but he did not come. I hardly know how to record it, but I am forced to say that Hiram cared very little about his mother. Could he have possibly cared much for anybody, he would probably for her, for he knew how her heart was bound up in him. He knew it, and, I think, rather pitied the old lady for her weakness. His manner toward her was all that could be desired—very dutiful, very respectful. So it was to his father. For Hiram did not forget the statement of his Sunday-school teacher, which was made when he was a very young child, about the 'commandment *with promise*.' Thus his conduct toward his parents was, like his conduct generally, unexceptionable.

For Frank, the eldest, however, Hiram felt a peculiar aversion. It was a long time before the former entertained any other feeling for his 'little brother' than one of the most affectionate regard. By many years the youngest of the family, Hiram, while a child, was the pet and plaything of the older ones, and especially of Frank, who in his college vacations took pleasure in training the little fellow, who was just learning his letters, and in teaching him smart sayings and cunning expressions. As Hiram grew up and began to display the characteristics I have already so fully described, Frank, who was quick and sensitive in his appreciation of qualities, could not, or at least did not, conceal the disgust he felt for these exhibitions. He took occasion on his visits home to lecture the youngster soundly. Hiram was not demonstrative in return, but Mrs. Meeker gave way to undue warmth and excitement in taking his part. This was when Hiram was at the village academy. From that time, there was coolness between the brothers, increased by the total difference of their notions, which

ripened in time to settled aversion. After Hiram went to Burnsville, they did not meet. Dr. Frank, after spending his year abroad, had returned and accepted the appointment of demonstrator of anatomy in a medical school in Vermont. Thence he was called to a chair, in what was then the only medical college in the city. He was at the time about thirty-six years old, and a splendid fellow. Enthusiastically devoted to his profession, Dr. Frank had looked to the metropolis as the field of his ultimate labors. But he knew the difficulties of getting established, and it was not till he was assured of a respectable foothold through his appointment that he ventured on the change. Doubtless the fact of his having a wife and children made him cautious. Now, however, we behold him settled in town, zealously engaged with his class at lecture hours, and making his way gradually in public favor.

It was with some surprise that, one evening, while making a short call at Mr. Bennett's, he encountered Hiram, who had just removed to the city. The brothers had not met for four years. On this occasion they shook hands with a species of cordiality—at least on the Doctor's part—while Hiram preserved a bearing of humility and injured innocence. The Doctor asked his brother many questions. Was he living in town—how long since he had come to New York—was he engaged with Mr. Bennett—what was he doing? Hiram returned short answers to these queries—very short—acting the while as if he were in pain under a certain infliction. He looked up, as much as to say, 'Now, let me alone; please don't persecute me.' But the Doctor did not give the matter up. He invited Hiram to come and see him, and told him, with a smile, to be sure and let him know if he should be taken sick. Hiram wriggled in his seat, and looked more persecuted than ever; he replied that his health was very good, and likely to continue so. The words were scarcely out of his

mouth, before it struck him that such an observation was a direct tempting of Providence, to trip his heels and lay him on a sickbed for his boast. So, after a slight hesitation, he added, 'But the race is not to the swift, brother, and I am wrong to indulge in vainglory about anything. Life and death are uncertain; none realize it, I trust, more deeply than I do.'

'I was in hopes, Hiram, you had quit talking cant,' said Dr. Frank, in a tone of disgust. 'Take my advice, and stop it, that is, if it is not too late.'

He did not wait for a response, but, much to Hiram's satisfaction, rose, and saying to Mrs. Bennett that he had overstayed his time, bade a rapid 'good evening' to all, and left the room.

'It is dreadful to feel so toward a brother. It is of no use. I won't attempt to resist it. The least we see of each other the better—but, good God, what's to become of him!' Such was the Doctor's soliloquy as he walked rapidly on. Other thoughts soon occupied his mind, and Hiram was forgotten. The latter, however, did not forget. The Doctor's rebuke filled his heart with rage; still he consoled himself with the thought that his brother was an infidel, and would unquestionably be damned. Meantime he was forced to hear various encomiums on him from Mrs. Bennett and her daughters—[Doctor Frank, as we have intimated, was a brilliant fellow, and in the very prime of life]—and was still further annoyed by a remark of Mr. Bennett, that 'the Doctor was doing very well; gaining ground fast; getting some of our best families.' Hiram departed from the house in an uncomfortable state of mind. All the way home he indulged in the bitterest feelings: so strong were these that they found expression in ominous mutterings to himself, among which were, 'Conceited fool,' 'I hate him,' and the like.

Suddenly Hiram's thoughts appeared to take a new direction. He stopped short, and exclaimed aloud: 'What

have I done? O God, have mercy on me. God forgive me!’

When he reached his room he hastily struck a light and seized his Bible. Turning the leaves rapidly in search of something, his eyes were at length fastened on a verse, and he trembled from head to foot, and his breath nearly failed him, while he read as follows:

‘But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.’

‘The very word; oh, the very, very word!’ he exclaimed. ‘I have said it—said that word—said ‘fool,’ and I am in danger of hell fire, if I do belong to the church. Yes, hell fire—oh—oh—oh, hell fire. I wish mother was here. I know what I will do. I will write a confession, and send it to my brother to-morrow. I will abase myself before him. Yes, I will. Oh, oh, hell fire! What *will* become of me!’ Hiram prayed, a good portion of the night, for a remission of the awful sentence; the bare possibility of its being carried out filled him with terror.

At last, overcome by weariness and exhaustion, he fell asleep.

He awoke early. He lay several minutes, revolving the last night’s scene. Presently his countenance brightened. He sprang from the bed, and again turned to the dreaded text, but not with his previous alarm. On the contrary, he was hopeful. He read the verse over carefully, and said to himself: ‘I am all right, after all. It means whosoever shall say the word *to* his brother. I did not make any reply to Frank, much as he irritated me. I restrained my anger, and suffered humiliation before him. I may have been too violent in giving utterance to these expressions, but it is doubtful if I have even incurred *any* penalty, for I surely was not angry *without a cause*. God has heard my

prayers, and has relieved my mind in answer thereto. I shan’t have to make a confession either. Glad of that. How he would have triumphed over me!’

So Hiram went forth to his usual ‘duties,’ his complacency fully restored, and his faith confirmed that he was one of the ‘elect.’

CHAPTER V.

‘Already she guessed who it was!’

And who *could* he be—the intelligent, handsome, but, as it would seem, over-bold young man, who had presumed to place himself so confidently in her path and interrupt her walk till he had said his say, and then disappear as abruptly as he came?

She guessed who.

The arrival of her father with the guest he was to bring proved she had divined right. For coming up the avenue, she saw that it was the same handsome young man she had a little before encountered. And she could perceive in her father’s countenance a glowing look of satisfaction as the two mounted the steps (Sarah was peeping through the blinds) and proceeded to enter the house. Before they had accomplished this, however, the room was vacant. Sarah was nowhere to be found—that is, for the moment; but in due time she presented herself, and thereupon Dr. James Egerton—that was his name—was formally introduced to her.

‘I recollect you now,’ said Sarah, seriously. ‘Your features have not at all changed, except they seem larger and—’

‘Older, doubtless,’ interrupted the young man. ‘You, too, have changed, even more than I; but I knew you the moment my eyes fell on you.’ * * *

Seven years had passed since grievous afflictions befell Joel Burns—when his wife died and his daughter was stricken low, and he himself was brought to the very gates of death. The reader has already been made acquainted with these circumstances, and will scarcely forget that, when the famous medical

man returned to New Haven after visiting Sarah, he despatched his favorite student, with directions to devote himself to the case. It is known, too, with what earnestness and skill the youth—for he was little more than a youth—performed his responsible duties.

Here I had thought to take leave of him, but as he has abruptly come on the stage as a visitor at Burnsville, and as Sarah Burns already exhibits an incipient interest in the young doctor, I must let the reader into the secret of his sudden appearance.

THE UNION.

VII.

RHODE ISLAND AND DELAWARE COMPARED.

In 1790 the population of Rhode Island was 69,110, and that of Delaware 59,096. In 1860 the former numbered 174,620, the latter 112,216. Thus, from 1790 to 1860, the ratio of increase of population of Rhode Island was 152.67 per cent., and of Delaware, 89.88. At the same relative rate of increase, for the next, as for the last seventy years, the population of Rhode Island in 1930, would be 441,212, and of Delaware, 213,074. Thus in 1790, Rhode Island numbered but 10,014 more than Delaware, 62,404 more in 1860, and, at the same ratio of increase, 228,138 more in 1930. Such has been and would be the effect of slavery in retarding the increase of Delaware, as compared with Rhode Island. (Census Table, 1860, No. 1.)

The population of Rhode Island per square mile in 1790, was 52.15, and in 1860, 133.71; that of Delaware, 27.87 in 1790, and 59.93 in 1860. The absolute increase of population of Rhode Island, per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, was 80.79, and from 1850 to 1860, 20.74; that of Delaware, from 1790 to 1860 was 25.05, and from 1850 to 1860, 9.76. (Ib.)

AREA.—The area of Rhode Island is 1,306 square miles, and of Delaware, 2,120, being 38 per cent., or much more

than one third larger than Rhode Island. Retaining their respective ratios of increase, per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, and reversing their areas, the population of Rhode Island in 1860, would have been 283,465, and of Delaware, 78,268.

In natural fertility of soil Delaware is far superior to Rhode Island, the seasons much more favorable for crops and stock, and with more than double the number of acres of arable land.

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Tables 33 and 36 (omitting commerce), it appears that the products of industry as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year, in Rhode Island, of the value of \$52,400,000, or \$300 per capita, and in Delaware, \$16,100,000, or \$143 per capita. That is, the average annual value of the product of the labor of each person in Rhode Island is greatly more than double that of the labor of each person in Delaware, including slaves. This, we have seen, would make the value of the products of labor in Rhode Island in 1930, \$132,363,600, and in Delaware, only \$30,469,582, notwithstanding the far greater area and superior natural advantages of Delaware as compared with Rhode Island.

As to the rate of increase: the value

of the products of Delaware in 1850 was \$7,804,992, in 1860, \$16,100,000; and in Rhode Island, in 1850, \$24,288,088, and in 1860, \$52,400,000 (Table 9, Treas. Rep., 1856), exhibiting a large difference in the ratio in favor of Rhode Island.

By Table 36, p. 196, Census of 1860, the cash value of the farm lands of Rhode Island in 1860 was \$19,385,573, or \$37.30 per acre (519,698 acres), and of Delaware, \$31,426,357, or \$31.39 per acre (1,004,295 acres). Thus, if the farm lands of Delaware were of the cash value of those of Rhode Island per acre, it would increase the value of those of Delaware \$5,935,385, whereas the whole value of her slaves is but \$539,400.

But by Table 35, Census of 1860, the total value of the real and personal property of Rhode Island in 1860, was \$135,337,588, and of Delaware, \$46,242,181, making a difference in favor of Rhode Island, \$89,095,407, whereas, we have seen, in the absence of slavery, Delaware must have far exceeded Rhode Island in wealth and population.

The earnings of commerce are not given by the census, but, to how vast an extent this would swell the difference in favor of Rhode Island, we may learn from the Census, Bank Table No. 34. The number of the banks of Rhode Island in 1860, was 91; capital, \$20,865,569; loans, \$26,719,877; circulation, \$3,558,295; deposits, \$3,553,104. In Delaware, number of banks, 12; capital, \$1,640,775; loans, \$3,150,215; circulation, \$1,135,772; deposits, \$976,223.

Having shown how much slavery has retarded the material progress of Delaware, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in Rhode Island in 1860, was 26, of which 18 were political, 6 literary, and 2 miscellaneous. (Census, Table No. 37.) The number in Delaware was 14, of which 13 were political, and 1 literary.

Of periodicals, Delaware had none; Rhode Island, 1. The number of copies of newspapers and periodicals issued in Rhode Island in 1860 was 5,289,280, and in Delaware only 1,010,776, or largely more than five to one in favor of Rhode Island.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged or published. The number of public schools in Rhode Island in 1850 was 426, teachers 518, pupils 23,130; attending school during the year, as returned by families, whites, 28,359; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 1,248; public libraries, 96; volumes, 104,342; value of churches, \$1,293,600; percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 149. Colleges and academies, pupils, 3,664. (Comp. Census of 1850.) The number of public schools in Delaware in 1850, was 194, teachers 214, pupils 8,970; attending school during the year, whites, as returned by families, 14,216; native free adults of the State who cannot read or write, 9,777; public libraries, 17; volumes, 17,950; value of churches, \$340,345; percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 23.03; colleges and academies, pupils, 764. (Comp. Census, 1850.)

These official statistics enable me then again to say, that slavery is hostile to the progress of *population, wealth, and education, to science and literature, to schools and colleges, to books and libraries, to churches and religion, to the press*, and therefore to FREE GOVERNMENT; hostile to the *poor*, keeping them in *want and ignorance*; hostile to *labor*, reducing it to *servitude*, and decreasing *two thirds* the value of its products; hostile to *MORALS*, repudiating among slaves the *marital and parental* condition, classifying them by law as *CHATTELS*, darkening the immortal soul, and making it a *crime* to teach millions of human beings to *read or write*.

THE CAUSES AND RESULTS OF THE WAR.

THERE are certain theories in regard to the causes of the present war, which are so generally accepted as to have fortified themselves strongly in the principle of '*magna est veritas et prevalebit.*' Theories based, however, upon facts which have taken their rise long since the true causes of the war had begun to work, and which, consequently, mistaking the effect for the cause, are from their nature ephemeral, and farther from the truth than they were at their origin. Few thinkers have looked below the surface of the matter, and the majority of Christendom, ignoring any other past than the few brief years that have rolled over our national existence, forgetting that great causes oftentimes smoulder unseen for centuries ere they burst forth in effects the more powerful from their long suppression, shaking the earth with the pent-up fury of ages—forgetting these things and arguing in the present instance from the few palpable facts found floating upon the surface of our society, by a tacit consent lay the burden of the war upon the present generation and its immediate predecessors. Herein lies the error which blinds the world as well to the warning of the past as to the momentous issue involved.

Where then shall we look for the cause of that antagonism in which North and South are arrayed—that bitter hostility setting brother against brother, and father against child, dividing into two separate portions a nation descended from the same stock, whose archives are one, all whose associations of a glorious past are the same, and which has hitherto swept swiftly on to unparalleled wealth and power, seemingly indissolubly united, and looking forward to the same glorious and ever-expanding future? Not to the errors in our political system, for no faults of government could, in a brief

century, have produced such an upheaving of the foundations of society as we now behold—could have awakened such a thunder peal as is now causing the uttermost corners of the earth to tremble with dismay. Not to the institution of slavery, for however great a curse it may be to our people and soil, however brutalizing in its tendencies, however unjust to the negro race, and opposed to all the principles of enlightenment and human progress—of whatever crimes it may have been guilty, this last and greatest of crimes cannot be laid at its door: for the bitterness of feeling between North and South existed long before the agitation of slavery was dreamed of, and the latter has only been seized upon as the ready means of accomplishing a greater design. Finally, not to any supposed desire in the Southern mind of establishing an independent empire of the South, whose people should be homogeneous, whose individual interests identical, and whose climate, productions, and institutions should move on in undisturbed harmony forever. For to this last a motive is wanting. Under no government that the world has ever known could the South have enjoyed so much freedom, such unexampled prosperity, such a rapid growth in wealth and power, in a word, so much real happiness—which is the sum of all earthly gifts—as under this which they are so earnestly endeavoring to tear down and blot from the face of the earth. Men's minds do not eagerly grasp and sternly pursue an abstract idea divorced from every consideration of self-interest, such as this would be. Even the greatest of moral principles are indebted to self-interest for their success, and without it the sublimest of creeds, the loftiest of principles would soon wither and die for lack of support. With every blessing that

heart could wish in the present, and with no hope through change of bettering their condition in a practical point of view in the future, the idea of a great Southern empire, based upon such uncertain possibilities, would soon have disappeared from the Southern mind, even if it had ever existed.

Nay; the true cause is beneath and behind all these, taking its rise from the very foundations of English society in the dark ages, from the establishment of classes and distinctions of rank. In English history this principle reached its culmination in the wars of the Parliament, that great political tempest which changed the whole destiny and guided the future of that powerful nation, making it, as it is to-day, the dominant race of the old world. Its greatest development, however, was reserved for our day and our land. The England of the subsequent era was a new government, a new people. She reaped her harvest of good from her gigantic struggles, and so must we reap our harvest from ours. From the moment when the first settlers set foot upon our shores our inevitable destiny was foreshadowed; the seeds of the 'Great Rebellion' were even then deeply implanted, and all causes have since that day worked together for its fulfilment. We too must be purified by fire and sword; and may we not hope that our beloved country may emerge from the slaughter, the ruin, and the conflagration, more prosperous, more powerful than ever before, and casting off the slough of impurity that has for long years been hardening upon her, renovated and redeemed by the struggle, sweep majestically on to a purer and nobler destiny than even our past has given promise of, and attain a loftier position than any nation on earth has yet acquired?

The intimate relation of the feudal ages, between baron and retainer, established at first upon principles of individual safety and the public weal, soon degenerated into that of noble and

serf. That which at first was but an honorable distinction between knight service on the one hand, and protection and patronage on the other, became, in the course of time, the baser relation of haughty assumption and oppression on the one hand, and the most abject servitude on the other. Descended from the same stern Saxon stock, separated only by purely artificial barriers, by the fortuitous circumstance of birth, the sturdy peasant could ill brook the tyranny of the privileged class—those 'lords rich in some dozen paltry villages.' That stern independence which has ever been the prominent characteristic of the Saxon mind, revolted at the palpable injustice of the relation of lord and serf. The aristocracy, on the contrary, fortified in their arrogance, at a later day, by the irruption of the Norman nobility, with their French ideas and customs, so far from yielding to the signs of the times and the light of dawning civilization, refused to give up one tittle of their assumed prerogatives, and became even more exacting in their demands, more lofty in their supposed superiority. Thus was engendered between the two classes a bitterness of feeling, a spirit of antagonism, that has never yet disappeared. Patiently did the peasant bide his time, and only when the tyranny became utterly unendurable did the movement commence which has swept downward to our time, reiving away one by one the miscalled privileges of the favored class, bringing, year by year, the condition of the laborer nearer to the true balance of society.

This antagonism reached its height in the Cromwellian era, and the men of those times stand forth upon the page of history as the exponents of the great principles of civil freedom. The strength of the Cromwellian party lay in the fact that it was composed almost entirely of the laboring and the middle classes, the bone and sinew of the land. Then for the first time in English history the world saw the plebeian pitted

against the aristocrat, and the strife which ensued involved not so much the question of kingly prerogative and the 'divine right' of monarchs, as the pent-up feuds of ages—feuds arising from the most flagrant injustice and wrong on the one hand and forced submission on the other. This of itself was enough to lend to the contest a character of ferocity which well might make civilization turn pale. But even this bitterness was slight compared with that engendered by the *religious* element of the war. The history of the world has shown no wars so cruel and bloody, no crimes so heinous, no hatred so deep seated and abiding as those produced by religious differences. Strange that it should be so! Strange that the sacred cause whose province is to develop the purest and holiest emotions of the soul, should call forth and develop the fiercest, the darkest, and most unrelenting passions of the human heart! Yet so it proved in this instance. Their fierce, fanatical enthusiasm was a powerful element of strength to the Roundheads, which was lacking to the effeminate, corrupt, and godless Cavaliers. With such an auxiliary the struggle could not be doubtful; religious fanaticism carried the day.

In the years succeeding the Restoration, the evil effects of this religious antagonism were modified by mutual concessions, and in time almost disappeared under the impartial administration of a government founded upon a firmer basis than ever before, and more consonant to Saxon ideas of justice and social equality. But with us of America there was no such modification, for from the midst of this time of war and tumult, of savage hatred and unrelenting persecution, American society sprang. Our country was settled by representatives of these two extremes of English society, and in their choice of abode the hand of Providence is distinctly seen laying the foundations of our struggle of to-day, which is to prove the refining fire, the purification and

regeneration of our race. Had the Cavaliers landed upon the shores of New England, the bracing winds of that northern clime, the rugged and intractable nature of the soil, the constant presence of dangers from the fiercer Indian tribes of the north, and the absolute necessity of severe and incessant toil to support existence, would have awakened and developed in them those manly qualities which for centuries had lain dormant in their souls—would have imparted new strength to their frames, new vigor and energy to their modes of thought; their indolence and effeminacy would soon have passed away, and they would have constantly approached, instead of departing from the true Puritan type. While, on the other hand, the stern, rough, almost savage peculiarities of the Puritan would in like manner have been modified by the genial influences of a southern sun and a teeming soil, and while the severe training and rough experiences of centuries, as well as their peculiar mental constitution, would have prevented their entirely lapsing into the indolence and effeminacy of the Cavalier, the whole race would nevertheless have undergone a softening change, bringing them in their turn nearer the type of their old antagonists; and thus each succeeding year would have seen these two extremes of social life drawing nearer and nearer together, and at last blending in dull, contented, plodding harmony. And the result would doubtless have been the degeneration of the entire race, and our fate that of the Spanish American colonies.

But this did not suit the designs of Providence. It was His purpose that there should be here those manifold social and political conflicts which are the life of a great nation—which are, indeed, the motive power to the wheels of human progress. A great problem in human destiny was here to be wrought out; a powerful nation was to arise, bearing within itself the ele-

ments of its own continual purification. The Cavalier landed upon the shores of Virginia, and spread his settlements southward. The influence of climate upon both the physical and mental constitution of man is well known. The enervating climate of the 'sunny South,' the soil fruitful beyond a parallel, pouring forth its products almost spontaneously, and, above all, the 'peculiar institution,' which released the planter from the necessity of toil, all tended to aggravate the peculiarities of mind and body which the settlers inherited from their ancestors; and the result has been a race which, while it presents here and there an example of brilliant, meteoric genius, is, in the main, both intellectually and physically inferior to the hardy denizens of the North and West. The same influences have fostered the aristocratic notions of the early settlers of the Southern States. With every element of a monarchy in their midst, the Gulf States have long been anything but a republic. De Bow, when, a few years since, he broached in his Review the idea, and prophesied the establishment of a monarch in our midst, was but giving expression to a feeling which had long been dominant in the Southern heart. All their institutions, associations, and reminiscences have tended steadily to this result, and in the event of the success of the rebellion, it needs but some bold apostle to take upon himself the propagation and execution of the plan, to make the idea a startling reality. And herein lies the secret of the sympathy of the English aristocracy with the confederates in their struggle for independent existence.

The Puritan, guided by the hand of God, planted his future abode on the shores of New England, a land truly congenial to him, whose whole mental and physical life had hitherto been one of storm and tempest. Nor could a fitter type in the human race have been found than he to tame the rock-crowned hills, to brave the rigors of such win-

ters as Old England never knew, and the lurking dangers at the hands of a powerful and jealous race. Here was no place for indolence and luxurious ease. Only by the most persevering and painful labors could the bleak hills and gorge-like valleys be made to yield the fruits of life. Only by unremitting energy and the most patient self-denial could starvation be kept from his door, while constant watchfulness and never-flinching courage were required to ward off the many dangers that beset his path. Nature herself seemed pitted against him to contest every inch of his progress. But his nature was as stern and rough as that of the land he had come to tame. Accustomed to move steadily on in the pursuit of some one great purpose, to surmount every obstacle and crush every impediment, looking neither to the right nor the left, nor even pausing to pluck the flowrets that bloomed by the wayside, there was for him no such word as fail. Here the unbounded resources and exhaustless energy of body and mind found fitting scope. What to ordinary men would seem but hopeless, cheerless toil, was to him but pastime. The Puritan was just the man for New England, and New England the land for the Puritan. How he succeeded let all Christendom proclaim, for his works were not for himself nor his immediate posterity, but for the whole world.

But it is not so much with the results of his labors that we have to do as with their effects upon himself and his posterity. Here, as in the case of the Cavalier, every circumstance of his life tended to aggravate the hereditary peculiarities of his class. The success of his enterprise, the crowning of those hopes which had led him to cast off all ties of the old world, the lofty spirit which induced him to reject all external aid, and, above all, the crisp, free mountain air he breathed, begot in him a feeling of independence and superiority, and, at the same time, ideas of social equality, which have made them-

selves manifest to all time. Where all were toilful laborers, and few possessed more than a sufficiency of worldly goods to provide for the necessities of the day, there was no room for the distinctions of rank. Power, with them, resided in the masses; the results of their labor were common stock; their interests were one and the same. Add to these facts their ancient hatred of the aristocracy, and we have the influences under which New England has ever tended to republicanism. The Puritan race has ever been republican to the core, and this is one great and vital respect in which they have continually diverged from their Southern brethren.

Yet with all their virtues, with all their sublime heroism, was blended an inordinate, morbid selfishness. Shut in within their little republic from all communion with the outer world, lacking the healthful influences of conflicting ideas and that moral attrition which polishes the cosmopolitan man, enlarging his views of life and giving broader scope as well to the active energies of the soul as to the kinder sympathies and benevolent sensibilities of the heart, this little community became more set in their traditional opinions, and gradually imbibed a hearty contempt for all beyond the pale of their own religious belief, which soon extended to all without the bounds which circumscribed their narrow settlements. Living alike, thinking alike, feeling alike, placing under solemn ban all speculations in religion, and even all research into the deeper mysteries of natural science, grinding with iron heel the very germ of intellectual progress, in their blind presumption they would have closed the doors of heaven itself upon all mankind save the called and elected of the Puritan faith. This intellectual life was one of mere abstractions, and as a natural consequence all their thoughts and emotions, their joys and sorrows, their loves and hatreds, became morbid to the last degree. But the bent bow will seek release; the re-

action came at last, and the astonishing mental progress of the New England of to-day, the wild speculation upon all questions of morals and religion, rivalling in their daring scope the most impious theories of the German metaphysicians, which our New England fosters and sustains, and above all, the proverbial trickery of the Yankee race, are but the reaction of the stern and gloomy tenets of that olden time which would have made of our earth a charnel house crowded with mouldering bones.

In the midst of this intensely morbid Puritan life, no more eligible object could have been presented for the exercise of their bitterest antipathies than the descendants of their ancient enemies, the Cavaliers, who were already rivalling them in the South, and who, as we have shown, were equally ready to cast or lift the gauntlet. Occupying the very extremes of religious faith, radically differing in their views of public polity, of bitterly hostile antecedents and traditions, the one looking upon the other as an outcast from salvation itself, and the other in its turn nothing loth brands its opponent with the epithets of surly, hypocritical, psalm-singing knaves, then as now, and as they have ever been since the foundations of our country were laid, these two classes stood arrayed against each other in every respect save that of open, carnal warfare. The bitterest of foes in the beginning, diametrically opposed in every possible respect, each has plodded on in his own narrow path, and the two paths have continually diverged to our day, and the present outbreak is but as the breaking of a sore which has long been ripe. It is of such antagonisms that nations are made: it is but differences such as these that have separated the common stock of Adam into so many distinct races and nationalities through all the ages of the world. Such a result we see to-day in our country, in two separate and distinct nations, hitherto nominally united under one

form of government—nations as distinct as ever were the Roman and the Greek. As the Cavalier of the Cromwellian era was a horror to the pharisaical Puritan, and the Puritan in his turn a contempt and an abomination to the reckless, pleasure-hunting Cavalier, so to-day is the 'psalm-singing, clock-peddling Yankee' a foul odor to the fastidious nostrils of the lordly Southerner, and the reckless prodigal, dissipated and soul-selling planter a thorn in the flesh of Puritan morality. The Yankee is to the Southerner a synonym for all that is low and base and cunning, and the Southerner is to the Yankee the embodiment of all worthlessness and crime. The same spirit is observable in those Northern States which were settled by a mixed emigration from both portions of the country, and the fact is well known that even in those loyal Western States where the Southern element most predominates, is found the bitterest hatred and denunciation of the Yankee; so that he is no sage who draws the line east and west, north and south, and in every mixed community, between the descendant of the Cavalier, and the man of Puritan stock. Shall any one say that this is but the result of the war? Where then does history record a like instance? Where can be found the record of a civil war where the people, descended from a common stock and bound together by a common interest, sprang with such alacrity to the call to arms, and waged a war so relentless and cruel even in its very commencement, except there had been radical antagonisms existing through a long series of years?

But it may be urged that a large portion of the Southern population are emigrants from the New England States, and consequently of Puritan descent, and that while this very class of slaveholders are notoriously the most cruel and exacting of masters, they stand in the front ranks of secession and are the most deadly enemies of the North. True, but the enmity of this class, wherever it exists, is that of the most sordid, unprincipled self-interest. Gold is their god, and all things else are sacrificed to the unhallowed lust. But this enmity is oftentimes assumed from motives of self-preservation. Objects of suspicion to the Simon-Pure Southerner from the very fact of their nativity, and visited with the most horrible retribution wherever they have shown a leaning toward the land of their birth, they find it necessary to out-herod Herod in order to preserve their social status and the possessions which are their earthly all. Hence, to disarm suspicion, often those have been made to take the more prominent positions in this tragic drama who, did circumstances permit the expression of their true sentiments, would be found to be at heart the most truly loyal citizens of the South. Another class—and this includes more particularly the descendants of Northern emigrants—born and bred among the moral influences of Southern society, imbibing all the ideas and prejudices of their surroundings, lose their identity as effectually as the raindrop is lost in the surging billows of the ocean. Drinking in with their years the prevailing hatred of the very stock from which their own descent is derived, they become part and parcel of the people among whom their lot is cast, and ordinarily run to the farthest extreme of the new nationality. Herein is seen the fallacy of the ancient maxim—*Cælum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*. The all-potent influence of self-interest, the overshadowing sway of undisputed dogmas, soon sweep away the lessons and prejudices of earlier years, and effectually transform the foreign born into the citizen of the new clime and nation. Were the population of the South more equally divided between the Northern and Southern born, this would not be the case; but in all the slaveholding States the Cavalier element so overwhelmingly predominates as to crush before it all opposing ideas, prejudices, and opinions.

This radical antagonism, smouldering for years, found its first great expression in the Tariff question of 1832, which was not so much a question of State rights and agricultural interests as the vehicle, or rather the weapon of the pent-up hatred of years. General Jackson saw the true bearing and origin of the dispute; and when he prophesied that the slavery question would be the next issue sprung by the designing revolutionists of the South, he did but show his appreciation of the great fact of the moral and physical antagonism between the descendants of the Cavalier and the Puritan. He might, and probably would, had circumstances required it, have gone farther, and prophesied, that should the slavery question in its turn be settled, some other cause of dispute would soon be found and grasped by the apostles of separation and revolution, as a means for the accomplishment of their great design. He alone, of all our statesmen, with his far-seeing eye saw and appreciated the tremendous issue involved. He was sternly opposed to the compromise which was subsequently made, well knowing that if the question were not then settled, at once and forever, the flame was but smothered for a time, to break out again in future years, with far greater vehemence. His policy was to crush the malcontents by the strong arm of power, to make such a display of the strength and resources of the Federal Government, such an example of the fate which must ever await treason in our midst, and, above all, such a convincing manifestation of the utter hopelessness of all attempts to destroy a great and good government, deriving its powers and functions from the people themselves, as to put forever at rest the machinations of traitors and anarchists. Experience has shown that he was right, and shown us, too, that if, in this our day, a second compromise be adopted, and a peace patched up upon a basis ignoring the true cause of dispute, or of oblivion to the past, or,

worst of all, of yielding, on our part, one jot or tittle to the demands of our antagonists, as sure as there is a God in heaven—as sure as that retribution follows the sinner, the war will have to be fought over again, more savage, more bloody, and more desolating than ever, by our posterity, if not even in our own time. Fought over again, not once, but again and again, as often as the revolving wheel of human progress and enlightenment shall bring to the surface the black waters of the steaming cesspool below.

But what of the result? Watchman! what of the night? The night is stormy and dark; men's hearts are failing them for fear; those who see clearly in the day time, now grope helplessly in the dark; the blind are leading the blind; society is at a stand still, waiting and watching for the coming day. Yet afar off in the east the patriot's eye may even now see the first faint streaks of that light which shall usher in the golden dawn.

The result, in the event of the success of the North, is too palpable to require a moment's thought, involving, as it does, every possible blessing to our race, every advantage to the progress of the new theories of social equality, and of man's capacity for self-government. But what in the other event? The evils would be legion—countless in number and direful in effect, not to us alone, but to the whole American race. First and foremost is that hydra *precedent*. We are fighting, not alone for the stability of any particular form of government, not alone for the sustaining of an administration, not alone for the upholding of those God-given ideas which have made America the most favored land on earth; but against a *PRECEDENT*, which involves and would destroy them all. Precedent which is, and ever has been, all powerful to overturn theories and systems, to topple kings from their thrones, and plunge nations into slavery. Of all dangers which every liberal form of

government has to shun, none is so deadly as this. Grave and venerable judges, sages though they may be, rest upon it, and thereon base decisions involving millions of property, and sometimes life itself. And though, as Blackstone has declared, a bad precedent in law is comparatively harmless, inasmuch as succeeding judges are in no wise bound by it, but free, and in fact bound to decide the law as it was before the evil precedent was established, and to interpret it as it ought to be, yet in national affairs this is not so. No matter how bad or absurd a precedent may be, designing men will be found in all ages and climes to avail themselves of it, honestly or dishonestly. Men's minds are not constructed alike, and that which seems evil to one is to another good. The foulest of all theories, the basest of systems, the most suicidal of policies, will at all times find sincerely honest adherents and supporters. Individuality of mind admits a million of shades and degrees of right and wrong. Moreover, an idea once broached before the people, no matter how detestable it may at first appear, is already halfway advanced upon the road to execution. Thousands of criminals have been executed for crimes their minds would never have conceived save for the suggestion of some artful apostle of evil. Give me but a precedent once firmly established, I care not how bad it may be, and I shall revolutionize the world.

And what is the precedent against which we have to contend? It is that of separation. If secession would stop where it has begun, if the result of our defeat were to be but two great republics of the North and South upon our continent, there would still be room for the development of both, and we might even look forward to such a peace with some degree of complacency, and with hope for a future of happiness and prosperity. But it will not stop here. As surely as that an overruling Providence directs the affairs of men, the

movement will go on until there are as many separate and hostile republics as there are States in our Union. The mutterings of separation which have already been heard in the West, are but the precursors of the storm which can only be forever allayed by the triumph of our arms in the present contest. The slightest disagreement between the East and the West would soon be made a pretext for secession: the least dispute or conflicting interest between any two great portions of our country would find a speedy remedy in separation. The West would divide from the East, the Atlantic States from the Lake States, the Mississippi States from the Pacific, the North Pacific States from the South Pacific, and where would be the end? Already the great West has learned her own gigantic strength, which before she knew not that she possessed, and if the time should come when her interests should apparently point in a different direction from those of the East, with such a precedent before her, would she not avail herself of that new-found strength? Already the soldiers of the West have begun to sneer at the achievements of those of the East, and to consider themselves the braver and the manlier of the two. Are these not the signs of the times? And do they not betoken a future of anarchy in the event of the establishment of this most pernicious and monstrous of doctrines?

And is it to be expected that these many republics, monarchies, aristocracies, or whatever form they may take, will long remain at peace with each other? Ask the muse who presides over the pages of history how often has her pen been called upon to record the circumstance of separate nations, of the same blood and antecedents, lying quietly and peaceably beside each other. Family quarrels are proverbially the most bitter of all on earth, and family hatreds the most unrelenting. It was but the ties of kin that lent such a character of ferocity to our wars with

England and to the present contest with the South.

But what shall we say of that scheme which aims at a reconstruction of the Union by leaving New England out? Simply this: that, aside from any considerations of policy—without attempting to argue the question of a good or evil result from such a movement, the answer is plain enough: *you cannot do it*—and that which is impossible needs no argument for or against. The energy and activity of mind and body, the lofty independence, the firm self-reliance, the dogged determination and undaunted adherence to a great and high purpose, of the whole Saxon race, is concentrated in the people of that mountain land. Theirs have been the heads to plan and the hands to execute every great work we have accomplished since the foundation of our nationality. The railroads and canals and telegraphs of the North, the South, the East, and the West are their work; and their capital and their inventive, energetic minds still shape and control every great commercial enterprise of our land. Their sturdy emigrants have pushed civilization across the boundless prairies of the West, and opened the primeval forests of the Pacific States. Go where you will on the face of the earth, and you find them there before you, and ever the same busy, tireless apostles of progress, the leaders in every great work, and the rulers of commerce, everywhere looked up to as the type of the executive mind, and, by the tacit consent of Christendom, intrusted with the guidance of every enterprise requiring pluck, perseverance, and ceaseless activity. And theirs will still be the brains to control the destinies of our race, however isolated they may become, however they may be made the objects of distrust and contempt. Ay! shut them out if you will, and from that moment New England becomes the Switzerland of America, the home of great ideas and great men, the temple where Freedom shall

take up her everlasting abode, and the altar fires of Liberty shall never die away. And her people will become the priests of that great religion which, taking its rise in a lofty appreciation of the true end of human existence, is already bursting out all over the Christian world, in fitful flames, which shall yet become the devouring element that shall wither and consume away oppression and kingcraft from the face of the earth. Shut her out, then, if you will, but you cannot shut out the flame which she shall kindle; you cannot shut out the tones of her trumpet voice, proclaiming to the world the doctrines of eternal truth. Self-reliant, possessing within themselves every element of success, her people can and will make their way, as heretofore, alone and unaided. Asking no favors of the world, they will pursue the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the mutterings and growlings of their impotent foes, while their little republic, like a city set upon a hill, continues to reflect from her glittering pinnacles the sunlight of heaven to all quarters of the earth. The petty vengeance which the disunionists of to-day are attempting to wreak upon her will recoil upon their own heads, and they themselves may yet be forced some day to look to little New England as their redeemer from anarchy. A purely commercial people, her interests are not circumscribed by her narrow geographical limits, but are, as well as her tastes and sympathies, cosmopolitan. She stretches out her feelers to all parts of the earth, wherever her wandering sons may have betaken themselves, and fastens there a little vine or creeper whose roots are still in her own bosom. It is a part and a necessity of her very existence, to handle and direct catholic interests. This, as well as her position in other respects, has made her the arbiter of this nation and country, and you can no more shut her out from participation in the affairs of this continent than you can shut in the mighty river from its outlet to the ocean. And if

you cut her off, see to it that she does not become the little Rome whose conquering arms shall reduce all the nations of the continent to her sway.

No ! New England has planted herself too deeply in the hearts of the American people—she has sprinkled too many of her scions among the population of the West and South—to allow of a moment's serious thought of cutting her off from our communion. The cry is but the party cry of the designing and evil disposed, the traitors to our name and nation ; and with the crushing out of the rebellion and the restoration of our nationality, it will pass away forever.

But to return to the direct results of the war. Having shown the threatened evils of separation, our province leads us no farther, for this comprises *all* the evils within the scope of man's imagination. See, then, the issue involved : in our success lie all our hopes of future stability and prosperity ; in our failure lies simply—inevitable ruin. With such a prospect before them—with existence itself hanging in the balance—why are the people of the North asleep ? Why will they not see the true bearings of the war in this light, and arise in all their power and strength, determined to crush out this infamous rebellion, even at the cost of the last dollar and the last drop of blood ? Shall we grumble at the cost of the war ? Shall we growl over the paltry taxes which, even yet, are scarcely felt ? Shall the father grieve for the loss of half his wealth which goes to redeem his only son from death—his 'darling from the power of the lions' ? Shall the householder grumble over the reward he has offered for the rescue of his wife and little ones from the burning house ? Shall the felon begrudge the last cent of his earthly possessions that purchases his relief from the gallows ? Better that we should all be ruined—better that the land should be entirely depleted of its youth, and the country irretrievably in debt, with a prospect of a

future and lasting peace, than a compromise now, with the inevitable certainty of everlasting war and tumult and bloodshed, worse, a thousand times worse than that of the South American States. Shall we make a peace now, only that we may again go to war among ourselves ? Would this not be literally 'jumping out of the frying pan into the fire' ? The *war* men of the North are the men of peace, and the so-called peace men are the men of eternal war ; those are they who would prolong the miseries of our country, simply by turning them in a new direction—by turning all our hostilities into our own bosoms and against our own wives and children. Nay ! there can be no pausing now. We have everything to gain by prosecuting the war to the bitter, even ruinous end ; everything to lose by leaving the work half done. The South is said to be fighting for its very existence ; yet not by a thousand degrees can this be as truly said of them as of us. Therefore should our earnestness, our enthusiasm, our determination, our *desperation* be a thousand times greater than theirs. Do you tell me that we cannot conquer so united, so brave, and so desperate a people ? I answer, **WE MUST**. In the whole wide world of human destiny there is no other road left open for us ; the path to defeat is blocked by our own dead bodies. Unless the people of the North arouse and take hold of the work with an energy, an earnestness of purpose, to which the past bears no parallel, too late will they repent the folly of their own supineness, their own blindness. As in the affairs of men, so in those of nations, there is a critical point when those who hope for success must seize the winged moment as it flies and work steadily on with singleness of aim and unchangeable, unfaltering devotion of purpose. That moment, once past, will never return. Now is our golden opportunity, and according as we improve or neglect it will our future be one of greatness and power or one of utter

nothingness among the nations of the earth. No subsequent time can repair the errors or failures of to-day.

Since the greater part of this article was written, the prospect of our success has immeasurably brightened. But let us not by the fairness of the sky be lulled into a false sense of security; let us not be again deceived by the *ignis fatuus* glare which plays around our banners, and which has already so often lured us to forgetfulness and defeat. For the storm may again break forth in a moment when we think not of it, and from a quarter where we seemed the most secure. A single week may reverse every move upon the great chess board of strategy. There should be no relaxation of the sinews of war until the end is accomplished. So should we be safest in our watchfulness and strength, and, by the irresistible influence of overwhelming numbers and might, render that permanent which is now but evanescent.

But, it will be asked, if there is between North and South an antipathy so deep seated and of such long standing, how shall we ever succeed in conquering a lasting peace? how shall we ever persuade the people of the South to live in amity with a race so cordially hated and despised? The question has often been asked, but always by those faint-hearted ones whose clamors for a disgraceful peace have added strength to the cause of our opponents. The answer is so plain that it requires no demonstration. There is but one remedy for so sore a disease, and however severe it may be, however revolting to the tender sensibilities of peace-loving men, the inevitable and inexorable MUST urges it on to execution, and stands like a giant, blocking up every other path. It is like those dangerous remedies which the physician applies when the patient's recovery is otherwise utterly hopeless, and which must result either in recovery or in death by its own agency rather than that of the disease. Concession has been tried in vain,

'moral suasion' has been proved to be of no avail. The South must be shown how entirely hopeless must be every effort, in all time, to overturn such a government as ours. They must be made to feel our immense superiority in power and resources; they must be shown in unmistakable colors the unconquerable might of nationality in strong contrast with the weakness of sectionalism, as well as their own dependence upon the North; in a word, every atom of resistance must be utterly and forever crushed out by brute force. To no other argument will they listen, as experience has proved; and this 'last resort of kings' must be exerted in all its strength and proclaimed in thunder tones, even though its reverberations should shake the earth to its very core. This done, and peace once more established, the South must be, *not* abolitionized, not colonized, not Puritanized, nor yet oppressed, but AMERICANIZED. They must be familiarized with those immortal principles of justice and freedom, to which they have hitherto been strangers, which lie at the heart of all national success among an enlightened and Christian people. They must be made acquainted with the all-important fact that we are a nation of one blood, one common ancestry; that we can never live at peace as separate nationalities, and that only in unity and mutual concession and forbearance can a glorious destiny be wrought out for our common country. *Then*, not now, will be the time for conciliation on our part, but yet conciliation never divided from the utmost vigilance and a firm support of the doctrine of national supremacy, as opposed to, and paramount to the iniquitous dogma of State rights. The people of the North must first divest themselves of all prejudices, all hereditary antipathies, and wipe away old scores in the dawn of a golden future. Then will our brethren of the South not be slow to respond to the proffered peace and good will and brotherly kindness, and again we shall

become a prosperous, united, and happy people.

And what a future lies before our country! What a wealth of uncultivated fields lies waiting for the plough of the adventurous emigrant! What unmeasured wilds wait but for the touch of enlightened and educated labor, to blossom like the rose, to become the site of great cities and smiling villages, the resting place of the wanderer from all quarters of the globe, the residence of a great people, the component parts of a mighty nation whose parallel earth has not seen since the days of the creation! It needs but ordinary human foresight to see that here is to be the fountain head, the permanent abiding place, of four great interests, with which we shall rule the world: manufactures, grain, cotton, and wine. The Great West is to feed all Europe with her harvests of yellow grain; the South, with her cotton interest, is to clothe, not Europe only, but the world; the Pacific States will be the 'vineland' of America, furnishing the wherewithal to 'gladden the heart of man,' while the manufactures of New England and the Middle States shall furnish the implements of labor to the brethren all over the continent, and turn the raw material both of the South and of their own sheep-feeding hills into garments for the toiling millions of America. Here, then, we shall produce, as no other country can, the great staples of life; and when we add to them those considerable minor interests which we share more equally with the rest of the world, namely, wool-growing and *mining*, as well of the precious ores as of coal and the baser metals, how stupen-

dous seem our resources, how tremendous the influence we are to wield among the great human family! And is it a necessity of social life that these great interests should jar? that political and commercial antagonisms should spring up between these cumulators of the world's great stock of wealth, for no better reason than that their hands are engaged upon a different work, or, rather, upon different branches of the same great work of production? Nay, verily! So long as we are bound together by a common tie of country, living and working under the same laws and institutions, such antagonisms can only exist in the brains of designing demagogues. So far from conflicting, these great interests will, from the very nature of the law of exchange, work harmoniously together, blending the one into the other as perfectly fitting parts of one concordant whole. One section will play into the hands of another, sustaining each other from the very necessity of self-preservation; and each will find in his brother the readiest consumer of the products of his labor. Only in the event of separation can jealousies, antipathies, and narrow-minded prejudices spring up between the different sections, and healthy competition be degraded into low and mercenary jobbing; only by separation can the onward march of the American race be retarded and the arm of American industry paralyzed. Accursed, then, be the hand that aims a blow at the foundations of our fair fabric of Liberty; thrice accursed he whose voice is raised in the promulgation of those pernicious doctrines whose end is to lead a great people astray.

G R E A T H E A R T .

GREAT HEART is sitting beneath a tree :
Never a horse upon earth has he ;
But he sings to the wind a hearty song,
Leaves of the oak trees rustling along :
‘ Over the mountain and over the tide,
Over the valley and on let us ride ! ’

There’s many a messenger riding past,
And many a skipper whose ship sails fast ;
• But none of them all, though he rides or rows,
Flies as free as the heart of Great Heart goes,
Free as the eagle and full as the tide :
‘ And over the valley and on let us ride ! ’

Many a sorrow might Great Heart know,
Thick as the oak leaves which over him grow
Many a trouble might Great Heart feel,
Close as the grass blades under his heel ;
But sorrow will never by Great Heart bide,
Singing ‘ Over the valley and on let us ride ! ’

‘ But tell me, good fellow, where Great Heart dwells ? ’
In the wood, by the sea, in the city’s cells ;
Where the Honest, the Beautiful, and True
Are free to him as they are to you ;
Where the wild birds whistle and waters glide,
Singing ‘ Over the valley and on let us ride ! ’

Few of his fellows doth Great Heart see ;
Seldom he knows where their homes may be ;
But the fays of the greenwood are still on earth—
To many a Great Heart they’ll yet give birth ;
And thousands of voices will sing in pride,
‘ All over the wide world and on let us ride ! ’

LITERARY NOTICES

LIFE OF CHOPIN. By F. LISZT. Published by F. Leypoldt: Philadelphia.

LISZT'S Life of Chopin! What a combination of names to wing the imagination upward into the ethereal regions of beauty, pure art, and lofty emotion! The imperial pianist discourses upon the genius and peculiar gifts of his brother musician. Before us arises a vision of the strong and fiery Hungarian, with clangor of steel, flash of spur, and ring of hoof, compelling his audiences to attention and enthusiastic admiration; and also of the gentle-mannered and suffering, but no less fiery Pole, shrinking from all rude contact, and weaving enchanted melodies and harmonies, teeming with ever-varying pictures of tender love, hopeless despair, chivalric daring, religious resignation, passionate pleading, eloquent disdain, the ardor of battle with the thunder of artillery, the hut of the peasant with its pastoral pleasures, and the assemblage of the noble, the distinguished, the beautiful, with the nameless fascinations of feminine loveliness, the witching caprices of conscious power,—while through all and above all glows the memory of the glorious past and mournful present of his beloved country. The book, in fact, opens a vista into modes of life, manners of being, and trains of thought little known among us, and hence is most deeply interesting. The style is eminently suited to the subject, and the translation of Liszt's French is equal to the original. This is saying much, but not too much; for when a cognate mind becomes thoroughly imbued with the spirit of an author, the transmutation of his ideas into another form of speech becomes a simple and natural process. To those who already know Chopin and are striving to play his music, this book will be invaluable, as giving a deep insight into the meaning and proper mode of rendering his compositions. To those who know nothing of him, and who are still floundering amid the *fade* and flimsy productions that would fain hide their emptiness and vul-

garity under the noble name of music, this life of a true musician will reveal a new world, a new purpose for the drudgery of daily practice, and the expenditure of time, patience, and money.

The work, however, is not alone useful for those especially interested in music, but, being free from all repulsive technicalities, will be found highly attractive to the general reader. It contains a subtle dissection of a deeply interesting character, sketches of Heine, George Sand, Eugene de la Croix, Mickiewicz, and other celebrities in the world of literature and art, together with a most vivid portraiture of social life in Poland, a land which has ever excited so much admiration for its heroism, and compassion for its misfortunes.

Mr. Leypoldt, the enterprising publisher of this work, merits the encouragement of the American people, inasmuch as he has not feared to risk the publication of a work deemed by many too excellent to be generally appreciated by our reading community. He however has faith in the good sense of that community, and so have we.

Fragmentary portions of Liszt's 'Chopin,' about 60 pages out of 202, were translated by Mr. Dwight of Boston, and appeared in the 'Journal of Music.' Those portions were favorably received, and all who thus formed a partial acquaintance with the work will doubtless desire now to complete their knowledge, especially as some of the most vivid and characteristic chapters were omitted.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: O. S. Felt, 36 Walker Street. 1863. (Cloth, one dollar; paper covers, fifty cents.)

It is amusing to read over, at this stage of the war, these letters, in which the Thunderer, as represented by Mr. Russell, dwindled down to a very small squib indeed. Few men ever prophesied more brazenly as to the war,—very few ever had their prophecies so pitifully

falsified. Other men have guessed right now and then, by chance; but poor Russell contrived, by dint of conceit and natural obtuseness, to make himself as thoroughly ridiculous to those who should review him in the future as was well possible. It is, however, to be hoped that these letters will be extensively read, that the public may now see who and *what* the correspondent really was, through whom England was to be specially instructed as to the merits of this country and its war. When we remember the advantages which poor Russell enjoyed for acquiring information, his neglect of matters of importance seems amazing—until we find, in scores of petty personal matters and silly egotisms, a key to the whole. He is a small-souled man, utterly incapable of mastering the great principles involved in this war,—a man petrified in English conceit, and at the end of his art when, like a twopenny reporter, he has made a smart little sneer at something or somebody. He writes on America as Sala wrote on Russia, in the same petty, frivolous vein, with the same cockney smartness; but fails to be funny, whereas Sala frequently succeeds. He came here to write for England, not the truth, but something which his readers *expected*. His object was to supply a demand, and he did it. He learned nothing, and returned as ignorant, so far as really *understanding* the problems he purposed to study, as he came. Those who can penetrate the depths of such pitiful characters cannot fail to feel true sorrow that men should exist to whom all life, all duty, every opportunity to tell great truths and to do good, should simply appear as opportunities to turn out a *pièce de manufacture*, and earn salaries. Mr. Russell could have done a great work in these letters—he leaves the impression on our minds that in *his* opinion his boots and his breakfast were to him matters of much more importance than the future of all North America.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY: A Tale of the Real and Ideal. By MRS. EDWIN JAMES. New York: Carleton. 1863.

AN entertaining little romance, which will be specially acceptable to the 'regular English novel' devourers—a by no means inconsiderable proportion of the public. Its heroine—a beauty—moves in English society, is presented to the Queen, is victimized by a rascally husband or two, and visits America,

where she ends her adventures—à la *Marble Faun*—rather more obscurely than we could have wished, by 'enduring and suffering,' but on the whole happily, so far as sentiment is concerned. As the story contains to perfection every element of the most popular English novels of the day, yet in a more highly concentrated form than they usually present, we have no doubt that its sale will be very great. The volume contains a very beautifully engraved portrait-vignette, 'after a miniature by Thorburn,' which is worth the price of the book, and is neatly bound. Gentlemen wishing to make an acceptable gift to novel-reading friends will find the 'Wanderings of a Beauty' well suited to the purpose.

THE PRISONER OF STATE. By D. H. MAHONEY. New York: Carleton. 1863.

WE may well ask 'what sustains the hopes of the rebels?' when such a mass of treason as this wretched volume contains is suffered to be freely published and circulated. That the Administration can find the force to oppose open foes in the field, and yet make no exertion to suppress traitors at home who are doing far more than any armed rebels to reduce our country to ruin, is a paradox for whose solution we have for some time waited, *not* by any means in patience.

That a Copperhead, who from his own account richly deserves the halter, should have the impudence to publish a complaint of being simply *imprisoned*, is indeed amusing. But could the mass of vindictiveness, sophistry, and vulgarity which these pages contain be simply submitted to impartial and intelligent men, we should have little dread of any great harm resulting from them. Unfortunately this Copperhead poison, with its subtle falsehoods and detestable special pleading, its habeas corpus side-issues and Golden-Circle slanders, is industriously circulated among many who are still frightened by the old bugbear of 'Abolition,' and who, like the majority in all wars whatever, have accustomed themselves to grumble at those who conduct hostilities. Such persons do not reflect that a great crisis requires great measures, and that in a war involving such a tremendous issue as the preservation of the Federal Union and the development of the grandest phase which human progress has ever assumed, we are not to give up everything to our foes because Mr. Mahoney and

a few congenial traitors have, justly or unjustly, been kept on crackers and tough beef. When a city burns and it is necessary to blow up houses with gunpowder, it is no time to be talking of actions for trespass.

If we had ever had a doubt of the rightfulness of the course which Government has taken in imprisoning Copperheads, it would have been removed on reading this miserable book. A man who holds on one page that every private soldier is to be guided by his own will as regards obeying orders, and on another sneers at our army as demoralized,—who calls himself a friend of the Union, and is yet a sympathizer with the enemies of the Union,—who abuses in the vilest manner our Government and its officers in a crisis like the present, is one who, according to all precedents of justice, should be richly punished under military law, if the civil arm be too weak to grasp him. It was such Democrats as Mahoney, who yelled out indignantly in the beginning at every measure which was taken to protect us against the enemy, who, when they had nearly ruined our cause by their efforts, attributed the results of their treason to the Administration, and who now, changing their cry, instead of clamoring for more vigor against the rebels, boldly hurrah for the rebellion itself. It is strange that they cannot see that they are now bringing themselves out distinctly as Tories, and men to be branded in history. Do they suppose that such a revolution as this—a revolution of human rights and free labor against the last great form of tyranny—is going *backward*? Do the events of the last thirty years indicate that Southern aristocracy and Copperhead ignorance and evil are to achieve a final victory over republicanism? Yet it is in this faith, that demagoguism will be stronger than a great principle, that such men as Mahoney write and live.

WILD SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA; or, Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By DON RAMON PAEZ. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street.

THE work before us takes the reader not only through all the adventures and chances of the desperate life of the *llaneros* or herdsmen of South America, but also gives many startling scenes from the revolutions of Colombia, embracing an excellent biography of the truly great general Paez, the friend and colleague of Bolivar. But when we remem-

ber that it contains such a mass of valuable historical material, from the pen of a son of General Paez, aide-de-camp to his father, and an eyewitness of, or actor in, some of the bloody scenes of a civil war, and that even the description of herdsman's life is filled with deeply interesting scientific records of the natural history and botany of our southern continent, it seems strange that such a volume could appear under a title smacking of the veriest book-making for the cheap Western market.

The writer, Don Ramon Paez, who was born among the people whom he describes, and was afterward well educated in England, was probably the best qualified man in South America to depict the life of the *llaneros*, of whom his father was long the literal chief. Half of his pages are occupied with the account of a grand cattle-hunt, involving sufferings and adventures of a very varied and remarkable description, giving the world, we believe, the best account of wild herdsman American-Spanish life ever written. A very curious study of the character of the writer himself is one of the many interesting traits of this volume. A love of literature, of science, of much that is beautiful and refined, contrasts piquantly with occasional glimpses of true Creole character, and of a son of 'the best horseman in South America,' who is too much at home among the fierce people whom he describes to fully assume the tone of a foreigner and amateur. In this latter respect Don Ramon seems to have been influenced by regarding as models the works of European travellers, as well as by a very commendable spirit of modesty; for modest he certainly is when speaking of himself, when we consider the temptations to self-glorification which his adventures would have presented to any of the English adventurers of the present day!

The book cannot fail to be extensively read, since it is not only entertaining, but instructive. Its sketches of the *causes* of the continual civil wars in South America are not only explanatory, but may serve as a lesson to us in this country to give ourselves heart and soul to the Union, and to crush out treason and faction by every means in our power. If the rebels and Copperheads triumph, we shall soon see the United States reduced to the frightful anarchy of South America.

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THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

II.

HAVING taken a hasty survey, in our first number, of the value and progress of the Union, let us now, turning our gaze to the opposite quarter, consider the pro-slavery rebellion and its tendencies, and mark the contrast.

We have seen, in glancing along the past, that while a benevolent Providence has evidently been in the constant endeavor to lead mankind onward and upward to a higher, more united, and happier life, even on this earth—this divine effort has always encountered great opposition from human selfishness and ignorance.

We have also observed, that nevertheless, through the ages-long *external* discipline of incessant political revolutions and changes, and also by the *internal* influences of such religious ideas as men could, from time to time, receive, appreciate, and profit by, that through all this they have at length been brought to that religious, political, intellectual, social, and industrial condition which constituted the civilization of Europe some two and a half centuries since; and which was, taken all in all, far in advance of any previous condition.

Under these circumstances, the period

was ripe for the germs of a religious and political liberty to start into being or to be quickened into fresh life, with a far better prospect of final development than they could have had at an earlier epoch. Born thus anew in Europe, they were transplanted to the shores of the new world. The results of their comparatively unrestricted growth are seen in the establishment and marvellous expansion of the republic.

Great, however, as these results have been, the fact is so plain that he who runs may read, that they would have been vastly greater but for a malignant influence which has met the elements of progress, even on these shores. Disengaged from the opposing influences which surrounded them in Europe—from the spirit of absolutism, of hereditary aristocracy, of ecclesiastical despotism, from the habits, the customs, the institutions of earlier times, more or less rigid, unyielding on that account, and hard to change by the new forces, disengaged from these hampering influences, and planted on the shores of America—these elements of progress, so retarded even up to the present moment in Europe, found themselves most unexpectedly side by side

with an outbirth of human selfishness in its pure and most undisguised form. This was not the spirit of absolutism, or of hereditary aristocracy, nor of ecclesiastical and priestly domination. All of these, which have so conspicuously figured in Europe, have perhaps done more at certain periods for the advancement of civilization, by their restraining, educating influence, than they have done harm at others, when less needed. All of these institutions arose naturally out of the circumstances, the character, and wants of men, at the time, and have been of essential service in their day. But the great antagonist which free principles encountered on American soil; which was planted alongside of the tree of liberty; which grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength; which, like a noxious parasitic vine, wound its insidious coils around the trunk that supported it—binding its expanding branches, rooted in its tissues, and living on its vital fluids;—this insidious enemy was slavery—a thoroughly undisguised manifestation of human selfishness and greed; without a single redeeming trait—simply an unmitigated evil: a two-edged weapon, cutting and maiming both ways, up and down—the master perhaps even more than the slave; a huge evil committed, reacting in evil, in the exact degree of its hugeness and momentum. Yes! this great antagonist was slavery—an institution long thrown out of European life; a relic of the lowest barbarism and savagism, the very antipodes of freedom, and flourishing best only in the rudest forms of society; but now rearing its hideous visage in the midst of principles, forms, and institutions the most free and advanced of any that the world has ever witnessed.

In the presence of this great fact, one is led to exclaim: ‘How strange!’ How monstrous an anomaly! What singular fatality has brought two such irreconcilable opposites together? It is as if two individuals, deadly foes,

should by a mysterious chance, encounter each other unexpectedly on some wide, dreary waste of the Arctic solitudes. Whither no other souls of the earth’s teeming millions come, thither these two alone, of all the world beside, are, as if helplessly impelled, to settle their quarrel by the death of one or the other. Thus singular and inexplicable does it at first sight seem—this juxtaposition of freedom and slavery on the shores of the new world.

On second thoughts, however, we shall find this apparent singularity and mystery to disappear. We are surprised only because we see a familiar fact under a new aspect, and do not at once recognize it. What we see before us in this great event is only an underlying fact of every individual’s *personal* experience, expanded into the gigantic proportions of a *nation’s* experience. In every child of Adam are the seeds of good and of evil. Side by side they lie together in the same soil; they are nourished and developed together; they become more and more marked and individualized with advancing years, swaying the child and the youth, hither and thither, according as one or the other prevails; until at some period in the full rationality of riper age comes the deadly contest between the power of darkness and the power of light—one or the other conquers; the man’s character is fixed; and he travels along the path he has chosen, upward or downward.

So it is now with the great collective individual, the American republic. So it is and has been with every other nation. The powers of good and evil contend no less in communities and nations than in the individuals who compose them; and, according as one or the other influence prevails in rulers or in ruled, have human civilization and human welfare been advanced or retarded.

In the American Union, the contrast has been more marked, more vivid, and of greater extent than the world has

ever seen, because of the higher, freer, more humane character of our institutions, and the extent of region which they cover. The brighter the sunshine, the darker the shadow; the higher the good to be enjoyed, the darker, more deplorable is the evil which is the inverse and opposite of that good. Hence, with a knowledge of this prevalent fact of fallen human nature, and also of the fact that nations are but individuals repeated—one might almost have foreseen that if institutions, more free and enlightened than had ever before blessed a people, were to arise upon any region of the globe—something proportionately hideous and repulsive in the other direction would be seen to start up alongside of them, and seek their destruction.

Is this so strange then? It is only in agreement with the great truth, that the best men endure the strongest temptations. He who was sinless endured and overcame what no mere mortal could have borne for an instant. So the highest truths have ever encountered the most violent opposition. The most salutary reforms have had to struggle the hardest to obtain a footing; in a word, the higher and holier the heaven from whence blessings descend to earth, the deeper and more malignant is the hell that rises in opposition. With the truly-sought aid of Him, however, who alone has all power in heaven, earth, and hell, victory is certain to be achieved in national no less than in individual trials.

But in both national and individual difficulties it is indispensable, in order that courage may not waver, that hope may not falter—it is indispensable that there should be, as already urged, a clear intellectual comprehension of the full nature of the good thing for which battle is waged. The brilliant vision of attainable good must be preserved undimmed—ever present in sharp and radiant outline to the mental eye; and so its lustre may also fall in a flood of searching light on the evil which is

battled against, clearly revealing all its hideousness.

A clear understanding by the people at large, of what that is in which the value of the Union consists, is only next in importance to the Union itself; since the preservation of the Union hangs upon the nation's appreciation of its value. Then only can we be intensely, ardently zealous; full of courage and motive force; full of hope and determination that it shall be preserved at whatever cost of life or treasure. But without the deep conviction of the untold blessings that lie yet undeveloped in the Union and its Constitution, without the hearty belief that this Union is a gift of God, to be ours only while we continue fit to hold it, and to be fought for as for life itself (for a large, free individual life for each one of us is involved in the great life of the Union), without this deep, rock-rooted conviction in the heart of the nation, we shall tend to lukewarmness—to an awful indifference as to how this contest shall end; and begin to seek for present peace at any price. We say *present* peace, for a permanent peace, short of a thorough crushing of the rebellion, is simply a sheer impossibility—a wild hallucination. Nor is it a less mad fantasy to suppose that the rebellion can be effectually crushed without annihilating slavery, the sole and supreme cause of the rebellion. Such lukewarmness and untimely peace sentiments, widely diffused through the loyal States, would be truly alarming. Those who feel and talk thus, are like blind men on the verge of a fathomless abyss; and should a majority ever be animated by such ideas, we are gone—hopelessly fallen under the dark power, never perhaps to rise again in our day or generation. But we have no fears of such a dismal result; the nation is in the divine hands, and we feel confident that all will be right in the end.

We have presented two reasons why the Union is priceless. Still further

may this be seen by a glance at the opposite features and tendencies of the rebellion; and by the consideration of three or four points of radical divergence and antagonism between slavery and republicanism.

We set out with the following general statements:

The less selfish a man becomes—the more that he rises out of himself—in that degree (other conditions being equal) does he seek the society of others from disinterested motives, and the wider becomes the circle of his sympathies.

On the other hand, the more selfish he is—the lower the range of faculties which motive him—in that degree, the more exclusive is he—the more does he tend to isolate himself from others, or to associate only with those whose character or pursuits minister to his own gratification. Beasts of prey are solitary in their habits—the gentle and useful domestic animals are gregarious and social.

Now the same is true of communities. The more elevated their character—the more that the moral and intellectual faculties predominate in a community; or the more virtuous, intelligent, and industrious—in short, the more civilized it is—the closer are the individuals of that community drawn together among themselves, and the greater also is its tendency to unite with other communities into a larger society, while it preserves, at the same time, all necessary freedom and individuality. The more civilized and humanized a nation is, the greater are the tendency and ease with which it organizes a *diversified*, as distinguished from a homogeneous unity; or, the greater the ease with which it establishes and maintains the integrity and freedom of the component parts, of the individuals and communities of individuals, as indispensable to the freedom and welfare of the whole national body.

Thus advancing civilization will multiply the relations of men with each

other, of communities with communities, of states with states, of nations with nations; and will also organize these relations with a perfection proportioned to their multiplicity; and thus draw men ever closer in the fraternal bonds of a common humanity.

On the other hand, the more a community becomes immoral, ignorant, and indolent—the lower its aims and motive, the less it cultivates the mental powers, the fewer industries it prosecutes, and the less diversified are its productions—in proportion as it declines in all these modes, in that degree does it tend to disintegration, to separation and isolation of all its parts, and toward the establishment of many petty and independent communities; in other words, it tends to lapse into barbarism.

Such a movement is, however, against the order of Providence, and thus is an evil that corrects itself. Men are happier (other conditions being equal) in large communities than in small; and when selfishness and ambition have broken up a large state into many small and independent ones, the same principle of selfishness, still operating, keeps them in perpetual mutual jealousy and collision, until, whether they will or not, they are forced into a mass again by some strong military despot, or conquered by a superior foreign power, and quiet is for a time again restored.

From these considerations we conclude that civilization, as it advances, is but the index of the capacity of human beings to form themselves into larger and larger nationalities (perhaps ultimately to result in a federal union of all nations), each consisting of numerous parts, performing distinct functions; yet so organized harmoniously that each part shall preserve all the freedom that it requires for its utmost development and happiness, and yet depend for its own life upon the life of the entire national body.

It may also be concluded that this

capacity of men so to organize is just in proportion to the development of the higher elements and faculties of the mind, the religious, moral, social, and intellectual, and the diminished influence of the lower, animal, and selfish nature.

Consequently, when in such a large and harmoniously organized nationality as the American Union, there arises a movement which, without the slightest rational or high moral cause, aims to break away from this advanced, this free and humanizing political organization; and not only to break away from the main body, but also maintains the right of the seceding portion itself to break up into independent sovereignties; then, the conclusion is forced upon every impartial mind that the spirit which animates such a disruptive movement is a spirit opposed to civilization, since it runs in precisely the opposite direction; as, instead of tending to unity, to accord, to a large organization with individual freedom, it tends to disunity, separation, the splitting up of society into many independent sovereign states, or fractions of states, certain, absolutely certain to clash and war with each other, especially with slavery as their woof and warp; and thus bring back the reign of barbarism, and the ultimate subjection of these warring little sovereignties to one or more iron despotisms.

The inevitable tendency of the rebellion, if successful, and its doctrine of secession *ad libitum*, is (even without slavery—how much more with it!) to hurl society to the bottom of the steep and rugged declivity up which, through the long ages, divine Providence, the guide of man, has been in the ceaseless and finally successful endeavor to raise it. The American republic is the highest level, the loftiest table land yet reached by man in his political ascent; and the forces that would drag him from thence are forces from beneath, the animal, selfish, devilish element of depraved human nature, which so long

have held the race in bondage; and which, now that they see their victim slipping from their grasp, and rising beyond reach into the high region of unity, peace, and progress, are moving all the powers of darkness for one final and successful assault. Will it be successful? We cannot believe it.

What is the cause of this wicked, heaven-defying, insane movement on the part of the South? The answer is written in flames of light along the sky, and in letters of blood upon the breadth of the land. Slavery first, slavery middle, and slavery last. Accursed slavery! firstborn of the evil one—the lust of dominion over others for one's own selfish purposes, in its naked, most shameless, and undisguised form. Dominion of man over man in other modes, such as absolute monarchy, aristocracy, feudalism, ecclesiastical rule—all these justify their exactions under the plea of the welfare of the subject, or the salvation of souls. Slavery has nothing of the kind behind which to hide its monstrosity; nor does it care to do so, except when hard pushed, and then it feebly pleads the christianization of the negro! A plea at which the common sense of mankind and of Christendom simply laughs.

Now slavery, we know, is just the reverse of freedom, and hence it is only natural to expect that the fruits, the results of slavery, wherever its influence extends, would closely partake of the nature of their parent and cause. Slavery, then, as the antipodes of freedom, must engender in the community that harbors and fosters it, habits, sentiments, and modes of life continually diverging from, and ever more and more antagonistic to, whatever proceeds from free institutions.

Let us look at some of these. There are four points of antagonism between free and slave institutions that seem to stand out more prominently than others; at any rate, we shall not now extend our inquiry beyond them.

Slavery, then, begets in the ruling class :

1. An excessive spirit of domineering and command ;
2. A contempt of labor ;
3. A want of diversified industry ;
4. These three results produce a fourth, viz., a division of slave society into a wealthy, all-powerful slaveholding aristocracy on the one hand ; and an ignorant, impoverished, and more or less degraded non-slaveholding class on the other.

It is at once seen how slavery develops to the utmost, in the master and dominant race, a habit of command, of self-will, of determination to have one's own way at all hazards, of intolerance of any contradiction or opposition ; of quickness to take offence, and to avenge and right one's self. The possession and exercise of almost irresponsible power over others tend to destroy in the master all power of self-control ; foster intolerance of any legal restraint, of any law but one's own will, that must either rule or ruin. It is a spirit that is cultivated assiduously from childhood to youth, and from youth to full age, by constant and ubiquitous subjection of the negro, young and old, to the petty tyranny, the whims and caprices of little master and miss, and by the exercise of authority at all times and in all places by the white over the black race. It is a spirit that is essential to the slave driver ; and when the habit of dictation and command to inferiors has grown into every fibre of his nature, he cannot dismiss it when he deals with his equals, whenever his wishes are opposed. Hence the violence, the lawlessness, the carrying and free use of deadly weapons, the duels and murders that are so rife in the South, and the haughty manners of so many Southern Congressmen. The rebellion is simply the culmination and breaking forth of this arrogant, domineering, slavery-fostered spirit on

a vast scale. Failing to hold the reins of the National Government, it must needs destroy it.

Such a temper and disposition is evidently incompatible with human equality and equal rights ; and in it we have one of the roots of Southern ill-concealed antagonism to free republican government.

2d. The second Southern, or slavery-engendered element that is antagonistic to free institutions, is contempt of labor.

Could anything else be expected ? Because slaves work, and are compelled to it by the overseer's lash, *all* labor necessarily partakes of the disgrace which is thus attached to it. It is surprising how perverted the Southern mind is upon this point. Because slavery degrades labor, they maintain that the converse must also be true, viz., that all who labor must unavoidably possess the spirit of slaves ; and hence they supposed that the North would not make a vigorous opposition, because all Northerners are addicted to labor.

The truth however is this : Where labor is despised no community can flourish as it is capable of doing ; much less one with free institutions. We might just as well talk of a body without flesh and bones ; of a house without walls or timbers ; of a country without land and water, as of free institutions without skilled and honorable labor. It is the very ground on which they stand.

This then is another source of antagonism between slave and free institutions.

3d. A third point, not only of difference, but also of antagonism between slave society and free, consists in the permanent contraction or limitation of the field of labor in the former, and its perpetual expansion and multiplication of the branches of industry in the latter. Not only does the slave perform as little work as he can with safety, but besides this, the sphere in which slave

labor can be profitably employed is a limited one. Agriculture on an extensive scale, on large plantations, is the only one that the slaveholder finds to repay him. All articles, or the vast majority of them, used by the South, that require for their production a great number of different and subdivided branches of labor, come from the North.

We have said that labor, skilled, honored, educated labor, is the material foundation, the solid ground upon which free institutions rest. We now further add this undeniable and important truth, viz., that as branches of labor are multiplied; as each branch itself is subdivided and diversified; as new branches and new details are established by the aid of the ever-increasing light of scientific discovery, and the exhaustless fertility of human inventive genius; as all these numerous industries are more or less connected and interlocked; as this great network of ever-multiplying and diversified human labors expands its circumference, while also filling up its interior meshes, in the degree that all this takes place, the broader and firmer becomes this industrial foundation for free institutions.

It is on this broad platform of diversified and interlocked labors that man meets his brother man and equal. The variety and diversity of labors adapts itself to a like and analogous diversity of human characters, tastes, and industrial aptitudes and capacities. And the mutual dependence and interlocking of these multiplied branches of industry bring the laborers themselves into more numerous, more close, and independent relations. Men are first drawn together by their mutual wants and their social impulses; but when thus brought together, they tend to remain united, not merely by affinity of character, but also, and often mainly by their having something to *do* in common—by their common labors and pursuits. Advancing civilization, since

it ever brings out and develops more and more of man's nature, must, as a natural result, ever also multiply his wants. These multiplying wants can be satisfied for each individual only by the diversified activities of multitudes of his fellows; the results of whose united labors, brought to his door, are seen in the countless articles that go to make up a well-built and well-furnished modern dwelling. Labor is thus the great *social cement*; and can any one fail to see that it is upon the basis of such a diversified and interwoven industry that a corresponding multiplicity, intermingling, and union of human relations are established; and also that it is only under free institutions in the enjoyment of equal rights, where all are equal before the law, and where political authority and order emanate from the people themselves, that labor itself can be free; and not only free, but ennobled, and at full liberty to expand itself broadly and widely in all departments, without any conceivable limits? While at the same time, by the interlacing of its countless details, it cements the laborers, the respective communities, the entire nation into a noble brotherhood of useful workers.

We have yet to learn the elevating, refining power of labor, when organized as it can, and assuredly will be. At present we have no adequate conception of this influence. It is solely for the sake of labor, for the sake of human activity, that it may fill as many and as wide and deep channels as possible, and thus permit man's varied life and capacities to flow freely forth, and expand to the utmost; it is solely for this end that all government is instituted; and under a free, popular government, under the guidance of religion and science, labor is destined to reach a degree of development and a perfection of organization, and to exert a reactive influence in ennobling human character that shall surpass the farthest stretch of our present imaginings. Our rare political organization is

but the coarse, bold outlines—the rugged trunk and branches of the great tree of liberty. Out of this will grow the delicate and luxuriant foliage of a varied, beautiful, scientific, and dignified industry and social life.

This is the glorious, towering, expanding structure, which the insane rebellion, the dark slave power, is raging to destroy! to tear it, branch by branch, to pieces, and scatter the ruins to the four winds, in order to set up, what?—in its place. A foul, decaying object—a slave oligarchy, which, do what it will, is, at each decennial census, seen to fall steadily farther and farther into the rear even of the most lag-gard of the Free States, in all that goes to make up our American civilization.* And all this because it sees that the life of the republic is the death of slavery, and free labor the eternal enemy of slave.

This difference in the conditions of labor, then, forms the third point of antagonism between free and slave institutions.

It is an antagonism that is ever on the increase—ever intensifying, and utterly irremediable in any conceivable way or mode. Much as the nation longs for peace, this is utterly hopeless, let it do what it will—compromise, try arbitration, mediation—nothing can bring lasting peace but the death of slavery. Freedom may be crushed for a season, but as it is the breath of God himself, it will live and struggle on from year to year, and from age to age, and give the world no rest until it has vanquished all opposition, and asserted its divine right to be supreme.

If slave society, therefore, thus necessarily diverges ever farther and farther from the conditions which characterize, and those which result from the operations of free institutions, such society must of course be fast on its way to a monarchical, or even an absolute and despotic government. The whites of the South even now may be considered

as separated into two distinct classes—the governing and the governed. The slaveholders are virtually the governing class, through their superior wealth, education, and influence; and the non-slaveholders are as virtually the subject class, since slavery, being the great, paramount, leading interest, overtopping and overshadowing all things else, tinging every other social element with its own sombre hue, is fatal to any movement adverse to it on the part of the non-slaveholder. Everything must drift in the whirl of its powerful eddy, a terrible maelstrom, into which the North was fast floating, when the thunder of the Fort Sumter bombardment awoke it just in time to see its awful peril and strike out, with God's help, into the free waters once more.

From these considerations, can we be surprised at the rumors that now and then come from the South, of incipient movements toward a monarchical government? Not at all. Should the rebellion succeed—a supposition which is, of course, not to be harbored for a moment—but in such an improbable contingency there can be hardly a reasonable doubt that a monarchy would be the result. Not probably at first. The individual States would like to amuse themselves awhile with the game of secession, and the joys of independent sovereignty, State rights, etc., as Georgia has already begun to do, in nullifying the conscription law on their bogus congress. But eventually their mutual jealousies, their 'quick sense of honor,' their contentious and intestine wars (and nothing else can reasonably be looked for) will bring them under an absolute monarchy, more or less arbitrary, or under the yoke of some foreign power.

The antagonism between free and slave institutions, which we have inferred, from a glance at the peculiar workings of each, finds its complete confirmation in certain statements made

* See Hon. R. J. WALKER'S invaluable papers on 'The Union,' in *CONTINENTAL MONTHLY*.

by Mr. Calhoun, some twenty years ago, which were to this effect, viz.:

‘Democracy in the North is engendering social anarchy; it is tending to the loosening of the bonds of society. Society is not governed by the will of a mob, but by education and talent. Therefore the South, resting on slavery as a stable foundation, is a principle of authority: it must restrain the North; must resist the anarchical influence of the North; must counterbalance the dissolving influence of the North. He upheld slavery because it was a bulwark to counterbalance the dissolving democracy of the North; that the dissolving doctrines of democracy took their rise in England, passed into France, and caused the French Revolution; that they have been carried out in the democracy of the North, and will there ultimate in revolution, anarchy, and dissolution.’ (Taken from Horace Greeley, in *Independent* of December 25th, 1862.)

These are Mr. Calhoun’s own words, and he will probably be allowed to be a fair exponent of Southern sentiment: we may gather from these utterances how the free republicanism of the North is regarded by the slave oligarchy.

We cannot forbear adding another statement of Mr. Calhoun, made to Commodore Stuart, as far back as 1812, in a private conversation at Washington, which was in substance as follows, viz.: That the South, on account of slavery, found it necessary to ally herself with one of the political parties; but that if ever events should so turn out as to break this alliance, or cause that the South could not control the Government, that then it would break it up.

Comment upon this is unnecessary. Let no loyal man forget these expressions; they reveal the egg from whence, after fifty years’ incubation, this rebellion has been hatched.

But our theme, ‘The Value of the Union,’ continually expands before us; nevertheless we must bring our article to a close. We do so with the following remarks:

An individual is truly free, not in

the degree only in which he governs himself, but in the degree that he governs himself according to the central truth and right of things, or according to the loftiness of the standard by which he regulates his conduct.

It is by the possession of truth, and by obedience to what that truth teaches, that a man rises out of evil and error, and out of bondage thereto.

The possession of truth constitutes intelligence.

But intelligence is worse than useless without obedience to its highest requirements, which is virtue.

Virtue, or morality, in its turn (or decent exterior conduct), is nothing without that which constitutes the soul’s topmost and central faculty, viz., the religious sentiment, or that which links the soul to God, the centre of all things. As the parts of any organism, as we have seen, fall into confusion and discord when the central bond is wanting; so do the powers of the soul, when it closes itself by evil doing against the entrance of the beams of life and light that unceasingly flow upon it from God, the spiritual sun and centre of the universe.

Now, as individuals make up the nation, this will be free, and the Union valued and preserved, in the degree that each individual is intelligent, virtuous, and religious.

Upon those, then, who educate the individual, those to whom the infant, the child, the youth, is entrusted, to mould and imbue at the most pliant and receptive period of life—on those, whose office it is to form the young mind into the love and practice of all things good and true, and an abhorrence of their opposites; upon these, the parents, the teachers, and the pastors of the land; upon these, when this hurricane of civil war shall have passed away, do the preservation of this Union and the hopes of mankind more than ever depend. Upon home education and influence; on the schools and on the churches; on these three forces centred

upon, interwoven, and vitalized by true Christian doctrine, as revealed in the Sacred Scriptures or inspired Word of God, rest the destinies of the American

republic. May those who wield them live and act with an ever more vivid and growing consciousness of their great responsibility.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

‘ALL of which I saw, and part of which I was.’

CHAPTER XXV.

JOE led Slema away, and, springing from the block, I pressed through the crowd to where Larkin was standing.

‘Larkin,’ I said, placing my hand on his arm, ‘come with me.’

‘Who in h— ar ye?’ he asked, turning on me rather roughly.

‘My name is Kirke. You ought to know me.’

‘Kirke! Why ye ar! I’m right down glad ter see ye, Mr. Kirke,’ he exclaimed, seizing me warmly by the hand.

‘Come with me; I want to talk with you.’

He sprang from the bench, and followed me into the mansion.

Entering the library, I locked the door. When he was seated, I said:

‘Now, Larkin, who do you want this girl for?’

‘Wall, I swar! Mr. Kirke, ye fire right at th’ bull’s eye!’ Then, hesitating a moment, he added:

‘Fur myself.’

‘No, you don’t; you know that isn’t true.’

‘Ha! ha! This ar th’ second time ye’ve told me I lied. Nary other man ever done it twice, Mr. Kirke; but I karn’t take no ’fence with ye, nohow—ha! ha!’

‘Come, Larkin, don’t waste time. Tell me squarely—*who* do you want this girl for?’

‘Wall, Mr. Kirke, I can’t answer thet—not in honor.’

‘Shall I tell *you*?’

‘Yas, ef ye kin!’

‘John Hallet.’

‘Wall, I’m d—d ef ye doan’t take th’ papers. Who in creashun told ye thet?’

‘No one; I *know* it. Hallet’s only son is engaged to this girl. He wants her, to balk him.’

‘Ye’re wrong thar. He wants har fur *himself*.’

‘For himself!’

‘Yas; he’s got a couple now. He’s a sly old fox; but he’s one on ’em.’

‘Is he willing to pay eighty-two hundred dollars for a mistress?’

‘Wall, Preston owes him a debt, an’ he reckons ’tain’t wuth a hill o’ beans. Thet’s th’ amount uv it.’

Thus the wrong of the father was to be atoned for by the dishonor of the child! Preston was right: the curse which followed his sin had fallen on all he loved—on his wife, his mistress, the octoroon girl, his manly, noble son; and now, the cloud which held the thunderbolt was hovering over the head of his best-loved child! And so He visiteth ‘the sins of the fathers upon the children!’

‘But he is wrong! Preston’s estate will pay its debts. If it does not, Joe will make good the deficiency. I will guarantee Hallet’s claim. See him, and tell him so.’

‘He hain’t yere, an’ woan’t be yere. He allers fights shy. An’ ’twouldn’t be uv no use. He’s made up his mind

to hev th' gal, an' hev har he will. He's come all th' way from Orleans ter make sure uv it.'

'But, Larkin, you've a heart under your waistcoat; *you* won't lend yourself to the designs of such a consummate scoundrel as Hallet!'

'Scoundrel's a hard word, Mr. Kirke. 'Tain't used much round yere; when it ar, it draws blood like a lancet.'

'I mean no offence to you, Larkin; but it's true—I will prove it;' and I went on to detail my early acquaintance with Hallet; his vast profession and small performance of piety; his betrayal of Frank's mother; his treatment of his son, and all the damning record I have spread before the reader.

As I talked, Larkin rose, and walked the room, evidently affected; but, when I concluded, he said:

'Tain't no use, Mr. Kirke; I'd rather ye wouldn't say no more. It makes me feel like the cholera. An' 'tain't no use! I've *got* ter buy th' gal.'

'You have *not* got to buy her! You need only go away. I will give you a thousand dollars, if you will go at once.'

'No, no, Mr. Kirke; I karn't do it. I'd like ter 'blige ye, and I need money like th' devil; but I karn't leave Hallet in th' lurch. 'Twouldn't be far dealin' 'tween man an' man. He trusts me ter do it, an' I'm in with him. I *must* act honest.'

'How *in* with him?'

'Why, he an' ole Roye ar tergether. The' find th' money fur my bis'ness—done it fur fifteen yar. The' git th' biggest sheer, but I karn't help myself. I went inter cotton, like a d—d fool, 'bout a yar ago, an' lost all I hed—every red cent; an' now I shud be on my beam ends ef it warn't fur them.'

'Then Hallet has made his money dealing in negroes!'

'Yas, a right smart pile, in thet, an' cotton. He got me inter th' d—d staple. I hed nigh on ter sixty thousand then—hard rocks; but I lost it all—every dollar—at one slap; though

I reckon *he* managed, somehow, ter get out.'

'Yes, of course, *he* got out, and saddened the loss upon you. Were you such a fool as not to see that?'

'P'raps he did; but he covered his trail. He's smart; ye karn't track *him*. But it makes no odds; I *hev* ter keep in with him. I couldn't do a thing, ef I didn't.'

'Yes, you could. Come North. I'll give you honest work to do.'

'You're a gentleman, Mr. Kirke, an' I'm 'bliged ter ye; but I karn't leave yere. I've got a wife an' chil'ren, an' the' wouldn't live 'mong ye abolitionists, nohow.'

'You have a wife and children?'

'Yas; a wife, an' two as likely young 'uns as ye ever seed—boy 'bout seven, an' gal 'bout twelve.'

'Well, Larkin, suppose *your* little girl was upon that auction block; suppose some villain had hired *me* to aid in debauching her; suppose you, her father, should come to me and plead with me not to do it; suppose I should tell you what you have told me, and then—should go out and buy *your* child; what would you do? Would you not curse me with your very last breath?'

He seated himself, and hung down his head, but made no reply.

'Answer me, like the honest man you are.'

'Wall, I reckon I shud.'

'Selma is to marry my adopted son. She is as dear to me as your child is to you. Can you do to her, what you would curse me for doing to *your* child? Look me in the face. Don't flinch—answer me!'

I rose, and stood before him. In a few moments he also rose, and, looking me squarely in the eye—there was a tear in his—he brought his hand down upon mine with a concussion that might have been heard a mile off, and said:

'No, I'm d—d ter h— ef I kin.'

'You are a splendid, noble fellow, Larkin.'

'Ye're 'bout th' fust man thet ever said so, Mr. Kirke. Ye told me suthin' like thet nigh on ter twelve yar ago. I hain't forgot it yit, an' I never shill.'

'You're rough on the outside, Larkin, but sound at the core—sound as a nut. I wish the world had more like you. Leave this wretched work!'

'I'd like ter, but I karn't. What kin a feller do, with neither money nor friends?'

'Get into some honest business. I know you can. I'll help you—Joe will help you. We'll talk things over to-night, and I know Joe will rig out something for you.'

He remained seated for a while, saying nothing; then he rose, and, the moisture dimming his eyes, said:

'I reckon ye're not over pious, Mr. Kirke, an' I *know* ye'd stand a hand at a rough an' tumble; but d—d ef thet ain't th' sort o' religion I like. Come, sir; ef I stay yere, ye'll make a 'ooman on me.'

As we passed into the parlor, I said to Joe, who was seated there with Selma:

'Give Larkin your hand, Joe; he's a glorious fellow.'

'My *heart* is in it, Larkin,' said the young man, very cordially. 'It would have come hard to draw a bead on, *you*.'

'I knows it would, Joe, an' I wus ter blame; but I never could stand a bluff.'

We passed out together to the auction stand. Selma and her brother ascended the block, while Larkin and I mingled with the buyers, who had collected in even larger numbers than before. The auctioneer brought down his hammer:

'Attention, gentlemen! The sale has begun. I offer you again the girl, Lucy Selma. You've h'ard the description, and (glancing at Joe, and smiling) you know the *conditions* of the sale. A thousand dollars is bid for the girl, Lucy Selma; do I hear any more? Talk quick, gentlemen; I shan't dwell on this lot; so speak up, if you've any-

thing to say. One thousand once—one thousand twice—one thousand third and last call. Do I hear any more?' A pause of a moment. 'Last call, gentlemen. Going—g-o-i-n-g—go—'

The word was unfinished; the hammer was descending, when a voice called out:

'Two thousand!'

'Whose bid is that?' cried Joe, striding across the bench, the glare of a hyena in his eyes.

'Mine, sir!' said the man, with a look of sudden surprise. His face was shaded by a broad-brimmed Panama hat, and his hair and whiskers were dyed, but there was no mistaking his large, eagle nose, his sharp, pointed chin, and his rat-trap of a mouth. It was Hallet! Springing upon a bench near by, I cried out:

'John Hallet, withdraw that bid, or your time has come! I warn you. You cannot leave this place alive!'

He gave me a quick, startled look—the look of a thief caught in the act—but said nothing.

'Who is he?' cried a dozen voices.

'A Yankee nigger-trader! A man that seduced and murdered the woman who should have been his wife; that cast out and starved his own child, and now would debauch this poor girl, who is to marry his only son!'

'Wall, he *ar* a han'some critter.'

'Bout like th' Yankees gin'rally.'

'Clar him out!' cried several voices.

'If you allow him to bid here, you are as bad as he,' I continued, unintentionally fanning the growing excitement.

'Wall, we woan't.' 'Pitch inter him!' 'Douse him in th' pond!' 'Ride him on a rail!' 'Give him a coat uv tar!' and a hundred similar exclamations rose from the crowd, which swayed toward the obnoxious man with a quick, tumultuous motion.

'He'm in de darky trade; leff de darkies handle him!' cried Ally, seizing Hallet by the collar, and dragging him toward the pond.

The face of the great merchant turned ghastly pale. Paralyzed with fear, he made no resistance.

Pressing rapidly through the crowd, and tossing Ally aside as if he had been a bundle of feathers, Larkin was at Hallet's side in an instant. Planting himself before him, and drawing his revolver, he cried out :

'Far play, gentlemen, far play. He's a cowardly scoundrel, but he shill hev far play, or my name ain't Jake Larkin!'

Instinctively the crowd fell back a few paces, and Larkin, with more coolness, continued :

'Th' only man yere thet's got anything ter say in this bis'ness ar Joe Preston; an' *he'll* guv even a Yankee far play. Woan't ye, Joe?' he cried. Then, turning quickly to his partner, he added : 'Ye didn't know th' kunditions, Mr. Hallet, did ye? Speak quick.'

'No—I—didn't know I was—giving offence,' stammered Hallet, looking in the direction in which Larkin's eyes were turned.

Selma had taken the auctioneer's chair, and Joe stood, with folded arms, glaring on Hallet.

'Come, Joe,' continued Larkin, 'I've done ye a good turn ter-day. Let him off, an' put it ter my 'count.'

'As you say, Larkin; but he must withdraw his bid, and leave the ground at once.'

'I withdraw it, sir,' said Hallet, in a cringing tone, clinging fast to the negro trader.

'Doan't hold on so tight, Mr. Hallet. Lord bless ye! nary one yere'll hurt ye; they'm gentler'n lambs—ha! ha! But when ye want anuther gal, doan't ye come *yere* fur yer darter-in-law—ha! ha!'

Putting his arm within Hallet's, he then attempted to press through the crowd; but the blood of the chivalry had risen, and, spite of Joe's remarks, they showed no inclination to let the Yankee off so cheaply. Forming a

solid wall around him, they blocked Larkin's way at every turn, and cries of 'Let him alone, Larkin!' 'Cool him off, boys!' 'Doan't ye spile th' fun, Larkin!' 'Guv th' feller a little hosspitality!' echoed from all directions.

Putting up his revolver, Larkin turned to them, and said, in the mildest and blandest tone conceivable :

'Thet's right, boys—ye *orter* hev some fun; but this gintleman's sick. Doan't ye see how pale he ar? He couldn't stand it, nohow. But thar's a feller thet kin,' pointing to Mulock, who stood looking on, at the outer edge of the crowd. 'Ef ye're spilin' fur sport, ye moight try yer hand on him!'

'Yas, he'm de man!' cried Ally. 'He holped whip de young missus. He telled on har fur twenty dollar. He'm de man!'

Mulock did not seem to realize, at once, that he was the subject of these remarks. The moment he did, he sprang out of the crowd, and darted off for the woods at the top of his speed. A hundred men followed him, with cries of 'Mount, head him off!' 'Five dollars ter th' man thet katches him!' 'Take him, dead or alive!'

Amid the universal excitement and confusion that followed, Larkin walked rapidly away with Hallet.

'You can heat the kettle, boys; Mulock can't run,' cried Joe, from the platform. 'But you must give him a fair trial.'

'We'll do thet, never ye fear!' echoed a dozen voices.

'I nominate his friend, Mr. Gaston, for judge,' said Joe.

'Gaston it is!' Gaston it is!' 'Mount the bench, Mr. Gaston!' shouted a hundred 'natives.'

Gaston got upon the auction stand, and said :

'I'll serve, gentlemen; but, before we select jurors, the sale must go on. Miss Preston is not sold yet.'

'All right! all right! Hurry up, Mr. Hammerman!' shouted the crowd.

The auctioneer took his place :

'A thousand dollars is bid for this young lady. Going—gone—*gone*, to Mr. Joseph Preston.'

Selma put her arms about Joe's neck, and, in broken tones, said : 'My brother! my dear brother!' Then she laid her head on his shoulder, and wept—wept unrestrainedly.

Who can fathom the untold misery she had endured within those two hours?

CHAPTER XXVI.

The impromptu judge took his seat on the bench, and the excited multitude once more subsided into quiet. In about fifteen minutes a tumult arose in a remote quarter of the ground, and Mulock and his pursuers appeared in sight, shouting, screaming, and swearing in a decidedly boisterous manner. The most of the profanity—to the credit of the self-appointed *posse comitatus* be it said—was indulged in by the overseer, who, with his clothes torn in shreds, and his face covered with blood, looked like the battered relic of a forty years' war. A red bandanna pinioned his arms to his sides, and a strong man at each elbow spurred his flagging footsteps by an occasional poke with a pine branch. Ally followed at a few paces, looking about as dilapidated as the culprit himself. To him evidently belonged the glory of the capture.

As they approached the stand, Gaston rose, and called out :

'Do not insult justice, by bringing the prisoner into court in this condition. Let his face be washed, his garments changed, and his wounds bound up, before he appears for trial. Dr. Rawson, I commission you special officer for the duty.'

'I'm at your service, Major Gaston,' said the doctor, stepping out from the crowd into the open semicircle in front of the bench. 'Will some one procure the loan of a coat, hat, and trousers at the mansion?'

Ally started for the needed clothing,

and the physician led the way to the small lake. In about twenty minutes the volunteer officials returned with the criminal, clothed in a more respectable manner, and Gaston said to him.

'Prisoner, take your place.'

Resistance was useless, and Mulock, with a slow step, and a sullen, dogged air, ascended the platform, and seated himself in the chair provided for him at its further extremity. Gaston sat at the other end, facing him; and four brawny 'natives,' with revolvers in their hands, took positions by his side.

'Silence in the court!' cried Gaston.

The noisy multitude became quiet, and the extempore official proceeded—with greater solemnity than many another judge of more regular appointment exhibits on similar occasions—to say :

'Prisoner, you are charged with two of the highest offences known to our laws; namely, with aiding and abetting an illegal and cruel assault on a white woman, and with procuring and inciting the murder of your own wife. You are about to be tried for these crimes by a jury of your countrymen; and I am appointed judge, that full and impartial justice may be done you. It shall be done. Counsel will be awarded you; and, that you may not be condemned by prejudiced men, you will be given the privilege of peremptory challenge against four out of every five of the jurors I shall nominate. I shall now proceed to name the jury, and you will signify your objection to those you do not approve. Thomas Murchison.'

That gentleman came forward, and Mulock said :

'I take him.'

'Godfrey Banks.'

'He's inimy ter me.'

The man stepped aside; and thus they proceeded, the prisoner taking full advantage of the liberty of choice allowed him, until, out of a panel of nearly sixty, twelve respectable, yeo-

manly-looking men had been selected. As each juror was approved of by the crowd (who had the final decision), he took a seat on a row of benches facing the 'judge' and the prisoner. When the last one had taken his place, Gaston said:

'Prisoner, you have heard the charges against you; are you guilty, or not guilty? If you think proper to acknowledge your guilt of either or both the crimes with which you are charged, I shall feel it my duty to award you a lighter punishment.'

'I hain't guilty uv 'ary one on 'em,' said Mulock, without looking up.

'What legal gentleman will appear for the people?' cried Gaston, turning to the audience. Several sprigs of the law shot out from the multitude. 'I accept *you*, Mr. Flanders. Who will act for the prisoner?'

Each one of the volunteers fell back, and no response came from any part of the ground. Mulock evidently was neither blessed nor cursed with many friends.

'Does no one appear for the prisoner? Gentlemen of the legal profession, I am sorry to see this reluctance to aid a defenceless man. Will not some one oblige *me*, by volunteering? I shall consider it a personal service,' said Gaston.

Still no response was heard. At least five minutes passed, and the 'judge's' face was assuming a look of painful concern, when Larkin approached the bench.

'Gintlemen,' he said, 'th' man hain't no friends, an' it's a d—d shame not ter come out fur a feller as stands alone. Ef I knowed lor, I'd go in fur him, ef he wus th' devil himself.'

No one came forward in answer to even this appeal; and, turning on the crowd, while warm, manly scorn glowed on his every feature, the negro-trader cried out:

'Ye're a set uv d—d sneakin' hounds, every one on ye. Ye're wuss than th' parsons, an' the' hain't fit ter tote vit-

ties ter a bar.' Turning to the 'judge,' he added, in a more respectful tone: 'I doan't know th' fust thing 'bout lor, Major Gaston, an' this man's nigh as mean a cuss as th' Lord ever made; but ef ye'll 'cept me, I'll go in fur him!'

'I will accept you with pleasure. You're doing a gentlemanly thing, Mr. Larkin.'

A murmur of applause went round the assemblage, as Larkin and the other counsel took seats near the jury.

The 'judge' then rose, and said:

'Gentlemen of the jury: You have engaged in a solemn office. You are about to try a fellow being for his life. It is a painful duty, but it is an obligation you owe to the community, and to yourselves, and you will not shrink from it. Society is held together by laws made to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. But, as *our* society is organized, there are some offences which our tribunals cannot reach. In such cases the people, from whom all laws proceed, have a right to take the law into their own hands.

'The prisoner is charged with crimes which, from the circumstances surrounding their commission, cannot be reached by regular courts of justice. They were witnessed by none but blacks, whose testimony, by our statutes, is not admissible. We, the people, therefore, are to try him; and, to get at the facts, we shall receive the evidence of negroes. You will judge for yourselves as to its credibility. If any doubt of the prisoner's guilt rests in your minds, you will give him the benefit of it, and acquit him; but if, on the other hand, you are fully persuaded that he committed either or both the crimes of which he is accused, you will convict him. *You* will patiently hear the testimony that may be presented; *I* will honestly and impartially give sentence, according to the decision at which you may arrive. The trial will now proceed.'

The witnesses were then examined.

Ally was the first one sworn. He deposed to the circumstances attending the whipping of Phyllis, and the assault on Selma; but, as his evidence was altogether hearsay—he not being present on either occasion—it was ruled out, as was also his account of the bribing of Mulock by the mistress.

Three other negroes were then called, and they proved that Mulock aided in dragging Selma to the whipping rack, and witnessed the beating; but they failed to show that he was privy to or participated in the assault on his wife. Others were examined, who saw parts of the two transactions, and then the testimony closed.

As the last witness left the stand, Gaston said:

‘I shall allow the prisoner the benefit of the final appeal. The attorney for the people will now address the jury.’

The lawyer, a young man of no especial brilliancy or ability, rose, and, going rapidly over the testimony, drew the conclusion from it that Mulock had instigated the beating of both mother and daughter, and was therefore guilty of the assault and the murder, and should accordingly be punished with death.

The motive actuating him he held to be revenge on Preston, for having, long previously, debauched his wife Phyllis. This passion, held in check during Preston's lifetime by fear of the consequences which might follow its indulgence, had broken out after his death, and wreaked itself on the two defenceless women.

The gentleman's reasoning was not very cogent, but, what he lacked in logic, he made up in bitter denunciation of Mulock, who, according to his showing, was a little blacker than the prime minister of the lower regions.

As he took his seat, Larkin rose, and, addressing himself to both the jury and the multitude, spoke, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

‘Gentlemen, this yere sort o' bis'ness

is out uv my line. I'm not used ter speechifyin', an' I may murder whot's called good English; but I'd a durned sight ruther murder *thet*, then ter joodiciously, or ary other how, murder a human bein'; an' it's my private 'pinion *ye'll* murder Mulock, ef ye bring him in guilty uv death.

‘A man hain't no right ter take human life, 'cept in self-defence. Even ef Mulock was so bad as this loryer feller tries ter make him out—but he hain't, 'cause 'tain't in natur for a man ter be wuss than th' devil himself—ye'd hev no right to stop his breath. Ye didn't guv it ter him; it doan't b'long ter ye, an' th' lor doan't 'low ye ter take what hain't your'n. Ef ye does, it's stealin', an' I knows thet none on the gintlemen uv the jury ar so all-fired mean as ter steal—'ticularly ter steal whot woan't be uv no sort o' use ter 'em, nohow.

‘The loryer yere, hes spread hissself on Mulock's motive fur doin' this thing; 'sistin' thet fur seventeen yar he's ben a nussin' suthin—nussin' it as keerfully as a mother nusses her chil'ren. Now, young 'uns gin'rally walks when they's 'bout a yar old; but this one thet Mulock's ben a nussin' didn't git 'round till it wus seventeen; an' I reckon a bantlin' thet karn't gwo alone afore it's thet age, woan't never do much hurt ter nobody.

‘But these hain't th' raal p'int's uv th' case. I'm loryer 'nuff ter tell ye, ye must gwo on th' evidence; an' thar hain't no evidence ter show thet Mulock hed anything ter do with th' whippin' uv his wife; an' th' *murder* wus in thet. He *did*—so th' nigs say, an' I reckon the' tells th' truth; an' thet's whot nary loryer kin do ef he try; so ye sees, a *nig* is smarter nor a loryer. Wall, the nigs say he holped in whippin' th' white 'ooman; an', as 'torney fur th' *truth*, gintlemen, which I'm gwine in fur yere, I've got ter 'low it. He did aid an' 'bet, as the loryers call it, in thet, an' thet proves him 'bout as mean as a white man ever gits

ter be; an', 'sides thet, he did *sell* har fur twenty dollars—a 'ooman thet even th' 'judge'—an' he *ar* a *judge* uv sech things—was willin' ter pay twenty-five hun'ed fur; he *did* sell har fur *twenty dollars*; an' thet proves him a fool! Now, fur bein' both mean an' a fool, I 'low he orter be punished. But doan't ye kill him, gintlemen! Guv it ter him 'cordin' ter his natur an' his merits.' Just luk at him. Hev ye ever seed sech a face, an' sech an eye as thet, in ary human bein'? Why, his eye ar jest like a snake's; an' its natural, ye knows, fur snakes ter crawl; the' karn't do nuthin' else, an' the' hain't ter blame fur it. No more ye karn't blame Mulock for bein' whot he ar. So guv him a coat uv tar—a ride on a rail—a duckin' in th' pond—arything thet's 'cordin' ter his natur an' his merits; but doan't ye take 'way his *life*! Ef ye does thet, he's *lost*—*LOST* furever; fur, I swar ter ye, his soul ar so small, thet ef it was once out uv his body, th' LORD himself couldn't find it, an' th' pore feller'd hev ter gwo wand'rin' 'round with nary whar ter stay, an' nary friends, aither in heaven or t'other place! So be easy with him, gintlemen! Guv him one more chance. Let him stay yere a spell longer, fur yere his soul may grow. An' it *kin* grow! Everything in natur grows—even skunks; an' who knows but Mulock may sprout out yit, an' grow ter be a MAN!

'I'se nuthin' more ter say, gintlemen, only this: Afore ye make up yer minds ter bring Mulock in guilty uv death, jest put yerselfs inter his place, an' ax yerselfs ef *ye'd* like ter hev a rope put 'round yer windpipe, as ye'd put it 'round his'n! Ef ye wudn't, jest remember, 'tain't manly ter use ary 'noth-er man in a how ye wudn't like ter be used yerselfs. I'm done.'

Larkin was frequently interrupted, during the delivery of this address, by the loud shouts and laughter of the crowd; but, at its close, a perfect tornado of applause swept over the multi-

tude, and a hundred voices called out:

'No; doan't ye hang him.' 'Give him one more chance.' 'Doan't gwo more'n the tar.' 'Larkin's a loryer, shore.'

Amid these and similar exclamations, the jury retired to the little grove of liveoaks. In about fifteen minutes they returned to their seats.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said Gaston, 'have you agreed on your verdict?'

'Greed on one thing, Major Gaston,' said the foreman, rising; 'hain't on t'other.'

'On what have you agreed?'

'On whippin' th' young 'ooman.'

'What say you on that—guilty, or not guilty?'

'Guilty.'

'And so say you all?'

'Yas, Major.'

'How do you stand on the other charge?'

'Four gwo in fur guilty; th' rest on us think Jake Larkin 'bout right as ter hangin' on him.'

'It is not for Mr. Larkin, or you, to say what shall be done with the prisoner. You are to decide whether he is or is not guilty of instigating the murder of his wife. You must retire again, until you agree upon that.'

''Twouldn't be uv no use, Major. We reckon he's mean 'nuff ter hev done it; but whether he done it, or no, we gwo fur givin' him a chance ter live.'

'Ye're white men, I swar!' cried Larkin, springing from his seat, and grasping the hands of several of the jurors in turn.

'Take your seat, and observe order, Mr. Larkin,' said the judge, smiling in spite of himself.

'All right,' said Larkin; 'ye're *some* as a judge, Major—'bout up ter me as a loryer, an' thet's saying a heap; so jest be easy on th' pore devil. *Do*, yer *Honor*!'

'Silence, sir!' said Gaston, laughing.

Larkin took his seat, and the 'judge' continued:

'Prisoner, you have heard the verdict. Have you anything to say why sentence for aiding in the assault on the white lady should not now be passed upon you?'

'No, Major Gaston; I've nothin' ter say,' said Mulock, dejectedly.

Gaston continued: 'You have been tried by a jury of your own selection. They are unanimous in pronouncing you guilty of a cowardly and unwarrantable assault on a white woman. They evidently deem you guilty of the worse crime of abetting the murder of your own wife, and humane feelings only deter them from saying so. In these circumstances, I feel it my duty to award you a more severe punishment than I should have done had you been fully acquitted of the last charge. I shall therefore sentence you to be coated with warm tar, ducked, in that condition, three times in the pond, and then ridden on a rail to your shop at Trenton; and may this example of public indignation lead you to a better life in future. Mr. Larkin, I commission you to superintend the execution of the sentence.'

'No, ye don't, Major—yer *Honor*, I mean! I'll stand by, an' see Mulock hes far play; but I woan't do nary one's dirty work, I swar.'

'Well, who will volunteer for the duty?' said Gaston, appealing to the audience.

About a score of 'natives' offered themselves; but, fixing his eye on a stout, goodnatured-looking man, who had not volunteered, Gaston said:

'Won't *you* do it, Mr. Moore?'

'Yas, ter 'blige ye, Major, I will,' replied the man.

The 'judge' then pronounced the court adjourned, and the crowd escorted Mulock and the impromptu executioners to the site of the old distilleries. There an iron kettle filled with tar was already simmering over a light-wood fire, and, being divested of his borrowed plumage, Mulock was soon clad in a close-fitting suit of black. He was

about to be led to the pond, when Ally appeared on the ground. Making his way through the crowd, he called out:

'De young missus doan't want dis ting to gwo no fudder. She'll 'sider it a 'ticular favor ef de gemmen'll leff Mulock gwo.'

'We karn't let him off without consent uv the judge,' said Mr. Moore.

A messenger was sent for Gaston, who soon appeared, and consented that further proceedings should be stopped. Mulock was at once released, and, coatless, hatless, and all but trouserless, he made his way through the hooting multitude, and left the plantation, a blacker, if not a wiser and a better man.

As we walked away from the 'scene of execution,' I said to the negro-trader:

'Larkin, you should have been a lawyer; you managed that thing admirably.'

'Th' boys hed got thar blood up, an' I know'd I couldn't clar him. A man stands a sorry chance in sech a crowd, ef they's raally bent on mischief.'

On the following morning the remainder of the negroes were purchased by Joe; and in the afternoon I was on my way home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

* * * * *

As I was sitting in my library, late one evening, rather more than a month after the events recorded in the last chapter, a hasty ring came at the street door.

'Who can be calling so late?' said Kate. 'Had *you* not better go?'

Drawing on my boots, I went to the door. As I opened it, my hand was suddenly seized, and a familiar voice exclaimed:

'What about Selly? How is she?'

'Lord bless you, Frank! is this you? How did you get here?'

'How is Selma? Tell me!'

'Safe and well—in Mobile with Joe.'

'Thank God! thank God for *that*!'

'How did you get here?'

'By the Africa; she's below. I managed to get up by a small boat. I *couldn't* wait.'

'Well, go up stairs. Your mother is in the library.'

After the first greeting had passed between Kate and the newcomer, he plied me with questions in regard to Selma. I told him all, keeping nothing back. Meanwhile, he walked the room, struggling with contending emotions—now joy, now rage, now grief. He said nothing till I mentioned Hallet's connection with the affair; then he spoke, and his words came like the rushing of the tornado when it mows down the trees.

'That is the *one* thing too much. I have held back till now. Now he *dies*!'

'Don't say that, my son!' exclaimed Kate. 'Leave him to his conscience, and to God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the LORD!''

'Vengeance is MINE! Don't talk to me mother! I want no sermons now!'

She looked at him sadly through her tears, and said:

'Have I deserved this of *you*, Frank?'

'Forgive me! forgive me, my mother!' and he buried his face in her dress, and wept—wept as he never did when a child.

A half hour passed, and no one spoke. Then he rose, and said to me:

'When did you hear from her last?'

'I had a letter yesterday; here it is,' said Kate. 'You see, she is expecting you.'

He took it, and read it over slowly. All trace of his recent emotion had gone, and on his face was an expression I had never seen there before. For the first time I noticed his resemblance to his father!

'When will you go!' continued Kate.

'I don't know. I cannot *now*.'

'Why not *now*? What is there to prevent?'

'I must go home first. I must see Cragin.'

'Cragin does not expect you for a fortnight,' I said; 'you can be back by that time.'

'But I *cannot* go now!' and again he rose, and walked the room. 'I'm not ready yet. My mind isn't made up.' After a pause, he added: 'Would you have me marry a slave—a woman of negro blood?'

'I would have you do as your feelings and your conscience dictate.'

'You cannot love her, if you ask that question,' said Kate, kindly, but sorrowfully.

'I *do* love her. I love her better than man ever loved woman; but can I make her my *wife*? A negro wife! negro children!—ha! ha!' and he clasped his hands above his head, and laughed that bitter, hollow laugh, which is the sure echo of fearful misery within.

'I cannot advise you, my son. You must act, *now*, on your own judgment. I will only say, that through it all—when put at slave work—when bound to the whipping stake—when she stood on the auction block for two long hours—she was sustained *only* by trust in *you*. It is true—she told me so; and if you forsake her now, it will'—

'Kill her! I know it! I know it, O my God! my God!' and he groaned in agony—such agony as I never before saw rend the spirit of mortal man.

* * * * *

The next morning he started for Mobile. Ten days afterward, the following telegram was handed me:

'Selma is dead. Frank is here, raving crazy. Come on at once.'

JOSEPH PRESTON.'

That night I was on my way, and that day week I reached Mobile. The first person I met, as I entered Joe's warehouse, was Larkin.

'Where is Joe?'

'Ter th' plantation. He's lookin' fur ye. I'll tote ye thar ter onst.'

In half an hour we were on the road.

We arrived just before dark, and at once I entered the mansion. Joe's hand was in mine in a moment.

'What caused this terrible thing?' I asked, hastily, eagerly.

'I don't know. When he arrived, Frank was low-spirited and moody, but very glad to see me. I brought him up here at once. He seemed overjoyed at meeting Selma, and would not let her go out of his sight for a moment. Still he appeared excited and uneasy, till I met him at the supper table. Then he was more like himself. I went with them into the parlor, and there conversed with Frank on business matters for fully two hours. We planned some shipments to Europe, and talked over sending Larkin to Texas to buy cattle for the New Orleans market. We agreed on it. I was to provide means, by keeping ninety-day drafts afloat on them (I'm short, just now, having paid out so much for the negroes), and they and I were to divide the profits with Larkin. Frank's head was as clear as a bell. I had no idea he was so good a business man. Well, about eight o'clock I left them together, and, a little after nine, went to bed. Selma's room is next to mine, and it couldn't have been later than eleven when I heard her go to it.

'The next morning she didn't come down as usual. I had a servant call her. She made no reply; but I thought nothing of it, till half an hour afterward. Then I went up myself. I rapped repeatedly, but got no answer. Becoming alarmed, I sent a servant for an axe. Frank brought it up, and I battered down the door, and found her lying on the bed, dressed as usual, a half-empty bottle of laudanum beside her—DEAD!'

'My God! And Frank made her do it!'

'Don't say that. If he *did*, he is fearfully punished; he has suffered terribly.'

'Where is he?'

'In the front room. He has raved

incessantly. At first four men couldn't hold him. Somehow, he got a knife, and cut himself badly. I got it away, but he threw me in the struggle, and nearly throttled me. He's calmer now, and I've had him untied; but old Joe has to stay with him night and day. Nobody else can manage him.'

We went into the room. Frank sat in one corner, pale, haggard, only the shadow of what he was but ten days before. His head was leaning against the wall, and he was gazing out of the window.

As I entered, 'Boss Joe' came forward and greeted me, but neither of us spoke. Approaching Frank, I laid my hand on his shoulder.

'My boy, I have come for you.'

He rose, and looked at me, a wild glare in his eyes.

'Well, it's high time; I've waited long enough. I'm ready. I don't deny it—I killed her. Make short work of it. I'd have saved you the trouble, but this infernal nigger told me I'd go to hell if I did it; and I know *she* isn't there. I want to see her again! I want her to forgive me—to forgive me! Oh! oh!' and he sank into his chair, and moaned piteously.

'He tinks you'm de sheriff, massa Kirke,' whispered Joe.

I leaned over him. The tears started from my eyes, and fell on his face, as I said:

'You *will* see her again. She does pity and forgive you.'

He sprang from his seat, and clutched my hands. 'Do you believe it? Joe says so; but Joe is a nigger, and what does a *nigger* know?' Then, putting his mouth close to my ear, he added: 'They told me *she* was one. It was false—false as hell; but'—and he threw his arms above his head, and groaned the rest—but it made me say it. O my God! my God! it made me say it! His head sank on my shoulder, and again he gave out those piteous moans.

'Have comfort, my boy. I know she loves and pities you, *now*!'

He looked up. 'Say that again! For the love of God say that again!'

'It is so! As sure as there's another life, it is so!'

He gazed at me fixedly for a few moments—then again commenced pacing the room.

'I wish I could believe it. But *you* ought to know; you look like a parson. You are a parson, aren't you?'

'Yes; I'm a parson. I *know* it is so!'

'Well, tell them to hurry up. I want to go to her at once—*now*! I can't live another week in this way. Tell them to hurry up.'

'Yes, I will; and you'll go with me to-morrow, won't you?'

He gave me again, a long, scrutinizing look. 'You're the sheriff, aren't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, I'll go with you. But you must promise to make short work of it.'

'Yes, yes; I'll promise that. But lie down now, and be quiet. I'll be ready for you in the morning.'

'Well, well, I'll try to be patient;' and he threw himself on the small cot in one corner of the room. 'But you'll let old Joe stay with me, won't you?'

'Yes; certainly.'

'Thank you, sir. Joe, bring me a cigar—that's a good fellow. You're the decentest nigger I ever knew. It's an awful pity you're black. They told me *she* was black. 'Twas an infernal lie! I know it, for I saw her last night, and she was whiter than any woman you ever saw. Black! Pshaw! nobody but the devil's black; and *she*—she's an angel now!'

As we passed out of the room, Joe said to me:

'Would you like to see Selma?'

'Have you kept the body?'

'Yes; I knew you would want to see her.'

He led the way up stairs to her chamber. In a plain, air-tight coffin, lay all that was left of the slave girl. Her

hands were crossed on her bosom; her long, glossy, brown hair fell over her neck, and on her face was the look the angels wear. She seemed not dead, but sleeping!

As I turned away, Joe took my hand, and, while a nervous spasm passed over his face, he said:

'She was all that I had; but I—I forgive him!'

'And for that, God will forgive *you*!'

The next day we buried her.

* * * * *

'Boss Joe' accompanied us to the North. We reached home just after dark. When we entered the parlor, Frank gazed around with an eager, curious look, as if some familiar scene was returning to him. In a few moments Kate entered. She rushed to him, and clasped him in her arms. He took her face between his two hands, and looked long and earnestly at her. Then, dropping his head on her shoulder, and bursting into tears, he cried:

'My mother! O my mother!'

He had awoke. The terrible dream was over. From that moment he was himself.

What passed between him and Selma on that fatal evening, I never knew. He has not spoken her name since that night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Dawsey lay at the mansion, under guard, for several weeks. When finally able to be moved she was conveyed to the 'furnished apartments' bespoken for her by Joe. Her husband, after a short confinement in jail, was set at liberty, and then made strenuous efforts to effect his wife's release on bail. He did not succeed. Public feeling ran very high against her; and that, probably more than the fact that she was charged with an unbailable crime, operated to prolong her residence at the public boarding house kept for runaway slaves and common felons at Trenton.

At the next session of the 'county

court,' after an imprisonment of four months, she was arraigned for trial. Owing to the death of Selma, Mulock was the only white witness against her. He told a straightforward story, the most rigid cross-examination not swerving him from it, and deposed to Dawsey's having attempted to bribe him to go away. His evidence was conclusive as to the prisoner's guilt; but her counsel, an able man, made so damaging an assault on his personal character, that the jury disagreed. Mrs. Dawsey was then remanded to jail to await a new trial, at the next sitting of the court.

Shortly after the trial, Mulock suddenly disappeared. Hearing of it, and suspecting he had been spirited away by Dawsey, Joseph Preston went to Trenton, and, procuring a judge's order for Mulock's arrest as an absconding witness, caused a thorough search to be made for him in Jones and the adjoining counties. He himself visited Chalk Level, in Harnett County, and there found him, living again with his white wife. That lady had previously won and lost a second spouse, but, it appeared, was then in such straits for another husband, that she was willing to take up with her own cast-off household furniture. Whether a new marriage ceremony was performed, or not, I never learned; but I have been reliably informed that Mulock complained bitterly of his wife for having defrauded him of twenty-five of the fifty dollars she had agreed to pay as consideration for his again sharing her 'bed and board.'

Mulock admitted having received four hundred dollars from Dawsey for absenting himself, and gave, as an excuse for accepting the bribe, his conviction that Mrs. Dawsey could not be found guilty on his testimony. After his arrest he was confined in the same jail with the 'retired' schoolmistress.

The second trial was approaching; but, late on the night preceding the sitting of the court, the jailer's house

—which adjoined and communicated with the prison—was forcibly entered by four armed men disguised as negroes. They bound and gagged the jailer, his wife, and two female servants, and, seizing the keys, entered the jail, and carried Mulock off by force. The keeper heard a desperate struggle, and it was supposed Mulock was foully dealt by. The footprints of four men were the next morning detected leading to a spot on the bank of the river, where a boat appeared to have been moored; but there all traces were lost, and the overseer's fate is still shrouded in mystery.

Mrs. Dawsey, whose cell adjoined Mulock's, was not disturbed, but public suspicion connected her husband with the affair. There was, however, no evidence against him, and he went 'unwhipped of justice.'

The lady was arraigned for trial on the following day, but, no witnesses appearing against her, she was—after a tedious confinement of ten months—set at liberty. Thus, at last, she achieved 'a plantation and a rich planter;' but her darling object in life—to lead and shine in society, for which her education and character peculiarly fitted her—she missed. With the exception of her brutal husband, an ignorant overseer, and a superannuated 'schulemarm,' imported from the North, she has no associates. Society has built up a wall about her, and, with the brand of Cain on her forehead, she is going through the world.

Larkin, after breaking off his connection with his 'respectable associates,' descended from trading in human cattle, to trafficking in fourfooted beasts, and all manner of horned animals. Joe offered him an interest in his business; but the negro-trader had too long led a roving life to be content with the dull routine of regular business. Young Preston, and Cragin, Mandell & Co., stipulating for a half of his profits, furnished him a capital of fifty thousand dollars; and with that he embarked

largely in 'cattle driving.' He bought in Texas, and sold in New Orleans, and did a profitable business until the breaking out of the rebellion. Since that event he has been an officer in the confederate army.

Frank remained at my house for a fortnight after his return from the South, and then, apparently restored, went to Boston. Business had grown distasteful to him, and he sought a dissolution with Cragin; but the latter prevailed on him to remain in the firm, and go to Europe. He continued there until news reached Liverpool of the fall of Fort Sumter. Then he took the first steamer for home. Arriving in Boston, he at once effected a dissolution with Cragin, and then came on to New York to make his 'mother' a short visit prior to entering the army. He expressed the intention of enlisting as a private, and I tried to dissuade him from it, by representing how easily he could raise a company in Boston, and go as an officer. 'No,' he replied; 'I know nothing of tactics. I am unfit to lead; I can only fire a musket. With one on my shoulder, I will go and sell my life as dearly as I can.'

On the 18th of May, 1861, he left New York, a private in Duryee's Zouaves (5th Regiment N. Y. V.), and on the 10th of June following, while fighting bravely by the side of York, Winthrop, and Greble, at Big Bethel, fell, badly wounded by a musket ball.

When he was fit to be moved, I had him conveyed home. His recovery was slow, but, as soon as he was able to go out, and, while still suffering from his wound, he went on to Boston to render Cragin some assistance in his business. General Butler's expedition was then fitting out for New Orleans. Weak as he was, Frank raised a company of Boston boys for it, and went off as their captain.

He was present at the bombardment and capture of New Orleans; but growing weary of the inactivity which followed those events, and hearing of

the stirring times in Tennessee, he resolved to resign his commission, and seek service in the Western army.

After his resignation had been accepted, and on the eve of his departure for the North, when returning, one night, to his lodgings, he was accosted by a woman of the street. Her face seemed familiar, and he asked her name. She answered, 'Rosey Preston.' He went with her to her home—a miserable room in the third story of a tumbledown shanty in Chartres street—and there found her child, a bright little fellow of about six years. With them, on the following day, he sailed for the North.

Arriving here, he settled on Rosey the income of a small sum, and procured her apartments in a modest tenement house in East Thirtieth street. There Rosey now works at her needle, and the little boy attends a public school.

Within the week of Frank's arrival, and when he was about setting out for the West, I was surprised one morning, by Ally's appearance in my office. Newbern had fallen, and he had made his way, with his mother, into the Union lines, and, after a good deal of difficulty, had secured a passage on a return transport to New York. I provided employment for his mother, but Ally insisted on going into the war with Frank. He went as his servant, but fought at his side at Lawrenceburgh, Dog Walk, Chaplin Hills, and Frankfort, and in three of those engagements was wounded. His bones now whiten the plains of Tennessee. Rosey he never saw, and never forgave.

Frank was with the small body of regulars who, at Murfreesboro, on the 31st of December, checked the advance of Hardee's corps after McCook's division had been driven from the field, and who saved the day. He was wounded in the arm, early in the morning, but kept the field, and joined in that heroic movement wherein fifteen hundred men marched through an open

field, and charged a body of ten thousand posted in a grove of cedars. Six hundred and forty-six of the brave band were left on the field. Frank was one of them. A Belgian ball pierced his side, and came out at his back. He saw and recognized the man who gave him the wound, and, raising himself on his elbow, fired a last shot. It did its work. The rebel lies buried where Frank fell.

The telegram which informed me of this event, said: 'He is desperately wounded, but may survive.' He is now at home, slowly recovering. What he saw and did while serving in Kentucky and Tennessee, I may at some future time narrate to the reader.

In relating actual events, a writer cannot in all cases visit artistic justice on each one of his characters; for, in real life, retribution does not always appear to follow crime. But, whatever *appearances* may be, who is there that does not feel that virtue is ever its own reward, and vice its own punishment? and what one of my readers would exchange 'a quiet conscience, void of offence toward God and toward man,' for the princely fortune of John Hallet—who is still the great merchant, the 'exemplary citizen,' the 'honest man'?

LAST WORDS.

Whoever comes before the American people in a time of great *deeds* like this, with mere *words*, should have no idle story to tell. He should have something to say; some fact to relate, or truth to communicate, which may awaken his countrymen to a true estimate of their interests, or a true sense of their duties.

The writer of these articles *has* something to say; some facts to relate which have not been told; some truths to communicate about Southern life and society, which the public ought to know. Some of these facts, gathered during sixteen years of intimate business and social intercourse with the

planters and merchants of the South, he has endeavored to embody in this volume.

He has woven them into a story, but they are nevertheless facts, and all, excepting one, occurred under his own observation. That one—the death of old Jack—was communicated to him as a fact, by his friend, Dr. W. H. Holcombe, of Waterproof, La., now an officer in the confederate army.

The author does not mean to say that his story is true as a connected whole. It is not. In it, persons are brought into intimate relations who never had any connection in life; events are grouped together which happened at widely different times; and incidents are described as occurring in the vicinity of Newbern—the slave auction, for instance—parts of which occurred in Alabama, parts in Georgia, and parts in Louisiana. But all of the characters he has described *have* lived, and all of the events he has related *have* transpired. He would, however, not have the reader believe that all he says of himself is true. Some of it is; some of it is not. The story needed some one to revolve around; and, as he began by using the personal pronoun, he continued its use, even in parts—like the scenes with Hallet, wherein the *I* stands for entirely another individual.

The real name of the character whom he has called Selma (he can state this without wounding the feelings of any one, as none of her relatives are now living), was Selma Winchester. She was educated at Cambridge, Mass., was a slave, and died of a broken heart shortly after being put at menial labor in her mother-in-law's kitchen. Her character and appearance, even the costume she wore on the occasion of her visit to the opera—a scene which many residents of Boston and vicinity will remember—are attempted to be described literally. She was not the daughter of Preston; *her* father was a very different sort of man. Nor was she sold at auction. The young woman

who was engaged to 'Frank Mandell,' and bought at the sale by her brother, was equally as accomplished, though not so beautiful as Selma. She committed suicide, as herein related. The author has blended the two characters into one, but in no particular has he departed from the truth.

The gentleman called Preston in the story was for many years one of the writer's correspondents. He had two wives, such as are described, and was the father of Joe and Rosey, whose connection was as is related. He was *not* the owner of 'Boss Joe.' The original of that character belonged (and the writer trusts still belongs) to a cotton planter in Alabama. He managed two hundred hands, and in no respect is he overdrawn in the story. His sermon is repeated from memory, and is far inferior to the original. He was a Swedenborgian, and one of the finest natural orators the writer ever listened to. Old Deborah was his mother, and died comfortably in her bed. The old woman who fell dead on the auction block, was the nurse of the young woman who was engaged to Frank. The excitement of the scene, and her anxiety for her 'young missus,' killed her.

Larkin's real name is Jacob Larkin. He was at one time connected with the

person called Hallet. He was well known in many parts of the South, and relinquished negro trading under circumstances similar to those related in the story. He is now—though a rebel in arms against his country—an honest man.

John Hallet, the writer is sorry to say, is also a real character; but he does not disgrace the good city of Boston. He operates on a wider field.

* * * * *

That most excellent woman, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, said to the author, shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter: 'If you cannot shoulder a musket, you can blow a bugle.' In this, and in a previous book, he has attempted to blow that bugle. If the blasts are not as musical as they might be, he has no apology to make for them. They have, at least, the ring of *truth*; and whether they please the public ear, or not, the author is satisfied; for he knows that each one of his children will say of him, when he is gone:

'*My* father did not stand by with folded arms, while this great nation was threatened with ruin. Against his best friends—against the convictions of a lifetime—he spoke the TRUTH! He *tried* to do something for his country.'



'MAY MORNING.'

OH! the sky is blue, and the sward is green,
 And the soft winds wake from the balmy west,—
 The leaves unfold in their gilded sheen,
 And the bird, in the tree top, builds its nest;
 The truant zephyr plumes her wings
 Once more, and quitting her perfumed bed,
 Soft calls on the sleeping flowers to wake,
 And sportive roams o'er each dewclad head.

The bluebells nod within the wood,
The snowdrop peeps from its milky bell,
The motley Thora bends her hood,
Whilst beauteous wild flowers line the dell ;
The wildbrier rose its fragrance breathes,
The violet opes her cup of blue,
The timid primrose lifts its leaves,
And kingcups wake, all bathed in dew.

From flower to flower the wild bee roams,
Then buried within the cowslip's cup,
He murmurs his low and music tones,
Till she folds the wanton intruder up ;
The spring bird, wakening, soars on high,
Gushing aloft its melting lay ;
Whilst painted clouds flit o'er the sky,
All ushering in the dawn of May !

Like a laughing nymph she springs to light,
And tripping along in the world of flowers,
Brushes the dew, in the morning bright,
And weaves a joy for each heart of ours !
With frolic hands, the daisy meek,
From her lap of green she playful throws ;
Whilst the loveliest flowers spring round her feet,
And fragrance bursts from the wild wood rose !

Oh ! glad is the heart, as through leafing trees
The soft winds roam and in music play ;
Whilst the sick come forth for the healing breeze,
And rejoice in the birth of the beauteous May ;
And glad is the heart of the joyous child,
As bounding away through the tangled dell,
It roams 'mid the flowers in greenwoods mild,
And hunts the caged bee in the cowslip's bell !

Oh ! bright is this world—'tis a world of gems—
And loveliness lingers where'er we tread ;
On the mountain top—or in lone wood glens :
A spirit of beauty o'er all is spread !
Then warmed be our hearts to that kindly Power
That scatters bright roses o'er life's rough way ;
That unfolds the cup of the snowdrop's flower,
And mantles the earth with the gems of May !

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is perhaps no branch of our service which is more efficient at the present time than that of the navy. Since the war of 1812, we have been comparatively inactive, with the exception of some coast service during the Mexican war, which was scarcely worth mentioning. In the present civil war, however, our navy has increased in a tenfold proportion—increased in activity and efficiency—and to-day, with its superior force of iron-clad steamers, will favorably compare with any navy on the globe in power, even though it may be inferior in a numerical point.

Though crippled at first at the commencement of this rebellion by the traitors among her officers in command—crippled by the loss of vessels and property destroyed by rebels—her ranks thinned by resignations and desertions, the navy struggled onward, slowly but surely, gaining vitality and power, until, under the present administration, it has ‘lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes,’ attaining its present efficiency. Accessions have been made in vessels, new grades of officers have been appointed, the various bureaus have been enlarged, and an immense number of volunteer officers have been appointed, mostly chosen from petty officers and seamen, or from the merchant service, to command armed transports and the smaller craft used for the shallow waters of the Atlantic coast. A strong blockade has been effected, a number of valuable prizes taken, and the navy has rendered invaluable service by its bombardments of the enemy’s towns and fortifications, on the coast of the United States as well as along the banks of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Tennessee rivers. In fact, much is due to the navy for its great efficiency in the present civil war in America.

We will give to the reader some statistics, taken from the September issue of the *Naval Register* for 1862, from which an idea can be formed of the great strength of this branch of our service. As these statistics are official, they will serve as a valuable source of information to those who are interested in the welfare of the country. Let us then review the organization of the United States navy.

The organization of the navy is as follows: The Navy Department, which consists of the office of the Secretary of the Navy and its various bureaus, and the officers of the navy, consisting of officers of the navy, officers of the marine corps, and warrant officers, besides volunteer and acting volunteer officers, these two last being new grades. There is no list of petty officers and seamen published in the *Register*, these being simply kept on the unpublished rolls, kept in the office of the Secretary of the Navy.

In the Navy Department proper may be found the following officers: The Secretary of the Navy; his Assistant; the chiefs of the bureaus of yards and docks, equipment, and recruiting, navigation, ordnance, construction and repair, steam engineering, provisions and clothing, and medicine and surgery. Since the publishing of the last annual *Register*, one of these bureaus is a new organization—the bureau of navigation—not yet perfected. It will be seen by referring to this *Register* that the office of the Secretary of the Navy and the bureaus attached, require, besides the chief officers, one engineer, forty-four clerks, five draughtsmen, and eight messengers.

The officers of the navy proper are divided into the following grades: Rear admirals, commodores, captains, commanders, lieutenant commanders,

lieutenants, surgeons ranking with commanders, surgeons ranking with lieutenants, passed assistant surgeons ranking next after lieutenants, assistant surgeons ranking next after masters, paymasters ranking with commanders, paymasters ranking with lieutenants, assistant paymasters, chaplains, professors of mathematics, masters in the line of promotion, masters not in the line of promotion, passed midshipmen, midshipmen detached from the naval academy and ordered into active service, boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sailmakers, navy agents, naval store keepers, naval constructors, officers of the naval academy, officers on special service, engineers in chief, first assistants, second assistants, third assistants, and officers of the marine corps.

The volunteer officers of the navy are acting lieutenants, acting volunteer lieutenants, acting masters, acting ensigns, acting master's mates, acting assistant surgeons, acting assistant paymasters and clerks, and acting first, second, and third engineers.

The petty officers of the navy are comprised as follows: Yeomen, armorers, boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sailmakers, and armorer's mates, master-at-arms, ship's corporals, coxswains, quarter masters, quarter gunners, captains of forecandle, tops, afterguard, and hold, coopers, painters, stewards, ship's officers, surgeons, assistant surgeons and paymasters, stewards, nurses, cooks, masters of the band, musicians, first and second class, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, boys, first and second class firemen, and coal heavers.

The ranking of officers of the navy compared to the grades of the army may thus be enumerated: An admiral of the navy ranks with a major general in the army, a commodore as a brigadier general, a captain as a colonel, a commander as a lieutenant colonel, a lieutenant commander as a major, a lieutenant as a captain, a master as a first lieutenant, and an ensign (the new grade) as a second lieutenant. The

senior rear admiral of the navy, Charles Stewart of Pennsylvania, now on the retired list, ranks as a major general commanding in chief, and is the highest official in the navy except the Secretary.

The pay of the navy is quite an item in the list of Government expenditures. A few statistics relative to the expenditures will not prove uninteresting to the reader. The pay of seven admirals in the active list, commanding squadrons, and of fourteen rear admirals in the retired list, is \$87,000; of twenty-six commanders and six on the retired list, is \$117,860; of seventy captains on the active list, \$239,300; thirty-two on the retired list, \$85,400; one hundred and seventy commanders on active list, \$554,380, and nine on the reserved list, \$18,800; two hundred and forty-four lieutenant commanders, active list, \$672,000; one hundred and eighty surgeons of various grades, \$708,000; ten passed assistant surgeons, \$8,700; two hundred and eighteen assistant surgeons, \$422,900; eighty-one paymasters, \$81,000; sixty assistant paymasters, \$67,850; twenty-three chaplains, \$34,500; twelve professors of mathematics, \$21,600; seventeen masters, \$18,320; three passed midshipmen, and one midshipman (old list), \$4,308; four hundred and eighteen midshipmen, graduates of the naval academy, \$259,600; fifty-four gunners, \$67,500; forty-two acting gunners, \$33,600; sixty carpenters, \$60,000; forty-six sailmakers, \$43,650; eight navy agents, \$25,000; twelve naval store keepers, \$18,000; nine naval constructors, \$16,200; engineers and assistants, \$756,700; officers of the naval academy, \$759,000; officers of the marine corps, \$536,000; acting volunteer officers of the navy of all grades, \$2,975,300, and petty officers and seamen, \$2,560,000; making a total of \$10,863,118, for pay alone.

Let us add to this, other expenses to swell out the list. For clerk hire alone it is said that \$600,000 is annually paid out; for navy yards and depots,

\$12,583,280 64; for the different bureaus, \$8,325,161; and for contingent expenses, \$2,600,000. Add to this the pay of the hospitals, \$1,200,000; for magazines, \$200,000; repair and equipment, \$11,400,000; chartering and purchasing of vessels for naval purposes, \$10,800,000; thus making a total of \$47,708,441 64, which, added to the pay of the navy, makes the annual expenditure \$58,571,559 64.

Let us now turn our attention to the vessels of the United States navy. In this department has the navy greatly increased within a few years. To give the reader an idea of our navy, we append the following statistical account of the vessels, giving their class, tonnage, number of guns, name, and station, which cannot but be of great interest to all who are interested in the affairs of the nation. We will give them in the following table:

SHIPS OF THE LINE—6.

Alabama . . .	84	guns,	2,663	tons.
New Orleans . . .	84	"	2,805	"
North Carolina . . .	84	"	2,633	"
Ohio . . .	84	"	2,757	"
Vermont . . .	84	"	2,633	"
Virginia . . .	84	"	2,633	"

Of these, the Alabama is on the stocks at Kittery, Maine, the New Orleans on the stocks at Sackett's Harbor, and the Virginia on the stocks at Boston. The Vermont is store ship at Port Royal, South Carolina, while the North Carolina and Ohio are receiving ships at Boston and New York. The Pennsylvania, 120-gun ship, was destroyed by the rebels at Gosport, Virginia, last year. This class of vessels are the most ineffective we have in the service, the Ohio being the only one which has done good service.

SAILING FRIGATES—6.

Brandywine . . .	50	guns,	1,726	tons.
Potomac . . .	50	"	1,726	"
Sabine . . .	50	"	1,726	"
Santee . . .	50	"	1,726	"
St. Lawrence . . .	50	"	1,726	"
Independence* . . .	50	"	2,257	"

* Razed from a line-of-battle ship.

The Brandywine, Independence, and Potomac are used as receiving and store ships. The Sabine is at New London recruiting, the Santee is in ordinary at Boston, and the St. Lawrence is attached to the East Gulf Squadron.

SAILING SLOOPS—21.

Constitution . . .	50	guns,	1,607	tons.
Constellation . . .	22	"	1,452	"
Cyane . . .	18	"	792	"
Dale* . . .	15	"	566	"
Decatur . . .	10	"	566	"
Falmouth . . .	2	"	703	"
Fredonia . . .	2	"	800	"
Granite . . .	1	"	—	"
Jamestown . . .	22	"	985	"
John Adams . . .	18	"	700	"
Macedonian . . .	22	"	1,341	"
Marion . . .	15	"	566	"
Portsmouth . . .	17	"	1,022	"
Preble . . .	10	"	566	"
Saratoga . . .	18	"	882	"
Savannah . . .	24	"	1,726	"
St. Marys . . .	22	"	958	"
St. Louis . . .	18	"	700	"
Vandalia . . .	20	"	783	"
Vincennes . . .	18	"	700	"
Warren . . .	2	"	691	"

BRIGS—4.

Bainbridge . . .	6	guns,	259	tons.
Bohio . . .	2	"	196	"
Perry . . .	9	"	280	"
Sea Foam . . .	3	"	264	"

Of the sailing sloops and brigs the following are in active service: Saratoga, coast of Africa; Mediterranean Squadron, the Constellation; the West Gulf Squadron, Portsmouth, Preble, and Vincennes; Pacific Squadron, Cyane, and St. Marys; St. Louis on special service; the Dale and Vandalia in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Constitution, Macedonian, Marion, and Savannah, as school and practice ships; the Falmouth, Warren, and Fredonia as store ships, and the sloop of war, Decatur, in ordinary. In the West Gulf Squadron are the brigs Bohio and Sea Foam; in the East Gulf Squadron is the brig Perry, while the Bainbridge is at Aspinwall.

TRANSPORT SHIPS—14.

Charles Phelps . . .	1	gun,	362	tons.
Courier . . .	3	"	554	"

* Lost at sea.

Fearnot . . .	6 guns,	1,012 tons.
Ino . . .	9 "	895 "
Kittatinny . . .	4 "	421 "
Morning Light . . .	8 "	937 "
Nightingale . . .	1 "	1,000 "
National Guard . . .	4 "	1,046 "
Onward . . .	8 "	874 "
Pampero . . .	4 "	1,375 "
Roman . . .	1 "	350 "
Supply . . .	4 "	547 "
Shepard Knapp . . .	8 "	838 "
William Badger . . .	1 "	334 "

The ships are divided as follows: The Supply and William Badger are in the North Atlantic Squadron; the Ino, the Onward, and Shepard Knapp in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Fearnot, the Kittatinny, and Morning Light in the West Gulf Squadron; the Courier is used as a store ship at Port Royal, the Charles Phelps as a coal ship, and the Roman as ordnance vessel at Hampden Roads, Virginia.

TRANSPORT BARKS—16.

Amanda . . .	6 guns,	368 tons.
Arthur . . .	6 "	554 "
A. Houghton . . .	2 "	326 "
Braziliera . . .	6 "	540 "
Ethan Allen . . .	7 "	556 "
Fernandina . . .	6 "	297 "
J. C. Kuhn . . .	5 "	888 "
Jas. L. Davis . . .	4 "	461 "
Jas. S. Chambers . . .	5 "	401 "
Kingfisher . . .	5 "	450 "
Midnight . . .	5 "	386 "
Pursuit . . .	6 "	603 "
Release . . .	2 "	327 "
Roebuck . . .	4 "	455 "
Restless . . .	4 "	265 "
Wm. G. Anderson . . .	7 "	593 "

In the East Gulf Squadron are the barks Amanda, Ethan Allen, Jas. L. Davis, Jas. S. Chambers, Kingfisher, and Pursuit. In the West Gulf Squadron, the Arthur Houghton, J. C. Kuhn, Midnight, and W. G. Anderson. In the South Atlantic Squadron the Braziliera, Fernandina, Roebuck, and Restless, while the Release is a store ship in the Mediterranean. To these may be added one barkantine, the Horace Beals, of 3 guns and 296 tons, employed in the Western Gulf Squadron.

SCHOONERS—8

Beauregard . . .	1 gun,	101 tons.
Chotank . . .	1 "	53 "
Dart . . .	1 "	94 "
G. W. Blunt . . .	1 "	121 "
Hope . . .	1 "	134 "
Sam Rotan . . .	2 "	212 "
Sam Houston . . .	1 "	66 "
Wanderer . . .	4 "	300 "

In the Potomac Flotilla is the schooner Chotank. The G. W. Blunt and the Hope are in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Dart and Sam Houston in the West Gulf Squadron, while the Sam Rotan, Wanderer, and Beauregard (the last named captured from the rebels) are in the East Gulf Squadron.

YACHTS—2

America: South Atlantic Squadron.
Corypheus: West Gulf Squadron.

These vessels are used chiefly as tenders and despatch vessels.

MORTAR SCHOONERS—18.

Arletta . . .	3 guns,	199 tons.
Adolf Hugel . . .	3 "	269 "
C. P. Williams . . .	3 "	210 "
Dan Smith . . .	3 "	149 "
Geo. Mangham . . .	3 "	274 "
Henry Janes . . .	3 "	261 "
John Griffith . . .	3 "	246 "
M. Vassar . . .	3 "	182 "
Maria A. Wood . . .	2 "	344 "
Norfolk Packet . . .	3 "	349 "
Orvetta . . .	3 "	171 "
Para . . .	3 "	190 "
Racer . . .	3 "	252 "
Rachel Seman . . .	2 "	303 "
Sophronia . . .	3 "	217 "
Sarah Bruen . . .	3 "	233 "
T. A. Ward . . .	3 "	284 "
Wm. Bacon . . .	3 "	183 "

Of these eighteen mortar schooners, five are at Baltimore, two in the North Atlantic Squadron, five in the West Gulf Squadron, one in the East Gulf Squadron, four in the Potomac Flotilla, and one in the James River Flotilla.

We have thus given the statistics of the sailing vessels of the navy. We now give a table of the steam vessels of all descriptions in our navy, which are the most valuable auxiliaries we

have. It is probably the most effective steam navy in the world, and in its department of huge ironclads cannot be excelled even by the navies of the old world. The steam vessels of our navy may thus be enumerated :

STEAM FRIGATES—9.

Colorado . . .	48	guns,	3,435	tons.
Niagara . . .	34	"	4,582	"
Powhatan . . .	11	"	2,415	"
Minnesota . . .	48	"	3,307	"
Mississippi* . .	12	"	1,692	"
Princeton . . .	8	"	900	"
San Jacinto . .	12	"	1,446	"
Saranac . . .	9	"	1,446	"
Susquehanna . .	17	"	2,450	"

The Niagara, one of the finest screw frigates in the navy, and which, with the Colorado, is now repairing, is noted for being connected with the Atlantic cable expedition, as well as for conveying the Japanese embassy home. She is the pet of the navy, and great credit is due the late George Steers for such a splendid specimen of naval architecture. The Powhattan, Minnesota, and Mississippi are attached to the South Atlantic Squadron; the San Jacinto to the East Gulf Squadron; the Susquehanna to the West Gulf Squadron, and the Saranac to the Pacific Squadron. The old Princeton is the receiving ship at Philadelphia. Of these steam frigates, six are screw, and three sidewheel.

STEAM SLOOPS—10.

Brooklyn . . .	24	guns,	2,070	tons.
Canandaigua . .	9	"	1,395	"
Dacotah . . .	6	"	997	"
Hartford . . .	25	"	1,990	"
Housatonic . . .	9	"	1,240	"
Lancaster . . .	22	"	2,362	"
Oneida . . .	9	"	1,032	"
Pensacola . . .	22	"	2,158	"
Richmond . . .	26	"	1,929	"
Wachusett . . .	9	"	1,032	"

The Brooklyn, Hartford, Housatonic, Pensacola, Richmond, and Oneida are in the West Gulf Squadron; the Canandaigua in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Lancaster in the Pacific,

* Destroyed by her officers opposite the rebel batteries at Port Hudson, Mississippi.

and the Dacotah and the Wachusett in the West India Squadron.

STEAM GUNBOATS—40.

Conemaugh . . .	8	guns,	955	tons.
Crusader . . .	6	"	545	"
Cambridge . . .	5	"	858	"
Chippewa . . .	4	"	507	"
Cayuga . . .	6	"	507	"
Chocura . . .	4	"	507	"
Huron . . .	4	"	507	"
Itasca . . .	4	"	507	"
Kanawha . . .	4	"	507	"
Kennebec . . .	4	"	507	"
Kineo . . .	4	"	507	"
Katahdin . . .	4	"	507	"
Mohawk . . .	7	"	459	"
Mohican . . .	6	"	994	"
Mystic . . .	4	"	451	"
Marblehead . .	4	"	507	"
Monticello . . .	7	"	665	"
Miami . . .	7	"	630	"
Naragansett . .	5	"	809	"
Ottawa . . .	4	"	507	"
Owasco . . .	4	"	507	"
Octorora . . .	6	"	829	"
Pawnee . . .	9	"	1,289	"
Pocahontas . .	5	"	694	"
Pembina . . .	4	"	507	"
Penobscot . . .	4	"	507	"
Panola . . .	4	"	507	"
Penguin . . .	6	"	389	"
Pontiac . . .	8	"	974	"
Seminole . . .	5	"	801	"
Sciota . . .	4	"	507	"
Seneca . . .	4	"	507	"
Sagamore . . .	4	"	507	"
Sebago . . .	6	"	832	"
Tahoma . . .	4	"	507	"
Unadilla . . .	4	"	507	"
Wyandotte . . .	4	"	458	"
Wyoming . . .	6	"	997	"
Wissahickon . .	4	"	507	"
Winona . . .	4	"	507	"

Of these gunboats, some of them rated as steam sloops of the third class, twelve are in the South Atlantic Squadron; five in the North Atlantic Squadron; ten in the West Gulf Squadron; three in the East Gulf Squadron; two in the Potomac Flotilla; one in the East Indies; one in the Pacific; one at Philadelphia; and five under repairs at the different navy yards.

AUXILIARY STEAM GUNBOATS—47.

Anacostia . . .	2	guns,	217	tons.
Aroostook . . .	4	"	507	"
Albatross . . .	4	"	378	"

Currituck . . .	5	guns,	193	tons.	Bienville . . .	10	guns,	1,558	tons.
Perry . . .	4	"	513	"	Florida . . .	10	"	1,261	"
Barney . . .	4	"	513	"	Flag . . .	9	"	963	"
Clifton . . .	6	"	892	"	Hatteras . . .	3	"	1,100	"
Ellen . . .	4	"	341	"	Jas. Adger . . .	9	"	1,151	"
E. B. Hale . . .	4	"	192	"	Keystone State . . .	9	"	1,364	"
Fort Henry . . .	6	"	519	"	Kensington . . .	3	"	1,052	"
Genesee . . .	4	"	803	"	Massachusetts . . .	5	"	1,155	"
Huntsville . . .	4	"	817	"	Quaker City . . .	9	"	1,600	"
Hunchback . . .	4	"	517	"	Rhode Island . . .	7	"	1,517	"
Harriet Lane * . . .	4	"	619	"	R. R. Cuyler . . .	8	"	1,202	"
John Hancock . . .	3	"	382	"	South Carolina . . .	6	"	1,165	"
Jacob Bell . . .	3	"	229	"	Santiago de Cuba . . .	10	"	1,667	"
Louisiana . . .	4	"	295	"	State of Georgia . . .	9	"	1,204	"
Mercidita . . .	7	"	776	"	Tennessee . . .	1	"	1,275	"
Montgomery . . .	5	"	787	"	Cimmerone . . .	10	"	860	"
Mt. Vernon . . .	3	"	625	"	Connecticut . . .	5	"	1,800	"
Maratanza . . .	6	"	786	"	Dawn . . .	3	"	391	"
Memphis . . .	4	"	791	"	Daylight . . .	4	"	682	"
Norwich . . .	5	"	431	"	Delaware . . .	3	"	357	"
New London . . .	5	"	221	"	Dragon . . .	1	"	118	"
Potomska . . .	5	"	287	"	Flambeau . . .	2	"	900	"
Patroon . . .	5	"	183	"	Isaac Smith . . .	9	"	453	"
Paul Jones . . .	6	"	863	"	Mahaska . . .	6	"	832	"
Port Royal . . .	8	"	805	"	Morse . . .	2	"	513	"
Saginaw . . .	3	"	453	"	Planter . . .	2	"	300	"
Sumter . . .	4	"	460	"	Satellite . . .	2	"	217	"
Stars and Stripes . . .	5	"	407	"	Shasheen . . .	2	"	180	"
Somerset . . .	6	"	521	"	Sonoma . . .	6	"	955	"
Sachem . . .	5	"	197	"	Thos. Freeborn . . .	2	"	269	"
Southfield . . .	4	"	751	"	A. C. Powell . . .	1	"	65	"
Tioga . . .	6	"	819	"	Alfred Robb . . .	4	"	75	"
Uncas . . .	3	"	192	"	Ceres . . .	1	"	144	"
Underwriter . . .	4	"	331	"	Cœur de Leon . . .	2	"	60	"
Valley City . . .	5	"	190	"	Cohasset . . .	2	"	100	"
Victoria . . .	3	"	254	"	Ella . . .	2	"	230	"
Water Witch . . .	3	"	378	"	Eastport . . .	8	"	700	"
Wasmutta . . .	5	"	270	"	Henry Brinker . . .	1	"	108	"
Western World . . .	5	"	441	"	Hetzel . . .	2	"	—	"
Wyandank . . .	2	"	399	"	John P. Jackson . . .	6	"	777	"
Westfield . . .	6	"	891	"	John L. Lockwood . . .	2	"	182	"
Yankee . . .	3	"	328	"	Leslie . . .	2	"	100	"
Young Rover . . .	5	"	418	"	Mercury . . .	2	"	187	"
Yantic . . .	4	"	593	"	Madgie . . .	2	"	218	"
					O. M. Petit . . .	2	"	165	"
					Pulaski . . .	1	"	395	"
					Resolute . . .	1	"	90	"
					Reliance . . .	1	"	90	"
					Rescue . . .	1	"	111	"
					Stepping Stones . . .	1	"	226	"
					Teaser . . .	2	"	90	"
					Vixen . . .	2	"	—	"
					Whitehead . . .	1	"	136	"
					Young America . . .	1	"	171	"
					Zouave . . .	1	"	127	"

Six of these auxiliary steam gunboats are in the Potomac Flotilla; eight in the West Gulf Squadron; thirteen in the North Atlantic Squadron; nine in the South Atlantic Squadron; four in the Eastern Gulf Squadron; one in the West India Fleet; one at San Francisco, and five in ordinary.

TRANSPORT STEAMERS ALTERED INTO WAR VESSELS—58.

Alabama . . .	8	guns,	1,261	tons.
Alleghany . . .	6	"	989	"
Augusta . . .	8	"	1,310	"

* Taken by the rebels at Galveston.

Most of these auxiliary altered steamers have been purchased and refitted for naval service. A number of our ocean mail steamers have been purchased by the Department, such as the Augusta, Florida, Alabama, Quaker

City, Keystone State, and State of Georgia; while others have been taken from our rivers flowing into the Atlantic, on which this last class of vessels were formerly plying. In the South Atlantic Squadron are fifteen of this class of transport steamers; fifteen in the North Atlantic; four in the Western Gulf; one in the East Gulf; one in the Brazil, and three in the West India Squadrons. There are also twelve in the Potomac Flotilla; one in the Western Flotilla; two supply steamers; and three in ordinary; with one receiving ship. In the Potomac Flotilla is the captured rebel gunboat Teaser. The De Soto may also be added to this class, carrying 9 guns of 1,600 tons, and at present attached to the Western Gulf Squadron.

We now call the attention of the reader to that most formidable class of vessels in our navy,

IRON-CLAD STEAMERS—15.

The iron-clads of our navy are divided into two classes—the river and ocean steamers, as also steam rams. We will first notice the ocean class:

Galena	6 guns,	738 tons.
Monitor*	2 "	776 "
New Ironsides	18 "	3,483 "
Roanoke	6 "	3,435 "

The Galena and Monitor have been well tested in the present war, but the Galena at present is considered a failure. The New Ironsides, now on special service, is said to be one of the most formidable iron-clad vessels in the world. Of the iron-clad river steamers, we enumerate the following:

Benton	16 guns,	1,000 tons.
Baron de Kalb	13 "	512 "
Cairo	13 "	512 "
Cincinnati	13 "	512 "
Carondelet	13 "	512 "
Essex	7 "	1,000 "
Louisville	13 "	468 "
Lexington	7 "	500 "
Mound City	13 "	512 "
Pittsburgh	13 "	512 "
Tyler	9 "	600 "

The Galena is in the North Atlantic

* Foundered at sea.

Squadron; the New Ironsides in special service; the Roanoke repairing in New York; and the river iron-clads are attached to the Western Flotilla.

IRON-CLAD RAMS—12.

General Bragg	2 guns,	700 tons.
Gen. Sterling Price	— "	400 "
General Pillow	2 "	500 "
Great Western	— "	800 "
Kosciusko	— "	— "
Lafayette	— "	1,000 "
Little Rebel	3 "	400 "
Lioness	— "	— "
Monarch	— "	— "
Queen of the West*	— "	— "
Switzerland	— "	— "
Simpson	— "	— "

Six of these rams, though finished, have not received their armament. They are all attached to the Western River Flotilla. Five of these were captured from the rebels, and one was purchased.

OTHER VESSELS NOT CLASSED—22.

Iroquois	9 guns,	1,016 tons.
Kearsage	7 "	1,031 "
Tuscarora	10 "	997 "
Wabash	48 "	3,274 "
Clara Dolsen	— "	1,000 "
Choctaw	— "	1,000 "
Conestoga	— "	— "
Darlington	— "	— "
Ellis	2 "	— "
Eugenie	— "	— "
Gem of the Sea	4 "	371 "
Gemsbok	7 "	622 "
Judge Torrence	— "	600 "
King Philip	— "	— "
Michigan	1 "	582 "
Mount Washington	— "	— "
Magnolia	3 "	— "
Oliver H. Lee	3 "	199 "
Philadelphia	— "	— "
Relief	2 "	468 "
Stetten	— "	— "
Ben Morgan	— "	407 "

Among these vessels unclassified, are one steam frigate, three steam sloops, eight ocean and four river steamers, three barks, one schooner, and one mortar schooner.

UNFINISHED VESSELS OF THE NAVY.

STEAM FRIGATE—1.

Franklin	50 guns,	3,684 tons.
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* Taken by the rebels.

STEAM SLOOPS—7.

Lackawanna	9 guns, 1,533 tons.
Ticonderoga	9 " 1,533 "
Shenandoah	9 " 1,378 "
Monongahela	9 " 1,378 "
Sacramento	9 " 1,367 "
Juniata	9 " 1,240 "
Ossipee	9 " 1,240 "

STEAM GUNBOATS—28.

Puritan (iron-clad)	4 guns, 3,265 tons.
Tonawanda "	4 " 1,564 "
Tecumseh "	2 " 1,034 "
Onondaga "	4 " 1,250 "
Ascutney	8 " 974 "
Agawam	8 " 974 "
Chenango	8 " 974 "
Chicopee	8 " 974 "
Eutaw	8 " 974 "
Iosco	8 " 974 "
Mattabeset	8 " 974 "
Mingoe	8 " 974 "
Mackinaw	8 " 974 "
Metacomet	8 " 974 "
Otsego	8 " 974 "
Pontoosac	8 " 974 "
Sassacus	8 " 974 "
Shamrock	8 " 974 "
Taconey	8 " 974 "
Tallapoosa	8 " 974 "
Wateree	8 " 974 "
Wyalusing	8 " 974 "
Lenape	8 " 974 "
Maumee	4 " 593 "
Com. Morris	1 " 532 "
Com. McDonough	6 " 532 "
Calhoun	4 " 508 "
Com. Hull	3 " 376 "

IRON-CLAD OCEAN GUNBOATS—22.

Dunderburg	10 guns, 5,019 tons.
Dictator	2 " 3,033 "
Monadnock	4 " 1,564 "
Miantonimah	4 " 1,564 "
Agamenticus	4 " 1,564 "
Canonicus	2 " 1,034 "
Manhattan	2 " 1,034 "
Mahopac	2 " 1,034 "
Manayunk	2 " 1,034 "
Catskill	2 " 844 "
Camanche	2 " 844 "
Lehigh	2 " 844 "
Montauk	2 " 844 "
Nantucket	2 " 844 "
Nahant	2 " 844 "
Patapsco	2 " 844 "
Passaic	2 " 844 "
Sangamon	2 " 844 "
Weehawken	2 " 844 "
Moodna	2 " 677 "
Marietta	2 " 479 "
Sandusky	2 " 479 "

IRON-CLAD RIVER GUNBOATS—12

Catawba	2 guns, 1,034 tons.
Tippecanoe	2 " 1,034 "
Chickasaw	4 " 970 "
Kickapoo	4 " 970 "
Milwaukee	4 " 970 "
Winnebago	4 " 970 "
Tuscumbia	3 " 565 "
Ozark	2 " 578 "
Osage	2 " 523 "
Neosho	2 " 523 "
Indianola*	2 " 442 "
Chillicothe	2 " 303 "

The most formidable class of these unfinished vessels are the iron-clad gunboats. Of these are four of immense size, viz., the Puritan, Tonawanda, Tecumseh, and Onondaga. The mammoth iron-clad of all is the enormous Dunderburg, carrying 10 guns of from fifteen to twenty inches in calibre, and having a tonnage of 5,019 tons. The Dictator is another immense iron-clad. Of the river Gunboat Fleet, the Catawba and Tippecanoe stand as first class, carrying heavy nine and eleven inch Dahlgren guns.

The building of these ocean iron-clads is at the following places: Nine of them are building at New York; three at Brooklyn; one at Portsmouth; two at Jersey City; four at Boston; two at Chester; two at Pittsburgh; one at Brownsville, Pennsylvania; and one at Wilmington, Delaware. The river iron-clads are built at the following places: Five at Cincinnati; six at St. Louis; and one at Mound City, Illinois. Of the first-class steam gunboats, eleven are building at New York; four at Boston; two at Portland, Maine; two at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; one at Bordentown, New Jersey; one at Brooklyn; two at Philadelphia; one at Chester; and two at Baltimore, Maryland.

The other vessels building in the yards are as follows: the steam frigate Franklin, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the steam sloops Juniata, Monongahela, and Shenandoah, at Philadelphia; the Lackawanna and Ticonder-

* Destroyed by the rebel gunboats below Vicksburg.

oga, at New York; and the Ossipee and Sacramento, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

There are a large number of contracts out for new gunboats and steamers, which, when completed, will make us the most formidable navy in the world. In conclusion, we will give to the reader the following table, classifying the vessels now in our navy, and giving statistics of their tonnage and the number of guns which they carry :

RECAPITULATION.

	Vessels.	Guns.	Tons.
Ships of the line	6	504	16,124
Sailing frigates	7	348	14,161
Sailing sloops	24	372	21,151
Brigs	4	20	999
Transport ships	16	64	11,420
Transport barks	16	91	8,463
Schooners	8	12	1,081
Yachts	2	—	—
Mortar schooners	18	52	4,316
Steam frigates	9	199	21,673
Steam sloops	10	161	16,205
Steam gunboats	40	200	24,783
Auxiliary steam gunboats	47	209	23,875

	Vessels.	Guns.	Tons.
Transport steamers altered to war vessels	58	240	36,170
Iron-clad ocean steamers	4	32	8,435
Iron-clad river steamers	11	130	6,640
Iron-clad rams	12	7	3,800
Other vessels not classed	14	9	3,788

UNFINISHED VESSELS OF THE NAVY.

Frigates	1	50	3,684
Steam sloops	7	63	9,669
Steam gunboats	28	184	35,160
Iron-clad ocean gunboats	22	58	26,955
Iron-clad river gunboats	12	33	8,682

The total number of vessels of all classes in the navy, is 376, having a tonnage of 307,234 tons, and carrying 3,038 guns of heavy calibre.

With these statistics, compiled from 'official' sources, we conclude this article, and in our next shall take up the subject of naval gunnery in the United States.

THREE MODERN ROMANCES.

GUY LIVINGSTONE, 'SWORD AND GOWN,' AND 'BARREN HONOR.'

THIS terrible power of fictitious invention, wherewith God has endowed man, and which now-a-days we take readily enough, without comment, is yet the growth of comparatively modern times, the development within a few centuries of a new faculty. The Greek never solaced his leisure with the latest tale of a gifted Charicles or Aristarchus, and the grave Roman would have been as much startled by a 'new novel' as by the apparition of a steam engine. The famous Minerva press was the first mighty well-spring

whence gushed the broad and rapid torrent of cheap fiction. This perennial fountain has long ceased to flow, yet has its disappearance left no unsatisfied void. The procreation of human kind has failed to support the elaborate theory of Malthus, but had the sage philosopher transferred his calculations from the sons of men to works of fiction, then indeed he might stand forth the prophet of a striking truth. The extensive plain over which this flood is spread seems even to be extending its limits, and a spongy soil of unlimited

capacity is ready ever to absorb the fresh advance of waves. It is indeed striking to observe how authors and men of talent have increased, so vastly out of all proportion with other classes of men. Observing it, the political economist may well shout 'Io triumphe!' for that even in so delicate and intangible a matter as intellectual gifts, the famous doctrine of supply and demand is so thoroughly carried out. We raise, however, no hue and cry after 'poor trash.' Neither have we the blood-thirsty wish to run to ground the panting scribbler, or to adorn ourselves with the glories of his 'brush.' Let those who countenance him by reading his works, and who can reconcile the purchase thereof with their consciences, answer to their fellow men for the inevitable consequences. But it must be confessed that there is in this department a sad want. All readers of moderate discrimination must have felt it painfully. In the literature of fiction we need organization. How do we know a good tea from a bad? Is it by the universal consent of the good people of China—by a democratic 'censatur' of the celestial nation? Not at all. Every variety is tasted by men who rinse their mouths after each swallow, and the comparative merits are gauged and graduated by adepts, who make it the sole business and profession of their lives. A similar process we need in fiction. The old system of criticism in reviews and magazines worked well in its day, but it won't do now. The era of the old-fashioned novel critic has gone by. He knows it, and his voice is seldom heard. Even a numerous body, working promiscuously and without conjunction, could not accomplish much. The only manner in which the requisite result could be brought about would be by a regularly organized set of men, working under direction and regulated by authority, like the body of tax assessors or national judiciaries. Such a corps should be trained to their work as to a profession

like that of law or medicine, having brotherhoods in every publishing town or city, working together and subordinatedly, like the order of the Jesuits. They should test every work before it was given to the public, and brand it with precisely its mark of real merit. And thus might be accomplished a most inestimable public service. In France such a system might be practicable, and not hostile to the spirit and institutions of a nation accustomed to have everything, even to the play programmes of the theatre, regulated by the powers that be. But in America, home of democracy and fatherland of individual independence, such a scheme, so invaluable though so impossible, must, we fear, ever remain a tantalizing vision. As it is, of course many a man of real ability is drowned in the rushing waves of multitudinous authors, and his works pass undistinguished to that unknown grave which gapes so mysteriously in some hidden recess of the universe, and silently swallows yearly the vast masses of printed paper which has done its brief work and been thrown by read or unread, forgotten. It is to assist in the rescue of a struggling author from this yawning abyss that the present article is sent forth, a plank in the shipwreck.

Who may be the object of our present criticism, we must confess we know not. Whether it be a brother man, or whether our words of praise may win us the kind regards of a 'gentle ladye,' we can only conjecture. Our process must be *in rem*, not *in personam*. 'It'—for thus perforce we must speak of our Unknown—weareth an iron mask of inscrutable mystery, as complete as that of the all-baffling Junius. The field, however, of speculation is open to our wandering reflection. Herein we guide ourselves by natural signs, the configurations of the stars and the marks of the soil. We judge from the mould in which the favorite male characters are cast, and from the traits invariably bestowed upon the heroines,

also by the general choice of scenery, by the groupings, the 'properties.' Upon such authority of intrinsic evidence we have no hesitation in pronouncing the writer to be a man. Certain novel-writing ladies indeed are given to depicting most royal heroes, types of the ideal man, glorified beings endowed with every charm of physique and of spirit. Such find an irresistible fascination in allowing their fancy to run wild riot and poetic revel in contemplation of a wonderful male creature, so graceful, so beautiful, so strong, so brave, so masterly, so bad or so good as the case may be—a spirit of chivalry incarnate in the perfection of the flesh. They cannot build a shrine too lofty, nor burn too generous store of incense before this exalted one. The man, as he reads, smiles. Such a brother has never been born to him of woman—never since the days of Adam in paradise, neither ever shall be. The fair votaress standeth without the vail of the temple, nor have its mystic recesses ever disclosed to her scrutinizing vision actual 'Man.' Let us not however harshly dispel such illusions, neither drench with the cold flood of unnecessary ingenuousness the glowing embers of myrrh and frankincense. Occasionally, perchance, some sinful human, conscious within himself of no demerits beyond his fellows, may repine at passing comparison with this shadowy conception. But as a general rule, it is wise enough to tolerate such pleasant vagaries of worshipping woman. Of this fair description are the proud statues which look out upon us in Apollo-like majesty from the galleries in 'Guy Livingstone,' 'Sword and Gown,' 'Barren Honors.' Guy, Royston Keene, and Alan Wyverne, are such fanciful delineations, such marvels of bodily glory and chivalrous spirit. They might be drawn by a woman. The accompaniments are in admirable keeping; and the whole scenery is gotten up to match, and most unexceptionally. Our characters are dissipated upon a

scale suited to the heroic age and the primeval constitution of the race. They gamble quite *en prince*, and carouse most royally. They have a capacity for terrible potations, should mischance or crossed affections so incline them; yet they can seldom plead the latter excuse, for we are given to understand that woman-kind are born to be their helpless slaves and victims. They are perpetually doing deeds of terrible '*derring-do*;' upon the backs of unmanageable steeds they leap limitless chasms and the tallest of walls; they gallop to death in battle and dispel *ennui* in midnight conflicts with desperate poachers. Such scenes are quite within the scope of some feminine imaginations, but scarcely such a power of description as that wherewith we have them here set forth. Women thrill sometimes at fierce tales of stalwart knock-down struggles, many of them will back fearlessly the most mettlesome of thoroughbreds; but when it comes to talk thereof, they strive in vain for adequate power of language. The best words and the strongest sentences will not come. These demand the clarion roundness and ring essentially masculine—very *virile* indeed. The muscular gripe of a man—not the white, tapering fingers of any maiden—held the pen which wrote so gloriously of Livingstone's terrible riding, of Royston Keene's bloody sabre charges. We know it by unerring instinct, as we could tell a morsel of the smooth cheek of the damsel from the grizzled jowl of man.

But as usual, the crowning glory of most anxious labor is to be sought in the female characters. These are nearly all of the majestic, haughty, and queen-like caste—tall, imperious beauties, empresses of society, to whom men are slaves, and life a triumphal march of unbroken conquests. So it is at least until they meet some one terrible subduer of woman—a Guy or a Keene—in whom they recognize masterhood, and the right and power to reign. With the last stateliness of royalty these mag-

nificent presences glide through the proud pomp and pageantry of their surroundings, graceful as swans, faultless in classic form, and face as white as Grecian marbles, domineering as sisters of Cæsars, violet eyed, statuesque, cold upon the chiselled surface, but aglow with the white heat of feeling and forceful passion beneath. How blue are their clear veins interlacing beneath a crystalline skin!—for their blood is a more sublimed fluid than that which waters the clay of ordinary humanity. They have with them an unutterable glory of conscious power, the magnificence of a perfect, God-given nature, such a haughty spirit of rivalless dominion as might have swelled the soul of a Jewish queen, monarch of Israel, ruler of God's chosen people in the day of their unbroken pride, when she felt that none greater than herself dwelt upon the globe. But with inevitable tread approaches the universal moral which points the tale. The measured step of the godlike hero echoeth along the corridors. The royal maiden, hearing the ominous tramp, is cognizant of an unwonted thrill and a sensation unfelt before. Her prophetic instinct telleth her too truly that her wild independence is concluded, that the day of bondage and of fetters has dawned, that the inexorable One, who alone in all the millions of created men is able, is even now present with the gyves of her slavery in his hand. But the denouement is never at the bridal altar. Our host entertaineth us with no loves of Strephon and Phillis, nor leads beneath shady arcades to a vine-clad cottage, wherein is love and rich cream and homemade butter. The three sisters, the dread Moiræ, in their darksome cavern, spinning the golden thread of destiny, reel from their distaff no bright soft film of wedded happiness. The polished metal, many times refined, would never show half its qualities were it not subject to unwonted tests. We suffer according to our powers of endurance, and are tried according to

our gifts. Else why are the powers and the gifts given to us by a Providence which never wasteth, nor doeth in freakish negligence. The yoke of love is not weighty enough to bow sufficiently the curving neck. With a love which cannot be satisfied comes the mighty temptation to sin and disgrace. Even into this black chasm our beauties look with steady eye, and meditate the step. It is a part of their self-sustaining nature and towering spirit to wreak their own will. Once let them give their love to man, and it is the passion of their lives. Of gossip and the wagging tongue of scandal, and of that vague, shadowy phantom, reputation, they reckon not. These unsubstantial fleeting barriers are dissipated in an instant before the mighty breath of their omnipotent passion. Their love is the great fact of their lives. Why should it yield to less powerful sentiments, to inferior satisfactions. If the laws and sentiments of the commonalty of mankind oppose, why gain the lesser, palling pleasure of a fair character among our fellows whom we care not for, and lose the one joy of existence? Such, in all three of these novels, to a greater or less extent, is the theory of action of the female characters.

They are however rescued from the last degree of actual crime in each case by the good taste of the author, feeling that such chapters had better not be written voluntarily in fiction, or perchance by his love for his proud maidens, whom he cannot taint with degradation in act, even if the sin upon their souls be wellnigh as black in the eyes of a strict judge, arbiter alike of the seen and the unseen. Such are hardly the conceptions wherewith the brain of a cultivated woman would teem. It were too glaring treason to her sex and to her own nature. Although it must be said that there is no word of coarseness or bold suggestion of wickedness to be found upon any page. So far from it, we scarcely find recognized the crime to which the maidens are tempted, and

we half-ignorantly wonder at the existence of compunctions, excited at we can scarcely say what. But the author knew probably well enough, and if she were one of the sisterhood of women, then must she be isolated and at enmity with them all. Her hand is against every woman's and every woman's hand against her.

Perhaps there is a fault in the tone of these novels. This may have been inferred by some strict moralists from the preceding paragraph. But they have indeed not the slightest trace of impropriety about them. They are not tainted in the slightest with the insidious viciousness of French novels. Their fault arises from rather an opposite tendency of mind and a different train of feelings. They are of the world, worldly. They are cold and sarcastic; they inculcate self-sufficiency, and preach to man to be a tower of strength in himself, not always in the praiseworthy Christian way. There is no single word of scoffing or disrespect for religion, no slur upon it whatsoever. Only we are aware, as by an instinct, that in the circle of our characters it is wholly ignored. In their world it is not an agent, whether for themselves or others. It is as unrecognized a system as is Mohammedanism or Buddhism with ourselves. The heroes have all 'seen the world' in the most thorough and terrible sense of those words. For them virtue and vice are much alike. Their wills are iron. They fix their eye upon their goal, and straight thereto they firmly march over the obstacles of precipices, through the blackness of quagmires, crashing athwart laws, customs, and conventionalities, as elephants calmly striding through underbrush. They disregard the prejudices of the world equally for evil and for good. And a moral independence which might furnish forth the most glorious of martyrs in invincible panoply is quite as likely to assist a hardy sinner. The sneer and sarcasm and contempt are for the conventionalities of

the world, for the belief of the mass of mankind in right and wrong, and for the customs and habits which the republic of humanity has established for better assistance in the paths of virtue—as if, forsooth, such were vulgar because common, and to be despised by the mighty because useful to the feeble. This is not the proper spirit for the satirist. If he wields his pen in support of such a theory he will do more harm than good. A conventionality is not necessarily bad or contemptible merely as such. Not a promiscuous and indiscriminate slashing, but a careful pruning is the proper method in the garden of society. The indiscreet hand will cut what it should leave, and leave perhaps what might have been better sacrificed. The artificial trellises whereon we train our feeble virtues, which may hardly stand by their own strength, must not be shattered in a general slaughter of weeds which have taken root and nourishment in the rank soil of fashionable etiquette. Let us not dash the image from the altar, nor quench the fire at the shrine, before we have another idol and another shrine to give to the old worshippers, who must worship still. Such reckless iconoclasm is too dangerous. It is in this point of discretion that our author is most reprehensible. The moral tone of his works might have been improved had his independent tendencies been rather more judiciously indulged. There is, however, one character of loveliness and purity almost sufficient to leaven the whole mass and to dash our entire reprehension. In all the scope of our novel reading, nowhere do we remember to have met a more exquisitely charming character than that of fair Constance Brandon. Every charm of spirit and of person is lavished upon her. At the same time she is conceived with faultless taste. No feeble extravagance offends our feelings; no tinsel or affectation thwarts our admiration. The execution is worthy of the thought, which is simply beautiful.

The portrait is like Raphael's divinest Madonna, with the changing radiance and velvety warmth of life thrown into the matchless face. Why could we not have had more such, instead of such indifferent domesticities as *La Mignonne*?

When we say that none of these three novels are destined to pass into the eternal literature of the language, we pass no very harsh or damning judgment. Men of the highest powers must bow to the same decree. Our author, though his thews and sinews are stalwart, is yet hardly cast in the mould to indicate such excessive vitality. He can hardly trouble the stride of those lordly veterans of the turf, Scott or Thackeray; yet without exertion spurning the rearward turf, he clicks his galloping hoofs in the faces of the throng of the ordinary purveyors of fiction. His fancy is exuberant; his imagination brilliant, florid, verging at times almost upon the apoplectic. But the cognate mental member, invention, is most sadly destitute of free and sweeping action. His plots are of the simplest, and betray indubitably a numbness or imperfect development of the inventive faculties of the brain. People who read novels for the denouement, who ride a steeple chase through them, leaping a five-page fence here, a ditch of a chapter there, and anon clearing at a mighty bound a rasper of some score or more paragraphs, resolute simply to be in at the death in the last chapter, anxious to see the wedding torches extinguished, and the printer setting up 'Finis'—such would find little satisfaction in 'Barren Honor,' almost none in 'Sword and Gown.' Reading these works is like passing through a wondrously beautiful country. But it is not the indolent beauty of southern climes, to lounge through sleepily in a slow-rolling travelling carriage. You must ride through it on the proud back of a blooded steed. Canter, run, if you like, when the ground is fit and the spirit moves, as often enough it may; but do not fix your eyes upon

any distant gaol, and time your arrival thereat. Enjoy what is close at hand. Admire now the blue glories of the proud hills, recumbent in careless grace of majesty in the indolent sunlit atmosphere; gaze then into the sombre depths of solemn retreating forest; tremble anon in the black shadow of the fierce rock beetling over your bridle way; and fill your rejoicing being with the fresh-distilled vigor of the springy step of your charger on the turf. It will put bounding manliness into your sluggish civilian blood. Read each page, each chapter for itself; or regard it as one handsome marble square in the tessellated pavement of a haughty palace, not as a useful brick in the domestic sidewalk, which is to carry you straight to a homely destination. Observe the description of scenes, how powerful! the delineation of character, how fascinating! and be pleased with the luxuriance of the style and the gorgeous drapery of language where-with so royally the thoughts are robed.

Our author is not true to nature—he is extravagant, high-wrought. Nobody ever met his heroes or his heroines in real life, nor lived the scenes told of in his poetry. His men and women are the men and women of an enthusiastic fancy; his scenes and incidents are the scenes and incidents of our romantic dreams. We know none so lovely as ethereal Constance Brandon; we never gazed into the violet-flashing eyes of a Cecil Tresilyan; none of our friends are quite prototypes of the omnipotent 'Cool Captain;' they betray neither the athletic chivalry of Livingstone nor the winning beauty and high-souled nobility of generous Alan Wyverne. We never saw such models, for such never quitted their ideal essences to become incarnate in the flesh. But why need this be an insuperable objection? We don't find Achilles any the less interesting because we doubt the ability of any degenerate modern to calmly destroy such outnumbering hosts of his fellow beings, and send

such a throng of warrior souls to hades without scath or scar to his invulnerable self. Ivanhoe got out of some very awkward scrapes by the exertion of a prowess quite exceptional in such a 'light-weight.' The extravagance is not glaring enough to discompose us. Surely a tolerable proximate approach to possible existence ought to satisfy a not viciously captious critic. We are reading of shadowy beings: why should not the facile mists be permeated with a somewhat subtler light, and melt into somewhat airier forms of perfection than we have been accustomed to catch imprisoned in the substantial dulness of the flesh? If we will only choose, we may revel in the company of somewhat glorified mortals. It may be a luxury to us, if we will not be jealously illiberal and envious. It is pleasant to emerge from our little chintz-furnished parlor, and lounge in castles of dimly magnificent extent, where we are sure to meet the choicest society; where some order their mighty hunters from the capacious stables, and others go out to drop a stag, or run a fox, or bag a few pheasants in the preserves, just to get an appetite for dinner, from which stupendous meal, tended by hosts of velvet-footed menials and florid old-family butlers, resplendent ladies rise to retire to gorgeous drawing rooms of any draperied dimensions we may choose to fancy, leaving perhaps a score of gentlemen guests to quaff cobwebbed wines in unstinted goblets. Why isn't it pleasant to linger sometimes in these royal abodes, and to saunter in the endless lawns and forest glades of the rich and the great, where we may encounter ladies rather handsomer and gentlemen rather haughtier than they are generally made in our own circle? Let us not be captious, but agreeably appreciative.

In a short sentence in one of the opening chapters of 'Sword and Gown,' our author proclaims probably the intention, certainly the result of his literary labors—to produce a string of beautiful

cameos, with just thread enough of story to string them upon. This task is done, and well done. The classical allusions are numerous, and seldom can we blame one as out of place. Generally they are wrought into beautiful little pictures, complete in themselves. He manages them with wonderful dexterity, never making too much of them, nor dwelling upon them too long; but with his masterly skill in language he handles his words as a painter his colors, and now we have a bold royal sketch, cloudy outlines of gigantic proportions, shadowy scenes of indefinite grandeur, done with a few strong words and magnificent adjectives; and now a little paragraph, charming in its exquisite daintiness, like a miniature rarely done upon the face of a costly gem. It is in this word-painting that he is surpassingly admirable. Delineation, description, portraiture are his forte. The same quality of mind which gives dreams of princely men and divine women seems to have brought also a generous endowment of warm, rich words, wherewith to do justice to the imaginings. All the beauty, dignity, and glory of English logography seem to be his: he marshals an array of adjectives and phrases which seem all of the blood royal of our munificent mother tongue. Oftentimes his page sounds like the deep-rolling anthem of a mighty cathedral organ. Might and music are in his syllables; and without sifting his sentences for a noble thought or a beautiful idea, we may be pleased by the stately tread of their succession, and their rich harmonious cadences.

The scenes are apt to be rather melodramatic. Wonderful passions work wonderfully. Eyes flash, lips are set, cheeks grow pale, quite often. Great coolness, vast powers, are continually displayed; yet they are well displayed, after the fashion of gentlemen, not of bravoos or villains or highwaymen. He handles thunder and lightning, the terrific weapons of the mighty Jove himself, in a very haughty, Jove-like man-

ner, it must be confessed. He isn't afraid of singing his fingers with the thunderbolts, but seizes them with the familiar gripe of unquestionable authority. In a glorified language he paints glorified visions. Very little of the calm domestic sunlight of the working noonday glimmers among his pages, but a perpetual, everlasting gorgeousness of deep-colored sunset radiance. For merit of style all these novels are well worthy of commendation and of study. Education and extensive reading have preserved them from faults of gaudiness and meretricious ornament. They are chastened by good taste and regulated by gentlemanly cultivation. They are written by a scholar, and not by a scribbler; and while reading their magnificent pages we need have no misgiving that we are admiring the flashy ornaments of wordy or half-educated mediocrity. Far the best of them is also the first, 'Guy Livingstone.' The poorest is 'Sword and Gown;' this has the feeblest plot, in fact a mere apology for a story, and contains more passages which seem unfinished, and what on a second reading would scarce

have satisfied their own writer. 'Guy Livingstone,' though not faultless, is a work of power, talent, and brilliancy. Guy himself is an Olympian character, sketched upon the scale and model of a Torso, a giant in his virtues and his vices and his frame—but exaggerated with such tact and ability that even the impossible hugeness charms and fascinates. The feats of the hero in the dance and carpeted salon, on his mighty hunter leading the breakneck chase, carry us away with all the heat and ardor of sympathy; nor do we stumble in our companionable excitement over any unwelcome snag of commonplace thought or vulgar daring. Constance Brandon, as we have above intimated, we consider a splendid masterpiece—a woman lovely as the imagination of man fondly likes to dream, with every winning grace of manner and amiable charm of purity. She is the finest character and the fairest face beyond all compare in the gallery; and the scenes in which she figures are the most able, the most moving, and the most unexceptionable in every point of view, of all that our author has given us.

MILL ON LIBERTY.

ANY work from the pen of John Stuart Mill will arrest the attention of readers and thinkers wherever the English language is spoken, and, indeed, wherever the spirit of inquiry and improvement has aroused the intellect of man. This author has proved himself a veritable instructor and benefactor of his race. His writings have been always grave and valuable, addressed to the understanding of men, indicating arduous study on his own part, and eliciting reflection of the profoundest character in the mind of his reader. In his well known work 'On Logic,' published

twenty years ago, he exhibited the highest capacity for abstract speculation, and placed himself by the side of Aristotle and Bacon in the rank of philosophers; while that 'On the Principles of Political Economy,' more practical in its aims, entitles him to the reputation of an able and enlightened statesman.

Last year we had published in this country, a treatise from the same fertile pen on the subject of 'Representative Government,' which, however, was subsequent in the order of composition to that which has just now appeared in

the United States from the press of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. Both these productions, that on 'Representative Government,' and that 'On Liberty,' are valuable to the American people, teaching lessons important to be learned even by them. From the nature of our institutions, and especially from the vain-glorious sentiments too generally entertained by us, we are apt to consider ourselves so well versed in the principles of civil liberty and of representative government, as to be incapable of learning anything on these subjects, especially from English writers. Unfortunately, recent events are calculated rudely to disturb our self-satisfaction, and to arouse within us a serious distrust, not indeed of the principles embodied in our institutions, but of our practical ability to carry them out to their legitimate results, and thus to enjoy, fully and permanently, the advantages of the system of free government of which we have always been so boastful.

It is perhaps natural that the mass of the American people should conceive the whole of liberty as comprised in the privilege of voting, and its substantial benefits as being fully secured by the popular form of government. This, however, would be an inconsiderate conclusion, involving a most pernicious error; and so far is it from constituting any important part of the discussion, that in the whole of Mr. Mill's work, there is scarcely more than a glance at this aspect of the question. The liberty which the author investigates and commends by the most unanswerable arguments, is not that which is embodied in political institutions, so much as that which results from the liberal and enlightened spirit pervading and controlling the social organization. It is not the power to choose representatives and to make laws, but it is rather the privilege, in all proper cases, of being a law to one's self, and of representing in one's own individuality the peculiar ideas and capacities which each one is

best fitted to unfold and develop for his own good without injury to society. Political tyranny, at this day, is by no means the chief danger to which men are anywhere exposed; and that subject has been so thoroughly understood in modern times, that books are hardly required now to be written upon it. It is social despotism—the tyranny of custom and opinion—which chiefly enlists the intellect of our philosophical and interesting author, though he does not fail to lay down the true limits of the legislative authority as well. He is thoroughly versed in the history of 'the struggle between liberty and authority,' which he says 'is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are earliest familiar, particularly in that of Greece, Rome, and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the government. By liberty was meant protection against the tyranny of political rulers.' This struggle has been carried on for ages, until it has now come to be an axiom, universally received in civilized nations, that government is instituted solely for the good of the governed. And in the progress of amelioration and improvement, it has been supposed that the popular principle of universal suffrage, with frequent elections, and consequent responsibility of political agents, would effectually prevent the exercise of tyranny in governments; and this especially when governments are instituted under written constitutions, with powers limited and clearly defined therein. The people, through their chosen representatives, wielding the whole power of the national organization, could not be expected to tyrannize over themselves. Experience, however, soon proved that the tyranny of the majority in popular governments is to be guarded against quite as carefully as that of despotic rulers in any other form of polity. For, says Mr. Mill, 'when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively over the individuals which

compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries.’ The obvious truth of this statement needs no elaborate attempt at illustration. In all the departments of thought and action, of opinion and habit, the power of society over its separate members is tremendous and unlimited, sometimes penetrating ‘deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself.’ It would not be difficult for any man of intelligence and observation to recall instances, within his own knowledge, in which this arbitrary power of the community has been most unjustly exerted to oppress and injure individuals. The injury and oppression have been none the less, because their operation has been silent, attended with no physical force or legal restraint, but reaching only the mind and heart of the sufferer, crushing them with the moral weight of unjust opprobrium, and torturing them with all the ingenious appliances of social tyranny.

The remedy for this sort of despotism—the most dangerous of all, if not the only danger to be feared in civilized communities and in liberal governments—is not to be found in laws or constitutions, but in the enlightened liberality and trained habits and sentiments of society itself. ‘Some,’ says Mr. Mill, ‘whenever they see any good to be done or any evil to be remedied, would willingly instigate the government to undertake the business; while others prefer to bear almost any amount of social evil, rather than to add one to the departments of human interests amenable to governmental control.’ And, upon the whole, he thinks, ‘the interference of government is, with about equal frequency, improperly invoked and improperly condemned.’ The only device which Mr. Mill proposes, as the effectual means of counteracting this sort of tyranny, either political or social, is the establishment of a rule or principle, by which the limits of authority over individuals shall, in both cases, be

strictly and philosophically defined. He does not undertake to say how this rule is to be enforced—by what sanctions, or by what authority it can be made effectual for the protection of individual rights. But as the evil to be remedied is one arising chiefly from the errors of public opinion, the corrective would naturally seem to be the inculcation of sound principles and just sentiments, infusing them into the social organization, and gradually enthroning them in the public conscience. The bare announcement of truth, in a matter of such transcendent importance, is an immense progress toward the goal of improvement. Principles, well founded and of real value, once understood, will eventually make their way. With all the errors of society, and the wrong-headed stubbornness and selfishness of humanity, with the immense obstructive power of established interests, the haughty despotism of old opinions, and the petrified rigidity of social customs, the solvent energy of truth nevertheless will penetrate every part of the imposing fabric, and gradually undermine its foundations. Underlying the whole, there is a broad foundation for improvement; and there is a natural tendency in society to seize upon and appropriate good, whenever fairly exhibited to its view and placed within its reach.

As embodying the general purpose of the author, and the principle which he seeks to establish, we give the following passage, in his own words:

‘The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will,

is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear, because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.'

This statement has the great merit of being, at least, perfectly clear and definite. In some particular cases, the principle may be difficult of application; but in the principle itself, as defined in this passage, there is not the slightest uncertainty or indistinctness. The author is very careful, however, to except from its operation all persons who are not in the maturity of their faculties, as well as all those backward nations who are not capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. The condition of society in which alone this liberal maxim will be safe and appropriate, must be that of a people so far elevated and enlightened, that persuasion and conviction are the most powerful means of improvement. Wherever is to be found an advanced civilization, with all the complex moral and social relations which grow out of it, there the necessity for physical force will be found to have declined. Public opinion will have acquired great authority, if not absolute control; and the rights of individuals will require, for their protection against the overpowering weight of the social combination, all those safeguards against possible tyranny, which can only be afforded by the general acceptance of the liberal

principle just quoted. The social authority must be educated and restrained by its own willing recognition of individual rights. As the power most likely to be abused for purposes of oppression is that of opinion and custom, too often operating silently and insidiously, the corrective is only to be applied by the establishment of a counteracting spiritual authority, in the bosom of society itself, at all times ready to utter its mandate and to proclaim the inviolable sanctity of individual liberty, within the limits fixed by enlightened reason and conscience. In the earlier stages of civilization, or in societies of more simple and primitive character, individual development has not reached the point which either requires such principles or admits of their application. The merely physical life of such people can hardly give rise to these questions: political power and actual force necessarily occupy the place of those subtle and all-pervading moral and social influences which prevail in the subsequent stages of progress. As men become more enlightened, they become also more capable of self-control, and are consequently entitled to greater liberty of action. Sooner or later, the necessity for conceding it to the utmost limit of the principle stated, will be fully acknowledged.

But it is notable that the author does not attempt to maintain his dogma on the ground of right or morality, but solely on that of a wise and broad utility. He foregoes all the advantage he might obtain in the argument by resorting to the moral considerations which sustain it. It is better for the real interests of society that individual members should enjoy the largest measure of liberty; and if this be not equivalent to the assertion that it is also their right, upon the plainest moral grounds, it is at least certain that the two principles are coincident in this case, as they will be found to be in all others, where the real interests of mankind are concerned. So true is it, that what-

ever, in a large sense, is best for the permanent advantage of any society is, at the same time, always right and consistent with sound moral principles.

In a matter of such vital importance as that of human liberty, which, in the language of another eminent writer, 'is the one thing most essential to the right development of individuals, and to the real grandeur of nations,' it was necessary that its foundations should be made so broad, in any correct philosophical analysis of its nature, as to comprehend the whole field of human activity. Accordingly, Mr. Mill includes within its proper domain the three great departments: consciousness, or the internal operations of our own minds; will, or the external manifestation of our thoughts and feelings in acts and habits; and lastly, association, or coöperation with others, voluntarily agreed upon, and not interfering with the rights and liberties of those who may choose to stand aloof from such combinations. In reference to the first of these, which asserts the undoubted right to enjoy our own thoughts and feelings, with absolute freedom of opinion on all subjects, Mr. Mill remarks that 'the liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it.' But, in truth, the right of expression, which does not properly come under the head of consciousness or thought, but under that of will or action, is the only one of the two which at this day is of any practical importance. The idea of controlling thought or belief has, in effect, been everywhere abandoned. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any such control ever has been or could have been exercised; for thought itself could never be known except through some outward manifestation. It was there-

fore the *expression* which was punished, and not the inward consciousness. Opinions, it is true, have too often been the avowed ground of oppression and persecution. Men have been injured in various ways, on account of their known or suspected belief; even in modern times and in communities claiming to be free, political disabilities, social reprobation, and the stigma of disqualification as witnesses have been imposed upon persons entertaining certain views on theological questions. But these persecutions may have compelled the suppression or disavowal of obnoxious opinions, and may have made hypocrites; they never changed belief, or produced any other conviction than that of wrong and outrage. The soul itself is beyond the reach of any human authority, not to be conquered by any device of terror or torture.

Difference of opinion is unfortunately the ground of natural aversion among men; and it requires much enlightenment and liberal training to enable society to overcome this universal prejudice and to inaugurate complete and absolute toleration. 'In the present state of knowledge,' says Buckle, the historian, 'the majority of people are so ill informed, as not to be aware of the true nature of belief; they are not aware that all belief is involuntary and is entirely governed by the circumstances which produce it. What we call the will has no power over belief, and consequently a man is nowise responsible for his creed, except in so far as he is responsible for the events which gave him his creed.' It may be doubted whether the majority of people are quite so ignorant as Mr. Buckle here represents them; for the conflict between beliefs is rather the result of feeling or passion than of judgment. Because men who differ in opinion hate each other, it does not follow that they must therefore deny the right to freedom of thought, or maintain that belief may be changed at will. The red man and the white man may cordially

hate each other; but it would hardly be accurate to say that the former denies the right of the latter to his color, or thinks him morally responsible for it. Yet men are quite as much responsible for the color of their skin as for the character of their honest convictions, and they have almost equal power to control the one or the other. In truth, the hatred arising from conflict of opinion is not the offspring of thought, but of emotion. It is chiefly a derangement of the affections; not so much an error of the reason. The most unenlightened man has the innate conviction that he is entitled to his peculiar belief, because it is impossible for him to admit any other; nor is it at all natural or necessary that one individual should question the sincerity of another's opinion on any subject, because it differs from his own. Intolerance in this particular has been the result mostly of interference and usurpation—the consequence of that theological despotism to which men have, in some form or other, in all ages, been more or less subjected.

It is not, therefore, the liberty of thought and belief that Mr. Mill finds it necessary to defend, in his exposition of the first division of the subject; but it is only that of expression and discussion—the liberty of the press—the right to make known opinions upon any subject, and to produce arguments in support of them. In this country, it may be supposed to be wholly unnecessary to investigate this subject, inasmuch as the liberty of the press is here maintained to the most unlimited extent. So far as the mere legal right is involved, this is undoubtedly true; the established laws interpose no impediment to the expression and publication of opinions, except those indispensable regulations which are intended to preserve the public peace and morality, and to protect private character from wanton injury. We have no reason to fear any invasion of the liberty of the press—any political interference with

the right of free discussion—unless in times of great public danger, or, as Mr. Mill says, ‘during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety.’ But there is a despotism of society, in this country as well as elsewhere, which, independent of law or authority, often imposes silence on unpopular opinions, and suppresses all discussion, by means of those ten thousand appliances and expedients adopted by communities to express displeasure and to command obedience. Even, however, if there were not the slightest evidence of intolerance in the country, if the rational principles of liberty were universally acknowledged and practised upon, it would still be most useful and interesting to follow this author in his admirable discussion of the subject. It would be a matter of no little importance to understand the rational grounds on which the great and acknowledged principles of liberty are actually founded, and to see the perfect frankness and fearlessness with which this philosophic author follows the doctrine to its extreme but inevitable conclusions. For instance, Mr. Mill does not hesitate to say, ‘if all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.’ And this position is maintained not solely or chiefly on the ground of injustice to the person holding the obnoxious opinion, but because the forcible suppression of it would do even greater injustice to those who conscientiously reject it. For if the opinion be true, its establishment and dissemination would benefit mankind; and even if it be false, it is equally important it should be freely made known, inasmuch as it would contribute to ‘the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.’ Besides, no man can certainly know that

any opinion is true, so long as anything which can be said against it is not permitted to be presented and freely discussed. Liberty is the indispensable atmosphere of truth. Without it, truth will as surely languish and die, as animals or plants will perish without air. All great improvements have been accomplished only through the conflicts of adverse opinion. Progress is change, and if all discussion is prohibited, change and improvement are impossible.

It is interesting also to see the unlimited scope allowed to this bold doctrine, and the fearlessness with which it is applied to subjects usually deemed sacred and forbidden to all question or controversy. The existence of a God, the certainty of a future state, the truth of Christianity—all these are the proper subjects of free discussion and untrammelled opinion, quite as much as any other questions, however unimportant or indifferent. It becomes the devoutest Christian to hear discussions on these transcendent subjects without the least ill will or intolerance toward the adversary who may thus endeavor to shake his faith in those sublime truths which he holds indisputable and more sacred than all others. It is doing the highest possible service to the doctrines to attack them; for if they be sound and true, they will certainly survive, and be all the more glorious for having passed safely through the ordeal. Christianity itself was more vital and effective in its earlier stages, when fighting its way into existence against all sorts of persecutions, than it has ever been since in the palmiest days of its power. When its doctrines are no longer questioned, it will cease to be a living spirit controlling the hearts of men. It will be a cold and formal thing, resting on the general acquiescence, but no longer exhibiting its all-conquering power in the active effort to overthrow opposing creeds.

No genuine liberty can exist, until the community shall have reached that

elevated condition of liberality and wisdom which will gladly submit its most cherished sentiments to the analysis of unsparing logic, and that without the least effort to punish, in any way, the daring attempt to undermine its faith. The champions of truth will be strengthened by the encounter with error; weak and false arguments, which really injure truth, will give way, and the solid foundations of impregnable logic will be substituted in their place. It is impossible to overestimate the service done to a good cause, by exposing it fearlessly to the worst attacks of its enemies. 'The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. A contemporary author has well spoken of 'the deep slumber of a decided opinion.' And another author enthusiastically exclaims: 'All hail, therefore, to those who, by attacking a truth, prevent that truth from slumbering. All hail to those bold and fearless natures, the heretics and innovators of the day, who, rousing men out of their lazy sleep, sound in their ears the tocsin and the clarion, and force them to come forth that they may do battle for their creed. Of all evils, torpor is the most deadly. Give us paradox, give us error, give us what you will, so that you save us from stagnation. It is the cold spirit of routine which is the nightshade of our nature. It sits upon men like a blight, blunting their faculties, withering their powers, and making them both unable and unwilling to struggle for the truth, or to figure to themselves what it is they really believe.'

The chapter which Mr. Mill devotes to this subject—the liberty of discussion and publication—is thoroughly exhaustive in its character. It presents the question in almost every light in which it is desirable to see it, and successfully meets every objection which can be made to his doctrine. For the first time, a logical and philosophical exposition of the great principles of

liberty is presented to the world, and that too in a most readable and attractive form. The work is calculated to do immense good. It places liberty on a rational foundation, and dispels every doubt which might have been entertained by the timid, as to the safety and propriety of permitting free discussion on those points of belief which are too often held to be beyond the domain of investigation and argument. We do not pretend, here, to give anything like a synopsis of the grounds assumed, and the reasonings adopted by the author. A full and correct idea of these can only be obtained from the book itself. But before leaving this part of the work, we cannot forbear quoting a passage on this subject from an essay by Henry Thomas Buckle. Even at the risk of prolonging this article beyond its proper limits, we quote at some length, on account of the vast interest of the topic and the different notions which too generally prevail as to the propriety of its discussion :

‘If they who deny the immortality of the soul, could, without the least opprobrium, state in the boldest manner all their objections, the advocates of the doctrine would be obliged to reconsider their own position and to abandon its untenable points. By this means, that which I revere, and an overwhelming majority of us revere, as a glorious truth, would be immensely strengthened. It would be strengthened by being deprived of those sophistical arguments which are commonly urged in its favor, and which give to its enemies an incalculable advantage. It would moreover be strengthened by that feeling of security which men have in their own convictions, when they know that everything is said against them which can be said, and that their opponents have a fair and liberal hearing. This begets a magnanimity and a rational confidence which cannot otherwise be obtained. But, such results can never happen while we are so timid, or so dishonest, as to impute improper motives to those who assail our religious opinions. We may rely upon it that as long as we look upon an atheistical writer as a moral offender, or even as long as we glance at him with

suspicion, atheism will remain a standing and permanent danger, because, skulking in hidden corners, it will use stratagems which their secrecy will prevent us from baffling ; it will practise artifices to which the persecuted are forced to resort ; it will number its concealed proselytes to an extent of which only they who have studied this painful subject are aware ; and, above all, by enabling them to complain of the treatment to which they are exposed, it will excite the sympathy of many high and generous natures, who, in an open and manly warfare, might strive against them, but who, by a noble instinct, find themselves incapable of contending with any sect which is oppressed, maligned, or intimidated.’

The most interesting, and perhaps the most remarkable part of Mr. Mill’s book, is that which he devotes to individuality as one of the elements of well being. Having very fully discussed the question of liberty in thought and expression—the right of controlling one’s own mind, and of making known its conclusions—he proceeds to apply the same principle to the conduct and whole scheme of human life, maintaining that every man ought to be entirely free to act according to his own taste and judgment in all matters which concern only himself. The sole condition or limitation which society may rightfully impose upon the eccentricities of individuals, is the equal right of all others to be unmolested and unobstructed in their occupations and enjoyments. Every man is endowed with faculties, capacities, and dispositions peculiar to himself, there being quite as much diversity in the mental character of men as in their physical appearance. It is this infinite diversity of thought and feeling, as much perhaps as anything else, which distinguishes man from the lower animals. It is of the utmost importance to the progress of society, for it is only by departing from the common path, and pursuing new and untried modes of existence and action, that improvements are gradually made. If there were no disposition on the part of individuals to

deviate from the ordinary customs which have descended from generation to generation, it is evident there would never be any important change in the modes of human life nor in the institutions of mankind, and if there could be any improvement at all, it would be extremely slow and unimportant. It is the peculiarities of individuals which alone can furnish the points of departure for new modes of action and new plans of life. Hence it is not less the right of individuals than it is the interest of the race that every one should not only be permitted, but should even be encouraged to follow the dictates of his own genius, with the most perfect and unlimited freedom consistent with the peace and security of other men. Each one of the numberless buds on a full-grown tree is the germ of another individual precisely similar to the one from which it is taken. But if new trees are propagated from these buds, they will exhibit not the slightest diversity in character from that of the parent stock. It is only from the seed, original centres of vitality and individuality that new varieties are produced and improvements obtained either in the flower or the fruit. So in human society: if each life is only an offshoot from the main body—a mere bud from the parent tree—with no diversities in character, and no salient points of original activity, it is evident that men would remain substantially the same from generation to generation, and society would stand still forever. Such, it is well known, is the case in those Eastern nations in which a rigid system of caste prevails, the same positions and occupations descending from father to son, without the possibility of one generation escaping from the fatal routine to which its predecessor was subjected.

Hence it is that Mr. Mill, with great earnestness, insists that ‘there should be different experiments in living,’ and ‘that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them;’ for, he

continues, ‘where not the person’s own character, but the traditions and customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress.’ Undoubtedly, that man who acts in conformity with his own nature and disposition, if they do not mislead and betray him, will have greater satisfaction and enjoyment than he who is constrained by the opinions or authority of others to pursue courses not conformable to his taste and judgment. That which men naturally incline to undertake and ardently desire to accomplish, is usually that which they are best fitted to do, and which will give the most appropriate exercise to their peculiar faculties. It is evidently the general interest that every individual in society should be employed in that peculiar work which he can best perform. More will be effected, with less dissatisfaction and suffering. And obviously, no better mode can be devised to put every man to the thing for which he is capacitated by nature, than to give full scope to his individuality, under the multiplied and powerful influences which liberal education and elevated society are calculated to exert in impelling him forward. The effect will be not only to do more for society as a whole, but to make superior men by means of self-education. ‘He who does anything because it is the custom, makes no choice. He gains no practice either in discerning or desiring what is best. The mental and moral, like the muscular powers, are improved only by being used. The faculties are called into no exercise by doing a thing merely because others do it, no more than by believing a thing only because others believe it. If the grounds of an opinion are not conclusive to a person’s own reason, his reason cannot be strengthened, but is likely to be weakened by adopting it: and if the inducements to an act are not such as are consentaneous

to his own feelings and character (where affection or the rights of others are not concerned), it is so much done toward rendering his feelings and character inert and torpid, instead of active and energetic.'

Against these views, and, indeed, against the great body of valuable thoughts so admirably presented in this work, no rational objection would seem to be fairly adducible. But there are some very striking passages liable to a very different criticism—passages which, if not founded on actual misconception of facts, are, at least, so exaggerated in statement as to require very material modifications, both as to the existence of the evil they allege and the remedy they propose. Mr. Mill complains of the despotism of society as having utterly suppressed all spontaneity or individuality, and reduced the mass of mankind to a condition of lamentable uniformity. He thinks this evil has not only gone to a dangerous extent already, but that it threatens a still further invasion of individual liberty with even greater disasters in its train. It is better, however, to let Mr. Mill speak for himself in the following passages :

'But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess but the deficiency of personal impulses and preferences.' * * *

'In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship.' * * *

'I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke; even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes; until by dint of not following their own nature they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are

withered and starved; they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth or properly their own.'

And so, speaking of men of genius as being less capable than other persons 'of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the *small number of moulds* which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character,' he continues :

'If they are of a strong character and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning, as 'wild,' 'erratic,' and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.'

Mr. Buckle also bears testimony to the same effect in the following language :

'The immense mass of mankind are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery; each man being bound under heavy penalties, to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. How serious these penalties are, is evident from the fact that though innumerable persons complain of prevailing customs, and wish to shake them off, they dare not do so, but continue to practise them, though frequently at the expense of health, comfort, and fortune. Men not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny.'

Now, we are decidedly of opinion that the expressions used by both these eminent writers are altogether too strong. We think it is true, both in Europe and America, that whenever the masses of society recognize a man of real genius, they are ever ready to welcome him with all his peculiarities—not merely to overlook his ordinary eccentricities, but to pardon grave offences against morality, and even to imitate his errors. It may well be that

the multitude are not quick to distinguish superiority; though with the proper information and opportunity of judging, they seldom fail instinctively to appreciate great qualities, especially if these be such as relate to practical life, or artistic development, rather than to abstract and speculative science. Men addicted to pursuits of the latter kind, make their merits known more slowly; but when they are known, they command unbounded respect in society.

The real difficulty, unfortunately, is, that the vast majority of men are not gifted with marked individuality, or great genius. They do not break through the trammels of custom, not so much because these trammels are strong, as because their impulses are weak. Whenever a man of real energy appears, the crowd separates before him, the cobwebs of custom are brushed away as he advances, and the world receives him very generally for what he is worth, and too often for more. That impostors and pretenders frequently succeed in deceiving society, is owing to the fact that it is ever anxious and ready to receive and reward its benefactors.

But even Mr. Mill himself recognizes the wisdom of paying due deference to the experience of mankind, and of considering established customs as *prima facie* good, and proper to be followed. He admits 'that people should be so taught and trained in youth, as to know and benefit by the ascertained results of human experience,' and that 'the traditions and customs of other people are, to a certain extent, evidence of what their experience has taught them; presumptive evidence, and as such, have a claim to his deference.' From all which, it is plain that there is a just medium between what is recognized and established, and what is newly proposed as a substitute for the old. The masses of mankind are incapable of judging between the value of prevailing usages and novel practices;

much less are they capable themselves of striking out new paths fit to be followed by their fellow men. The true difficulty then is the want of energetic individuality and original genius, rather than the want of a field for the exhibition of their power, or an opportunity for their exertion. It cannot be denied, however, that there is a certain inertia in society, requiring no little exertion to overcome it, even in the case of unquestionable improvements. But this is unavoidable, and at the same time most fortunate for the safety of mankind; for otherwise, we should be subjected to perpetual changes and sudden convulsions, which would make even progress itself a doubtful good.

There is also another important aspect in which this question may be advantageously considered. No one doubts that coöperation in society contributes vastly to the increase of human power, production, and happiness. Unanimity in sentiment promotes harmony, and contributes to prosperity. Nor will it be denied that if truth could be certainly attained upon any point whatever, it would be desirable that it should be universally recognized and accepted. Undoubtedly, if any man in the community should be disposed to dispute that truth, he ought to be permitted freely to do so; but we cannot see that this opposition would be better than his acquiescence. Now, the problem is to reconcile the degree of unanimity and coöperation which is requisite for the full exertion of social power, with that amount of individuality which would be useful in promoting a progressive change. Spontaneity or originality is disintegrating in its immediate tendency. It disturbs the order of society, though, in the end, on the whole, it is advantageous. Thus we have the tenacity of old habits and prevailing sentiments on the one hand, tending to the harmony of society, and enabling all its members to coöperate in the great works which make communities powerful. On the other hand,

we have the sporadic and disturbing efforts of individual genius, ever seeking to withdraw the social current into new channels, and eventually, through many trials, errors, failures, and triumphs, alluring and leading it into better paths. It is not good for society that either of these conflicting forces should gain the decided ascendancy; nor do we believe with Mr. Mill, that the preponderance at the present time belongs to the former.

As to the influence of fashion, which is evidently alluded to in the passages quoted, that plainly stands on a different and peculiar footing. It has a double power to enforce its decrees. The one is economical and commercial—the power of capital to control productions, and the advantages of producing largely after a few forms or patterns; the other is the social or psychological influence—the natural sympathy among men which induces uniformity of dress and habit. Extravagant excess often rules. Yet there is never wanting in the public of all civilized countries, a disposition to adopt improvements when they contribute to the general convenience, economy, and happiness; and we believe, on the whole, the tendency is to become more and more rational every day. Besides, a certain degree of uniformity is desirable in this as in all other things. No little loss and inconvenience would ensue if the fancies of every individual were permitted to run riot, and no man's taste were modified by that of his neighbor, or controlled by the general inclination. It is impossible to conceive the motley and discordant mass which a community of such people would present.

The bearing of these social phenomena in other directions and upon other interests, is the subject of equal condemnation by the author. The effect upon government, and the general tendency of the democratic principle, are represented in such highly colored pictures as these:

‘In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind.

* * * * *

‘At present, individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments, while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinions, are not always the same sort of public; in America they are the whole white population; in England, chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity.

* * * * *

‘Their thinking is done for them by one mind like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government. No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts, or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign many may have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they have always done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual.’

In all this there is too much truth; but it is truth which is wholly unavoidable. Nor are the circumstances complained of peculiar to the present age, or to the institutions which now generally prevail. Democratic and representative forms of government have so degenerated, as to fail in the vital point of bringing the best and ablest men to the control of affairs.

But has any more despotic or hereditary form been equally successful, in the long run, in promoting the freedom, progress, and grandeur of nations? Is the mediocrity of a whole people more injurious to humanity than the precarious superiority of distinguished families, or the selfish power of haughty privileged classes? One important consideration seems to be overlooked by Mr. Mill in these one-sided views of the present condition of society; and that is, the comparatively greater elevation and improvement of the whole mass of civilized communities; and the question is suggested, whether humanity is more interested in the mediocre power of the millions, or the exceptional greatness of a few men of extraordinary genius; whether the influence of individual originality is actually lost to the world, because it is apparently overshadowed by the moderate intelligence of the countless masses of men. We maintain that the loss of this influence is not real, but merely apparent: like some great wave in the boundless ocean, it seems to sink into the quiet surface, while in truth its effects are necessarily felt on the shores of the most distant continents and islands. Society, at the present time, is in a state of transition; it is engaged in absorbing ideas and influences which seem utterly to disappear in its fathomless depths, while it is simply preparing for higher exertions and nobler conquests over ignorance and tyranny.

One thing at least may be said with obvious truth, and with certainty of large compensation for the evils supposed to exist in the present condition of society, as represented by Mr. Mill; it is this: if public opinion is so omnipotent in the enforcement of mediocre schemes and ideas, it can bring to bear a vast fund of power, whenever real genius may be so fortunate as to make itself felt and respected. No man having any faith in humanity, not even Mr. Mill himself, will deny the power of individual genius to make its impression even on the mediocre masses; for

that would be to deny the essential nature and efficiency of originality, and its capacity to accomplish the work which it is destined to do for the benefit of mankind. Actual conditions at the present moment, may possibly place unusual obstructions in the way of genius; though the entire freedom and accessibility of the press would seem to negative that view. At any rate, it follows from the very premises of Mr. Mill and those who think with him, that the actual organization of society, of which he complains, if it can be wielded in the interest of great ideas, is possessed of an authority which will make its decrees irresistible. In this fact we see ground of hope, rather than of despair, for the future of mankind. Mediocrity cannot always hold the reins and direct the progress of human society.

In his work on representative government, Mr. Mill fully recognizes the operation of free institutions as 'an agency of national education;' and he well says, 'a representative constitution is a means of bringing the general standard of intelligence and honesty existing in the community, and the individual intellect and virtue of its wisest members more directly to bear upon the government, and investing them with greater influence in it than they would have under any other mode of organization.' It cannot be otherwise. The masses are gradually rising in intelligence, as well as in the capacity and disposition to recognize and receive real superiority wherever it may be found. Certain cumbrous machinery heretofore used in social and political action, now stands in the way of free and efficient efforts to reach the best results. But these impediments will soon be swept away. They cannot remain eternally in the path of society; for, if by no other means, they will be removed by the flood of discontent and denunciation which now surges violently against them, and threatens them every instant with demolition and destruction.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

A dusky vapor veils the sky,
And darkens on the dewy slopes ;
Chill airs on rustling wings flit by,
Sad as the sigh o'er buried hopes :
I tread the cloistered walk alone,
Between the shadow and the light,
While from the church tower thronging down
Pale phantoms greet the coming night.

My heart swells high with scorn and hate
At social fictions, narrow laws
By which the few maintain their state,
And build us out with golden bars :
'She wears a careless smile,' I said,
'And regal jewels on her brow ;
Those queenly lips, ere now, have made
Rare mockery of her broken vow.

'And what was I,—to touch that heart ?
Only a poet, made to pour
Love's silver phrase with subtle art
In tides of music at her door.
What though she bore a brightened blush,
As if the echo linger'd long ?
Even so she listens to the thrush
That thrills the air with eddying song.

'How sweet, on summer-scented morns,
To hear through all our lingering walk,
As soft as dew on fragrant lawns,
The wandering music of her talk !
Ah ! dreaming heart, that asked no more
When dower'd with that o'erflowing smile :
Ah ! foolish heart, to linger o'er
The memories that can still beguile.'

I paused. On distant breezes borne,
A silken stir floats slowly by,
And from the clouds a silver dawn
Breaks through the vapor-shrouded sky ;
The cloister'd walk is paved with light,
And bathed in crystal beams she stands :
No jewels crown her presence bright,
A single rose is in her hands.

'Oh! fair white rose,' she softly said,
 'Make peace between my love and me;
 Lest from my life the colors fade,
 And leave me faint and pale like thee:
 Tell him that dearer is the flower
 Once honored by his poet hand,
 Than ermined rank, and princely power,
 With any noble in the land.'

Then soft as rose-leaf on my brow
 A sudden kiss comes floating down,
 On wings as light as angels know,
 And crowns me with a kingly crown.
 And banish'd by a touch divine,
 Fled all the memories of pain;
 I clasped the pleading hands in mine,
 And told her all my love again.

The pale mist like an incense cloud
 From some great altar drifts away,
 In silvery fullness o'er us flows
 The glory of a pallid day.
 Amid the opening buds of hope
 I smile at half-forgotten fears;
 For love, I said, grows holier still
 And purer through baptismal tears.

'IS THERE ANYTHING IN IT?'

'A true bill.'—SHAKESPEARE.

I USED to be 'verdant' in the art of legislation. A short time since I paid my initiation fee, and learned the mystery. It is true I had heard much of legislative corruption, and had often seen paragraphs relating thereto in the newspapers, but I looked upon them as political squibs, put forth by the 'outs' in revenge for the defeat of their party schemes. Here let me stoutly assert that I cannot testify of my own knowledge to any instance of legislative corruption. *Mem:* This declaration is intended to save me from being called before any of the numerous investigating committees, which, like the schoolmaster, are abroad just now. At the same time I propose to relate in brief terms how I was initiated, and the reader may rest assured that it is 'an ower true tale.'

In the winter of 186—, not very long ago, you will perceive, the corporation of which I was a member found it important to obtain some legislation which would be very serviceable to those concerned. I was selected to go to Harrisburg, to see the members of

the Legislature individually, and request them, if there was nothing objectionable in the bill, to vote for it. I had no doubt but that my reasons would prove satisfactory, especially as our business was of a nature to essentially contribute to the development of the mineral and agricultural resources of the State. With these honest and innocent ideas of legislation, I started on my mission. On arriving at the capitol, I called on our immediate member, Mr. Jones, who, if his own professions were to be trusted, was anxious to do all he could to promote the object of my visit. He was an old member, and 'knew the ropes.' From him I had every reason to expect aid in procuring the passage of my bill. His room was at a hotel, where a large number of the members of both houses boarded, and he knew them all. Of course, it was a very proper place for me to take rooms. I accompanied Jones to the gentlemen's sitting room in the evening, where he introduced me to many of his fellow legislators, at the same time hinting to them that I might have a bill of some importance for them to consider. In one or two instances, I noticed that knowing glances were exchanged between Jones and those to whom he introduced me. On one occasion a member called him aside, and, after some other conversation, in a low tone, said: *'Is there anything in it?'* The remark was so decidedly foreign to anything that could refer to my bill, that I concluded that it related to some rumor that was floating about without any certainty of its truth.

During the next day, I employed myself in listening to the debates and watching the course of business in the House. It was all new to me, and, of course, very interesting. While seated in the lobby, a middle-aged man of short stature, dark whiskers, and limping gait, whom I had heard designated as 'Sheriff,' and who appeared to have no visible means of support in Harrisburg, except his cane, carelessly dropped into

a seat by my side, and engaged in commonplace conversation. He soon approached a more business-like matter, and said he had understood I was interested in some local legislation which would come before the House. I told him that I had charge of a bill which I should endeavor to have passed. 'It requires some tact and experience,' said he, 'to engineer a bill through such a House as this;' and he ended this preliminary conversation by asking the same mysterious question I had heard the night previous, viz.: *'Is there anything in it?'* I answered that I hoped there would be something in it, if it passed, for the parties interested, as it would enable us to develop certain matters of interest to the State, as well as to make a profit for the stockholders. 'If,' said he, 'it is a bill of such importance, you ought to have some man of experience to assist you in putting it through.' I assured him that 'our member' was a man of experience, and would stand by me, and be ready and willing to impart any instruction that might be necessary. The answer I received was a sarcastic smile, and the 'Sheriff' left.

I continued to watch the course of legislation for a few days, and soon discovered that I was the object of considerable interest to a number of outsiders. Whenever I entered the lobby, the 'Sheriff' and several gentlemen, who were always in his company, would cast their eyes in the direction of my seat, and then confer together. They seemed to keep a strict watch on my movements. At last, when an opportunity offered, I asked Jones what this 'Sheriff' was doing about the House. 'He seems to have no business, and is constantly watching the proceedings of both Houses, vibrating between them like an animated pendulum,' said I. 'Oh,' said Jones, 'he is a member of the *Third House!*' Here was a new thing to me. I evidently had not learned all the machinery of legislating. I asked for an explanation, and soon

learned that the 'Third House' consisted of old ex-members of either House or Senate, broken-down politicians, professional borers, and other vagrants who had made themselves familiar with the *modus operandi* of legislation, and who negotiated for the votes of members on terms to be agreed upon by the contracting parties—in short, these were the Lobby members of the Legislature—a portion of mankind which I had never heard mentioned in terms other than contempt and disgust. Was I then to become familiar with these leeches—these genteel loafers, who, having no apparent business, yet manage to live at the best hotels, drink the best of wines, and go home at the end of the session with more money than any of the *honest* members? The sequel will show.

After waiting a week, I became impatient at the want of interest on the part of Jones in my bill, which so materially concerned a large number of his constituents. He, better than any other member, knew how much our company was doing for the development of the country, the furnishing of employment for laborers, and the increase of taxable inhabitants. He knew that not a man in the county had an objection to urge, or a remonstrance to present against our proposition. Why, then, did he not take my ready-drawn bill and present it without any further delay?

Jones was a member of the committee on corporations, and was said to have much influence in that important vestibule to the temple whence corporate privileges issue. He might, then, if so disposed, soon have my bill through that committee. I determined to bring the matter to a point at once, and cut short my board bill by a speedy presentation of my legislative bill, or obtain the unequivocal refusal of 'our member' to act. I had spent one Sunday in Harrisburg, and did not wish to suffer another infliction of the kind, if any effort of mine could avoid it. On Monday the House did not meet until

three o'clock, as those members who live within a few hours' ride of the capital always wish to go home, and another class wish to spend Saturday and Sunday in Philadelphia, enjoying the various *hospitalities* of the city of Brotherly Love, and the superior facilities for religious instruction, of which legislators generally stand in great need. These two parties combine, and have no difficulty in adjourning over from Friday noon to Monday evening.

At the meeting of the House, I was promptly on hand, and at once attacked Jones. I handed him my bill, drawn in due form, saying:

'Mr. Jones, I have been here a week, and have made no progress in the business for which I came. I am anxious to be at home attending to other duties. I propose to leave the bill in your hands, and depend upon you to see it through. There seems to be no necessity of my being detained longer, for I cannot hasten the matter. There cannot be the slightest objection, I presume, to its passage, when once introduced.'

Jones saw that I was becoming impatient, and seemed to be entirely satisfied that I should be quite so; and he informed me that the chief difficulty would be in passing it through the committee on corporations. The bills referred to that committee, he said, were always scrutinized very closely, and it would need some engineering. He clapped his hands, and called a page to his seat, whispered a few words to him, when he, like Puck, darted off on his errand. Jones then turned to me, and renewed the conversation. I soon saw the veritable Third House 'Sheriff,' whom I have described, approaching us. 'Our member' then handed him the bill, saying:

'My friend here is very desirous of pushing his bill through. Do you think there will be any difficulty about it?'

I could not see the propriety of consulting this Third House borer, especially as he was a total stranger to me.

The ‘Sheriff’ looked wise a short time, and then said :

‘Well’ (addressing his conversation to me), ‘you know that we have all kinds of men to deal with here, and some of them will pay no attention to a bill, however meritorious, *if there is nothing in it*—I mean, if it brings no money to their pockets. It is very lamentable that such is the case, but long experience has taught me that no bill of as much importance as yours, can get through here, without the aid of money.’

I was dumb with indignation ! The flood of legislative light thus suddenly shed upon my unsophisticated mental vision, was too dazzling for me. I replied, when I could command my voice, with some very severe animadversions on bribery and corruption, with which the ‘Sheriff’ and Jones expressed a hearty agreement, but they said we must take men as we find them, and deal with them accordingly, or do without what we knew to be our just dues ; and the ‘Sheriff’ hobbled away, and took a seat in the lobby. I left Jones with a determination to go over to the Senate and consult with the Senator from our district, and ascertain whether he entertained the same views of necessary appliances for legislation, as did my friends of the Second and Third Houses. Our Senator was a very sedate man, who had a reputation for honesty and piety, equalled only by that of Jones himself. I explained my business, showed him my bill, and he read it carefully through. On handing it back to me, he said, quietly :

‘If there *is anything in it*, it will pass without much opposition. If not, it will hardly go through the House. There is a *Ring* formed over there, which will prevent any legislation of this kind, unless it is well paid for.’

Here was another legislative idiom ! ‘The Ring.’ What did that mean ? I was not long kept in ignorance, for I soon learned that it was a combination of members who had agreed to vote for

no bill unless approved by them, and not only approved, but well paid for. It was easy for twenty or thirty individuals to control all important legislation in this way, by casting their votes for one side or the other. This ring is always in alliance with the Third House, and always in market, as I learned by my brief experience.

Satisfied that I must go about the business of legislation as I would any other purchase, I began to figure up the profit and loss account, to see how much fleecing we could stand, and make the bill profitable to ourselves. I returned to Jones to ascertain, if possible, if he was in the ring, and how much money it would require to get my bill through. He at once and most emphatically disclaimed all knowledge of the ring, and could not tell at all, how much money would be needed. He advised me to go to my Third House friend, the ‘Sheriff,’ who was posted up in such matters, and I concluded to act on his suggestion. The ‘Sheriff’s’ advice was of a very practical nature. He thought it might take \$3,000 to get it through—perhaps \$5,000 for both House and Senate. It seemed a sheer piece of robbery and corruption, and I delayed further action until I could write to the directors of our corporation and state the case to them. This delayed me another week. When the answer came, it enclosed a check for \$5,000, with directions to ‘buy the scoundrels, if they were for sale, like dogs in the market.’ On the day after I received the check, I went to the House, determined to make the best terms I could among those who followed legislation as a trade and made merchandise of their votes. Jones thought \$2,000 would get it through the committee on corporations, and if I would hand him that amount he would manage it as economically as possible. He insisted that he did not wish anything for himself. He would scorn to accept a cent for his influence, and would feel everlastingly disgraced to take a farthing

from a constituent. He was only anxious to serve me and have me fleeced as little as possible. Of course, I believed him. In proof of my confidence, I immediately handed over \$2,000 to his custody, in convenient packages for distribution. The same day my bill was read in place and referred to the committee on corporations! This was on Tuesday. On Thursday I was at the seat of Jones, when he reported the bill from his committee. As he took it from his desk, a small strip of paper was dropped upon the floor. It seemed to have been accidentally folded in the bill. It was, beyond all question, accidentally dropped. I picked it up, not knowing but that it might be of some importance. As he was reporting various bills, I looked at the slip of paper. The title of my bill was at the head, or immediately following the words, 'In committee,' and below were eight names, foremost of which was that of 'our member.' The names and figures were as follows:

Jones,	\$125	McGee,	\$125
Smith,	125	McMurphy,	125
Baker,	125	Grabup,	125
Van Dunk,	125	Holdum,	125

Am't received by Jones, \$1,000

I folded this interesting *morceau*, and placed it in my pocket. I was greatly surprised to see the name of Jones down for \$125, when he had so positively declared that he did not want a cent; but I was happy to find that he had expended only \$1,000 to get it through the committee. When he took his seat, I asked him if he had any difficulty in passing the bill through the committee? He said he had a little. The members thought \$2,000 rather a small 'divy' (the legislative commercial phrase for dividend) for such a bill; but he induced them to let it go through for that sum. I could not but remember that little memorandum in my pocket, which only exhibited a distribution of half that amount, including one eighth of the sum to 'Jones.' It

looked very much as if his fellow committee men had been sold as well as bought, and that he had quietly pocketed \$1,125 in the operation. However, I said nothing, but concluded that I was fast being initiated into the mysteries of *honorable* legislation. I must now wait to see if my money would hold out to carry the bill through, provided Jones continued to be the financial agent, and continued to make a fifty per cent. dividend for himself before disbursing to his fellows. I thought his course did not look like 'honor among thieves.'

After the bill was reported, my friend, the 'Sheriff,' came to congratulate me on such prompt action by the committee, and hoped I would be as successful with the ring on the floor of the House. I told him that he seemed to be well posted on such matters, and I would like to retain him as my counsellor in the case. With that characteristic modesty which adheres to a veteran member of the Third House, who has served fifteen winters in the lobby, he protested his want of ability to manage such matters; but concluded that, if I really desired it, he would assist me all in his power. I insisted that he was just the man, and must stand by me. We immediately entered into negotiations. I was to place my remaining \$3,000 in his hands, and he would use such portions of it as would be necessary to secure the ring in both branches of the Legislature. He would disburse as little as possible, and return me what remained, out of which I could pay him what I thought proper for his services. As he was well acquainted with nearly all the members, I had no doubt of his ability to carry it through, for it was just that kind of a bill that no valid objection could be raised against. Jones, who had proved by his acts how entirely disinterested he was in all his efforts in my behalf, told me that there need be no fear of the 'Sheriff,' and he (Jones) would be responsible for a fair account of the disbursement of the

money. I could have no suspicion of Jones's honesty and fair dealing after my previous experience; so, in presence of our honest member, I handed over the \$3,000. Soon after this, I saw the 'Sheriff' and Jones figuring earnestly together, and then go and consult with several members, who I supposed were in the ring. It would be ungenerous to suppose that Jones would receive money for voting for a bill to improve his own county, and he was undoubtedly doing all he could without compensation, while entirely conscious that others were being paid. My readers will be as ready to adopt this opinion as myself after what I have already recorded of him. Private bill day came, and mine was on the calendar. I must confess to a little palpitation when I heard the title read. I was made anxious and indignant, when a member from Philadelphia started to his feet, and said:

'I object to that bill.'

Jones trusted the member would not insist on his objection to that purely local bill. It was no use, the objection was adhered to. When business proceeded again, Jones went to the objecting member, who sat near where I stood anxiously watching the proceedings. Jones spoke to him warmly, when the other retorted with:

'Well, *if there is anything in it*, I will withdraw my objection, but not until I am *satisfied*.'

The objector passed into the rotunda with Jones and the 'Sheriff,' where he *must* have been satisfied, for when he returned to his seat, he withdrew his objection, and it was, with the others, laid aside for a second reading. I never knew the arguments which were presented to induce him to withdraw his objection, but he probably found *how much* there was 'in it.' In the afternoon my bill passed without opposition.

The 'Sheriff' now informed me that I must hurry up the transcribing of my

bill, or it would be a long time in getting over to the Senate. I told him that I supposed all bills must take their course according to their numbers. He said he would go to the clerk with me and get it 'hurried up.' When we spoke to the clerk, he said it could not be transcribed for a day or two, for it was nearly at the bottom of the large package that had been passed. The 'Sheriff' quietly handed a five-dollar note to the clerk, and his mind suddenly changed, and, 'seeing it is for you,' he would have it attended to immediately. The next thing to be looked for was a transcribing clerk who would do it. Another five-dollar note accomplished this object, and the work was finished up that night. In the morning it went to the Senate, and there it went through smoothly.

After my success, I called on the 'Sheriff' to see how much of the \$3,000 he had used. As I anticipated, it was all used; but I strongly suspected that the whole ring, in this case, consisted of Jones, the 'Sheriff,' and the objecting member who went into the rotunda, and that the two former made a pretty large 'divy,' and paid the others, including the clerks, as little as possible.

In the course of my investigations, I learned that one of the Third House often receives money on his own representation that certain members will not vote without pay, when they (the members) are entirely innocent and unsuspecting, while the leeches of the lobby are selling their votes and charging them with bribery.

Such is the little 'mystery' which I paid five thousand dollars to become acquainted with. As our company has no more acts of incorporation to ask for, I hope never to be obliged to learn the lesson over again.

Perhaps others may manage better and cheaper from taking note of my experience.

THE CONFEDERATION AND THE NATION.

WHEN the States which are now in war against the Government, declared themselves no longer bound by the Constitution, and no longer parts of the nation, they rested their action, so far as they deigned to account for it, on the ground that the United States were nothing more than a confederation, constituted such by a mere compact, which could be broken when the interests or the whim of any party so dictated. The loyal States, on the other hand, straightway took up arms in defence of the integrity of the nation, constituted such by organic law, which is supreme forever throughout the length and breadth of the land. Now, while there are in our midst men base enough to endeavor to seduce the unthinking portion of our community to the idea that the traitors are entitled to those rights, and to be treated in that way conceded only by one nation to another, it may be well to consider, in the light of our own history, the argument as to the nature of our Government; for it is only by granting the correctness of the view advanced by the rebels, that we can for one moment entertain any proposition for compromise, or any of those vague but pernicious ideas brought forward by Peace Democrats, looking to a disgraceful settlement of this war. With this purpose in view, we propose to briefly examine the main points in the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution, and by thus comparing the frameworks of the two governments, to show the definite and irreconcilable difference which exists between them.

The Articles of Confederation were entered on within four days after the second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, by the same body which adopted that instrument, and about nine years before the adoption of the Constitution in convention. The

three years which just elapsed had been a season of singular and searching trial. While unity of feeling was compelled in the face of a powerful and aggressive foe, and in the defence of liberties held and prized in common, the mutual relations of the colonies were so indefinitely ascertained, and authority was so loosely bestowed, that unity of action was impossible; there was no power to do the very things which necessity and desire alike dictated. Having taken up arms against the most powerful nation of the time, whose system enabled it to concentrate vast energies on the subjugation of this dozen revolted colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast, they found themselves in so helplessly disorganized a condition, that, separated from the mother country, they could hardly, for any length of time, have successfully pursued the quiet life of peace.

Under these circumstances, they bound themselves together by Articles of Confederation. These were, what similar articles had always been, a species of treaty, having peculiar objects, seeking them in a peculiar way, and declared perpetual, but having an obligation no stronger than that of a treaty, and practically dissoluble at the will of the parties. Thus, the States issued letters of marque and reprisal; Congress determined on peace and war, but the States were depended on to accept the former and carry on the latter when declared. Congress might ascertain the number of ships and men to be furnished, but the States appointed the officers. Congress might fix the sums necessary to be used in defraying public expenses, but the States must raise them. Congress might regulate the value of coin, but the States might issue it. The loose character of this tie is seen still more plainly in the fact that there was no efficient final tribunal.

The commissioners appointed by Congress might decide a controversy arising between two States, but there was nothing by which the commissioners could be guided, no stability or force as precedents in their decisions when made, and no power to enforce them if neglected or rejected by one or both the parties. It was simply a provision for constantly recurring arbitration, obtained by reference to a changeable, and practically unauthoritative board of judges. Moreover, this government, weak and unorganized as it was, was withdrawn on the adjournment of Congress; for the Committee of States, appointed to act in the recess, was useless, as well from the paucity of its powers, as from the fact that a quorum of its members could seldom be obtained.

Such a system, or rather, lack of system, could be tolerated only while the peril of their life and liberties compelled the people to perform the duties the government was powerless to enforce. After the war was over, and the people were left with independence and freedom, with a powerful ally in Europe, with elements of unrivalled resource, but with a heavy load of debt, with disorganized social and political relations, with crippled commerce, and without the powerful uniting pressure from outside, this system of confederation began to develop its evils and its insufficiency. To complete the triumph begun by the desolating struggle through which we had just passed, and, by building up a system under whose operation the nation's wealth could pay the nation's debt, and the nation's power protect the nation's honor and interest, to assert at once the claim and the right to respect, was the necessity of the time. To answer this necessity was a very different thing from conducting the war. Commerce was now to take the place of naval conflict; mutual intercourse in the interest of trade was to replace the performance of those duties which the common de-

fence had imposed. The life of the people was now to be saved, not by armed struggles in its defence, but by nurturing its resources, opening its various channels, and freeing it for the performance of its healthful and renewing functions.

For this purpose, a system which could not make treaties of commerce without leaving it in the power of thirteen States to break them by retaliation, which could not prevent one or all of these States from utterly prohibiting the import or export of such commodities as they chose, and which left the people powerless to induce or compel advantages from foreign commerce, while it was even more helpless in regard to domestic commerce—for this purpose such a system was absolutely useless.

After struggling for a few years under the cramping and confusing effects of this system, it was given up, and the Constitution, as framed in 1787, was adopted. The relations assumed by the States at this time were marked. By the Articles, each State had retained its sovereignty, freedom, and independence. By the Constitution, the people and the States reserved such powers as were not expressly given to the United States, or prohibited to the States. The omission of the claim to sovereignty and independence in the Constitution, is as significant as is its presence in the Articles. It appears as a definite surrender of those attributes, as complete, as binding, as permanent as language could make it. Nor must we forget, while the momentous questions of our times are yet undecided, that sovereignty once surrendered can never be 'resumed.' The relations, the duties, and the attributes of the life to which it belongs have been completely and forever given up, while those of another have been as entirely and irrevocably assumed.

The States had thus passed from one into another sphere of existence, whose relations were as different as their ob-

jects. The Articles were a league of friendship for common defence, the security of liberties, and the general and mutual welfare. No identity of interest was supposed to exist or sought to be served. Such needs as were, at the time of the adoption, felt in common, were provided for, and the States were left to provide, as best they could, for the others. This much and no more was sought by the States. That the objects of the Constitution were different, as well as that they were avowed by a far different authority, is shown in the declaration with which it opens: 'We THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union'—not as to time, for both the old and the new union were declared perpetual; but in kind, for which the States surrendered the former claim to sovereignty and independence. 'To establish justice'—not to insure the amicable relations of allied States, but to form a tribunal which should decide upon the common allegiance and the common privileges of the people. 'To insure domestic tranquillity'—an object unrecognized in the Articles of Confederation, and implying, not association but identity; not the mutual obligations of partnership, but the intimate connection of the national household. 'Do ordain and establish this Constitution.' There is no longer the indefinite expression of half-conceived obligation, nor the imperfect pledge to imperfect union, but there is, instead, the solemn, authoritative language of a sovereign people, self-contained, self-sufficing, conscious alike of its duties and its rights, giving form to what shall be the law of the land, fundamental as being based on the will of the people, supreme as higher than the will of any part of the people, whether individual or State.

A difference as radical pervades all the provisions of the Constitution. By the Articles, the vote in Congress was taken by States. By the Constitution, a majority controls in all but extraordinary business, and the vote is always

taken by members. The Congress is no longer the assembled States; it is the assembled representatives of the people—of the nation. It is no longer charged with the management of the mutual relations of parties to an alliance, but with the making of laws which shall be the supreme law of the land throughout its entire extent. By the Articles, prohibitions to the States are made conditional on the consent of Congress; but by the Constitution, the more important acts of sovereignty—forming treaties, issuing bills of credit, regulating the circulating medium—are unconditionally forbidden to the States. The Congress now controls foreign commerce, raises the revenue, levies taxes, and cares for the welfare of the nation. By the Articles, new members of the Confederation were to be admitted by the consent of nine—about two thirds of the States. By the Constitution, the applicants are regarded rather as an organized body of men, seeking to identify themselves with the American people. To such the national Congress extends the privilege of citizenship, and from such demands conformity to our method of national life.

But while these are instances of the radical difference existing between the methods of treating the same subjects in the Articles of Confederation and in the Constitution, there are elements in the Constitution, peculiar to itself, which make the relations and duties of the States under them utterly irreconcilable. These are embodied in the organization of the national Government. In assuming the functions, it took upon itself the forms and instrumentalities of a sovereign and universal authority. Having founded the Government on the supremacy of the people, and deposited all original power with the representative and legislative body, the Constitution provided for the prompt and thorough exercise of that power by vesting the executive authority in the President of the United States, and such officers

as Congress should appoint for him. In the Federation there was no executive, for there was very little to execute. What few things it lay in the power of the assembled States to determine should be done, were given to the respective States to do. When they were refractory or negligent, there was no power in Congress, either to appoint other agents, or to compel them to the performance of their duties. A promise voluntarily given, and deemed subject to voluntary violation, was the only pledge given for the execution of mutual agreements.

Were our national Government now as it was then—as the rebels maintain, and as their Northern friends would have us act as if we believed—the rebellion would indeed be a justifiable attempt to secure self-evident rights. But it is not so. Under the Constitution, an executive is appointed directly by the people, who is bound, by an oath too sacred for any but a traitor to violate, to protect, defend, and preserve the organic law which binds us as a nation forever, and to apply and execute the laws of Congress made in accordance therewith.

And to these laws, which, made by the representatives of the people, embody their sovereign authority, there is given the further sanction of judicial supervision. In the Confederation there was no general and permanent standard by which decisions could be made and preserved. Everything was made to depend on the irresponsible and often conflicting action of the States, or on the unauthoritative determination of the congressional commission. To remedy this defect, and make more complete the national character of our present Government, a judicial power of the United States was vested in the Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may establish. This Supreme Court, with original jurisdiction in all cases affecting foreign nations, and in all cases in which

a State shall be a party, and with appellate jurisdiction in other cases, is at once a final tribunal for inter-State disagreement, and a representative to the world of an united nation, having an individual existence, and capable of performing all the functions of an individual nation.

We have thus traced the main lines of difference between the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution, and have seen that the latter was meant to be, and is the organic law of a developed and completed nationality. Under it, every one of us becomes an American citizen, exercising, as is right, certain local privileges, and dependent for their immediate protection on the State authorities, but possessing other wider and nobler rights, which inhere in him as a citizen of the United States, and which are asserted and supported by the power and dignity of the entire nation. No words can more fully express the lofty majesty of that state of nationality on which we have entered, never, under God, to fall from it, than those of the Constitution itself, to support which every member of every government, the local as well as the national, is bound by solemn oath. 'This Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States, shall be the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'

Before such words as these, binding these States together as one nation, whose integrity nothing but treason would seek to destroy or weaken, the fierce invective of the Southern, and the feeble sophistry of the Northern traitor shrink to insignificance. They are at once the record and the prophecy of our success, declaring the foundation on which the Government is based, and pointing to yet greater glories to be attained in the superstructure.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOUL OF ART.

'In diligent toil thy master is the bee;
 In craft mechanical, the worm that creeps
 Through earth its dexterous way, may tutor thee;
 In knowledge, couldst thou fathom all its depths,
 All to the seraph are already known:
 But thine, O Man, is Art—thine wholly and alone!'—SCHILLER.

'The *contemplation* of the Divine Attributes is the source of the highest enjoyment: their *manifestation* is the enduring base and unfailing spring of all true Art.'

MANY good and great men persist in refusing to teach, save through abstract dogmas and logical formulæ, always disagreeable to and rarely comprehended by the masses, those high moral truths, which they are so eager to imbibe when presented to them under the attractive form of art. It is indeed impossible for man to grasp the essential truths of life through the understanding alone; because, created in the image of the triune God, he can only make vital truths fully his own in the symbolic unity of his triune being. If considered only as body or sensuous perception, only as soul or heart, only as spirit or intellect—he cannot be said to live at all, since it is only in the perfect union of the Three that his essential life is found. To make instruction really available to him, he must be taught as God and nature always teach him—as soul, spirit, and body. To sever them is to disintegrate the mystic core of his very being; to disregard the triune image in which he was made. As art is symbolic of man himself, it addresses itself to his whole being. Thus, man exists as:

Soul—Spirit—Body: to which the corresponding senses are—

Hearing—Seeing—Touching: the corresponding arts—

Music—Painting—Sculpture. Poetry is no fourth art; it but embraces and embodies them all in its correspondent divisions of—

Rhythm—Description—Form.

The 'Body' draws its life from the world of matter made by God, by an assimilation of the elements suited to and prepared for its needs.

The 'Spirit' lives by an analogous process; but its proper food is the wisdom of God.

In a like manner lives the 'Soul'; its tender instincts are to be pastured upon the love of God.

Oh, marvellous 'condescension! The Infinite deigns to be appropriated as the source of all life and growth by the finite!

In close connection with the three-fold being of man, stand the Fine Arts.

'Body.' Sculpture is the art of corporeal form, appealing to the eye as the necessary medium for satisfying the corporeal sense of touch. It gratifies this sense that 'ideal beauty' should breathe through solid, tangible, and material forms. For the triune man longs for perfection in his triune being. It should not astonish us that this art attained its greatest perfection in the ages of classical antiquity; and that music and painting, the symbolic arts of soul and spirit, should have attained their highest excellence only after the advent of our sublime ideal Christ.

'Spirit.' As seeing is the sense holding the closest relation with the spirit or intellect, and light is the most spiritual element of nature,—so painting, addressing itself to the spirit of man, must be regarded as the most spiritual

of the arts. Classic art became roman tic during the Christian era; Christianity impressed it with an almost painful longing for the divine. Classic beauty was indeed there, but with the expression of inadequacy to its internal consciousness, oppressed with the grief of its fallen existence, and with the sadness of an infinite longing on its ethereal countenance.

‘Soul.’ Music, addressing itself through the ear to the emotions, is the art of the longing, divining, loving soul. It never excites abstract or antagonistic thought; it unites humanity in concrete feeling. It certainly cannot be denied that sounds address themselves immediately to the feelings; that the tones of the voice are highly sympathetic; that the sighs, groans, shrieks, cries of a sufferer affect us far more vividly than the mere sight of the same degree of suffering.

But though the arts seem to us to be thus divided, each art is also threefold, and must appeal to the triune nature of man. As man only truly lives, so he only truly creates, as a threefold being, yet his *life* is ever one, so that soul, spirit, and body are constantly acting and reacting upon each other. When the divine wisdom shines into the spirit, it gives it the perception of intellectual truths, which truths throw their light far into the dimmer soul; and when the divine love pours into the soul, it gifts it with the almost limitless faculty of loving, which warms and quickens the colder spirit, until it germs and buds in the lovely bloom of human charities and self-abnegating good deeds.

It is not our intention here to enter into any detailed speculations upon the hidden mysteries of our being; we simply call the attention of the reader to the fact that there is a class of truths which must belong to the universal reason (such as mathematical axioms, syllogistic formulæ, logical deductions, etc., etc.), because they compel assent as soon as recognized;—thus a ray of

divine wisdom itself must exist in our spirits, which cannot be perverted, and which elevates the human mind to the immediate perception of impersonal, abstract, and conviction-compelling truths. We cannot deny them, even if we would! All sound logic has its power in the light proceeding from this divine ray.

A ray of the divine love must also exist in the essence of the human soul, to enable it to perform the marvels of self-abnegating devotion, of which the most humble among us frequently seem capable. Strange Promethean fire!

As it is the allotted task of every individual to form his soul into a noble and powerful personality, to be an artist in the highest sense of the word, since he must aid in chiselling a glorious statue from the living block intrusted to his care,—is it not essentially necessary that every human being should be taught to discern and love the beautiful? And vast is the difference between the artist in the school of men and in the school of God; the first, working for and in time, must be satisfied with leaving to his fellow men some brilliant yet perishing records of his thoughts; while the latter, working for eternity, may labor forever to approach the infinite beauty set before him as his glorious ideal of perfection!

We have already asserted that poetry is no fourth art on a line with the other three. It indeed embraces and resumes them all, with added powers of its own. It cannot, however, be denied that, employed in combination with poetry, the other arts lose much of their special power and effect, for thus associated they hold a subordinate station, are forced to appear in a colder medium, and are subjected to the laws of a harmony but partially adapted to their individual interests. Undeniable as this may be, poetry still maintains its high claims to our consideration. Though its tones be colder than those of music, since they must pass through the analytic intellect instead of appealing im-

mediately to the sympathetic heart ; if its hues are less vivid than those of painting, as they must be transmitted through the slower medium of words in lieu of impressing themselves immediately upon the delighted eye ; if less palpable to the corporeal sense of touch than sculpture, with its solidity of form,—yet is its range wider, fuller, and far more comprehensive than any one of the sister arts. If any one should be inclined to doubt that it is indeed a *resumé* of them all, let him consider that in its prosodial flow, measured pauses, metrical lines, varied cadences, stirring or soothing rhythms, sweet or rugged rhymes,—it is music : in its metaphorical diction, descriptive imagery, succession of shifting pictures, diversified illustration, and vivid coloring,—it is painting : while in its organic development and arrangement of parts, its complicated structure, in the individualism of characters, and the sharply defined personalities of its dramatic realm,—it struggles to attain the fixed and beautiful unity of sculpture.

The arts find their essential unity in the fact that their sole object is the manifestation of the beautiful. No one knows better than the artist that beauty is not the production of his own limited understanding, but that, after having duly made his preliminary studies of the laws of the medium through which he is to manifest it, it shines into, it reveals itself, as it were, intuitively to the divining soul. Far lower in its sphere than that infallible inspiration which speaks to us through the sacred pages of Holy Writ of the things immediately pertaining to our relations with God, true artistic power must still be considered as inspiration, since it is constantly arriving at more than the unassisted reason of man could command by the fullest exercise of its highest logical powers. The impassioned Romeo cries : ‘ Can philosophy make a Juliet ? ’ That philosophy has never made a Juliet in art is positively certain ! Let us then reverentially enter

upon an analysis of the effect of beauty upon the human spirit, whether found in the perfect works of our God, or shining through the more humble imitations and manifestations of the fallible human artist.

The perception of beauty first excites a sensation of pleasure, then a feeling of interest in the beautiful object, then a perception of kindness in a superior intelligence, from which it is at once seen it must ultimately flow, then a feeling of grateful veneration toward that beneficent Intelligence. Unless the perception of beauty be accompanied with these emotions, we have no more correct idea of beauty than we can be said to have an idea of a letter of which we perceive the fine handwriting and fair lines, without understanding the contents. The emotions consequent upon the due perception of beauty are not given by the senses, nor do they arise entirely from the intellect, but, proceeding from the entire man, must be accompanied by a right and open state of the heart. A true perception and acknowledgment of beauty is then certainly elevating ; exalting and purifying the mind in accordance with its degree. And it would indeed seem, from the lavish profusion with which the Deity has seen fit to scatter it around us, that it was His beneficent intention we should be constantly under its influence. Now the artist is one gifted by his Creator to discern that ineffable beauty which is everywhere present, to live in the realm of the ideal, and to reveal it to men through words, forms, colors, sounds, and, would he insure the salvation of his own soul, through good deeds. Thus it can be proved that ‘ religion is the soul of art,’ and essentially necessary to the artist, because it gives him, simultaneously, the ideas and feelings of the Absolute, without which he must lose his way, falling into sterile and ignoble copies of the real, like the Dutch painters, and thus be able to produce nothing but detailed and accurate copies of low

subjects, of factitious emotions, or of vulgar sensations. Without faith, the artist prefers the body itself to the feelings which animate it—the polished limbs of a Venus to the brow of a Madonna! The intellect alone can never soar to the regions of eternal truth, to the Absolute; it must be aided by the heart in its daring flight. Faith and love are the snowy and glittering wings of true artistic excellence. When the soul is full of the bliss of beauty, the feeling of its happiness urges the artist on to the necessity of imparting it,—while his heart is wrapt in the vision of the Absolute, he would fain build for his joyous thoughts an eternal abode with his fellow men, that they too might see the steppings of the All Fair, and so be cheered and stimulated in these their gloomy days of evil.

Thus it cannot be denied that religion alone gives depth and sublimity to the creations of art, because it alone gives faith and hope in the Infinite. If we are often astonished to see the springs of artistic inspiration so rapidly exhausted in many men of genius of our own epoch, it is because of their overwhelming egotism and limited subjectivity, because the worship of the finite replaces that of the infinite, because religion has become for them a mere memory of childhood. To recover their blighted fertility of imagination, they must again become as little children, again betake themselves to the shady and lonely way leading to the temple of God.

In proof of this position, we constantly find that men gifted, sensuously, with acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet who do not receive it with a pure heart, never comprehend it aright; but making it a mere minister to their desires, a mere seasoning of sensual pleasures, sink until all their creations take the same earthly stamp, and it is seen and felt that the heavenly sense of beauty has been degraded into a servant of lust. But as the spirit of prophecy consisted with the avarice of Balaam

and the disobedience of Saul, so God knows all the stops of the heaven-gifted but self-corrupted artists, and, in spite of themselves, has often made them discourse high harmonies, and give the most eloquent and earnest enunciations of the very sentiments and principles in which their own condemnation could be found clearly and vividly written. The good seed, although divine, if there be no blessing upon it, may indeed bring forth wild grapes, but these grapes are well discerned, for there is, in the works of bad men, a taint, stain, and jarring discord, blacker and louder exactly in proportion to their moral deficiency. At best it is no part of our duty to examine into and pronounce upon the frail characters of men, but rather to hold fast to that which we can prove good, and feel to be ordained for our own benefit.

It can, moreover, be fully proved that the artists, as a class, have never been false to religion. From the poets of the dark ages sprang a literature strange and marvellous, but full of naive faith, and bearing striking witness to the activity of the human spirit even in those dim centuries: I mean the literature of 'visions and legends.' And to estimate the importance of these consolatory creations aright, we must remember how precarious and miserable life then was, passed in constant privation and poverty, menaced with increasing perils; and then consider the fact that these legends kept constantly before the mind of the oppressed people the consoling idea of a superintending Providence, who numbers all our tears and hears our lightest sighs. The legend indeed never confined itself wholly to this earth as the theatre of its wild drama; immortality was always its groundwork, and its last scene always opened in the invisible world, where the saints were surrounded with undying halos of glory, and from whence they watched over men with increasing love, while in their midst reigned a gentle figure full of

grace and majesty, uniting, in a mysterious and ineffable manner, the holy virginity and sacred maternity of woman; a gentle, humble being, through whose innocent meekness the two worlds, finite and infinite, had been forever linked in the person of the infant God, whom she forever bore upon her virgin bosom. What a tender lesson for barbaric life!

We must also remember that these legends were eminently popular, that they passed from mouth to mouth round the winter hearth, teaching the young and soothing the children, like the cradle song of a mother, pouring hope into the cell of the captive, teaching the virtuous oppressed that a just God mercifully listened to all their secret sighs, and, leading the poor to look beyond the squalid poverty which surrounded them, pointed to them the legions of angels, which were lovingly camped around them. It is impossible to overestimate the blessed effects of such a literature, or to count the naive hearts which it may have rescued from suicide and despair!

The spirit of the literature of the middle ages culminates in the Christian poet, Dante. History, theology, politics, paganism, sweet and melancholy elegies, flashes of fiery indignation, all men and all generations, meet in his majestic epic. Yet the closest unity is preserved through this astonishing range of subjects; one sublime idea broods over its every line,—the idea of a God of perfect justice—of undying love!

We cite, in corroboration, the following lines from this noble poet, though a prose translation can do but little justice to the glowing original:

‘God is One in substance; Power, Wisdom, and Love assume in Him a triple Personality, so that in all tongues singular and plural are alike applicable to Him. He is spirit; he is the circle which circumscribes everything and which nothing ever circumscribes; immense, eternal, immutable, He is the Primal out of which all is darkness. Unlimited by time, without laws save in His own will, in

the bosom of eternity, He, who is three in One, acts;—Power executes what Wisdom proposes, and Infinite Love is forever germinating into ever new loves. Like a triple arrow from a single bow, from the depths of the Productive thought, spring, whether single or united, matter, form, with the living heart of all finite beings—their own governing laws. Created things are but the splendor of the immutable ideas which the Father engenders, and which He loves unceasingly. Ideas—thoughts—sacred words! Light, which, without being detached from Him who wills it into being, shines from creature to creature, from cause to effect, on—on—until it produces only contingent and transitory phenomena; Light which, repeated and reflected from mirror to mirror, pales as its distance increases from its Holy Source.’

That would surely be an interesting work which would glean for us the multiplied expressions of the faith of the ‘laurel-crowned,’ who have left their consoling records for humanity, their tracks of light over the dark earth-bosom in which they sleep. But this is not place for such researches; we must confine ourselves to but few quotations, designed to show that religion is the soul of art.

In proof of this we might quote the whole of the fine tragedy of *Polyeucte*; it is full of ardent religious feeling. The moral is indeed condensed in the following lines:

‘If to die for our king is a glorious destiny,—
How sublime is death when we may die for
God!’

Urged by that unconquerable love of the Absolute which possesses all true poets, Racine seeks in God alone the source of all regal power:

‘The eternal is his name, the world is his
work,
He hears the sighs of the oppressed;
He judges all mortals with equal justice,
From the height of his throne he calls kings
to account.’

Our English poet Shakespeare, whose works are full of sublime morality, puts into the mouth of one of his matchless heroines the following exquisite passage, recalling to us the lessons of the New Testament:

'Alas! alas!

Why all the souls that are, were forfeit once,
And He that might the advantage best have
took

Found out the remedy : how would you be,
If He, who is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? In the strict
course

Of justice none of us should see salvation :
We do pray for mercy ; that same prayer
Should teach us all to render deeds of mercy.'

Klopstock, the German poet, sings only of God, not in the creation alone, the last judgment, in his august and dreadful majesty, but in the wonders of His tender love :

'I trust in thee, Divine Mediator! I have chanted the canticle of the new covenant ; my race is run ; Thou hast pardoned my tottering steps! Sound! sound, quivering strings of my lyre! My heart is full of the bliss of gratitude to my God! What recompense could I ask? I have tasted the cup of angels in singing of my Redeemer!'

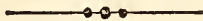
Not less devout than the 'Messiah,' but far more beautiful, is Tasso's exquisite 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

A complete system of theology may be found in the majestic pages of Milton's sublime 'Paradise Lost.'

That which with the heathen poets was but an episode, the religious ele-

ment of the poem, as the 'Descent into Hades,' the 'Wanderings through Elysium,' etc., etc., ends by absorbing the entire work after the advent of Christianity. The 'Divine Comedy,' the 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Messiah,' form a magnificent Christian trilogy, of which the scene is almost always in a supernatural sphere, and in which the principal actor is—the Providence of God.

On this subject we have no further time to dilate, and the reader may easily verify its truth for himself. If he would convince himself that the deepest draughts of inspiration have ever been drawn by the highest artists from religious ideas, let him add to the names above given, those of Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Tintoret, Corregio, Murillo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and, in our own days, Overbeck ; let him gaze into that divine face, of godlike sorrow given us by an untaught monk, Antonio Pesenti, in his marvellous crucifix of ivory, let him listen to the pure ethereal strains of Palestrina, Pergolese, Marcello, Stradella, and Cherubini, and thus be assured that religion, the love of the Infinite, is the 'Soul of Art.'



THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA.

THE most terrible name, perhaps, in the juvenile literature of England and English America, during the last century and a half, has been that of WILLIAM KIDD, the pirate. In the nursery legend, in story, and in song, the name of Kidd has stood forth as the boldest and bloodiest of buccaneers. The terror of the ocean when abroad, he returned from his successive voyages to line our coasts with silver and gold, and to renew with the devil a league, cemented

with the blood of victims shot down whenever fresh returns of the precious metals were to be hidden. According to the superstitious of Connecticut and Long Island, it was owing to these bloody charms that honest money-diggers have ever experienced so much difficulty in removing these buried treasures. Often, indeed, have the lids of the iron chests rung beneath the mattock of the stealthy midnight searcher for gold ; but the flashes of sulphur-

ous fires, blue and red, and the saucer eyes and chattering teeth of legions of demons have uniformly interposed to frighten the delvers from their posts, and preserve the treasures from their greedy clutches. But notwithstanding the harrowing sensations connected with the name of Kidd, and his renown as a pirate, he was but one of the last and most inconsiderable of that mighty race of sea robbers who, during a long series of years in the seventeenth century, were the admiration of the world for their prowess, and its terror for their crimes.

The community of buccaneers was first organized upon the small island of Tortuga, situated on the north side of St. Domingo, at the distance of about two leagues from the latter. It was upon this island that the first European colony was planted in the New World, in the year and month of its discovery. But although the colony became considerable, and flourished so long as the natives remained in sufficient numbers to cultivate the plantations of the Spaniards, yet it did not take vigorous root. The numbers of the natives were greatly reduced by the arms of their conquerors, and were afterward still more rapidly diminished by oppression; and although an attempt was made to supply their places by a forced importation of forty thousand Indians from the Bahamas, the experiment was of little avail. In less than half a century, the aboriginal race was extinct. The country was beautiful beyond description: rich in its mines, and its soil of unexceeded fertility. But the Spaniard, if not by nature indolent, is prone to luxury. The earth producing by handfuls, the colonists saw little necessity of laborious exertion. They accordingly degenerated from the spirit and enterprise of their ancestors, and fell into habits of voluptuous idleness. Agriculture was neglected, and the mines deserted. Contenting themselves with a bare supply of the wants of nature, they sank into such a state of indo-

lence, that many of their slaves had no other employment than to swing them in their hammocks the livelong day. No colony could flourish composed of such a people. During the first half century of its existence, it had indeed become considerable; but for a century afterward it dwindled away, neglected and apparently forgotten by the parent country, until even the remembrance of its former greatness was lost.

At length, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the Spaniards were roused from their repose. So early as the year 1630, the severity of the French colonial system had driven many of the most resolute of the colonists from the islands belonging to that nation, especially from St. Christopher's. Numbers of these men, in order to an unrestrained enjoyment of liberty, took refuge in the western division of St. Domingo, supporting themselves with game, and by hunting wild cattle, for which they continued to find a market, either in the Spanish settlements, or by trading with vessels visiting the western coast for that object. Meanwhile the exactions upon the colonists of St. Christopher's and the submission required of them to exclusive privileges, induced a further and greater number to abandon the island, and join the adventures of their own countrymen in the forests of St. Domingo. Those adventurers—many of whom had already been roaming the St. Domingo forest for nearly half a century, increasing in numbers by accessions from time to time—had, in 1630, established a social and political system of their own, peculiar to their own community. Their original calling was the hunting of wild boars and cattle, which abounded in the island. To this was added, to a small extent, the business of planting, and to this again the more adventurous profession of sea-roving and piracy. Their vessels were at first nothing larger than boats, or rather canoes, constructed from the trunks of trees—excavations after the manner of

the ordinary light canoes of our own aborigines. But from the size of some descriptions of trees growing in that climate, these canoes were capable of carrying crews of from thirty to fifty and seventy-five men, with the necessary supplies for short voyages among the Antilles. As they had no women among them, nor other consequent responsibilities, it was their custom to associate in partnerships of two, called comrades, who lived together, and assisted each other in the chase and in the domestic duties of their huts or cabins. Their goods were thrown into common stock; and when one of a partnership died, the survivor became the absolute heir of the joint stock—unless the deceased, by previous stipulation, bequeathed his goods to his relatives, perchance a wife and children in another land. They were frequently absent from their lodges on their hunting excursions for twelve months and two years at a time; but their lodges with their goods were left in perfect safety, for the crime of theft was unknown among them.

Differences seldom arose among them, and when they did occur, they were usually adjusted without much difficulty. In obstinate and aggravated cases, however, their disputes were decided by firearms, in the use of which the nicest principles of fairness and honor were observed. A ball entering the back or the side of a party, afforded evidence that he had fallen by treachery, and the assassin was immediately put to death. The former laws of their own country were disregarded; and by the usual sea baptism received in passing the tropic, they considered themselves expatriated from their native land, and at liberty to change their family names, which many of them did—borrowing terms from the character of the profession which they had chosen, as suited their fancy. Their dress was a shirt and drawers dipped in the blood of the animals they killed, shoes without stockings, a leathern girdle by

which their knife and a short sabre were suspended, and a hat or cap without a brim. Their common food was the choicest pieces of bullock's flesh, seasoned with orange juice and pimento, and cured by smoke; of bread they lost the use, and, until the trade of piracy was adopted, water was their only drink. The term *buccaneers*, by which the hunters were first known, was derived from a tribe of the Caribs, who were called thus from the manner in which they prepared meats for their food, whether flesh of beasts or of men. For this purpose they constructed a sort of grate or hurdle, consisting of twenty bars of Brazil wood, laid crosswise half a foot from each other, upon which the flesh of prisoners of war or of game was laid in pieces, and a thick smoke raised beneath from properly selected combustibles, which gave to the meat the vermil color and a delightful smell. These fixtures, thus adjusted, were called *buccans*, and the process of curing the meat *buccaning*. The hunters, having adopted this process from the savages, were like them called *buccaneers*. In process of time the name was applied to the sea robbers as well as to the hunters; and when piracy became the general profession as a substitute for planting and the chase, all were called buccaneers indiscriminately.

Previously to the great and sudden augmentation of their forces, by the immigration from St. Christopher's about the year 1660, the buccaneers had taken possession of Tortuga, the geographical position and character of which island was well suited to their commercial and piratical purposes. This little island had been occupied by a few Spaniards as early as 1591; but their numbers were so small as not to interfere with the object of the buccaneers, while its rocky conformation afforded peculiar facilities for defence in the event of attack.

The greatly increasing numbers of the buccaneers at length aroused the

colonial voluptuaries of Spain to a sense of their danger. It was perceived that while the colonists were dwindling away, the outlaws were becoming so formidable in their numbers that they soon might be enabled to contest for the mastery of the island of Hispaniola itself. They therefore commenced a war upon them, and not being able to prosecute it with sufficient vigor themselves, they called to their aid troops from the other Spanish islands, and also from the continent. With these auxiliaries the barbarians were hunted with great severity, and many of them massacred. Finding themselves pursued in this manner, the outlaws banded together for mutual defence. Their avocations required them often to separate in the daytime; but they assembled in considerable numbers at night; and if individuals were missing, diligent search was made until their fate was ascertained. If he returned from an extended chase, it was well. If not—if it was discovered that he had fallen a victim to the Spaniards, or had been taken prisoner—his loss was requited with terrible vengeance. Everything Spanish was devoted to destruction, without distinction of age or sex. But in this partisan warfare, the buccaneers maintained a decided advantage. When too hotly pressed, they could fly to their canoes or hoys, as they were called, and escape to Tortuga; and if the Spaniards pursued them thither in numbers too powerful for an open combat, they would return back again to their principal island. Despairing at length of success in this mode of warfare, the Spaniards resolved to conquer the ruffians by destroying their means of subsistence. For this purpose, by a general hunt over the whole island, the wild bulls were killed, and the droves of cattle previously roaming the forests were consequently reduced so rapidly that the buccaneers found it necessary to change their employment—to form settlements and cultivate the lands. More than two thousand of them clus-

tered upon Tortuga, where the business of cultivating sugar and tobacco was begun; but the more general and lucrative employment became that of piracy. They had as yet no larger craft than the boats and canoes already mentioned, but with these they managed to navigate the West India seas, shooting into secure places of refuge among the smaller islands, or keys, at pleasure.

The community had now become so large, in 1660, that something like order and government was seen to be necessary even by the buccaneers themselves; and they accordingly sent to the Governor of St. Christopher's for a governor. The boon was readily granted, and M. le Passeur was commissioned to that office. He repaired promptly to Tortuga with a ship of armed men and stores; assumed the command, and immediately commenced fortifying the island—a work to which nature had largely contributed by the peculiar conformation of some of the rock precipices. There was upon one high rock, inaccessible at all points save by ladders, a cavern large enough for a garrison of a thousand men, with an abundant spring gushing from the rocks. This post was seized and provisioned. Twice the Spaniards invaded them from Hispaniola, but were repulsed—the last time with terrible slaughter. The invaders were eight hundred in number. They had seized a yet higher point of rock than the natural fortress occupied by the buccaneers, upon which they were endeavoring to plant their cannon, in order the better to dislodge the enemy. The time chosen for the invasion was when a large number of the freebooters were at sea. These, however, returning suddenly by night, climbed the mountain upon the heels of the Spaniards, and attacked them with such fury as to compel them by hundreds to throw themselves from the rocky parapets into the valley beneath, by which their bodies were dashed in pieces. Those

who were not killed by the fall were put to the sword; and few or none returned to rehearse the bloody story.

This ill-starred expedition was the last sent from St. Domingo against the buccaneers, who thenceforward became the masters and lord proprietaries of Tortuga. Nor were the buccaneers longer exclusively composed of adventurous Frenchmen. Visions of golden cities in the New World had been flitting before the eyes of the English for a century before, and had not even been eclipsed by the signal failures of Sir Walter Raleigh in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Indeed the expeditions of the gallant knight, however bootless to himself, may have served to stimulate the cupidity of his countrymen for a long time afterward, inasmuch as some of Sir Walter's officers testified that they actually approached within sight of the golden city. Sir Walter's great contemporary, Sir Francis Drake, after committing many depredations upon the Spanish American coast, had returned to England with a vast amount of treasure. The expeditions both of Sir Francis and Sir Walter were of a character bordering closely upon piratical; and in that romantic age, it was not considered as greatly transcending their examples for daring spirits to seek their fortunes in the New World, even by associating themselves with the buccaneers of Tortuga. Be this, however, as it may, England and Holland and other European states respectively furnished many reckless and daring recruits to the army of freebooters; and their piracies increased with their numbers. Ostensibly they directed their operations only against the commerce of Spain, with whom they were directly at war, and whose galleons from the continent, freighted with the produce of the mines, offered golden incentives to bravery. But however virtuous in this respect might have been the intentions of the sea robbers, it was not invariably the merchantmen of Spain which suffered from their dep-

redations, since from 'an imperfection in the organs of vision,' or from some other cause, 'they were not always able to distinguish the flags of different nations.' Others than the Spaniards were consequently occasional sufferers; and a ready market was found for their plunder in the French and English islands, especially in Jamaica, which England had conquered from Spain in 1655. This latter island was in fact their principal depot; for although the British Government, both under the Protectorate and afterward, had endeavored to direct the attention of the Jamaica colonists to agricultural pursuits, they had entirely failed, for the reason that the buccaneers, making it their principal resort, poured in such vast treasures, that the inhabitants amassed considerable wealth with little difficulty, and despised the more honest occupations of honest labor. The population rapidly increased, and in a few years amounted to twenty thousand, whose only source of subsistence was derived from the buccaneers.

Hitherto France had disclaimed as her subjects the roving cattle-hunters upon the island of Hispaniola; but after they had formed settlements and established themselves so firmly upon Tortuga, the French West India company took them under the ægis of the lilies for protection; and M. Ogeron, 'a man of probity and understanding,' was sent from the parent country to govern them. With the arrival of the new governor the domestic relations of the buccaneers underwent a material change, for the former brought many women with him—fit persons, from the past profligacy of their lives, to consort with the inhabitants of Tortuga. But the buccaneers were not fastidious in the selection of wives, and history gives us no right to suppose that there was a single forlorn damsel left without a husband. 'I ask nothing of your past life,' would the buccaneer say to the fair one to whom he proposed himself. 'If anybody would have had you where

you came from, you would not have come here. But as you did not belong to me then, whatever you may have done was no disgrace to me. Give me your word for the future, and I will acquit you for the past.' Then striking his gun barrel, he would add, 'Shouldst thou prove false to me, this will not.'

Meanwhile, the buccaneers, becoming stronger and stronger every day, extended their designs, and pushed their operations with a degree of audacity and success that rendered them the terror of the seas. As yet their marine consisted only of boats and canoes, but these were, as before stated, of a size to carry from fifty to a hundred men each. They attacked not only merchantmen, but vessels of war, with a degree of intrepidity unexampled in the history of man. No matter for the size of a ship, or for her armament. They paused not to calculate chances. Their invariable practice was to carry their prizes by boarding. Their boats were propelled with the swiftness of an arrow. As certain as they grappled with a vessel, she was sure to be taken; for their onslaughts were desperately furious and irresistible. The Spanish Government complained bitterly, both to England and France, of the outrages upon her commerce by the pirates, a large majority of whom were the born subjects of those nations. The answers, however, of both were the same: that those piratical acts were not committed by the buccaneers as their subjects; and the Spanish ambassador was informed that his master might proceed against them as he saw fit. In consequence of the transactions of the buccaneers with the people of Jamaica, England went farther, and actually removed the governor of that colony. But, whether with the connivance of the civil authorities or not, the intercourse between the pirates and the people continued without serious interruption. Some of the buccaneers, however, pretended to hold commissions both from the French and the

Dutch; but it was mere pretext. Their authority was in truth nothing more than what the sailors are wont jocosely to call 'a commission from the Pope.' Yet they affected to consider themselves in lawful war against Spain, for the reason that the Spaniards had debarred them from the privileges of hunting in the forests and fishing in the waters of St. Domingo—thus depriving them of the exercise of what they called their lawful rights. In regard to the cruelties which they frequently inflicted upon the prisoners who fell into their hands, they pleaded in justification those enormities which the conquerors of Spanish America inflicted upon the aborigines there. The horrible cruelties of Cortez and Pizarro are familiar to every student of history. 'I once,' says Las Casas, speaking of the conquest of the New World, 'beheld four or five chief Indians roasted alive at a slow fire; and as the miserable victims poured forth their dreadful yells, it disturbed the commandant in his siesta, and he sent an order that they should be strangled; but the officer on duty would not do it, but, causing their mouths to be gagged that their shrieks might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deliberately until they all expired.' The conquerors had resorted to these dreadful executions under the cloak of religious zeal, but in reality to make the poor wretches disclose the secret depositories of their treasures. Instances of the same refined cruelty, at the contemplation of which humanity shudders, marked the history of the buccaneers. Their motives were the same as those which had governed the conduct of Cortez; and they, too, found a salvo for their consciences by persuading themselves that they were commissioned as a court of vengeance—the instruments of retributive justice in the hands of Providence—to punish the Spaniards for the remorseless cruelties practised upon the unoffending Mexicans. And here another extraordinary

fact may be noted in the history of the buccaneers. After their community had become consolidated and their government in a manner systematized, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding their murderous profession the observances of the Christian religion were introduced to sanctify their atrocities. 'They never partook of a repast without solemnly acknowledging their dependence upon the Giver of all good.' In their infatuation, whenever they embarked upon any expedition, they were wont to invoke for its success the blessing of Heaven; and they never returned from a marauding excursion that they did not return thanks to God for their victory. 'On the appearance of a ship which they meant to attack, they offered up a fervent prayer for success; and when the conflict had terminated in their favor, their first care was to express their gratitude to the God of battles for the victory which He had enabled them to gain.'

The first leader of the buccaneers, after their concentration upon Tortuga, whose deeds of desperate valor 'damned him to everlasting fame,' was PIÉRRÉ LE GRANDE, a native of Dieppe, in Normandy. The crowning act of his piratical career was his taking the ship of the vice admiral, convoying a fleet of Spanish galleons, near the Cape of Tiburon, on the western side of St. Domingo—an act which was performed with a single boat, manned by only eighteen men, and armed with no more than four small pieces of ordnance. And even these latter were of no use, as the admiral's ship was carried by boarding, with no other arms than swords and pistols. Le Grande had been so long at sea, without falling in with any craft worth capturing, that his provisions were becoming short; and his crew, pressed with hunger and brooding over their ill success, were desperate. Thus situated, they espied the Spaniard bearing the vice admiral's flag, and separated from the rest of the flotilla. Not-

withstanding the immense disparity of force, Le Grande determined to capture her, and his crew took an oath to stand by him till the last. The boat of the pirates was descried by the Spaniard in the afternoon, and the admiral was admonished of what might be its character; but he scorned the admonition, viewing the apparently pitiful craft with contempt, and adopting no precautions against it. Just in the dusk of evening the pirates ran alongside of his ship. As already remarked, the crew of Le Grande had sworn to stand by their captain; but in order to cut off all means of escape in the event of defeat, and therefore to make them fight with greater desperation, their chief, at the moment they were climbing the sides of the ship, caused the boat to be suddenly scuttled, and sunk. Indeed the boarding of the Spaniard was hastened by the necessity of leaping from their own vessel, already sinking beneath them. Under these circumstances, the boarding was so rapid, that the Spaniards were completely taken by surprise; so much so that as the pirates rushed into the great cabin, they found the captain, with several boon companions, engaged at a game of cards. Exclaiming that his assailants must be devils, the commander, with a pistol at his breast, was compelled to an immediate surrender. Meanwhile a portion of the assailants took possession of the gunroom; seized the arms, and killed all who resisted. This vigorous assault soon carried the ship by a surrender at discretion. She proved to be a rich prize; and the prisoners were treated with lenity, which was not always the course adopted by the buccaneers when they were disappointed in the amount of their expected plunder. Many were the crews compelled to pay with their lives for the poverty of their cargoes. In the present case Le Grande retained for his own service such of the common sailors as he needed, and after setting the rest on shore, proceeded to

France with his prize, where he remained, without ever returning to America.

The success of this exploit, and the rich reward by which it was crowned, at once stimulated the cupidity of the Tortugans, and fired their breasts with the ambition of emulating the bravery of the Great Peter. Those who were yet engaged in planting or in other honest occupations, at once abandoned them, and betook themselves to the more inviting trade of piracy. Being unable to build larger vessels than the boats or hoys then in use, they carried on the war in these against the smaller vessels of Spain engaged in the coasting trade and in the traffic of hides and tobacco with the inhabitants of Jamaica. The vessels thus captured were substituted for their own smaller craft, by means of which they were soon enabled to make longer voyages, and stretch across to the coasts of the Spanish main. At Campeachy and other points they found many trading vessels, and often ships of great burden. Two of these commercial vessels they captured, and also two large armed ships, all laden with plate, within the port of Campeachy, which they boldly entered for that purpose, and sailed with them in triumph to Tortuga. Such rich returns greatly augmented the wealth of the island; and every additional capture enabled them to increase their marine, until at the end of two years from the last achievement of Pierre Le Grande, the pirates had a navy, very well manned and equipped, of more than twenty ships of different sizes. With such a force, composed of men of the most desperate fortunes and dauntless courage, the commerce of Spain with her colonies in Central and South America was in a few years almost entirely destroyed. The ships bound from Europe for the colonies were rarely molested by the pirates, who chose to fall upon them when laden with the precious metals, which Spain, in her avarice, was transporting home

—not foreseeing that by that very process she was gradually working her own national ruin. Sometimes a fleet of galleons, when under strong convoy, succeeded in the return voyage; but a single ship, of whatever strength or force, seldom escaped the vigilance of the pirates. They followed such fleets as they judged it unsafe to attack, and a slow sailer or a straggler was inevitably captured. So daring were these robbers, that even before they were enabled to obtain a smaller craft, a crew of fifty-five of them in one of the large canoes sailed into the Southern Ocean, and proceeded along the coast of the continent as far north as California. On their return, they entered one of the ports of Peru, and captured a ship, the cargo of which was valued at several millions. Their canoe was then exchanged for the noble prize, in which they returned in triumph.

Preparations for their expeditions were made with the utmost care, and articles of agreement were always carefully written out and signed; and the dealings of the robbers among each other were usually characterized by the most scrupulous honor. In regard to their provisions, the rations were distributed twice a day—the officers, from the highest to the lowest, faring no better than the common sailor. It was stipulated exactly what sums of money or what proportionate sums each person engaged in a voyage should receive, with the understanding, of course, *no prey, no pay*. The commanders of the ships were frequently the owners. Sometimes they belonged to a company of adventurers on board. In other instances they were chartered for the service of individuals or companies on shore. The first stipulation, therefore, on arranging for a voyage, regarded the compensation to be received by the owner or owners of the ship, being ordinarily one third of the products of the cruise. If the boat or vessel in which an enterprise was first undertaken was the common property of the

crew, the first vessel captured was allotted to the captain, with one share of the booty obtained. In cases where the captain owned and fitted out the original vessel, the first ship taken belonged to him, with a double share of the plunder. The surgeon was allowed two hundred crowns for his medicine chest, and a single share of the prizes; and whoever had the good fortune to descry a ship that was captured, received a reward of a hundred crowns. A tariff of compensation for the wounded was also adjusted according to the greater or less severity of the wounds they might receive. For example, the compensation for the loss of a right arm was six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves as an equivalent; for a left arm, five hundred pieces of eight, or five slaves; for the loss of a right leg, five hundred pieces, or five slaves; for an eye, one hundred pieces, or one slave; for the loss of a finger, the same. Claims of this character were first paid at the close of a voyage, from the common stock of the prize money. The commander of an expedition was allotted five portions of a common seaman; and the subordinate officers shared in proportion to their rank. The residue of the booty was then divided with exact equality among the crews, from the highest to the lowest mariner, not excepting the boys. Some of the duties of these latter were peculiar. For instance, when the pirates had captured a vessel better than their own, they transferred themselves to it, leaving the boys to escape from the deserted vessel last, after having set it on fire. Favor never had any influence in the distribution of the booty, which was rigidly decided by lot—lots being drawn for the dead as well as for the living. The portions for the dead were given to their surviving companion; or if the companion had also been killed, the allotment was sent to the family of the deceased. If they had no families, then the money or plate or other goods that would have belonged to them was dis-

tributed to the poor, or piously bestowed on churches, which were to pray for the souls of those in whose names the benefactions were given. These allowances to the dead and wounded were considered debts of honor—such as the brokers of Wall street would note as ‘confidential.’ Their intercourse with each other was marked with civility and kindness. They, of course, squandered their money on coming ashore, in all manner of dissipation, and with the recklessness which has ever characterized the sailor. To those who were in want they would contribute freely; and the kind offices of humanity among each other were readily interchanged. In ordinary cases, their prisoners were liberated, save those who were needed for their own assistance; and these were generally discharged after two or three years. Whenever they were in want of supplies, they landed upon the islands and levied exactions upon the people—planters and fishermen. The green turtles, however, among the Florida Keys, supplied a large portion of their food; and it is presumed that they became as great adepts in the turtle line as the corporation pirates of modern times.

So extensively was the commerce of Spain in these seas, under her own flag, cut up, notwithstanding the ships of war repeatedly sent for its protection, that foreign flags were resorted to, in hopes of deceiving the rovers. But the *ruse* was not successful. Two of the buccaneer chiefs, Michael de Basco and Brouage, receiving intelligence that a cargo of great value had been shipped under the Dutch flag at Carthagena, in two ships much larger than their own, boldly entered the harbor, captured both, and plundered them of their treasure. The Dutch captains, chagrined at being thus beaten by inferior vessels, said to one of the pirate chiefs that had he been alone, he would not have dared thus to attack them. The buccaneer haughtily challenged mynheer to fight the battle over again—

stipulating that his consort should stand aloof from the engagement, and, that should the Dutchman conquer, both the pirate vessels should be his. The challenge, however, was not accepted. At another time, when Basco and two other chiefs, named Jonqué and Laurence Le Graff, were cruising before Carthagena with three indifferent vessels, two Spanish men-of-war put out to attack them. The result was the capture of both the latter by the pirates, who kept the ships, but magnanimously sent the crews on shore—affecting, from the ease with which they had been vanquished, to look upon them with utter contempt.

There was yet another pirate chief, whose name stands out in bold relief, for his infamous cruelties, even among the bloody records of the buccaneers. He was a Dutchman by birth, who had settled in Brazil during the occupancy of that country by the United Provinces. On the restoration of the Portuguese to their Brazilian possessions this bloody wretch retreated to Jamaica. His name not being known, he received the soubriquet of *Rock Braziliano*, by which he was henceforward known. Very soon after his arrival at Jamaica, he joined the pirates, first as an ordinary mariner; and acquitted himself so well as to gain, in a short time, the respect and affection of his comrades. A mutiny breaking out on board the vessel in which he was embarked, caused a separation of the crew; a second vessel was taken possession of by a portion of them, and Braziliano chosen chief. He pursued his career with various success and the most frightful cruelty. His hatred of the Spaniards was exceedingly bitter, and when landing in Spanish settlements to procure provisions, he frequently roasted the inhabitants alive if they were not forthcoming at his command. In one of his cruises upon the coast of South America, he was wrecked, and his vessel lost. Escaping to the shore with his crew of only thirty men, he was pursued by a

troop of one hundred Spanish cavalry. Upon these he turned, and defeated them with terrible slaughter, and with but trifling loss to himself. Mounting the horses of the slain, Braziliano continued his course coastwise, until, falling in with some boats from Campeachy, which he seized, he made sail for Jamaica—capturing another ship on the voyage laden with merchandise and a large amount of money in pieces of eight. Remaining on shore long enough to dissipate their booty in the usual round of drunkenness and debauchery which characterized the buccaneers when not upon the wave, Braziliano and his companions put to sea again, directing their course to his old haunts about Campeachy. Shortly after his arrival, while looking into the port, in a small boat, to espy what ships were offering for prizes, he was captured and thrown into prison. The Spanish authorities determined upon his execution; but in consequence of an admonition that terrible vengeance would be inflicted upon all Spanish prisoners falling into the hands of the pirates, in the event of his punishment, this horrible villain was released upon the security of his own oath, that he would forthwith relinquish his profession. But before he reached Jamaica on his return, he captured another prize; and after the avails of that were spent in every species of debauch, he went to sea again, committing greater robberies and cruelties than ever.

Jamaica, though a British possession, having, as we have seen, long afforded a market for the pirates, had in process of time become equally a rendezvous with Tortuga. Wealth, in immense quantities, had been poured into that island by the pirates, and had been diffused thence among the other West India possessions, British and French. The licentiousness of the buccaneers was unbounded, and their blood-stained spoils were scattered with incredible prodigality. Indeed they seemed to be at a loss how to spend their money fast

enough. Their captains had been known to purchase pipes of wine, place them in the street, knock in the head, and compel every passer-by to drink; and mention is made of one, who, returning from an expedition with three thousand dollars in his pocket, was sold into slavery three months afterward for a debt of forty shillings. If admonished in regard to their reckless waste of money, their reply was that their lives were not like those of other men. Though alive to-day, they might be dead to-morrow, and hence it was folly for them to hoard their treasure. 'Live to-day,' was their maxim, 'to-morrow may take care of itself.' Those, therefore, who were worth millions to-day, robbed by courtezans and stripped at the gaming table, were often penniless in a week—destitute of clothes and even the necessaries of life. They had therefore no recourse but to return to the sea, and levy new contributions, to be dissipated as before.

But the commerce of Spain with her colonies was ruined. Failing in her exertions to conquer the buccaneers, and finding them to be so firmly established as to defy any force which she could send against them, and wearied in making so many consignments, as it were, directly into their hands, Spain dismantled her commercial marine and closed her South American ports, in the hope—a vain one, as it proved—that when the resources of the pirates upon the high seas were cut off, their establishments would be necessarily broken up, and the freebooters themselves disperse. But far different was the event. No sooner had these rapacious and savage men ascertained that there were

no more galleons of her bullion to be taken, than they concentrated their forces, with a determination to strike nearer the mines themselves. Powerful expeditions were therefore openly organized at Jamaica and elsewhere, for the purpose of making descents upon the cities and towns of the Spanish main. The temptations to such a course were indeed strong; and the Spaniards, by their ostentatious display, materially assisted in their own ruin. For instance, the city of Lima, in 1682, on the occasion of the public entry of the viceroy, actually had the streets paved with ingots of silver, to the amount of seventeen millions sterling! 'What a pretty prize,' exclaims the *London Times*, 'for a few honest tars!' Then the splendor and magnificence of their churches, ornamented with immense gold and silver images, crucifixes, and candlesticks, and not unfrequently large altars of massive silver, became objects of a *devout regard*. Nor did the pirates fail to present themselves before every accessible shrine; for in truth, they swept over the vast central portion of the continent from Florida to Peru, plundering and laying in waste the most populous regions, and the wealthiest cities—meeting, moreover, with less resistance than attended the march of Cortez and Alvarado in achieving the conquest. Their visitations were sudden, and wherever they struck their blows fell like the thunderbolt. The consequence was that the consternation of the people upon the land became as great as their terror upon the ocean. The great roads were deserted; and the lands were no more ploughed than the sea.

VIRGINIA.

(SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING BY J. McENTEE.)

'The tree has lost its blossoms, . . .
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
 Sown deep even in the bosom of the North;
 So shall a bitter spring less bitter fruit bring forth.'

Childe Harold.

WAN and weird the solemn twilight gleameth in the dreary sky,
 Dusky shadows growing deeper, sad night-breezes sorrowing by,
 Sighing 'mid the leafless bushes bending o'er the sullen stream,
 Wailing 'mid the fire-stained ruins darkly rising 'gainst the gleam
 Of the wild unearthly twilight. In the shivering evening air
 Cheerless lie the gloomy meadows—blight and ruin everywhere!

Far away the wide plain stretches, dark and desolate it lies
 'Neath the shuddering winds that murmur, 'neath the gleaming of the skies;
 Hark to the swollen river, how it moaneth in its flow,
 'Mid the bridge's fallen arches, 'neath the bushes bending low,
 Now unbroken by a ripple, flowing silently and still,
 Gives again unto the heavens twilight gleaming wan and chill.

Where the corn once waved in beauty its bright wealth of shining leaves,
 Glittering in the noonday's glory, rustling in the summer eves,
 As the murmuring wind swept o'er it, bending low each tasselled head,
 'Neath the soft and shimmering radiance by the moon of summer shed—
 There no plough will make its furrow—waste the sunny field doth lie,
 And no grain will wave its tresses to the breezes wailing by.

Where amid the whispering forests once the laughing sunlight fell,
 Fallen tree and blackened stump now the dreary story tell
 Of the woe and desolation sad Virginia shadowing o'er,
 From the fatal Rappahannock to Potomac's fort-crowned shore,
 Tell the tale of saddened hearthstones, desolate hearts that mourn each day
 For the dearly loved ones stricken, wounded, dying, far away.

Wake, Virginia! from thy slumber, from thy wild and traitorous dream;
 Wake! and welcome loyal Northmen, sabres' ring and bayonets' gleam;
 Cast aside the clanking fetters that still echo on thy soil,
 Teach thy sons that no dishonor clings to manly, honest toil:
 So again thy tree shall blossom, fairer, stronger than before,
 And God's peace will rest upon thee, thy scourged fields will hover o'er.

VISIT TO THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

APRIL, 1863.

WE remember many years ago passing directly from the gallery of Düsseldorf pictures, then recently opened in New York, to the hall of the National Academy. The contrast to a lover of his country was a painful one. The foreign school possessed ripeness of design, and accurate, if in many instances somewhat mannered and artificial execution. The native collection exhibited a poverty in conception, and a harshness and crudity in performance, sadly discouraging to one who would fain see the fine arts progress in equal measure with the more material elements of civilization. Since that time, however, year by year, the art of painting, at least, has steadily advanced, the light of genius has been granted to spring from our midst, our artists dwelling in foreign lands have returned to find a congenial atmosphere under their native skies, and, in so far as landscape is concerned, we have now no need to shun comparison with the best pictures produced abroad. Our school is an original one, for our artists have gone to the great teacher, Nature, who has shown them without stint the bright sun, luminous sky, pearly dawns, hazy middays, glowing sunsets, shimmering twilights, golden moons, rolling mists, fantastic clouds, wooded hills, snow-capped peaks, waving grain fields, primeval forests, tender spring foliage, gorgeous autumnal coloring, grand cataraacts, leaping brooks, noble rivers, clear lakes, bosky dells, lichen-covered crags, and varied seacoasts of this western continent. Here is no lack of diversity, here are studies in unity, both simple and complex, and here, too, even civilized man need not necessarily be unpicturesque; witness Launt Thompson's 'Trapper,' Rogers's bits of petrified history, or Eastman Johnson's vivid

delineations of scenes familiar to us all. We have no reason to follow in any beaten, hackneyed track, but, within the needful restrictions of good sense, good taste, and the teachings of nature, may wander wherever the bent of our gifts may lead us. We may choose sensational subjects, striking contrasts, with Church, follow the exquisite traceries of shadow, of mountain top and fern-clad rock, with Bierstadt, learn the secrets of the innermost souls of the brute creation with Beard, revel in cool atmospheres and transparent waters with Kensett, paint in light with Gifford, in poetry with McEntee, or with Whittredge seek the tranquil regions of forest shade or quiet interior.

In the examination of every work of art, we find three questions to be asked: Has it something to say; is that something worth saying; is it well said? In painting, poetry, music, sculpture, and architecture, satisfactory replies must be given, or the mind refuses to recognize the work under consideration as fulfilling the conditions necessary to perfection within its individual range. Too often worthlessness of meaning is hidden under exquisite execution, the most dangerous form an aberration from the true principles of art can take, especially in an age when the material receives an undue proportion of attention, and the spirit is exposed to so many risks of being replaced by a false, outside glitter. A worthy, noble, or beautiful idea, clad in a corresponding form, is then the core of every art production; and although much of which the fundamental idea is neither worthy, noble, nor beautiful, is sometimes admired, yet the impression on the whole is painful, as would be exquisite diction and entrancing eloquence flowing from the lips of a man of genius argu-

ing in a cause unholy and pernicious to the best interests of humanity.

Notwithstanding the tasteful and judicious arrangement of the pictures in the hall of exhibition, No. 625 Broadway, a cursory survey only is required to enforce the conviction that the necessities of light and space demand the erection of a building especially adapted to the purposes of an academy of design, and we hope the fellowship fund will speedily justify the commencement of that important undertaking.

The first picture that meets the eye on entering, is one of 'Startled Deer,' by W. H. Beard, N. A. (No. 197). This is a noble delineation—such stately forms, splendid positions, and expressive eyes! This artist is not content with giving us color, shape, and every hair exact, but we look through the creatures' eyes into the depths of their being. His animals love, fear, wonder—in short, are capable of all the manifold feelings pertaining to the brute creation. Who can say how much of that creation is destined to perish forever! The gesture of the spotted fawn seems reason sufficient why the Lord of love should one day give happiness and security in return for apprehension and pain suffered here below, especially if indeed the sin of man be the moral cause of the sorrows incident to the lower existences. At all events, Beard's animals are so endowed with individual characteristics, that we make of them personal friends, who can never die so long as our memories endure. The herbage in the foreground is tenderly wrought, and the whole picture preaches an impressive sermon.

No. 151. 'An Autumn Evening'—Regis Gignoux, N. A. This picture does not satisfy us nearly so fully as others we have seen by the same artist. The general effect strikes us as somewhat artificial, the light does not seem to fall clearly from the sky, but as if through prisms or tinted glass. We have seen the inside of a shell, or the

edge of a white cloud turned toward the sun, glittering with similar hues, very beautiful for a small object, but wanting in dignity and repose for an entire landscape. We remember with great pleasure Gignoux's 'Autumn in Virginia,' and his painting of 'Niagara by Moonlight' gave us a far more majestic impression of the great cataract than the famous day representation by Church. As we gazed, we called to mind a certain night when the moon stood full in the heavens, vivid lunar bows played about our feet, and, mounting the tower, we looked down into the apparently bottomless abyss, dark with clouds of mist, seething, foaming, and thundering. We shuddered, and hastened down the narrow stairway, feeling as if all nature must speedily be drawn into the terrible vortex, and we become a mere atom amid chaos. The picture caused us a shivering thrill, and we acknowledged the power of the artist.

No. 90. 'Mansfield Mountain, Sunset'—S. R. Gifford, N. A. A glorious tale, gloriously told! 'The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge. * * * He hath set his tabernacle in the sun; and he * * * hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way: His going out is from the end of heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof: and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat.' This artist seems literally to have dipped his brush in light, pure light. We remember a juvenile book, entitled, 'A Trap to catch a Sunbeam;' such a trap must Gifford possess; he surely keeps tubes filled with real rays wherewith to flood the canvas and transfigure the simplest subject. Here we have a mountain, a lake, some sky, clouds, and a setting sun—but what an admirable combination! The picture seems fairly to illumine that part of the gallery in which it is placed. Had the artist lived

in the olden time, he might have been feloniously made way with for his secret, but the present age seems more generous, and his fellow workers delight to praise and honor his genius. We find from the same hand 'Kauterskill Clove' (No. 15)—a flood of golden beams poured upon a mountain glen, with rifted sides, autumn foliage, and a tiny stream; a coming storm obscures but does not hide the distant hills. A bold delineation—but very beautiful, and true to the character of the scenery it represents. There are also a reminiscence of the present war ('Baltimore, 1862—Twilight,' No. 409), and one of foreign travel ('Como,' No. 385), equally suggestive of—not paint—but real, palpitating atmosphere.

No. 49. 'Mount Tahawas, Adirondacs'—J. McEntee, N. A. A picture of great simplicity and grandeur, and one we should never weary of looking into, waiting for the opaline lights of dawn to deepen into the full glory of day. This, like all the works of McEntee we have had the good fortune to see, bears the impress of a poet-soul. A vague stretching forth toward the regions of the infinite, a melancholy remembrance of some enduring sorrow, a tender reminiscence of scenes peculiar to certain heartfelt seasons of the year, a hazy foreshadowing of coming winter, a lingering over the last dying hour of day, a presaging of storms to come, or a lotus-eating dream by some quiet lake, are the themes to be evolved from many of his conceptions. Alas for 'Virginia' (No. 218), mother of presidents, and nurse of the Union! Can it indeed be her sky that shines down so weird and strange over desolate plains, through broken walls and shattered beams, and darkens as it shrinks in horror from the broken bridge once spanning the blood-stained waters of the fatal run? No. 233 is a 'Twilight,' No. 58 an 'October on the Hudson,' and No. 171 a 'Late Autumn,' by the same artist, all excellent specimens of his tender and poetical mode of hand-

ling a subject. In looking at one of his pictures, we think more of the matter than the manner, and, carefully correct as is the latter, the mind is often too filled with emotion to care to examine into the very minutiae, whose delicate execution has so powerfully aided to produce the general effect.

No. 123. 'Morning in the White Mountains'—J. F. Kensett, N. A. Excellent in every way, with crystal water, living rocks, and rose-tinted morning clouds.

No. 74. 'Coast Scene, Mount Desert'—F. E. Church, N. A. A puzzle. We are glad once more to welcome to a public gallery a significant work by this widely known and much admired artist. Of late, the exhibition of such works (in so far as we know) invariably alone, may perhaps have subjected him to some misconception.

No. 73. 'The Window'—W. Whittredge, N. A. This is a charming picture of a home that must be dear to all the dwellers therein. A lovely landscape is seen through an open window, which admits a mellow light to fall upon a Turkey rug, tasteful furniture, and that 'wellspring of joy in a house,' a young soul, endowed with undeveloped, perhaps wonderful capacities, crowing in the arms of a turbaned nurse. It is altogether one of the best interiors ever exhibited in New York. No. 305, 'Summer,' a pleasant nook, and No. 121, 'Autumn, New Jersey,' are by the same accomplished hand. The latter is a meadow scene, with a pleasing sky, some graceful trees in the foreground, and a most attractive bit of Virginia creeper dipping into a clear pool. The gifts of W. Whittredge are manifold, and his works conspicuous for variety in subject and treatment. In the small room, we observed a portrait of this artist by H. A. Loop, N. A., a beautiful picture and excellent likeness. We do not wonder the fine head tempted Mr. Loop to expend upon it his best care.

No. 181. 'Portrait of Dr. O. A.

Brownson'—G. P. A. Healy, H. A powerful portrait of a man who has never been ashamed openly to confess that he could be wiser to-day than he was yesterday. We never met Dr. Brownson, and it was with a thrill of pleasure that we beheld the massive head containing so eminent an intelligence. The learned tomes, antique chair, and entire attitude are in excellent keeping.

No. 66. 'Fagot Gatherer'—R. M. Staigg, N. A. We owe this artist much for his beautiful inculcations of the charities of life. How many stray pennies may not his little street sweeper have drawn from careless passers-by? No. 59, 'Cat's Cradle,' is another pleasing representation of an attractive subject.

No. 202. 'Anita'—George H. Hall. The sweet face, harmonious coloring, and simple pose of this little Spanish girl has made an ineffaceable impression on our memory. We should like to have her always near us. The fruit and flower pieces of this genial artist are delightful and satisfactory.

No. 468. 'Elaine,' Bas Relief—L. Thompson, N. A. The face of Elaine is of great sweetness, and the tender trouble on the brow, in the eyes, and quivering round the mouth, seems almost too ethereal to have been actually prisoned in marble. We think if the Elaine of the legend had looked thus upon Launcelot, and he were truly all that poets sing him, he could not long have preferred to her the light-minded Guenevere. The busts of children by the same hand are also fine, so truthful and characteristic. A worthy pupil is Thompson of that natural school of which Palmer was our first distinguished representative.

No. 466. 'The Union Refugees'—John Rogers. This group tells its own sad tale. The stern defiance in the face of the young patriot, the sorrow-stricken but confiding attitude of the mother, and the child's uplifted gaze of wonder, speak of scenes doubtless

often repeated in the history of the past two years—scenes which must sink deeply into the hearts of all beholders.

No. 467. 'Freedman'—J. Q. A. Ward, A. This picture, no doubt, has its fine points, but to our mind it is rather conventional. Neither does it bear out its allegorical relation to the freedmen of our continent. If the chains of the negro are being broken, he does not appear in the character of a Hercules, but rather as a patient and enduring martyr, awaiting the day of deliverance appointed by Heaven.

No. 10. 'Sunrise at Narragansett'—W. S. Hazeltine, N. A. A fine effect of transparent sky, faithful rocks, and rolling surf. The warmth of coloring and vivid reality of this picture render it eminently pleasing.

No. 211. 'The Adirondacks from near Mount Mansfield'—R. W. Hubbard, N. A. A beautiful foreground of fine trees and rocks, with a far-away lookout over a hazy distance. A lake glitters in the plain beneath, and the whole scene is harmoniously bewitching and tranquillizing.

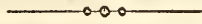
No. 158. 'Out in the Fields'—A. D. Shattuck, N. A. A charming pastoral, with some elms, graceful and feathery as the far-famed trees on the meadows of North Conway.

No. 27. 'Heart's Ease'—William P. W. Dana, A. We heard a little three and a half year old reply, in answer to a question as to which picture she would prefer taking home with her from the Academy: 'The sick child;' and we could not wonder at her choice, for a more touching design has seldom been placed on canvas. The name, the accompaniments, and the child's expression betoken a rare delicacy of conception. The flowers are exquisite, and the cheerful contrast of color in the drapery seems a promise of gayer, if not happier hours.

But space—together, probably, with the patience of our readers—fails for the enumeration of all the interesting and meritorious paintings in the exhibition

of '63; otherwise, we might discourse at length upon the two masterly works by Bierstadt (Nos. 6 and 35), the 'Swiss Lake,' by Casilear, W. T. Richards's carefully elaborated foregrounds, Huntington's charming figures, De Haas's spirited sea scenes, and other meritorious productions under names well known to the lovers of art in New York.

As good oftentimes springs from evil, may not perhaps the present severe trial through which our country is passing aid in lifting the hearts of her children to more spiritual regions, that they may approach ever nearer and nearer to a more thorough comprehension and enjoyment of the 'Eternal Beauty, ever ancient and ever new,' as feebly mirrored in human art?



WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOETHE.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

DURING the long weeks of Joel Burns's illness and convalescence, he had become much attached to James Egerton. And when the medical student quitted Burnsville, after carrying Mr. Burns through the fever in triumph, the latter felt more grateful than words would express. It is true, young Egerton remained at his bedside by direction of the physician whose pupil he was: still the manner in which he had discharged his duties won the heart of the patient. So, when at length he was preparing to depart, Joel Burns endeavored to think of some way to manifest his appreciation which would be acceptable to the youth. This was difficult. Both were of refined natures, and it was not easy to bring the matter to pass. Mr. Burns, at length, after expressing his grateful sense of his devotion, plainly told Egerton that he would delight to be of service to him if it were possible.

'I feel obliged to you, Mr. Burns,' said the student; 'but it is not just that I should excite such emotions in your breast. Let me confess that while I do respect and esteem you, it is love

of my *profession*, and not of any individual, which has led me to use more than ordinary care while attending to your case. I have a firm belief in the method of my principal, and it is a labor of love with me to endeavor to demonstrate the truth of his theory in the treatment of typhus fever. Your case was a magnificent one. My master is right, and I know it.'

'Now you take just the ground I admire; you enable me to say what before I hesitated to speak of,' said Mr. Burns, warmly. 'Tell me honestly how you are situated. Can I not aid in affording you still further advantages for study and practical observation?'

'Mr. Burns,' replied the student, 'it is my turn to feel grateful—grateful for such genial recognition of what I am, or rather what I hope to make myself. Something of your own history I have learned in this place—this place of your own creation—and I may say there are points of analogy between your own early struggles and mine. But I must depend on myself. To accept aid from you would weaken me, and that you would not wish to do.'

‘Go,’ said Mr. Burns, with enthusiasm; ‘go, and God go with you. But promise me this: let me hear from you regularly. Let me not lose sight of one of whom I hope so much.’

‘That I promise with pleasure.’

Then he turned to find Sarah, to bid her good by. She was running across the lawn, but stopped abruptly on hearing her name called.

‘Little maiden,’ said the young man, ‘I am going away. We shall have no more races together. When I see you again, it won’t do for either of us to romp and run about.’

‘Why? Are you not coming to see us till you are old?’

‘I don’t know that, but I shall not come very soon. After a while I shall go across the ocean, and you will grow up to be a young woman. So I must say a long good-by now to my little patient.’

Sarah was twelve, Egerton scarcely twenty. For the instant, young as she was, there was actually established between them a sentimental relation. They stood a moment looking at each other.

‘Good-by,’ said Egerton, taking her hand. ‘I think I must have this for a keepsake.’ It was a straggling curl, detached from its companions, which the student laid hold of. Sarah said not one word, but took a neat little morocco ‘housewife’ from her pocket, produced a small pair of scissors, and clipped the curl quickly, leaving it in Egerton’s hand.

‘You won’t forget me,’ he said.

‘No.’

In an instant more she was bounding over the green grass, while the other walked slowly into the house. In a few minutes he was off. I do not think this scene produced any impression on Sarah Burns beyond the passing moment; but to Egerton, who was just of an age to cherish such an incident, it furnished material for a romantic idea, which he nourished until it came to be a part of his life plans. What-

ever was the reason which actuated him, it is a fact that he wrote Mr. Burns, not often, to be sure, but quite regularly. After two or three years he went abroad, still keeping up his correspondence. Mr. Burns, for some reason we will not conjecture, was not in the habit of speaking to his daughter about Egerton. Possibly he did not wish her to remember him as a grown-up man while she was still a little girl. Possibly, he desired, should they ever meet, that their acquaintance might commence afresh. At any rate, Sarah was left quite to forget the existence of the young fellow who watched by her so faithfully; or if by some chance some recollection of him, as connected with that dreadful season, came into her mind, it was purely evanescent and without consequence. Mr. Burns, however, always cherished certain hopes. The reader will recollect his sadness of heart when he discovered how matters stood between Sarah and Hiram Meeker. This was owing principally to his honest aversion to Hiram; but a disappointment lurked at the bottom. It was only the week before the scene at the preparatory lecture that he had received a letter from Egerton, written on American soil, advising him of his return from Europe in a vessel just arrived from Marseilles. Mr. Burns answered it immediately, inviting him to come at once and make him a visit; but he breathed not a word of this to Sarah.

Affairs between her and Hiram were brought to a crisis much faster than Mr. Burns could have anticipated. In short, Dr. Egerton arrived at the most auspicious moment possible. But I shall not be precipitate. On the contrary, I shall leave the lovers, if lovers they are to be, to pursue their destiny in the only true way, namely, through a tantalizing maze of hopes and fears and doubts and charming hesitations and anxieties to a denouement, while I return to the proper subject of this narrative—Hiram Meeker.

CHAPTER V.

Hill has opened a wholesale liquor store on his own account! Where did Hill raise the money to start in business—a poor devil who could never get eighteen pence ahead in the world? It does not appear. For one, I will say that Hiram Meeker did not furnish it. *He* not only belongs to the temperance society, but he believes all traffic in the ‘deadly poison’ to be a sin. Still where did Hill get the money or the credit to start a wholesale liquor concern? More than this, Hill is doing a pretty large business. Singular to say, he drinks less and swears less than he did. He is more respectable apparently. He has a very fine store in Water street. He does not deal in adulterated liquors. He sells his articles, if the customer desires it, ‘in bond;’ that is, from under the key of the custom house, which of course insures their purity. By a singular coincidence, Hill’s store is adjoining a ‘U. S. Bonded Warehouse.’ Hill’s goods, for convenience’ sake, are sent to that particular warehouse—frequently. The liquors are stored in the basement. This basement is not supposed to communicate with the basement of Hill’s store. Certainly not. Yet Hill, *solus*, entirely and absolutely *solus*, spends many evenings in the basement of his store. Hill is a large purchaser of pure spirits. Pure spirits are worth thirty-one cents a gallon, and brandy of right brand is worth two or three dollars a gallon. One gallon of pure spirits mixed with two gallons of brandy cannot be detected by ninety-nine persons of a hundred. Some say it is equally difficult to detect a half-and-half mixture. Still Hill sells his brandy in bond. I repeat, Hiram Meeker does *not* furnish Hill the money. It is true, their intimacy still continues. Further, Hill has good references—none other than H. Bennett & Co. Strange as it may seem, H. Bennett himself has been known to put his name on Hill’s paper. Yet I am told he does not even know Hill by sight! Hill is making money,

though—is making it fast. Hiram is still in the house of Hendly, Layton & Gibb, but this has not prevented him from making, with permission of the firm, several ventures on his own account. These ventures always turn out well. It was not long since he shipped a schooner load of potatoes to New Orleans on information derived from the master of a vessel which had made a remarkably rapid passage, and who reported to him, and to him only. He more than doubled his money on this venture.

In Dr. Chellis’s church, Hiram has made respectable progress. He has permitted himself to break over the strict rule first adopted as to his social life. He goes a little into society—the very best society which that congregation furnishes. Report says he is engaged to Miss Tenant. She is the only child of Amos Tenant, of the firm of Allwise, Tenant & Co. This firm is reputed to be worth over a million of dollars. Miss Tenant—Miss Emma Tenant—is the young lady who, from the first, took such an interest in Hiram at the Sunday school. She is an excellent girl. She is very pretty, too, and, I am sorry to say, she seems to have fallen in love—really and positively in love with Hiram. *He*, the calculating wretch, has canvassed the whole matter, has made careful investigations of the condition of the house of Allwise, Tenant & Co., and has satisfied himself that it is firm as a rock, and that Mr. Tenant is no doubt worth the pretty sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or such a matter.

Emma is an only child!

Oh, Hiram, how dare you utter those vows of love and constancy and everlasting regard and affection, coming, as you do, with your fingers fresh from turning the leaves at the register’s office, where, forgetting your dinner, you have spent the entire afternoon in satisfying yourself about the real estate held by ‘Amos Tenant?’ Had the record under your precious investigation

not been satisfactory, you would not have spent five minutes thereafter in the society of Emma Tenant.

Yet your conscience does not reproach you. No, not one bit. Positively you are not aware of anything reprehensible or even indelicate in what you are about. Thinking of the matter, as you carefully scan the books of record, you regard it precisely as you would any other investigation. To you it is essential that the girl you are to marry should have money. If she has, you will love her (for it is your *duty* to love your wife); if she has not, you cannot love her, and of course (duty again) you cannot wed her.

Poor Emma Tenant! No protecting instinct warns you against the young man who is now making such fervid protestations. You receive all he says as holy truth, sincere, earnest avowal, out of his heart into yours, for time and for eternity!

You, Emma Tenant, are a good girl, innocent and good: why, oh, why does not your nature shrink by this contact?

* * * * *

We forbear to paint the love scene in which Hiram figures. Enough to say that Emma could not and did not disguise the state of her affections. Yes, she confessed it, confessed she had been attracted by Hiram (poor thing) from the day she first saw him enter the Sunday school to take his place as one of its teachers.

How happy she was as she sat trembling with emotion, her hand in Hiram's calculating grasp, while she blushing made her simple confession.

'But your father,' interposed Hiram, anxiously—'he will never give his consent.'

'And why will he not?' replied Emma. 'I am sure he likes you already, and when he knows'—

She stopped, and blushed deeper than ever.

'When he knows,' said Hiram, taking up the sentence, 'he will hate me: I am sure he will.'

'How can you say so?' replied the confiding girl. 'I am his only child, and he will approve of anything which is for my happiness.'

'But he may not think an engagement with me (you see Hiram was determined on the engagement) will be for your happiness. I am not known here—am not yet in business for myself, although so far as that is concerned'—

'Don't speak so—it pains me; as if I could think of such things *now*,' she whispered, as if really in bodily distress.

'But it *must* be mentioned, and at once; we must tell your parents. It would be highly improper not to do so.'

He meant to make all sure.

'Oh, well, I suppose you are right, but it will make no difference to papa if you had not a penny. I have heard him say so a thousand times.'

'Have you,' replied Hiram, drawing a long breath, 'have you really?'

'Indeed I have. He has always said he would prefer to see me marry a high-minded, honorable young man, of strict integrity, without a cent in the world, to the richest man living, if he were sordid and calculating. Oh, he despises such persons. Now are you satisfied?'

Hiram *was* satisfied, that is, logically; but somehow he *felt* a hit, and in spite of himself his countenance was clouded, and he was silent.

'I have said something to wound you. I know I have,' exclaimed Emma.

'To wound me! My angel, my'—etc., etc., etc. (the pen refuses to do its office when I come to record Hiram's love expressions). 'How can you think so at this moment of my greatest rapture, my most complete'—etc., etc., etc. (pen fails again). 'It was my intense joy and satisfaction to learn how noble and disinterested your father is, that rendered me for the moment speechless.'

After considerable discussion, it was arranged that Emma should be the one to communicate to her parents the interesting fact that Hiram sought her

hand. On this occasion his courage so far failed him that he preferred not to break the subject himself, although generally so very capable and adroit in personal interviews.

Mr. Tenant, as usual with papas, was a good deal surprised. He had not thought of Emma's marrying—considered her still little else than a school girl, and so on—well—he supposed it must come sooner or later. He knew very little about the young man, but what he did know was certainly in his favor.

To cut the story short, the whole matter was soon pleasantly settled, and Hiram established as the accepted of Miss Tenant.

In a subsequent interview with Mr. Tenant, our hero quite won his heart. That gentleman was an old-fashioned merchant; the senior member of a house known as one of the most honorable in the city. I say senior member, for the 'Allwise' whose name stood first was a son of the original partner through whose capacity mainly it had been built up and made strong. Mr. Tenant, I repeat, was a merchant of the old school, high minded and of strict integrity, not specially remarkable for ability, but possessing good sense and a single mind. The house once on the right track, with its credit and its correspondents established, he had only to keep the wheel revolving in the old routine, and all was well.

Mr. Tenant was quite carried away by Hiram's conversation. The latter was so shrewd and capable, yet so good and honest withal. He first recounted to his prospective father-in-law a little history of his whole life. He portrayed in feeling terms how God had never forsaken, but on the contrary had always sustained and supported him—in his infancy, at school, through various vicissitudes—had conducted him to New York, to Dr. Chellis's church, into his (Mr. Tenant's) family; and now, as a crowning mercy, was about to bestow on him the greatest treasure of the uni-

verse to be a partner of his joys and sorrows through life.

Then he discoursed of affairs; of what he hoped with a 'common blessing' to accomplish. He informed Mr. Tenant confidentially that in the approaching month of May he should commence a general shipping and commission business. His plans were matured, and though his capital was small—

'Count on me, young man, count on the house of Allwise, Tenant & Co.,' interrupted the kind-hearted old gentleman. 'I have no boy,' he continued, with tears in his eyes; 'my only one was snatched from me, but now I shall look on you as my son. You will start in May. Good. And what the house can do for you will be done.'

'Then perhaps I may be permitted to refer to you?'

'Permitted? I shall insist on it. What is more, I will see two or three of our friends to make up your references myself. You must begin strong. Where do you keep your account?'

Hiram told him. It was a bank where Mr. Bennett had introduced him.

'That is well enough, but those are dry goods people, not at all in our line. I must introduce you at our bank, or, what is better, I will get Daniel Story to introduce you at his. There you will get a double advantage.'

Need I add that Hiram was in ecstasies? His position would now equal his most brilliant dreams. To be placed at once on an equality with the old South-street houses! To have Daniel Story introduce him to his bank! It was even so. The future son-in-law of Amos Tenant would gain just such an entree to business life.

And profitable use did Hiram Meeker make of these 'privileges.' He no longer thought of depending on H. Bennett & Co. Very quietly he thanked his cousin for his kind offer of assistance by way of reference, etc., but he was of opinion it would be better to have some names in his own line. Then

he mentioned who were to be his 'backers,' whereat Mr. Bennett was amazed, yet highly gratified, and, without seeking to inquire further, told Hiram he 'would *do*,' he always said he would, that he must call on him, however, whenever he thought he could give him a lift, and predicted that he would be very *successful* on his own account. All which Hiram received meekly and mildly, but he said nothing in reply.

It is not my purpose to give in detail the particulars of Hiram's commercial life. Having been sufficiently minute in describing his early business education, the experience he acquired, the habits he formed, the reader can readily understand that his career became from the start a promising one. He was familiar with all the ramifications of commerce. He thoroughly knew the course of trade in New York. He had studied carefully the operation of affairs, from the largest shipping interest to the daily consumption of the most petty retail shop. He had managed to lay up quite a respectable sum of money, and all he now wanted was a good opportunity to launch himself, and it was presented.

I am inclined to think Mr. Tenant would have been willing to have taken him into his own firm, had Hiram wished, but he had no such ambition. He desired by himself to lay broad and deep the foundation of a large business, and have it expand and become great in his own hands. He did not believe in partnerships; it is doubtful if he were willing to trust human nature so much as to admit anybody to such a close relation as that of business associate.

In the management of his affairs, Hiram made it a point to acquire the reputation of fair and honorable dealing. His word was his bond. That was his motto; and he carried it out fully and absolutely. Mistakes could always be corrected in his establishment. No matter if the party *were* legally concluded. He stood by his contracts.

A mere verbal say so, though the market rose twenty-five per cent. on his hands the next half hour, could be relied on as much as his indenture under seal. And so he gained a splendid name the very first year of his mercantile career. Yet, I *must* say it, behind all this fine reputation, this happy speech of men, this common report and general character, sat Hiram alert and calculating, whispering to himself sagaciously: '*Honesty is the best policy.*'

[In affairs, he meant. Had he carried the apophthegm out into every detail of life, through its moral and social phases, it would have required indeed the eye of the Omniscient to have discerned and penetrated his error.]

I come to the close of Hiram's first year of business on his own account. He had suddenly loomed into importance. But never was there an effect more directly traceable to a cause. He did not embark till he was in readiness for the venture, and results came quickly. With change of position he had made corresponding changes in his social life. He left Eastman's, and took pleasant though not expensive quarters in a more fashionable part of the city, not far indeed from Mr. Tenant's house. He visited in company with Emma all her family friends and acquaintances. He made such progress in the church, that the majority of the female teachers in the Sunday school were in favor of electing him superintendent. In short, he was becoming a very popular young man.

As I have said, I come to the close of Hiram's first year. I wish I could stop here. I go on with that reluctance which I invariably feel when recording what must add to the repugnance with which we all regard Hiram's character.

The engagement between Hiram and Miss Tenant had been made public. The time for the marriage was fixed at about the first of July—only six weeks distant. It was a period when Hiram felt he could leave town most conveniently for his wedding trip. The prep-

arations on Emma's part were ample as became her family and social position. She was very happy. She loved this young man, and believed he loved her. Hiram was good natured and agreeable, and did all in his power to exhibit his best qualities. The result was that he was very much liked by both Mr. and Mrs. Tenant, and was already quite domesticated at their house.

During the spring there was a great deal of speculation in certain leading articles of export. The house of Allwise, Tenant & Co., having first class correspondents abroad and enjoying large credit, advanced more liberally than was prudent. It was the younger members who decided to go largely into the enterprise. There came a panic in the market. Several leading houses in London and Liverpool failed, others in New York followed, and among them Allwise, Tenant & Co.

It proved that this firm, though eminently sound and above board, was not as wealthy as was generally supposed. Its high character for integrity and honor, and an existence of near forty years without a reverse gave it great reputation for wealth and stability.

The blow was sudden and effective. The capital of the concern was wiped out of existence, and the individual property of the partners followed in this wake of destruction.

Hiram, like others, had overestimated Mr. Tenant's property. The latter was nevertheless a rich man for those days, and worth over one hundred thousand dollars. By this reverse he was penniless.

Hiram was on 'Change when he first caught the rumor of the catastrophe. His position with regard to the family (for his relations with it were now well understood) made it difficult for him to make many inquiries, but he hastened to his counting room and despatched a messenger to Hill to come to him forthwith. Hill was prompt, and having been carefully charged with

his commission, at once started to execute it. He came back duly.

'All gone to ——. Not a grease spot left of them.'

'Don't be so gross, Hill. You are constantly shocking me with your idle profanity. Are you sure, though?'

'Yes. More bills back, twice over, than they can pay. A clean sweep, by ——.'

'That will do, Hill—that will do; but don't swear so, don't.'

'Now I am here,' continued Hill, 'what about that invoice of brandy to Henshaw? He declares the brandy ain't right. You know you thought'

'Hill,' interrupted Hiram, 'I can't talk with you now. Leave me alone, and close the door after you.'

Hill went out without saying a word.

If we except a slight paleness which overspread his countenance, Hiram had exhibited no sign of emotion from the moment he heard of Mr. Tenant's failure to the time he disposed so summarily of his satellite Hill. When Hill left, he rose and walked two or three times quickly up and down the room, and then took his seat again. His thoughts ran something in this way: 'I never supposed old Tenant to have any business ability, but I thought the concern so well established it could go alone. So it could if those young fellows had not made asses of themselves. What's to be done? Tenant certainly has a large amount of individual property. It is worth saving. Respectable old name—if he keeps his money. (Hiram smiled grimly.) I will step round at once and offer my services, before other folks begin to tinker with him.'

On my word, reader, during all this time Hiram never once thought of Emma Tenant. She did not for a solitary instant enter in any of the combinations which he was so rapidly forming and reforming. So entirely was he occupied with canvassing the effect of the failure on his personal fortunes and thinking over what was best

to be done under the circumstances, that he had no space in his brain, much less in his selfish heart, for the 'object of his affections,' to whom he was to be married in one little month.

How would *she* feel? How would the blow affect her? What could he do to reassure her? How could he best comfort her? What fond promises and loving protestations could he offer that now more than ever he desired to make her happy?

Nothing of this, nothing of this occupied him as he sat in his private office, rapidly surveying the situation.

Poor Emma!

Carrying out his decision, Hiram took his way to the establishment of Allwise, Tenant & Co.

He was immediately admitted to Mr. Tenant's private room. That gentleman sat there alone, with his eyes fixed on a long list which his bookkeeper had just furnished him. He looked somewhat disturbed and solicitous, but presented nevertheless a manly and by no means dejected mien.

'Ah, my dear boy, I knew there was no need of sending for you. I *knew* you would be here. God bless you. Sit down, sit down. I want to use your ready wit just now for a few minutes. Thank God, I have your clear head and honest heart to turn to.'

All this time Mr. Tenant was pressing Hiram's hand, which lay impassively in his. The honest man was too much carried away by his own feelings to notice the other's lack of sympathetic pity.

'Why, my dear sir,' said Hiram, at length, 'did you not give me some hint of this? We might have'—

'I had no idea of it myself till the mails were delivered this morning. Phillipson & Braines's stoppage has destroyed us. Such a strong house as we thought it to be! When they suspended, it discredited us with our other friends, for everybody knew our relations with them, so that they would neither accept our bills nor protect us

in any way. We are struck down without warning.'

'No hope of reconstruction?' asked Hiram.

'None.'

'You wanted me just now, I think you said.'

'Yes. There are one or two matters which I am inclined to think should be treated as confidential. Certain collections, and so forth. We have already discussed it somewhat. You shall examine and give me your opinion.'

'Had you not better first make some arrangements to protect your individual property?'

'What?'

Hiram repeated the question, and in a more definite shape.

He was astounded when the honorable old merchant told him that he should make no reservations—that his property, all of it, belonged to his creditors, and to his creditors it should go.

Even in this juncture Mr. Tenant was so taken up with his own position that he failed to discover Hiram's real object. He actually turned consoler.

'Courage, my boy,' he exclaimed. 'My wife has a little sum of her own, about twelve thousand dollars, enough to keep us old folks from starving; and as soon as you are married, we will club together, and live as happy as ever—hey?'

'I hope, after all, matters are not as bad as you suppose,' said Hiram, wishing to make some response, but determining not to commit himself.

'Oh, but they are,' said Mr. Tenant. 'We must not deceive ourselves. However, let that pass. Now tell me what you think about these collections?'

Hiram forced himself to listen patiently to Mr. Tenant's statement, for he had not yet decided on the course he was presently to pursue. So he talked over the question, pro and con, managing to fully agree with the views of Mr. Tenant in every particular.

'I knew you would think as I do about this,' exclaimed the latter, joyfully. 'It does you credit, Hiram. It shows your honorable sense. How could I take that money and put it into the general indebtedness? How could I? Well, well, I have already employed too much of your time. We shall do nothing to-day but examine into matters. You will be up this evening?'

Emma must spare you to me for once. To-night we will have our various statements ready, and I shall want your help to look them over.'

'The old fool,' muttered Hiram, as he left the place. 'The old jackass. I won't give it up yet, though. I will try his wife. I will try Emma. No, I won't give it up yet. I will go there this evening, and see what can be done. But if I find that—'

'Certainly.'

'Good-by till then, my dear boy. The rest of the sentence was inaudible.



HOW MR. LINCOLN BECAME AN ABOLITIONIST.

PERHAPS, Messrs. Editors, you may recall
A story you published some time in the fall,—
I think 'twas October—your files will declare,—
Bearing the title of 'Tom Johnson's Bear.'

Well, the story since that time has grown somewhat bigger,
And has something to say about holding the 'nigger ;'
And something, likewise, about letting him go,
The which I've no purpose at present to show :
To wit, how a woodman, a kind-hearted neighbor,
Returning at night from his rail-splitting labor,
Found poor Mistress Johnson forlorn and distressed,
In that perilous posture still holding the beast ;
And how she besought the kind gentleman's help,
And how he'd have nothing to do with the whelp ;
And how he and Johnson soon got by the ears,
And fought on the question of 'freedom for bears ;'
And how, *inter alia*, the beast got away
And took himself off in the midst of the fray ;
And how Tommy Johnson at last came to grief :
All which I omit, as I wish to be brief.
The story's too lengthy—it must not be sent all
To cumber your pages, my dear CONTINENTAL.
At present my purpose, my object, my mission is
To show how the woodman became 'Abolitionist.'

Introductions, you know, like 'original sin,'

Hang on, while you long for some sign of repentance
In shape of the last and the welcomest sentence,
So, in short, I'll cut short, draw a line, and begin.

The woodman one night was aroused by a clatter,
Each one in the house crying, 'Ho ! what's the matter ?'
All jumped out of bed and ran hither and thither,
Scarce knowing amid their alarm why or whither ;
But soon it was found 'mid the tumult and din
That burglars were making attempts to break in.
And now there arose o'er the turmoil and noise
The woodman's loud summons addressed to 'the boys.'
'The boys' quickly came, and on looking around,
At one of the windows a ladder was found,
And on it a burglar, who, plying his trade,
A burglarious opening already had made.

Now the woodman, though making this nocturnal sortie
All armed and equipped, at the rate of 'two-forty,'
Called a halt, and proposed, before firing a gun,
To question with care what had better be done.
Forthwith he assembled a council of war,
To gravely consider how fast and how far
In a case of this kind it was lawful to go.
Some said, 'Smash the ladder,' but others said, 'No,
There were many objections to that, and the chief
Was the constitutional rights of the thief ;
That the ladder was property all men agreed,
And as such was protected, secured, guaranteed ;
And if 'twas destroyed, our greatest of laws
Could not be upheld and maintained 'as it was.'
But others replied, 'That ladder's the chief
Supporter, as all men may see, of the thief ;
Let's aim at the ladder, and if it should fall,
Let the burglar fall with it, or hang by the wall
As well as he can ; and by the same token,
Whose fault will it be if his neck should be broken ?'
To which it was answered, 'That ladder may be
The chattel of some honest man, d'ye see.'
'Well, then, we will pay for't.' 'No, never !' says V.,
'To be taxed for that ladder I'll never agree ;
You have brought on this fuss,' said V., mad and still madder ;
'You always intended to break the man's ladder ;
You have been for a long time the people deceiving
With false and pretended objections to thieving ;
You never desired to have robbing abolished ;
You only have sought to have ladders demolished.'

'Pray, hold!' said another, 'perhaps while we're trifling
About this old ladder, the thief will be rifling
The house of its contents, or, venturing further,
May set it on fire—the children may murder.'
'Can't help it,' says V.; 'though he murder to-day,
Who knows but to-morrow the murderer may
Repent and reform; then who shall restore
The ladder all perfect and sound as before?
But whether or no, I can never consent
That the thief and the ladder should make a descent,
Which haply might hurt a burglarious brother,
Or totally wreck and demolish the other.'

The woodman bade 'Silence!' He cried out, 'Ho! list!
Then called on the burglar his work to desist,
And made proclamation throughout all the town
That if in a specified time he came down
And gave a firm pledge of obeying the laws,
He might keep his old ladder all safe 'as it was;'
But if he pursued his felonious intent
Beyond the time given, he'd cause to be sent
'Mid the conflict of arms and the cannon's loud thunder,
A missile to knock his old ladder from under.
Then pausing to see the effect of his speech,
He saw nought but the thief still at work at the breach;
And, being opposed to thieves visiting attics,
Combined with those vile anti-ladder fanatics,
And sent a projectile which left the thief where
Thieves and traitors should all be, suspended in air,
Except that he lacked what was due to his calling,
A hempen attachment to keep him from falling.

Then burglars, and thieves, and traitors, and all
Their friends sympathetic forthwith 'gan to bawl,
'We're ruined! we're ruined! To what a condition
The country is brought by this man's abolition!
And echo replied: 'Oh! dreadful condition!
Abolition—bolition—bolition—abolition!'

COST OF A TRIP TO EUROPE, AND HOW TO GO CHEAPLY.

THE question is often asked of those who have been to Europe: 'What does it cost?' 'For how little can one travel abroad?' etc. For it is within the hopes of many to go at one time or another; and many would indulge the anticipation more freely, if they 'could see their way,' as the Yorkshire man wanted to do when he thought of getting married. I propose to throw some little light on this oft-repeated question.

The expense of a journey depends greatly on the manner in which it is made. People who go to Europe, frequently imagine that they must go in a certain degree of style; they must expend something by way of showing that they are somebody in their own country! To carry out this idea, they go, on first landing, to expensive hotels; they carry considerable luggage, travel in first-class carriages, and incur various other expenses, to show John Bull and the continentals that they belong to the superior class at home. These people pay largely for their whistle, or trumpet. They will tell you you cannot go to Europe for less than three or five thousand dollars apiece. They fancy they have made a good impression on the Europeans; whereas the Europeans never noticed their vain little attempts at showing off. Nobody cared what they paid or gave away; and the very courier who flattered, or the servants who fawned on them for their money, laughed at them behind their backs. There is another class, more quiet and moderate, who want to be economical, but do not know how to be. They will tell you a short trip can be taken for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. They go by the guide books, and those are based always on 'first-class prices and a liberal expenditure.' There are no guide books for those who would *study* economy; who would sub-

mit to some privations for the sake of seeing foreign lands and acquiring the desirable knowledge which can only be gained by personal observation. For such, a guide book is very much needed. They constitute a large class of persons. They have an ardent desire to visit the Old World and places of renown—they would go in crowds, but for fear of the expense, and the assurances of their friends that it will cost so much. When we assure them that a trip to England and Scotland, and a tour through France, Germany, Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, and part of Italy, covering four or five months, may be made, has been made, for four hundred dollars, including first-class steamship passages going and returning, they may be encouraged to think of starting as soon as gold is at par.

A gentleman who has established hotels in England and Scotland, and published a Guide through London, says no traveller need pay at a hotel more than eighteen pence (thirty-seven cents of our money) a day for his room. To this is usually added from eighteen to twenty-five cents for attendance; gas being two cents extra per night. In London, however, such moderate hotels are usually in the business part of the town. In the desirable portions for a sojourn, private board and lodging can be had from a guinea to a pound and a half a week; or two furnished rooms may be taken at four or five dollars or more per week. This includes the service of cooking and serving meals; the tenant furnishing the marketing, which costs from two dollars to two dollars and a half a week for each person. This is the cheapest way of living for a party. Such rooms may be found by looking in newspaper advertisements. Agents make them cost more. It will be easy, by making a few inquiries, to hear of a dozen such places; and as

people do not move so often in London as here, the knowledge may be available for a year or two.

In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities, the cheap hotels are found in the very best localities. They usually advertise in Bradshaw's 'Monthly Guide,' and in the newspapers. They have clean beds and nice rooms almost universally. If the traveller desires strictly to economize, he need not pay for meals in the hotel, where 'a plain breakfast' (tea and bread and butter) will cost twenty-five cents, and dinner fifty cents; he can, if he choose, go to one of the numerous restaurants in the vicinity, and dine comfortably for twelve cents: other meals in proportion. These places are numerous and good in the cities of Great Britain. On the Continent, the prices at restaurants are higher, for strangers at least; a marked distinction being made between them and the inhabitants of the country. '*I forestieri tutti pagano*' (foreigners all pay), said a Venetian sexton; and that is the rule for universal practice throughout Europe. An order for roast beef at a restaurant will not cover, as it does here and in England, potatoes and bread; they are charged for extra; from three to five cents for a roll; six or eight for potatoes. Ice is too expensive a luxury everywhere across the seas to be thought of by the tourist limited in means. But if restaurants are dear, the markets are cheap in Europe; and the people of the country usually carry provisions with them. You may see ladies provided each with a small basket, from which are produced in the cars a bottle of *vin ordinaire* and water, rolls of bread, and slices of ham or tongue. These furnish the simple but wholesome repast. Cream cheeses, delicious in quality, are to be procured in France and Italy, with cooked mutton chops, parts of roast fowl, sausage of fresh chicken and tongue, pork and mutton pies, etc., all obtainable fresh at provision stores. A bunch of grapes that will cost a franc

(twenty cents) at the railway-station refreshment room, may be had in the market for one or two cents; and other articles in proportion. The custom of the people, and the abundant provision of such things, will suggest to the economical traveller a method of saving largely in his daily expenses. Those who like tea—which they cannot get well made on the Continent—had better take a spirit lamp and apparatus for making it in their rooms. But little trouble is involved in thus providing for one's wants; the most is in making tea or coffee. Those in the habit of so living will save the expensive hotel meals. In hotels, where there is a *table d'hôte*, dinner costs from three and a half francs (seventy cents) to five (a dollar). The breakfast consists merely of bread and *café au lait*, unless extras are ordered, and those are liberally charged for. Nowhere are travellers expected to pay for meals at hotels unless they choose to take them. *Se non mangiate, non pagate*. ('If you eat nothing, you pay nothing.')

The prudent tourist will always bargain for the prices of rooms. In the first-class hotels on the Continent there are usually to be had upper rooms at thirty or forty cents a day. In second-class hotels in France and Italy a room may be obtained for twenty cents, the charge for service being ten cents extra. Candles are always charged for separately; in cheap rooms, ten cents; in higher priced, a franc each per night; the waiter being careful to remove the partially burned one. The best plan is to carry wax candles in one's basket. Soap is never provided, and is an expensive article when called for.

In Germany and Holland the price of a room per day is a florin or guilder—about forty-three cents. Living generally is higher than in Italy, but cooked provisions are abundant and excellent. Throughout Europe, you may be sure of clean beds and tables, no matter how uninviting the premises appear.

One half the cost of travel, and one's temper besides, may be saved by going in third-class carriages. On the Continent the second-class ones are as luxurious as the first, and are preferred by tourists generally. But, except in having no cushions, the third class will prove comfortable enough; the chance for seeing the country is rather better. Here the people of the country are met—chiefly the poorer class—very decent in appearance, however, and invariably respectful and kind in their manners. A large number of monks and nuns will be found here, also well-dressed ladies, who feel more protected than in the superior class of carriages. In the latter, indeed, one is exposed to various annoyances escaped in third-class carriages. The tourists, who abound, are often insolent and encroaching. A burly Englishman or stolid German will not hesitate to turn a timid lady out of her seat; and if ladies have no gentlemen with them, they may be insulted by rude staring or scornful looks from women provided with escorts or a little more finely dressed. All these causes of disturbance are escaped among the third class, where the utmost deference is always shown to strangers.

In Great Britain, where Mrs. Grundy reigns with absolute sway, there is a prejudice against the inferior classes of railway carriages, partially overcome among the middle people of late, as far as the *second* class is concerned; they dare not go in the third. But strangers may be more independent, and may do as they please without reproach. There is nothing to choose in the way of comfortable accommodation between the second and third-class carriages in England; the latter are called 'parliamentary,' on account of the governmental regulation compelling the companies to run them, and fixing the fare at one penny (two cents) a mile. Smoking is not permitted at all in England; on the Continent it is customary, even in first-class carriages and in dili-

gences. When travelling in the diligence or stage coach, secure, if possible, the *coupé* or highest priced places. The front windows command a better view than the side ones of the interior; and where a better view can be had, it is worth paying for. On the Mediterranean steamers take first-class places; the best are bad enough to be intolerable. The second cabins of the steamers crossing the British Channel are pretty good for a short voyage.

A copy which I am permitted to make from the diary of one who travelled with some ladies last summer, from Paris to Florence in Italy and back, gives the entire cost of the trip—occupying a month—at \$106.13. This estimate includes hotel fares, fees, carriage hire, etc., as well as travelling expenses. A copy from the note book of a party who travelled over England and to Edinburgh and Glasgow—spending over two months—gives the sum total of that as \$119.42. This includes fares to and from Paris (\$5 second class), and board in Paris as well as in Great Britain. We may therefore put down the cost of a trip to Europe as follows:

Passage (first class) on steamship of New York, Philadelphia and Liverpool line, from New York to London . .	\$80 00
Returning in same line (fifteen guineas)	79 00
Travelling and board in Great Britain and Paris	119 42
Tour on the Continent . . .	106 13
Allow for stewards' fees, cabs, omnibuses, and a few expenses not noted	15 45
Total cost of European trip, .	\$400 00

Fees to guides, sextons, etc., on the Continent, seldom exceed a franc (twenty cents) each; half that, or a franc for a party, will often suffice. If a church is open for service, nothing is to be paid. Gifts to guides in England average sixpence or an English shilling.

The custom of giving money to servants in private houses where one is entertained as a guest, is burdensome and unjust.

In Paris, board and lodging can be had at excellent houses, filled with fashionable guests, for a dollar a day, exclusive of a franc a week each to the maid and waiter. Arthur's celebrated family hotel, 9 Rue Castiglione, afforded accommodation to a party of three at this rate, with a suite of rooms in the Rue St. Honoré, breakfast to order in the private parlor, the constant attendance of a servant, and dinner at the hotel *table d'hôte*. The party found their own candles. A party thus can be as well accommodated as in one of the chief hotels. A single gentleman, who cares less for the elegancies of life, can have a furnished room for seven dollars a month with attendance, or a room at a cheap hotel for a dollar a week, without meals.

It must be understood that the estimate of \$400 for the cost of a tour abroad does not include the price of exchange at the present time, or any exchange. It is simply the amount paid out in our own currency. The purchases made by a tourist of clothing, curiosities, etc., are of course extra. The amount will provide for a tour extending to between four and five months. Three or four weeks are allowed for in London, and two or three weeks in

Paris. If the tour be extended and more time be consumed, the additional expense may easily be calculated. Bradshaw's 'Continental Guide' will give the exact cost and distance on the railways; and for hotel expenses, lunches, and fees, a dollar a day will provide the economical traveller. He will need no courier, nor, if he knows the language (French will do, but it is better also to understand Italian and German), a *valet de place*. Both are better dispensed with.

One word as to luggage. Let no traveller encumber himself or herself with a trunk on the Continent. A valise or a carpet bag that can be carried in the hand, will hold enough. Four or five changes of linen, and one dress, besides the travelling costume, are all sufficient. Washing can be done in a few hours anywhere. A lady had better wear a dress of strong dark stuff, and have a black silk for a change. She will need no more, even if months are spent abroad. Even in England a trunk is a nuisance; for luggage cannot be checked, and continual care is necessary. In some remote stations even labels cannot be had, and porters are scarce. I have known passengers, when no porters came to take their trunks to the van, compelled to thrust them into the carriage at the last moment. The better plan is to have only what can be carried under your own eye.

TOUCHING THE SOUL.

READER, did it ever strike you that there are many theories touching this soul of ours which are generally accepted as truths, without any thought whatever on the subject ; so universally accepted, indeed, that it is considered a waste of time to think upon them at all ; but which, upon a thorough investigation, might possibly lose some of their old-time infallibility, and the consideration of which might well repay the trouble, by opening a field of thought at once interesting and instructive ?

Such there are, and in this province alone are we of this day and generation entirely controlled by the opinions of those over whose dust centuries have rolled. We may speculate freely upon religion, and, while all must acknowledge that true religion is not progressive, new schemes of salvation spring almost daily into life from the brains of heretical thinkers, in their bold presumption stamping with error the simple faith of the primitive Christians. We may peer into the arcana of science and boldly question the theories of the learned of all ages. We may exhaust our mental powers upon points of political economy and the science of government ; and even the domain of ethics may be fearlessly invaded and crowded with doubt. But into the unpretending pathway that leads to the secret nooks of the soul, to the foundations of all spiritual excellence, few feet may stray, and even those only to follow the beaten track worn by the feet of those olden thinkers whose very names have long since passed into oblivion, lest by their deviations they should outrage some of those universal prejudices, whose only claim to consideration is their traditionary origin.

And this path is but little trodden in our day, for two reasons ; first, be-

cause, to the careless eye, it possesses few attractions, and its claims are lost in those of a more exciting and more eminently practical course of thought ; secondly, because it seems to have been so thoroughly explored that we have only to read the writings of those who have gone before, and listen to traditionary speculations, to learn all that can be known about that which is our very existence, and, indeed, the only *true* existence.

Two great mistakes. The dying philosopher, one of the wisest the world has ever known, declared that all the knowledge he had gained was but as a grain of sand upon the seashore. So all that is known to-day about the soul is but a drop in the ocean of that great revealing which shall one day dawn upon man's spiritual existence. There is an infinite field yet unexplored—a very *terra incognita* to even those who pride themselves upon being learned in the mysteries of the soul. And to him who ventures upon this seemingly lowly path, so far from proving unattractive, it becomes a very Eden of thought. Unlooked-for beauties spring to light on every side ; the very essence of music and poesy float around him as he advances ; while above, around, and through all, sounds the magnificent diapason of everlasting truth.

True, there may be little of practical benefit—as the world defines practicality—in searching out the causes of the myriad emotions that sweep with lightning rapidity across the soul, now raising us to the summit of bliss, now plunging us into the depths of despair—little of practical benefit in endeavoring to analyze the soul itself into its constituent elements, and to bring ourselves face to face with our better, nobler selves, and with the Mighty Power which created us and all things.

But there is, in this inner life, a pleasure higher and more lasting than those evanescent ones which the world can afford, and which elevates and purifies as they do not. And aside from mere pleasure, there is in such a study a practicability—taking the word in a broader and nobler sense—which puts to the blush man's busy schemes for wealth and honor. The beauties and sublimity of nature may indeed fill us with awe at the omnipotence of the mighty Architect, and with love and gratitude for His goodness, but it is only in the presence of the soul—His greatest work—that we realize the awful power of the Creator; it is only when threading the secret avenues of our own intellectual and spiritual being that we are brought into actual communion with God, and bow in adoration before Him who 'doeth all things well.' Therefore, I maintain that he whose meditations run most in this channel is not only the happiest, but the purest man; that his views of life are the broadest and noblest; that he it is who is most open to the appeal of suffering or of sorrow; who is most ready to sacrifice self and work for the good of his fellow beings, and to discharge faithfully his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

But I am digressing into a prosy essay, which I did not intend, and neglecting that which I did intend, namely, to jot down a few theories which have crept into the brain of one not much given to musing.

For even I—a poor 'marching sub'—sitting here by a cheery coal grate, and watching the white smoke as it curls lazily up from the bowl of my meerschaum, have theories touching the soul—theories born in the glowing coals and mounting in the curling smoke wreaths, but, unlike them, growing more and more voluminous as they ascend, till I am like to be lost in the ocean of speculations which my own musings have summoned up.

I heard, to-night, a strain of weird, unearthly music, sweet and sad beyond expression, but distant and fleeting. Yet long after it had ceased, the chord that it awakened in my heart continued to vibrate as with the echo of the strain which had departed. An unutterable, indescribable longing filled my soul—a vague yearning for something, I knew not what. My whole spiritual being seemed exalted to the clouds, yet restrained by some galling chain from the heaven it sought to enter. And then I asked myself, What is the secret of this mysterious power of music; where shall we look for the cause of those undefinable yet overwhelming emotions which it never fails to excite? A hopeless question it seemed, one which the philosophers of all ages have failed to solve, perhaps because they have not troubled themselves to inquire very seriously about it; and again, perhaps it has baffled them as it has me, and tens of thousands of others of the humbler portion of humanity. And so I fell to dreaming after this wise:

The soul of man is created perfect, so far as regards the presence of every faculty necessary for its development, for its happiness, or misery, in this world or the next. Circumstances may alter it in degree, but in its constituent elements never. The same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, at the moment of its creation and a thousand ages to come. Not even its passage from the body into its future and eternal home can endow it with a single new faculty, or eradicate one of the old. Yet each one of these faculties, capabilities, or sensibilities, is capable of development to an infinite degree. And in this development lies the soul's progress to perfection; it is to go on, through all the ages of its eternal existence, constantly approaching the divine, yet never reaching the goal, like that space between two parallel lines, which mathematicians bisect to infinity. Certain of these faculties, of the very existence

of which even the soul itself is unconscious, are those whose province lies purely in the world beyond, to which we all are tending. Never exerted in this life, with which they have nothing to do, through all the earthly existence they sleep quietly in their hidden cells; but when once the silver cord is loosed, and the freed spirit mounts into its native atmosphere, then these dormant powers and susceptibilities are awakened from their slumbers, and take the lead in the march of development, outstripping all others in the race, and soon becoming the ruling powers of the soul. These are they which shall listen to the music of heaven—these are the spiritual senses which shall hear and see and taste and feel those ineffable glories, of which our earthly pilgrimage has no appreciation, and which, if presented to us in the body, we could not perceive, nor, perceiving, comprehend. These are they which shall worship and adore, comprehending the glory of Omnipotence, and drinking in and pouring out the full stream of divine and never-failing love and gratitude.

Reader, did you ever listen to the sympathetic vibrations of a musical string? Place in the corner of your room a guitar—it matters not if it have but a single string, that alone is sufficient for the experiment—then, sitting at some distance from it, sing, shout, or play upon some loud-toned instrument, or, beginning at the foot of the chromatic scale, sound, round and full, each semitone in succession and at separate intervals. The instrument is mute to every note until you strike the one to which the guitar string is attuned; then indeed, the spirit of melody imprisoned within the musical string recognizes its kindred sound, and springs sweetly forth to meet it. You pause, and a low, sweet strain sighs softly through the room, as if a zephyr had swept the string, dying gently away like the faintest breathing of the evening breeze. Repeat the note, and louder than at first, and again its

counterpart replies, swelling higher than before, as if in gentle remonstrance that you should deem it necessary to call again to that which has already replied.

Even so it is with these hidden faculties or susceptibilities of which I have been speaking. In the notes of witching music, in the numbers of poesy, in the sight of beauty, either of nature or of art, either æsthetic or moral, these silent powers recognize a faint approximation to that beauty with which they will have to do in that world where they shall be called into action: they too recognize the kindred spirit, and, springing forward to meet it, vibrate in unison with the chord. But yet, restrained by their prison of clay, bound down by the immutable law which bids them wait their time, their great deep is but troubled, and while, from their swaying and surging, a delicious emotion spreads over the soul, filling the whole being with indescribable joy, it is an emotion which we cannot fathom, vague and undefined, at which we wonder even while we enjoy. To each and all of us the doors of heaven are closed for the present; we never have heard the songs of the celestial spheres, and how should we recognize their echo here on earth, even though that echo is swelling through our own hearts? And the sadness and yearning which such emotions invariably produce, may they not be the yearning for heaven's supernal beauty, and sadness for the chains which bar us from its full realization? Or is it the reflex of the struggles and the disappointment of that portion of the spirit which I have assigned as the mover of the emotion itself?

Carry still further the parallel of the vibrating string, and we shall illustrate the different *degrees* of emotion. It is only by sounding a note in exact unison with that to which the string is attuned that we get the full force of the sympathetic vibration, which is more or less distinct according as we approach or depart from the keynote, till

we reach the semitone above or below, when it ceases altogether. Even so do our emotions increase in exact proportion as the exciting cause approaches perfection—according as the beauty heard or seen or felt approaches the heavenly keynote. A simple ballad awakens a quiet pleasure, while the magnificent symphonies of Beethoven or Mozart fill the soul with a rapture with which the former feeling is no more to be compared than the brooklet with the ocean; for the latter is inexpressibly nearer to its heavenly model.

Carry out the theory to its legitimate result, and we shall see that if it were possible to produce, here on earth, music equal to that which rings through the celestial arches—if it were possible here to create beauty in any form, which should fully equal that which shall greet the freed spirit on its entrance into that better world, then indeed would our emotions reach their highest possible climax; then indeed should we hear and see and feel, not with the bodily senses, but with the senses of the soul; then would there be no vagueness, no sadness in the feeling as now, but clear and well defined would be our knowledge, comprehending all spiritual things. Then would our heaven be here on earth, and we should desire no other. Wisely has a great and merciful God thrown an impenetrable veil between the soul and its future belongings, and clipped its wings lest it soar too soon.

So much for a simple strain of music. A trifling matter, perhaps you will say, to make so much talk about. Not quite so trifling as you may think, however; for a single musical chord is a more important and complex thing than to the careless ear it would seem. Who ever cares to *study* a single chord of music? And yet how few are there who know that it is composed of not three or four but a myriad of separate and distinct sounds, appreciable in exact proportion to the cultivation of the ear? The uncultivated ear perceives

but the three or four primitive or fundamental notes of the chord, while, to the nicer perception, the more delicate susceptibility of the ear trained by long study and practice to analyze all musical sounds, come harmonic above harmonic, sounds of melody above, beneath, and beyond the few prime motors which act as the nucleus to the gush of tiny harmony which fills the ear—sounds clear and distinct, yet blending in perfect order and symmetry with their fundamental notes, and partaking so much of their character and following with such unerring certainty their direction as to become voiceless to the ear unskilled.

And why should this not be so? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the current of undulations in the atmosphere producing these united sounds should communicate its agitation in some degree to the circumambient air, creating thousands of delicate ramifications branching off in all possible directions from the main channel, yet all partaking of its peculiar character, and becoming in themselves separate sounds, yet consonant and harmonious?

Ah! could we but *see* the vibrations of the atmosphere which a single musical chord produces—the rolling bass, the gliding alto, the sweeping soprano, and the soaring tenor, rolling onward in one broad channel of harmony, with its myriad tributary streams of thirds and fifths, and its curling, twinkling, shifting, blending, soaring mists of delicate-toned harmonics, how would our enjoyment of music be enhanced! how would both eye and ear be delighted, enraptured with the poetry of motion, the harmony of sound, the eternal and indestructible order and concord and consonance of both sight and sound! But this is reserved for the experience of pure spirit—this is reserved to enhance the beauty of the celestial realm. Some day we shall see and hear and know it all—some day in that heavenly future, when the soul of man shall converse and praise and

adore in one blended strain of æsthetic beauty, which shall contain within itself the essence of all music and poesy and enraptured sight.

Thinking thus earnestly about the soul, one comes naturally to speculate upon the question of the spirit's return to earth after its final departure from the body. It is a beautiful belief that the souls of our departed friends are permitted to hover around us here on earth, watching all our outgoings and incomings, sympathizing in all our joys and sorrows, mourning over our transgressions, and rejoicing at our good deeds—in a word, acting the parts of guardian angels. And there are many, even in our day, who hold such a faith. Yet it is a belief founded in imagination and poetic ideas of beauty, rather than in sober truth either of reason or of revelation. The strongest argument I have ever heard against this belief is contained in the remark of a poor old English peasant. 'Sir,' said he, 'I doan't believe the speerits can come back to us; for if they go to the good place, they doan't want to come back 'ere again; and if they goes to the bad place, why God woan't let 'em.' There was more philosophy in the remark than he knew of, and I have not yet found the philosopher who did not stagger under it.

But there is another view of the subject. I hold that the bodily senses can only perceive material things, and the spirit spiritual things; and hence, that, admitting the actual presence of disembodied spirits, neither could we perceive them, nor they us, as material bodies. They might, indeed, perceive the souls within us, but could only be cognizant of our actions as those of pure spirit; while we, blinded by the impenetrable screen of the body, would be debarred of even this recognition.

For through only three of the bodily senses—sight, hearing, and feeling—have the boldest of so-called spiritualists dared to attempt the proof of their doc-

trine. To begin with the latter, the essential quality of the sense of feeling is *resistance*, without which there can be no perception. And what is resistance? In one class of cases it is simply the *vis inertiae* of matter: in the other and only remaining one, the opposition of some material matter to the force of gravity. Even the perception of the lightest zephyr depends upon the resistance of the atmosphere. Does spirit possess this quality of resistance? The argument on this head is closed the moment the distinction is made between material things and spiritual.

If the wave theory of light and sound be correct—and it is so generally accepted that few writers dare risk their reputations in the defence of any other—the senses of sight and hearing come, for the purposes of this argument, in the same category. Nothing can affect the ear which is not capable of producing vibration in the atmosphere, which may be considered, in comparison with pure spirit, a material substance. Here again the argument is clinched by the mere distinction between matter and spirit, the one being the very antipodes of and incapable of acting upon the other.

Natural science tells us that the white light of the sun is composed of the seven colors of the spectrum in combination, which colors may be readily separated by the refraction of the prism. All objects possess, in a greater or less degree, the power of decomposing light and absorbing colors. Now a ray of sunlight falling upon any given object is in a measure decomposed, a portion of its integral colors is absorbed, and the remainder or complementary colors thrown off—reflected upon the eye, producing by their combination what we call the color of the object. Thus, a ray thrown upon a pure white object is absorbed not at all, but wholly reflected as it came, and the consequence is the proper combination upon the retina of all the colors, producing—a white object. On the contrary, a

ray falling upon what we call a *black* object, is wholly absorbed, and the consequence is a total absence of light, or blackness. So a red object absorbs all the orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet of the sunlight, reflecting upon the eye only the red, which is perceived as the color of the object. And so on through all the combinations of the spectrum. Only material substances can either absorb or reflect: therefore is spirit again excluded; for how can it act upon the eye save through those agencies with reference to which the eye itself was constructed, and which, as we have shown, it cannot possibly affect? To sum up the whole argument in a single sentence, the physical senses are dependent, for their perceptions, entirely upon the action of matter, and hence spirit, which is not matter, can in no way affect them.

But here we are met by the record of Holy Writ, which declares that in those former times spirits did often appear to men. Aye! and so there were miracles in those days. But all these things are done away with. Moreover did not those spirits find it necessary in every case to clothe themselves with the image of some *living form* in order to make themselves perceptible to human eyes? So that it was really the form within which the spirit was ensconced that was perceived, and not the spirit itself. And how shall we know what *gases* of the physical world these spirits were permitted, through a special interposition of the Deity and for the furtherance of His divine ends, to assemble together into a concrete form for their temporary dwelling and as a medium through which to communicate with man? And who is so irreverent as to suppose that God would now, in these days, give spirits special permission to return to earth and take upon themselves such forms for the mere purpose of tipping tables and pianofortes, rapping upon doors, windows, and empty skulls, misspelling their own names, and murdering Lindley

Murray, and performing clownish tricks for the amusement of a gaping crowd?

But whence arises this great delusion? Simply from our total lack of knowledge of the glory of that heaven upon which we all hope to enter. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the imagination of man to conceive' the glory of God, the splendor, the magnificence, the supernal beauty of the Celestial. We know indeed that we shall enter upon a world whose immensity, whose sublimity, whose awful beauty shall far surpass the experience of man; but not even the wildest imagination, fed by all the knowledge that astronomers have gained of world beyond world, and system beyond system, of spheres to which our world is but a speck, and of fiery meteors and whizzing comets sweeping their way with the speed of thought for thousands of years through planet-teeming space—not even such an imagination, in its farthest stretch, is able to conceive the glory of that dwelling place which shall be ours. If to-day we were permitted to peer but for a moment into that heavenly abode, then should we see how impossible, to the soul which has once entered upon that beatific state, would be a thought of return to this grovelling earth. There their aspirations are ever upward and onward toward the Great White Throne, with no thought for the things left behind, even were there not a 'great gulf fixed' between earth and heaven.

And how often do we hear the opinion expressed that the souls of the just do pass, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' from the things of earth to the full burst of heavenly beauty and sublimity, shooting like the lightning's flash from its prison house of clay to the presence of its God. Reasoning from analogy, which, in this connection, where both experience and revelation are dumb, is the only basis we can rest upon, such a passage would be to the soul instant annihilation; the

shock would be too great for even its enlarged susceptibilities. It must become gradually accustomed to the new sights and sounds, and so pass slowly up from one stage of perception and knowledge to another in regular gradation, to the climax of its revelation.

Reader, did you ever come suddenly from a darkened room into the full blaze of noonday? In such a case the eye is dazzled, blinded for a moment, and must gradually accommodate itself to the unaccustomed light before its gaze can be clear and steady. So, too, the ear long shut up in profound silence is deafened by an ordinary sound. Even so the soul, suddenly entering upon the unaccustomed and stupendous sights and sounds of the spiritual world, would be blinded, dazzled, as I have said, to annihilation. It is necessary that its newly awakened faculties, which during its long earthly life have lain in a comatose state, should not be too suddenly called into action, lest they be overpowered by the awful revelation. Like the bodily senses, they require time and gentle though steadily increasing action to develop them, and assimilate them to their new surroundings in their new field of action.

And this is my theory. The soul, when freed from the body, floats gently upward, *deaf, dumb, and blind*—paralyzed, as it were, into a state of neutral existence. Splendid sights may spread around it, wave after wave of eternal sound may roll in upon it, but it sees not, hears not, feels not, not having yet acquired the new faculties of perception. After a certain space of time—which may be days or weeks or months in duration—through its secret chambers steals a thrill of sentient emotion; it recognizes its own existence, and the dawn of that eternal life for which it was created. Slowly one sight after another begins faintly to glimmer before it, as objects emerge from the gloom of some darkened cell to eyes that are becoming accustomed to the darkness. Anon, low, faint murmurs

of sound steal in upon it, far distant at first, but gradually swelling as it approaches, till at last, around the freed spirit peals the full orchestral glory of eternity. And so it goes on, passing slowly from stage to stage, apprehending new sights, new sounds, and comprehending new truths. And so it shall go on, through all the cycles of eternity, constantly approaching nearer to the Godhead, yet never to become God.

Do you ask me how can these things be? Let us draw an illustration from nature. The science of acoustics tells us that an organ pipe of a certain length gives forth the deepest, or as musicians would say, the *lowest* sound that art can produce; that all beyond this given length is nothingness, and gives out no sound. What shall we say then? that doubling the length of the tube destroys the vibration of the imprisoned air? Nay, verily, the air still vibrates, sound is still produced, but *the note is below the gamut of the natural ear*, which was created to comprehend only sounds within a certain compass: its capacity goes no farther, and any sound pitched either above or below that compass we cannot perceive. In proof of this is the simple fact that a cultivated ear—that is, an ear of enlarged capacity, can readily catch the faintest harmonics of a guitar, to which others are totally deaf.

Again: I have stood by the Falls of Niagara, and listened in vain for that deep, unearthly roar of which so much has been written and sung. The rush and the gurgle of the waters was there, the sweeping surge of the mighty river, but Niagara's hollow roar was absent. Again and again my ears were stretched to catch the awful sound, till the effort became almost painful, but in vain. And yet the sound was present, ay! eternally present, but the note was just beyond the gamut of my ear. Standing thus for some moments, gazing and listening with the most earnest attention, nature, through her hidden laws,

wrought a miracle in my person. The long-continued strain enlarged the capacity of the ear, even as the muscles of the arm are strengthened by frequent and energetic action, or as a faculty of the mind itself is developed by exercise. Lower and lower sank the scale of my aural conceptions, till, as it approached the keynote of the cataract, a low murmur began to steal in upon me, deeper than the deepest thunder tones, and seemingly a thousand miles distant. Louder and louder it swelled, nearer and nearer it approached as the hearing faculty sank downward, till the keynote was reached, and then—the rush and gurgle of the waters was swept away, and in its place resounded the awful tones of earth's deepest *basso profundo*. Then for the first time I realized the terrible sublimity of Niagara—the voice of God speaking audibly through one of the mightiest works of His creation.

And as, musing, I moved away from the appalling scene, the thought rushed into my mind that perhaps my experience of a few moments might be that of the soul when entering upon the sublimities of the future state. Hence my theory, which may go for what it is worth, or, as the Yankees would say, is 'good for what it will bring.'

Reader, do you never feel an intense longing to live over again the scenes of your youth? to begin at some certain period long gone by, and taste again the sweets that have passed away forever? It is one of the bitterest feelings of the heart that years are slipping away from us one by one; that the delights of our youth have gone, never to return, and that we 'shall not look upon their like again;' that the days are fast coming on when we shall say we have no pleasure in them, and that we are rapidly verging upon the 'lean and slippered pantaloons.' Were there any future rejuvenation, when we might stand again upon the threshold of life and look over its fair fields with all the joy and hope of anticipation, old age

would lose all its dreariness, and become but a brief though painful pilgrimage through which we were to pass to joy beyond. But since this can never be, old age is the rust which dims the brightness of every earthly joy, and is looked forward to by youth only with a shudder.

Hundreds of bold and daring navigators have left their bones to whiten amid the snows and ice of the arctic regions, lured thither by the thirst of fame or of knowledge, in the pursuit of science, and in search of the Northwest Passage. But suppose some more fortunate adventurer should discover there, even at the very pole itself, a veritable 'fountain of youth and beauty,' whose rejuvenating waters could restore the elasticity of youth to the frame of age, smoothing away its wrinkles, and imprinting the bloom of childhood upon its cheeks, bringing back the long-lost freshness and buoyancy to the soul; would not the navigators of those dangerous seas be multiplied in the ratio of a million to one? Should we not all become Ponce de Leons, braving every danger, submitting to every privation, sacrificing wealth, fame, everything, in quest of the precious boon? What a hecatomb of mouldering bones would bestrew those fields of ice! For though not one in ten thousand might reach the promised goal, the hegira would still go on till the end of time, each deluded mortal hoping that he might be that happy, fortunate one. As the dying millionaire would give all that he possesses for one moment of time, so would all mankind throw every present blessing into the scale, in the hope of drawing the prize in that great lottery.

There is a fountain of youth and beauty open to every soul beneath the sun: there is a rejuvenation both to soul and body, which shall not only restore all the freshness of the bygone days, but also the joys of the past, a thousandfold brighter and dearer, and that by a process which will not need

repeating, for that youth will be eternal. I am using no metaphor now, but speaking of that which is actual and tangible. There is such a fount, but not here: it gushes in the courts of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For the soul, at the moment of its separation from the body, enters upon a new life, whose course shall be exactly the reverse of that of earth, for it shall constantly increase in all the attributes of youth. There will be no dimming of the faculties, but a continual brightening; no grieving over an irrecoverable past, but a constant rejoicing over joys present and to come. There will be no past there, but a present more tangible than this, which is ever slipping from us, and a future far brighter and more certain than any that earth can afford. Strange that men should fail to look at heaven in this light! For thoughtless youth, to whom the world is new and bright, and pleasure sparkles with a luring gleam, there is some little palliation for neglect of the things of heaven; but what shall we say of him who has passed the golden bound, for whom all giddy pleasures have lost their glow, and nought remains but the cares and anxieties of life? Of what worth is earthly pleasure to him who has already drained its cup to the dregs? Of what worth is wealth and honor to the frame that has already begun to descend the slope of time? All these baubles would be gladly sacrificed for the return of that youth which has passed away; and shall they not be given up for that eternal youth which shall not pass away? We mourn for departed loved ones, but what would be our grief and despair if death were annihilation—if we knew that we should never meet them again in all eternity? But we feel that in heaven the olden love shall be renewed; that the forms that now are mouldering in the dust shall be recognized and greeted there, and that the friendships created here shall ripen there in close companionship

through never-ending cycles; and thus is death robbed of half its terrors.

But the way to this fount is through a straight and narrow gate, and 'few there be who find it.'

Alas! how unsatisfactory are even the choicest blessings of life! Wealth brings only care, and the millionaire toils all his life for—his food and clothes and lodging; dies unregretted, and is soon forgotten. Honor brings not content, and does but increase the thirst it seeks to assuage. The poor and the unknown are generally happier than the wealthy and famous. 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' and what was true of human nature when 'the preacher' wrote, is true to-day. Admit that life is but a succession of pleasures that can never pall, and the world one vast Elysian field, and that the care of the soul requires the abnegation of every delight, and spreads a gloomy pall over all the brightness of earth; yet even in that case, a life wholly devoted to spiritual interests were but a weary, temporary pilgrimage, which we should gladly endure for a season, in the hope of the golden crown and never-ending bliss in the world beyond, could we but look upon the future life in the light of *reality*. Ah! there is the difficulty, for we are 'of the earth earthy,' and, although we may fervently *believe*, cannot comprehend, cannot *realize* eternity. To too many Christians of the present day eternity, heaven, God, are not a tangible reality, but rather a poetic dream, floating in the atmosphere of faith, but which their minds cannot grasp. Hence they worship an idea rather than a reality.

The noblest pleasures of life, in fact the only real, permanent, exalting, and, I might add, *developing* pleasures, are divided into two classes, those of the heart, and those of the intellect. Yet both, though different in their action, spring from the same central truth.

The happiest man is he whose life is spent in doing good, seeking no other reward than the gratification of beholding the true happiness of his fellow beings. His pleasures are of the heart, and he only is the true Christian of our day and generation. For he who so ardently loves his fellow men cannot but love his God.

The pleasures of the intellect can never pall, but do constantly increase and brighten, because in them the soul enters its native province and acts in that sphere which is its own for all eternity. Yet how do they all lead the mind up to its great Creator! Not a single discovery in science, not an investigation of the simplest law of nature, not an examination of the most insignificant bud or flower or leaf; and, above and beyond all, not an inquiry in the great truths of morals, of ethics, of religion, or of the very constitution of the mind itself, but at once, and in the most natural consequence, reveals the power and the goodness of God—brings God himself as clearly before us

as he *can* be manifested to our fettered souls. Yet if these pleasures too were but temporary, if they were to pass from our sight with all our other earthly surroundings, the pursuit of them would but beget disgust and discontent, and they would be classed with the fragile things which awaken no feelings of awe, nor enhance the glory of the soul. But thank God! they will endure forever. Truth is eternal—its origin is coeval with the Creator, and, like Him, it shall have no end.

Hence all real pleasure is from God himself, and leads directly back to him again. And he who, appreciating the truest joy of existence here, makes such themes his study, should and will seek the only prolongation of those delights which shall carry them alone of all life's blessings with him across the dark river, in the worship and adoration of that omnipotent Being from whose hand these gifts descend, who alone can perpetuate them when time shall have passed away—that God who 'doeth all things well.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHAPLAIN FULLER: Being a Life-Sketch of a New England Clergyman and Army Chaplain. By Richard F. Fuller. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

"I must do something for my country."

A REMARKABLE record of a remarkable man. A distinguished member of a distinguished family, a gentleman, scholar, patriot, hero, and Christian, bravely dying for humanity and country—such was Arthur B. Fuller.

It would be impossible, in the few lines allotted to editorials, to give any just idea of the exceeding interest and merit of this sketch. A. B. Fuller, under peculiar circumstances of emergency and danger, *volunteered* to cross the Rappahannock, December 11, 1862. It was of great importance then to prove that the Federal army was composed of strong and patriotic hearts, and he was revered and idolized by our brave soldiers. 'It was a duty which could not be required of him. And for one of his profession to consistently engage in this enterprise would prove his strong conviction that it was a work so holy, so acceptable to God, that even those set apart for sanctuary service might feel called to have a hand in it. His prowess, brave as he was, was nothing; it was not his unpractised right *arm*, but his *heart* which he devoted to the service, and which would tell on the result, not merely of that special enterprise, nor of that battle only, but, by affording a powerful proof of love of country outweighing considerations of safety and life, would have the influence which a living example, and only a living example, can have.' He knew the full amount of the danger to be encountered, and, being of a race which numbers no cowards among them, he steadily looked it in the face. Captain Dunn says: 'We came over in boats, and were in advance of the others who had crossed. We had been here but a few minutes when Chaplain Fuller accosted me with his usual military salute. He had a musket in his hand, and said: 'Captain, I must do something for my coun-

try. What shall I do?' I replied that there never was a better time than the present, and he could take his place on my left. I thought he could render valuable aid, because he was perfectly cool and collected. Had he appeared at all excited, I should have rejected his services, for coolness is of the first importance with skirmishers, and one excited man has an unfavorable influence upon others. I have seldom seen a person on the field so calm and mild in his demeanor, evidently not acting from impulse or martial rage.

'His position was directly in front of a grocery store. He fell in five minutes after he took it, having fired once or twice. He was killed instantly, and did not move after he fell. I saw the flash of the rifle which did the deed.'

'He died, but to a noble cause
His precious life was given!
He died, but he has left behind
A shining path to heaven!'

His labors as a pastor were devout, humane, and full of self-abnegation. No single line of sectarianism blurs with its bitterness this fair record of a blameless life, devoted from its earliest days to God and country. 'Better still give up our heart's blood in brave battle than give up our principles in cowardly compromise! I must do something for my country!' Bold and brave words of Arthur B. Fuller's, which he sealed in his blood! This 'life-sketch' is published in the hope that it may be of advantage to the family of the chaplain, to whose benefit its pecuniary avails are devoted. And shame would it be to the heart of this great nation if this record of a brave, true man were not thoroughly accepted by it. May the good seed of it be sown broadcast through our land, planting the germs of patriotism, self-sacrifice, virtue, and Christian faith in every heart.

We earnestly commend the book to our readers. May the high estimation in which this Christian hero is held by the country of his love soothe in some degree the anguish of his bereaved family!

A FIRST LATIN COURSE. By William Smith, LL.D. Edited by H. Drisler, A.M. 12mo, pp. 186. Harper & Brothers.

THIS is an elementary class-book, and the name of the profound scholar standing upon its title-page will at once commend it to all intelligent teachers. It is the first of a series intended to simplify the study of the Latin language, in which will be combined the advantages of the older and modern methods of instruction. The experienced author has labored, by a philosophical series of repetitions, to enable the beginner to fix declensions and conjugations thoroughly in his memory, to learn their usage by the constructing of simple sentences as soon as he commences the study of the language, and to accumulate gradually a stock of useful words. This is, surely, the only method to make a dead language live in the mind of a pupil.

A TEXT-BOOK OF PENMANSHIP, containing all the established rules and principles of the art, with rules for Punctuation, Direction, and Forms for Letter Writing: to which are added a brief History of Writing, and Hints on Writing Materials, &c., &c., for Teachers and Pupils. By H. W. Ellsworth, teacher of Penmanship in the public schools of New York city, and for several years teacher of Bookkeeping, Penmanship, and Commercial Correspondence in Bryant, Stratton & Co.'s Chain of Mercantile Colleges. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THOSE accustomed to the wearisome labor of deciphering illegible handwriting will welcome the appearance of any 'standard text-book enabling all to become tolerable writers.' What a desideratum! Let the disappointment over manuscripts frequently rejected, simply because illegible, and the despair of printers, tell. The book before us seems well adapted to attain the end it proposes. The writer says: 'This work is no creation of a leisure hour, but a careful elaboration of *practical* notes, taken in the midst of active duties. The materials of which it is made are facts, not embodied in our school books, which it appeared important for all to know, together with conclusions drawn from them, and answers to questions of practical interest, which have arisen in the course of my school and after experience, to which no books within ordinary reach could afford satisfactory explanation. These facts and observations have gradually

accumulated till it has occurred to me that a compilation of them, properly arranged, might prove as acceptable to other inquirers as such a work would have been to myself.'

This book is full of valuable information in all that relates to the abused and neglected art of penmanship, and we cordially recommend it to schools, teachers, and pupils.

ANNETTE; OR, THE LADY OF THE PEARLS.

By Alexander Dumas (the younger), author of 'La Dame aux Camelias; or, Camille, the Camellia Lady.' Translated by Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson. Frederick A. Brady, publisher and bookseller, 24 Ann street, New York.

A NOVEL in the Eugene Sue, Dumas, father and son, style. The plot is complicated, and the translation flowing and spirited. The novels of this school are peculiar. No sense of right and wrong ever seems to dawn upon their heroes or heroines; no intimations of an outraged Decalogue ever add the least embarrassment to the difficulties of their position. The events grow entirely out of human incidents, passions, and interests—conscience has no part to play in the involved drama. After passing through seas of *naïve* intrigue and *innocent* vice, we are quite astonished at the close of 'The Lady of the Pearls' to be landed upon a short moral.

POLITICAL FALLACIES: An Examination of the False Assumptions, and Refutation of the Sophistical Reasonings, which have brought on this Civil War. By George Junkin, D.D., LL.D. New York: Chas. Scribner, 124 Grand street. 1863.

DR. JUNKIN is one of the noble band of patriots who have preferred leaving friends, comfortable homes, and honorable positions, to ceding self-respect, and polluting conscience by yielding to the tyrannical requisitions of local prejudice or usurped authority. He is the father-in-law of 'Stonewall' Jackson, and, during twelve years, was President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. In May, 1861, he left that institution and came North. Rebellion had entered the fair precincts of learning, misleading alike young and old, and prompting to acts incompatible with the president's high sense of duty and loyalty. No course was left him but to resign. His book is a clear and upright examination into the so-called 'right of

secession, and, while there are some minor points one might feel inclined to discuss, the main arguments are so ably, truthfully, and yet kindly advanced, that we heartily recommend the book to the perusal of all desirous of obtaining sound views on the much-mooted questions of the authority of legitimate government, and the proper understanding of State and National rights. The eighteenth chapter contains some home truths for those who think that religion, consequently Christian morality, has nothing to do with the rulers or the ruling of a great nation. Slavery has had its share in the production of the 'great rebellion,' but the slavery question would have been powerless to disrupt the Union had not erroneous and mischievous ideas been generally current, both South and North, regarding the source and meaning of government, its legitimate purposes, powers, and rights. While individual men have been striving to persuade themselves that, because they formed a certain minute portion of the governing power, they were hence at liberty to resist the lawful exercise of that power, the people—the real people—have gradually been losing their proper weight and authority, have been surrendering themselves, bound hand and foot, to noisy demagogues, petty cliques, or corrupt party organizations. How many examine facts, consider principles, and vote accordingly? How few are willing to step out of the narrow circle of prejudice or mediocrity surrounding them, and bestow responsible places on those whose integrity and ability seem best fitted to attain the nobler ends proposed by all human government? It may be that corruption, loose notions on the duties of citizenship, love of luxury, and grovelling materialism are even now sources of greater danger to the republic than civil war and threatened dissolution. Such works as that of Dr. Junkin are valuable as assisting to open the eyes of the community to certain popular fallacies, and teach the broad distinction ever subsisting between right and wrong.

THE DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE.—Amongst all the papers and pamphlets issued from the press during our present war, none, perhaps, have exercised a more salutary influence than those emanating from this association.

The article entitled **SLAVERY AND NOBILITY VS. DEMOCRACY**, was originally published in this periodical for July, 1862. Pronounced by critics to be among the best magazine articles ever appearing in print, it commanded a very marked attention as an exposition of the atrocious motives that underlaid the great Southern rebellion. The public mind was startled at the developed evidence of a great conspiracy to subvert the fundamental principles of free government in the South. The coalition between the conspirators of the South and their allies amongst the aristocracy of England was laid bare, whilst a great portion of the English press and reviews was shown to be suborned into the service of the most atrocious objects and purposes that ever disgraced the annals of civilization. This article, whilst it elucidated to our own countrymen the secret motives of the rebellion, assisted powerfully to bring a new phase over a perverted English public opinion. The result has been that the vitiated disposition of the English aristocracy to assist the rebels, through intervention, has slunk away before British morality, and is now seen only in aid of piracy on our commerce.

Following this masterly production, the speech of Mr. Sherwood at Champlain was a renewed onslaught upon the anti-democratic coalition. In this speech the most irrefragable evidence, drawn from the recitals in the records of treason, is produced against the conspirators. The perusal of this speech leaves the mind in no doubt as to the purpose of the traitors to overthrow democratic government in the South, and to establish a new form of government, based on exclusion of the democratic principle, and resting on a cemented slave aristocracy. These, amongst other papers of the Democratic League, are so replete with the evidence by which their positions are fortified, and so comprehensive in the scope and magnitude of subjects of which they treat, that they must take a high position in the political literature of the day. The manifold opinions of the press demonstrate how highly they are appreciated. They are now being reproduced in **THE IRON PLATFORM**, published by Wm. Oland Bourne, 112 William street, New York, and intended for extensive circulation in the cheapest form.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for May, 1863. Boston: By the proprietors, Thomas B. Fox, Jos. Henry Allen, at Walker, Wise & Co.'s, 245 Washington street.

ARTICLES: Benedict Spinoza; The New Homeric Question; State Reform in Austria; Courage in Belief; Jane Austen's Novels; New Books of Piety; The Thirty-seventh Congress; Review of Current Literature.

THE ILLINOIS TEACHER: Devoted to Education, Science, and Free Schools. May. Peoria, Illinois: Published by N. C. Mason. Editors, Alexander W. Gow, Rock Island; Samuel A. Briggs, Chicago.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER: A Journal of Home and School Education. Resident editors, Chas. Ansorge, Dorchester; Wm. T. Adams, Boston; W. E. Sheldon, West Newton. May number. Published by the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, No. 119 Washington street, Boston.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE REVIVAL OF CONFIDENCE.

PERHAPS it is an error to assume that confidence has ever been wanting to sustain the loyal people of the land in their determination to conquer the rebellion. Yet there have been times when despondency seemed to take possession of the public mind, and when the failure of our plans or temporary disaster to our arms revealed the sad divisions which exist among ourselves, and apparently postponed the success of our cause to a period so indefinite as to make the heart of the patriot sick with hope deferred. But ever and anon, through all the changeeful incidents of the momentous contest, there have been gleams of light, in which the national strength and greatness have made themselves manifest, and have been so vividly felt as to place the public confidence on a sure and impregnable basis. The present is one of those periods. Americans feel that their Government cannot be overthrown: in spite of the sinister predictions of enemies at home and abroad, they have an instinctive assurance that our noble institutions are not destined to perish in this lamentable conflict, stricken down by ungrateful and traitorous hands in the very outset of a great career. The clouds which have gathered around us are thick and dark; sometimes they have seemed impenetrable; but again they separate, we see the blue sky, the stars come out in all their glory, and even the sun pours his intense rays through the intervals of the

storm. We say to ourselves, Courage! this cannot last always; there are the firmament, the stars, and the glorious sun still behind the clouds, and, though long hidden from us, we know they are there, and will reveal themselves again in all their unclouded splendor. It is with a confidence as strong as this in the very depths of their souls that American citizens still look for the reappearance of the stars of our destiny, the resurrection of the Union in still greater beauty and strength, and the uninterrupted pursuit of its glorious career through the coming ages. Such, heretofore, have been the cherished hopes which have hung around them like a firmament, and they are not yet prepared to believe that their political universe has been, or ever can be, annihilated.

Nor is this confidence a mere sentiment, born of the imagination, and nurtured by vainglorious hope. It has for its support far more substantial grounds than any merely precarious military successes, or any of the favorable incidents which, from time to time, may be cast ashore as waifs by the surging tide of civil war. Let the temporary fortunes of the war be what they will, yet the general bearing of the old Government, its evident consciousness of strength, its unshaken solidity in the midst of the storm which assails it, the confidence that, even with all its errors and blunders, it is still powerful enough to prevail—all these appeal irresistibly to the hearts and judgments of Ameri-

cans, and make them love and confide in their country, and believe in her destiny, in spite of her misfortunes. The tenacity and stubborn purpose of the rebels are, indeed, remarkable. Their position gives them great advantages for such a conflict; and it must be admitted that they have shown the eminently bad genius to make the most of their fatal opportunities. Yet is the contest most unequal, and the ultimate result of discomfiture to them inevitable. The Federal Government, like a sluggish but powerful man scarcely yet aroused to the exertion of his full strength, moves slowly and awkwardly, and lays about him with careless and inefficient blows; while his active adversary, inferior in strength and in the moral power of his cause, but more fully aroused and more energetic, strikes with better effect, and makes every blow tell. Nevertheless, the strength of the one remains unexhausted, and even increases as he becomes awakened to the demands of the struggle; while that of the other slowly and gradually, but inevitably and irretrievably declines, with every hour of intense strain of faculty which the dreadful work imposes. Partial observers, imbued with sympathy in bad designs, and blinded by false hopes through that fatal error, may still think the South is certain to prevail and to establish the empire of slavery; but cooler heads, with vision made clear by love of humanity, cannot fail to see a different result as the necessary end of the contest. The South herself, under the shadow of a dread responsibility, begins to understand the nature of the case, and the exact position in which she stands; but she is playing a bold and desperate game for the active support of foreign powers. She knows well that the sympathies of the ruling classes abroad are naturally on her side, and she will maintain the struggle to the last extremity, so long as a gleam of hope shines in that quarter. That hope finally extinguished, she knows perfectly well her cause is lost.

The contrast in the financial condition of the contending sections is of itself enough to settle the question of ultimate success. The Federal Government stands this day stronger than ever in the plenitude of her boundless resources, and proudly contemptuous of all the false prophecies of failure and bankruptcy. She is fully prepared for new cam-

paigns, and cannot be dismayed by any possible disaster. She has men and money in abundance sufficient for any emergency. She can stretch forth one hand to relieve the suffering people of England and Ireland, while with the other she fights the great battle of liberty against slavery, of humanity against wrong and oppression. Secure in the sympathies of the masses of men everywhere, she stands on the solid ground, which can never be withdrawn from under her feet. She occupies the central position of freedom and progress, around which cluster and gravitate the hopes and aspirations of all mankind. The conflicting elements may rage and storm; the solid ground may tremble, and even be torn with earthquake convulsions and superficial ruin; but the grand central structure, with its organizing forces, and its inward heat of humanity, with the great life-giving sun of liberty yet shining undimmed upon it, will still remain the refuge of all nations, and the chosen home of all the lovers and champions of human freedom.

OH! why, sweet poet, is thy strain so sad?
 Couldst thou not stamp thy joy on human life?
 Yea, even the saddest life has many joys.
 Couldst thou not stamp thy joy upon the page,
 That they who should come after thee might
 feel

Their spirits gladdened by it, and their hearts
 Made lighter with thy lightness? For
 thou,

They say, wert joyous as a summer bird,
 The very light and life of those who knew
 thee—

Oh! why, then, is thy song so sad? 'Tis
 wrong,

'Tis surely wrong, to spend in fond complain-
 ings

The talents given for nobler purposes;
 And he who goes about this world of ours
 Diffusing cheerfulness where'er he goes,
 Like one who scatters fresh and fragrant
 flowers,

Fulfils, I can but think, a better part
 Than he who mourns and murmurs life away.

..... The poet
 Is the revealer of the heart's deep secrets;
 The poet is the interpreter of nature;
 And shall those light and joyous spirits, they
 Who make bright sunshine wheresoe'er they
 go,
 Shall they have no interpreter?







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